



Could I?

Could I stand silent like the Christ
When satanic venom flows,
While fallen man, hate filled with spite
Could I stand all alone?

Could I be filled with love like Christ
For that despising throng,
And pray to God my God above
For all that they did wrong?

Could I be calm and have no fear
When drawing close to death,
With steady and unswerving tread
Face that cold path ahead?

Oh that my heart would know His love
His deep deep love so free,
That made Him on that rugged cross
Bear all my sins for me.

Then I would have such perfect peace,
I leave this world behind
As I ascend to God's eternal home,
And enter joys sublime.

I'll see the door flung opened wide,
The splendour of that place
Will be eclipsed by one sweet thing,
To see His blessed face.

*Rowan Jennings
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