

Some trees like soldiers marching by
stand up with pride to reach the sky.
They pray with open arms and leaves
and murmur loud in every breeze.

The pine stands tall and strong and brave -
it's aspect solemn; posture, grave;
It prays in sermons all day through
To tell the Lord just what to do.

The gum, in simple innocence,
gives thanks all day for blessings lent.
It stands in casual attire,
and it is lost in any fire.

But the willow, bowing low,
weeps gentle tears in its sorrow.
It's gentle sin, of being born,
dwells in its heart and makes it mourn.
It does not preach, it does not smile,
but pleads forgiveness all the while.

Dear Lord, the willow has no sin,
but I am evil all within;
so like the willow let me be,
Dear Lord, to gain humility.
That I may ask so softly to
be forgiven, My Lord, by You.

For confidence may have its place
and joy is given by Your grace -
but only through repentance given
can we be made fit for Your heaven.