

AN EMPTY CROSS MEANS VICTORY

Helen M. Sanders

I watched silently from the hill as they led my Lord to Calvary
They made him drag along his cross Rejoicing in His misery

The soldiers shouted amidst the cheers so happy to see his agony
They yelled at him with vile sneers Hang this King upon the tree.

They made the thorns into a crown and placed it on his sacred head
For it was blood they wanted now It mattered not that His be shed

Oh, the agony I felt for Him As they nailed Him to that piece of wood
I prayed and begged for them to stop But no one did –for no one could.

They raised the cross up in the air, saying, if you're the Christ like you say
Then let yourself come down from there and let us see you walk away

Again, they mocked and took His Robe casting lots with hateful glee
They drank and cursed and carried on Beneath the wretched hanging tree

I saw the pain upon his face I saw the blood flow from His side
I heard Him forgive them from that place knowing that He soon would die

His head fell then upon His breast He offered up His life, His soul
None of us knew at the time That all along this was His goal

He died that way so we might live, that cross was meant for you and me
He took our sins upon Himself, we gave to Him that savage tree

If he could do all this for us, so we could live eternally
Why can't we give him all our trust and go to Him on bended knee

Today I look upon the hill and see the cross stands all alone
My Lord's no longer on the cross He's risen to His Heavenly throne

Thank God I know he died for me to live today within my heart
Without His love I lost would be Oh Lord, my God, how great thou art