

CLOSE TO THE EARTH

by Joyce Johnson Rouse

He was not born in a marble palace
They did not wrap him in silken robes
There was no music from golden instruments
The manger's humble creatures warmed the cold

CHORUS

Close to the Earth, close to the Earth
In his ways and his words
In his death and in his birth
He was close to the Earth

He walked on sand, He walked on water
He taught in parables from Nature's book
He considered lilies and sparrows
And He always gave more than he took

REPEAT CHORUS

And when He died for all He'd lived for
They wrapped His body and laid it in a tomb
Though the Earth and the winds shook in mourning
He rested in the Mother's womb

REPEAT CHORUS

If we want to walk with Jesus
We need to walk a path of simple ways
With respect for the cycles and the seasons
Humility and love in all our days

REPEAT CHORUS