

Thirty Pieces of Silver!



Thirty pieces of silver!
This was the price of blood,
Paid to the erring Judas,
Paid for the Son of God!

Thirty pieces of silver!
What a transaction this,
Lead to his holy Master,
Give the deceitful kiss!



Dark do the hills of Zion
Grow in the waning light,
Darker the heart of Judas,
Darker than darkest night!

Surely the olives tremble,
Viewing the shameful sight!
Well might poor Judas hide it
Deep in the shades of night.



Thirty pieces of silver!
Surely the crimson shame
Mounts on the boldest forehead,
Knowing each heart's the same.

Thirty pieces of silver!
But, what an awful toll!
Judas has sold his Master,
Bartered his very soul!



There at the Paschal supper,
There as his Master's guest,
Nursing the darkest project,
Born in a human breast!

Casting it down in the temple,
Leaving in dark despair,
Stunned at the awful issue,
More than his heart could bear!



Thirty pieces of silver!
Reader, come tell me true,
What would be paid for Jesus
Were He appraised by you?

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Thirty pieces of silver!
Souls for such trifling gain,
Heedlessly selling the Saviour,
Haste to an endless pain.



Lo, on the eve of betraying,
Fraught with the plot he'd planned,
Judas would take the morsel,
Dipped, from the Master's hand!

Spurning His love so tender,
Trampling His precious blood!
High on rejection's gibbet
Nailing the Christ of God!

Thirty pieces of silver!
Oh, could a heart be so
Lured by its brightest idol,
Ever to stoop so low?

Oft with their lips they've named Him,
But on the Judgement Day,
Thirty pieces of silver
Lo, in their hands will lay!

There in that lonely garden,
See, 'tis the Son of God
Tasting the morrow's anguish,
Bowed in a sweat of blood!

. . . Ed Hewlett