

He was God

Christ was God when the saga of man was conceived,
Well knowing how much His own soul would be grieved,
But willing to suffer to create a bride
Who'd value His love as she walked at His side.

He was God when the cosmos condensed at His voice
Creating the earth as the planet of choice—
The sun and the moon to disperse light abroad—
The heavens to show her the glory of God.

He was God when He sculptured the man from the clay,
And breathed His own breath in his body that day;
Then made him a wife from a rib from his side,
So we'd understand His desire for a bride .

He was God when He let them be drawn into sin,
And suffer its sorrow again and again,
As each of their offspring, though better or worse,
Took part in the guilt and succumbed to the curse.

He was God when He came by miraculous birth
To share our predicament here on the earth;
To walk without sin in a world of pain,
Despised and rejected, and finally slain.

He was God when He offered Gethsemane's prayer,
While drenched in the sweat of the garden's despair
At anticipating the terrible loss
Of heavenly fellowship there on the cross.

He was God while enduring the slash of the whips—
The pain of the nails, the scorn of their lips;
And being made sin when He hated it so,
So we could be cleansed and made whiter than snow.

And He was still God when He said we'd receive
A sinless new nature if we would believe
That His death has taken our guilt all away;
And He's coming back here to get us some day.

And He will be God when He utters that shout
Expressing His longing to have us about;
And we'll be caught up through the clouds to His side
To be with the Lord as His blood-purchased bride.