1. Creator of our planet home,

in sorrow and in shame we come

to mourn with you the cuckoo’s cry,

the cornflower, dormouse, dragonfly.

Inspire us all to love and tend

the sacred spaces of our land.

2. Creator of the forest floor

you draw the birch and beech to soar

as thickly threshing canopies,

your carbon-catchers in the skies.

May we like them rise to your call

that polar melt may slow and fall.

3. Creator of our fragile Earth,

whose loveliness you brought to birth,

we bring to you not just lament,

nor just our sad bewilderment,

but also action, bold in scope,

for when we act there’s also hope.

4. Creator of all living things,

to young and old give us the wings

of outreach, stirring all to rise

as one to heed creation’s cries.

Thus bound together, new tasks dared,

fresh glimpses of your love be shared

5. O Source, the thrumming pulse of life,

O Spirit, energising breath,

O Son, who noticed seed and bird

and now in whom all things are held:

all glory, Triune God, to you,

create through us, a world renewed.

Tune: Melita (*Eternal father, strong to save*)