

This book includes most of the Christmas and Easter verses I have been given over the last nearly 50 years. For too long they have been hidden in notebooks. Today, I do as I should have been doing for a long time. Enjoy them, they are yours,

December 2, 2007

Timos

Christmas 2013

'Unto us a Child is born',
Spoken long ago;
'Unto us a Son is given',
God's very love to show.

To show how much He cares for us,
To show how great His love;
That His own Son came down from Heaven,
Leaving His throne above.

Born as a human infant,
In stable, not an inn;
Then trod the path to Calvary,
To save those lost in sin.

Then go back to where He was,
His glory now restored;
And live within 'whom ever will',
All who call Him Lord.

He'll call us up to Him one day,
When the time is right;
Taking us to be with Him,
In Heaven's glorious light.

Forever with the One we love,
Beyond the bounds of time;
All this, because He came as Babe,
Leaving Heaven's clime.

'Unto us a Child is born',
Sung so long ago;
'Unto us a Child is given',
Where else could we go?

Child of the Stars

Child of the stars,
In Bethlehem town;
Child of the stars,
From Heaven come down:

Speak to us all,
Of love full and free;
O Child of the stars,
O Child of the stars.

Child of the stars,
In Bethlehem lay;
Child of the stars,
In manger of hay:

Speak to us all,
Of love full and free;
O Child of the stars,
O Child of the stars.

Child of the stars,
With mankind today;
Child of the stars,
O hear us when we pray:

Speak to us all,
Of love full and free;
O Child of the stars,
O Child of the stars.

For we would see Thee,
As Thou art;
Come into our hearts,
And never depart:

Thou Lord of Lords,
And almighty King;
You lie here an infant,
A wondrous thing!

Christmas Joy

The story of Christ and His birth,
Means good news to all men on Earth;
The angels spoke peace and goodwill,
To shepherds on Bethlehem's Hill.

In a Bethlehem stable He lay,
His head on a pillow of hay;
The shepherds they came and they found,
In a manger sweet Jesus sleeps sound.

The Wisemen they followed a star,
With gifts they had come from afar;
They worshipped the Christ Child that day,
Then homeward they turned a new way.

So let us rejoice and be glad,
For Christmas should never be sad;
It speaks of the gift from above,
Revealing God's grace and great love.

Christmas 1996

I would see the Baby Jesus,
Lying in the manger there;
But I wonder, if I did see,
Would I really, really care?

Would I see Him, as did others,
Just a baby, nothing more?
If I saw the Baby Jesus,
Would I fail to Him adore?

Would I see Him as the shepherds,
Those who heard the Angels sing?
Would I come with adoration,
Knowing that He was a King?

Would I then tell all as leaving,
Of the Holy, and the song?
If I saw the Baby Jesus,
Would I simply move along?

Would I see Him as the Wisemen,
Bringing gifts to One foretold?
Would I travel far to see Him,
Braving dangers never told?

Would I go, if God should lead me,
Down a pathway, dark but sure?
If I saw the Baby Jesus,
Would I kneel in reverenture?

I would see You, Baby Jesus,
As the shepherd, and the Wise;
But for me there are no angels,
And no star up in the skies.

Won't You help me, blessed Jesus,
Just to see You as You are?
Be to me the angels' singing,
Be to me, the guiding star!

Come, Oh, Come

Shepherds heard the angels sing,
Christ is born in Bethlehem;
Shepherds heard the Heavens ring,
As they went to Bethlehem.

There they saw the new-born King,
As He lay in Bethlehem;
Gifts and homage did they bring,
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

Then let us come, and homage bring,
To the Babe of Bethlehem;
Heart and soul, and everything,
Give the Babe of Bethlehem.

Come, oh, come, and worship bring,
Serve the Babe of Bethlehem!

Song of the Magi

The star! The star! Look! See it shine!
It shows us the way to the King!
The star! The star! God's promised sign!
Come! Let us go to the King!

Christmas 2016

Christmas came to my house,
That first Christmas Day;
Because I could not go to it,
There was no other way.

A single gift was given,
About which angels sang;
Bidding shepherds go and see,
How Earth and Heaven rang!

