

He Pleazed Not Himself

A man who walked on earth below
Among the sons of man,
For many sorrows did he know
And trials mixed with shame.

His eyes were wet with many tears
His heart with grieving sore,
For thankless was he treated
Though helping ore and ore.

His ears were ever opened
To hear the plaintive cry,
The many dusty roads he walked
To Calvary by and by.

In Pilate's judgement hall He stood
A man, but so alone,
For no one cared, and no one wept
Midst faces cold as stone.

Then onto Calvary He went
The Lamb to slaughter led,
To suffer anguish, bleed and die
For me Thy blood was shed.

And thereupon the cross of shame
Alone my curse He bore,
Oh who can tell those sufferings deep
Or depths of sufferings sore?

Then in my heart I reason thus
Can I not please myself?
Then God, he answers in His Word
For Christ "pleazed not himself".

*Rowan Jennings
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