Our Sin, His Love

It was not thorns that pierced His head, nor nails His hands and feet,

It was no whip that stripped His back, nor rod His body beat,

No soldiers mocked or "worshipped" Him, no crowd yelled "Crucify!"

It was our sin that took Him there so publicly to die.

No nails held Jesus to that cross, no rope His limbs could tie,

No splintered beam held Jesus up against the darkened sky,

He only gave His own life when He gave His final cry,

It was His love that kept Him there so publicly to die.

And though His body then was placed into a tomb so cold,

No earthly grave could keep Him in, nor death His body hold,

No guards could stop the angel as he rolled the stone aside,

So men could see the risen Lord who publicly had died.

Ascended to the Father's side, now Jesus reigns on high,

Victorious over sin and hell, and nevermore to die.

No debt so big He cannot pay, no sin He can't forgive,

He's holding out His hand in love, and saying "Take it, live."