



**Christ On The Cross**

**I stood and watched Him suffering, the hours were slow and long  
And heaven was strangely silent, void of redemption's song.  
The darkness deep descended, and not a voice was heard,  
For in those hours of darkness, God's justice was now, stirred.**

**It was a darkness so intense, a blackness one could feel,  
While others sat or milled around, I had to bend the knee  
For not a groan escaped His lips, nor word of regret from pain,  
But in a whisper so intense, He breathed out then, my name.**

**The sun was deeply shrouded, its crepe was dark as night,  
No one could dare to look upon, that awful tortured sight.  
When He alone began to drink, the cup of anguish sore,  
There was a frightening chilliness, when He my judgment bore.**

**It seemed each moment lasted long, it seemed that time stood still,  
For three long hours He drank that cup, up there on Calvary's hill.  
Though dreadful its astringent, a bitterness intense,  
But silently He drank it all, while we stood in suspense.**

**Ah! then at last He spoke those words, so comforting to me,  
He bore the curse, the bitter gall, to give salvation free.  
What were those words that spelt such peace, to this poor soul of mine?  
"It's finished" now the Saviour cried, the words of love divine.**