

HOLY GROUND

by Joyce Johnson Rouse

From the cornfields with the tassels gently waving
To the rocky coastlines where the oceans pound
You can hear all nature whisper if you listen
"We are standing on Holy Ground"

From the landfills where we blindly leave our refuse
To the graveyards where we softly lay our dead
From the pastures where the hooves of cattle wander
To the houses where we take our daily bread

From the battlefields where some have died for freedom
To the halls where sometimes justice can be found
Under boardrooms, churches, factories and playrooms
We're learning its all Holy Ground

Consecrated in the beginning
Mother of all living things
Sacred to all who are hearing the call
The Earth is a paradise that sings

From the ancient forests hearkening primeval
To the clearcuts where tragedies abound
Under palaces and barrios and bridges
Its all the same, its Holy Ground
Every inch of it is Holy Ground