

## A HOLY SACRIFICE

As a Lamb led to the slaughter, You went forward to the Cross  
Never giving one thought for Yourself, You did it all for us  
And when the religious ones reviled You, You reviled not again  
And neither did You hide Your face from spitting or from shame.

Willingly You gave Your back unto the smiter's whip  
Willingly You endured abuse as it shot forth from the lip!  
And when they mocked You with purple robe and thrust on the thorny crown  
Willingly you endured it all and uttered not a sound!

Then upon Your flesh torn back, they laid the heavy cross  
Willingly You went that way, not counting the cost  
Willingly You went forth to die – to die the sinner's death  
And in that awesome moment all of heaven held their breath!

Cruelly they laid You on that cross, they pierced Your hands and feet,  
Then all the hard-hearts stood around and dared Your eyes to meet!  
They cried out "He saved others, but Himself He cannot save"  
Not knowing it was the Father's Will for You to go into the grave.

Amidst the crowd Your little flock stood in anguish and despair  
Not knowing that it was written all the suffering that You must bare  
For You took upon Yourself the sins of all mankind  
And that within that holy Sacrifice, we would salvation find!

And as You cried out Your last words, the temple veil was rent  
Darkness descended upon the earth as Your last breath was spent  
Then Your enemies gloated that Your blood they had thus spilled  
Not knowing that it was Your plan and Your Word they had fulfilled!

And as You were placed into the tomb, a Holy Seed was sown,  
Out of which would spring forth life, which would for sins atone,  
The grave it could not hold You, for death had lost its power  
Thus was life's greatest victory won, within life's darkest hour!

Lord we cannot comprehend the suffering that You bore  
When they nailed You to that awful cross, Your holy flesh they tore  
Willingly You drank that bitter cup; Your holy blood they shed  
To free us from the curse of sin and to righteousness be wed.

How can we thank You Lord for all that You have done?  
For so great a sacrifice – so great a victory won?  
It is written in Your Word – nothing less will suffice  
For we are called to present ourselves a “living sacrifice”!

No performance of religious duty nor any traditions of man  
Can ever take the place of Your sweet Will or replace Your glorious plan,  
A consecrated life is the least that You require  
A life laid on the altar and purged with holy fire!

By Sharon Seales