

Passion

A lonely hill on Friday eve,
And He
In agony.
They did not believe,
They could not conceive
He would endure
The fierce torture.
But He
Suffered not in misery;
For His heart filled with Love,
And with radiant eyes,
He prayed to the Father in Paradise:
"Father, forgive them, for what they do,
Before the hour when I return to you."
He muttered, "I thirst,"
Then His bonds were burst,
In unsurpassed superliminity,
Realizing His Divinity.
On Friday eve,
Two thousand years ago.
Yet now we do not know,
We cannot conceive
He died for you and me.
Ah! would our eyes were open that we might see.