



Lobe Amid Despising

How glad they were, "He'll soon be dead"
But O that board above his head
In words so very clear to see
It spoke of Him who on the tree
Was bearing such deep agony.

The writing was for all to see
This is the man from Galilee
"The King of Jews", how can it be
That He should hang upon a tree
Midst utmost shame and ignominy?

Jesus of Nazareth it read
With crown of thorns upon His head
"Take off that board, it must not stand
An insult great, we thus demand"
But ore them all His eyes did scan.

There on that cross the Saviour hung
As insults deep, corrupt man flung
With stinging words contemptibly said
Rejoicing that He'd soon be dead
When at noonhour the light then fled.

Despite His own dread agony
When hanging on that rugged tree
With tender tones He gives a cry
"Forgive them", for their sins I die
For this I left my home on high.

"Father forgive" hold back their doom
For them I pray, they know not whom
They mock in shame and blatantly
They bowed in mock humility
Thy Son who hangs upon the tree.

But not a word came forth from God
When justice lifted up her rod
Such love amazing, can it be
He'd bear the curse on Calvary's tree
"Forsaken" there my Lord for me.

How much he loved, I cannot tell
To save my wretched soul from Hell
For me He bore that awful blow
And suffered what no one could know
That God might endless life bestow.

What character of man is this
Who seeks for me eternal bliss?
Despite the sufferings he bore
His love pours out yet even more
I bow in worship and adore.

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