

The Forlorn Hope

An angel strengthens Him, but He receives
No strength from man. Deserted at the last,
Yea, smitten, spit upon and mocking clothed
In purple robes and fitly crowned with
 thorns,
He walks alone, unarmed amidst the people's
 rage,
And bears His heavy cross alone until
He falls.

 To save a guilty people,
Yea, man to make alive and not to slay,
The Son of Man, the powered Son of God,
Allows the ruthless arm, the iron nail
To strike thro' quivering limbs upon the tree,
To lift Him up amidst the hissing storm
Of man's contempt. Obedient thus to God,
He gives in love His life to ransom man.
But ere He cries "'Tis finished," ere He dies
By pierce of spear, He feels the hour so dark
That from His lips escapes the hopeless cry
That God has now forsaken Him. Thus dies
For men the Son of Man, of hope forlorn,
While darkness veils the land.