

DON'T PRAISE THE SUN!

Don't praise the sun or moon . . . they wait for you,
As all the other things in nature do.
They chant their joys before their caring King
To woo your heart with every song they sing.
The whole creation yearns, not for your praise,
But for your will to follow in their ways.
They please their Maker through their grateful song
And teach us tunes where human tongues belong.

So praise the Son, the Maker of our frame,
Who wrapped Himself in it to bear our name.
As Firstborn of a whole new human race,
He wrote His saga of "amazing grace."
From death He rose as Firstborn from the grave,
Not just to liberate the sin-bound slave,
But to restore beneath a Human Head
All worlds of dust or spirit, live or dead.

Forget your small ambitions! Praise the Son
Whose flesh was slain to gather back in one
All that was lost which He meant us to rule.
No longer play the role of Satan's fool!
Spit out the fruit that promised open eyes.
Forbidden "knowledge" never makes you wise.
True worship, and the wisdom that it brings,
Are found in Christ, not in created things.

True hope, true peace and lasting liberty
Are in the Hands that fashioned you and me,
Are on the Lips that spoke forth galaxies,
Are in His Heart, the Source of ecstasies.
That Heart forever made our flesh His own
To place all things beneath a Human throne.
New birth in Christ begins our destiny
To reign beside Him for eternity.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/25/2008*