



When I Climb Golgotha's Mountain

When I climb Golgotha's mountain,
What a sight commands my gaze,
There with cursing and with shouting
Three rough crosses they up-raise.

On each cross they nail a victim,
Two receive their due reward,
But the other, why afflict him?
He the spotless Son of God.

With what crimes their vile behaviour
Had outraged the Throne of God,
For such crimes the sinless Saviour
Shed his reconciling blood.

Sinners all, why stand and curse ye,
Witnessing the dreadful sight?
O lay hold upon His mercy,
Flee from everlasting night.

Of those men who hung beside Him,
One to Christ for mercy cried,
But the other would deride Him
In his unrepentant pride.

Glorious gain or endless losses?
Wise unto salvation be,
And behold in those three crosses
Your eternal destiny!

Jean Jones