

# 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