

## The Forsaken Cry

On that dark day from the sixth hour  
Was shut the sun in its great power.  
When darkness swept across the earth  
And silence ruled, there was no mirth.  
It was as if God hid His face  
While manifesting wondrous grace.

Do not misunderstand the cry  
He came for sinful man to die.  
Its not remorse or remonstrating,  
Repeats to God the prophets speaking.  
He drank for me the bitter cup  
That I might endless life to sup.

The sun refused to give her light,  
So very sacred was the sight.  
When bearing my sins condemnation  
He thus declared in deep expression.  
There sounded out that plaintive plea,  
“Why hast Thou now forsaken me”?

Now standing here, I bow my head,  
For me Thy precious blood was shed.  
I now repent in deep contrition,  
I see Him bear my soul’s perdition.  
Before thy cross I prostrate fall,  
And claim Him as my all in all.

. . . . . *Rowan Jennings*