

# Prayer



Oh Lord we come before thee, approaching bend the knee  
And in Thy presence calm us, as bowing reverently.  
Then in the stillness of the hour oh let thy Spirit guide  
To draw us closer blessed Lord to thy pierced hands and side.

To sit and ponder on Thy love, Thy precious steps retrace  
And see in every word and deed Thine excellency of grace.  
Thus, fill our hearts with thankfulness to worship and adore  
And let us see Thy thorn crowned face and love thee more and more.

Yea lead us to the rugged tree, to gaze upon Thy cross  
And thus filled with that vision, to count all else but dross.  
Thy wounded feet, and hands, and side, oh help us plainly see  
The fullness of eternal love that Jesus had for me.

Then lead me to the garden tomb, amazing there to find  
The precious Son of God above, the Saviour of mankind.  
And see the stark fulfillment there of what the scripture saith  
His sacred body lying still, so silent, cold in death.

Ah, what a blessed holy morn I see my Lord will then arise  
A mighty triumph over death soon rising through the skies.  
And offers now in matchless grace, to each and all who come  
A full and free salvation, through God's Beloved Son.

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