



Sacred Places

At Bethlehem a child is born
Creation's Lord in human form
And Israel's rightful King.
The skies above are filled with praise
As Heavenly hosts their anthems raise
To earth glad tidings bring.

Judea's Hills, the Son of God
Across those dusty highways trod
His Father's will to do.
He healed the sick, He raised the dead
The hungry multitudes He fed
And cleansed the lepers too.

Gethsemane, a Man lies there
Engaged in agonizing prayer
Before His Father God.
His followers lie sleeping low
While blood like sweat falls from His brow
And stains the fertile sod.

Golgotha's tree, the mid-day sun
Withdraws its light as God's dear Son
The awful wrath endures.
The tempest breaks, the billows roar
The fire burns, the rod falls sore
Ere justice man secures.

Mount Olivet, the Master stands
To bless His own with outstretched hands
Ere from this world He goes.
A cloud received Him from their sight
And welcomed thus to glory bright
The Victor o'er His foes.

The Throne of God, He sits there now
A crown of glory decks His brow
Before Him angels fall.
And men from every clime and tribe
To Him all majesty ascribe
For He is Lord of All.

Composed by the late Alex Rankin, Newtownards
(This can be sung as a hymn to the tune of
"O Wondrous grace that found a plan")