Whose Cross?

I heard John preach on Jordan’s bank; the Baptist’s cry “Repent!”,

And then he called “Behold the Lamb, the one whom God has sent”;

As John baptised the man he said was sent from heaven above

God thundered His approval on the Son who came in love.

I’ve seen Him do amazing things, and heard the words He said,

I’ve seen Him heal the sick and lame, and seen five thousand fed;

I heard Him call to Zaccheus to come down from the tree,

And Bartimaeus crying, “Son of David, let me see!”

Last Sunday when He came to town the crowd were laying palms

And coats before His donkey, praising God and singing Psalms;

“Hosanna to the King of kings!” was their triumphant cry,

But just a few days later they’d be shouting “Crucify!”

The Pharisees arrested Jesus in Gethsemane,

“He said He is the Son of God!” they cried, “That’s blasphemy!”

They beat Him and then sent Him on to Pontius Pilate’s court.

Using as their evidence false witnesses they’d bought.

The soldiers came and took Him to the whipping post that day,

They stripped Him bare and beat Him ‘til His flesh was torn away;

They put a scarlet robe on Him, a staff into His hand,

A crown of thorns upon His head, and mocked Him to a man.

A lynch mob gathered in the square beneath the balcony,

Where Pilate offered to the Jews to set a prisoner free;

A shout of “Free Barabbas!” went up somewhere in the crowd,

Increasing ‘til the murderer his freedom was allowed.

A mighty cross upon His back He stumbled on the road,

A man was pulled out of the crowd to bear His heavy load;

They led Him up to Calvary, with nails they hung Him high,

And there they left Him on the cross, a dreadful death to die.

No words can tell the pain He felt, His Father turned away,

Our sin was poured into His heart, and darkness ruled the day;

His birth, His life, His pain, His death, were part of His design,

The cross He suffered wasn’t His; I know, for it was mine.