



## 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.

*Rowan Jennings*  
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