

Grave Clothes

(John chapter 11)

Anxious sisters called for Jesus.
Lazarus was very ill.
Patiently the Savior tarried,
Waiting on His Father's will.
When he died the Lord came to them,
Comforted them as they cried,
Calmly bore their accusations,
"If You'd come He wouldn't have died."

See the Savior sigh with sorrow,
Feel His groans along the way,
Watch Him weep as He went with them
To the tomb where Lazarus lay.
Hear Him hail his helpless body,
Stand in awe as he arose,
Lurching out to greet his loved ones
Bound in layers of grave clothes.

Listen to the Lord's commandment.
"Loose him now, and let him go."
It would never do to have him
Hobble home so stiff and slow.
We've been raised with Christ our Savior,
Set upon the Solid Rock,
But we need to shed the grave clothes
That impede our Christian walk

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