



Through Old Jerusalem's Streets They Walked

Through Old Jerusalem's streets they walked in deep solemnity
Before My Lord the shameful cross and the accursed tree.
The crowd was hushed, a solemn sight, three men were soon to die
And then a mother's cry was heard, and then another's sigh.

Before too long the wailing loud, re-echoed far and wide
The blessed Lord, he stops to speak, to those on either side.
"Weep not for me" in tender tones, how deep His heart was stirred
For grief that many there would know, severe and multilayer.

Jerusalem would be overthrown, her sons would then be slain
The Roman's armies they would come and mother's wail again.
Then up to dark Golgotha's hill, the stream of people flowed
A very sordid sight to see, so gruesome to behold.

The Blessed Son of God was laid upon the rugged tree
The piercing of His hands and feet, to suffer there for me.
Yet as they nailed his hands, His feet, a prayer came strong and true
"Oh Father, do forgive" He cried, "They know not what they do".

The motley crowd stood all around, they then began to cry
"Come down, come down, thou son of God, why stay up there to die?"
But never could they read His heart, or why He suffered so
Nor why that deep and anguished cry, they did, they did not know.