



## ASH WEDNESDAY

— Malcolm Guite



Receive this cross of ash upon your brow,  
Brought from the burning of Palm Sunday's  
cross.

The forests of the world are burning now  
And you make late repentance for the loss.  
But all the trees of God would clap their hands  
The very stones themselves would shout and  
sing

If you could covenant to love these lands  
And recognise in Christ their Lord and king.

He sees the slow destruction of those trees,  
He weeps to see the ancient places burn,  
And still you make what purchases you please,  
And still to dust and ashes you return.  
But Hope could rise from ashes even now  
Beginning with this sign upon your brow.

