



### The Voice of Jesus Crucified.



ARKLY the shades of death had gathered round Him,  
 Murmured the trembling lips of ashen hue ;  
 " Father, forgive them—these for whom I'm dying,  
 Father, forgive—they know not what they do ! "

Like to the incense from a golden censer,  
 Wafted the fragrance of that touching prayer,  
 Softly the dew of grace and tender mercy,  
 Fell on a dying heart beside Him there.

Brightly the star of hope with silvery gleaming,  
 Shone through the clouds with gentle guiding ray,  
 Breathes forth his humble prayer to be remembered  
 By Jesus in His Kingdom far away.

Oh ! gentle answer from our living Saviour !  
 Oh ! words divine ! " Amen, I say to thee,  
 This day, for ever free from pain and sorrow,  
 In Paradise thou shalt rejoice with Me ! "

The fading eyes are gazing on His Mother,  
 Who stands beneath the cross in bitter pain :  
 Then on the loved Disciple, and the music  
 Of His sweet words gives forth this plaintive strain

" Behold thy Son ! " again, " Behold thy Mother ! "  
 Oh ! wondrous love ! Oh ! pity all divine !  
 What shall we render, O my sweetest Jesus,  
 For this most precious parting gift of thine ?