

Consider Him

Fixing our eyes upon Jesus, the author and perfecter of faith, who for the joy set before him endured the cross, despising the shame.

Hebrews 12:2,3

Your holy feet, Lord Jesus,
 Left heaven's streets of gold
To walk a humble pathway
 Of misery untold.
You trudged earth's dusty highways
 As God and man complete;
You served Your own creation,
 And washed their weary feet.

Your gentle hands, Lord Jesus,
 With healing in their touch,
Were calloused by the labor
 That we deserved so much.
Those hands that touched the leper,
 And loosed the bonds of sin,
Were pierced for the transgressions
 Of those who did You in.

Your regal head, Lord Jesus,
 Relinquished heaven's crown,
Yet earth would not afford You
 A place to lay it down.
Though thorns were made for Adam,
 And Adam's offspring now,
You took our curse upon You
 And wore them on Your brow.

If sweat and tears and toil
 Became the human race,
You cast Your lot among us
 In monumental grace.
Your holy soul, Lord Jesus,
 Assumed our guilt and fears;
Your anguish overflowing
 In bloody sweat and tears.

You made us in Your image--
 Breathed mortal life within;
Then took a human body
 Like ours, apart from sin.
They scourged that humble body,
 And nailed it to a tree;
And jeered and spit upon You,
 And mocked Your agony.

They placed a sign above You
 Rejecting You as king--
The only accusation
 Their scrutiny could bring.
You took the grim indictment
 Of our eternal loss,
The list of sins against us,
 And nailed it to Your cross!

Sin kept us from that Eden,
 Where God communes with men,
By Your propitiation
 We can draw near again.
Though God in righteous judgement
 Forsook You from His face,
Your blood secures our welcome
 Within the Holy Place.

Oh precious holy Savior,
 We'll gaze in heaven above
With earnest adoration
 Upon Your wounds of love.
The scars of our perversion
 Have vanished with Your pain;
But You'll remain forever
 "The Lamb for sinners slain."