Seekers also, from the East,
Fell down at His feet;
Following the star they'd seen,
Their journey now complete.

I would likewise, go and kneel,
With shepherd, and the wise;
But I have no guiding star,
And silent are my skies.

Where do I go? Lord tell me,
The 'place' I cannot find;
The stable and the house are there,
Both by men enshrined.

But vacant as the empty tomb,
These places that You were;
Where do I go? What can I bring?
Worship? Gold or myrrh?

Then I heard a still, small voice,
Calling me by name;
Reminding me I'd asked Him in,
When to my house He came.

"I do not in a manger sleep,
Where shepherds came and knelt;
Nor is there need to seek me out,
In house where I once dwelt."

"Here I am, to never leave,
Never to depart;
You gave the best of gifts to me,
Giving me your heart."

Has Christmas come to your house?
Do you know Christmas Day?
There is no way to go to it,
But He will come and stay!

From Matthew 2:18

A wail rising to the sky,
Very great the mothers' cry,
O hear, ye Heavens, tell us why . . .

Instead the Heavens don't reply,
Comfortless, they mourn and sigh,
Every child, for Him did die . . .

In time, His time, would to Him fly,
Not yet, though the Devil try,
Remember, Lord, boys silent lie . . .

As one voice raising to the sky,
Mothers listen for reply,
Alas! To comfort does He fly . . .

God's Gift of Love

We often think of Christmas,
As gifts beneath a tree;
With shiny lights and star so close above:
With happy children laughing,
And grownups feeling good;
But Christmas is God's gift of love . . .

No tree was in that stable,
So very long ago;
In which lay God the Father's Own Belove:
The light was seen by shepherds,
Who heard the glorious news;
That Christmas is God's gift of love . . .

The star was seen by Wisemen,
Who followed it afar;
To find and worship in adoring love:
They gave Him gifts of treasure,
For God had shown to them;
That Christmas is God's gift of love . . .

We must look to the manger,
To see Him where He lays;
God the Father's Own Belove:
Or we can never see it,
As Shepherd, Wisemen saw;
That Christmas is God's gift of love!

Advent 2005

Far-off in a manger sleeping,
Lies a little Child;
Son of God in flesh appearing,
New-born, meek and mild.

Far-off in the fields keeping,
Shepherds watching flocks by night;
Angels unto them appearing,
With wondrous news and fearful sight.

Far-off on their camels creeping,
Wisemen from the East;
When they saw the star's appearing,
They readied gift and beast.

Far-off creeping, keeping, sleeping,
They came as each was told;
So Must I, at His appearing,
Adore the One foretold.

From Luke 2:21

Named before conception,
JESUS was His name;
I know that God so loves me,
And did the very same.

He saw my need so mighty,
And sent His Son to die;
To be known so, and loved so,
Amazes even I!

Christmas 2010

The One Who was when time began,
Creating all, including man,
Even then You had a plan:
Little Baby, in my crèche,
Image of God in mortal flesh . . .

You saw that one day they would fall,
Desired back then to save them all,
Thus You came to manger, stall:
Little Baby in my crèche,
Expression of God in mortal flesh . . .

Though the pathway would be hard,
Your love for me held sole regard,
All other things were disregard:
Little Baby in my crèche,
Passion of God in mortal flesh . . .

Futile I try to understand,
Before time was, all this was planned,
Past comprehension, concept grand:
Little Baby in my crèche,
Son of God in mortal flesh . . .

I cannot sing, I cannot write,
My very best, at best, is trite,
In Infant form, the Holy Light!
Little Baby in my crèche,
Glimmer of God in mortal flesh . . .

I know You dwell within my heart,
And from my presence never part,
Such peace within You now impart:
Little Baby in my crèche,
Promise of God in mortal flesh . . .

The One Who was when time began,
Creating all, including man,
Thank You, for such a staggering plan!
Little Baby in my crèche,
The very God in mortal flesh!!

Born a King

Born a King in Bethlehem,
A manger for His bed;
Born a King in Bethlehem,
Just as the prophets said.

Born a King? Yes, born a King!
I wonder, can it be?
Why lies He in manger bare,
And not His majesty?

We hear the Angels sing,
He came to Earth to save;
O what a wondrous thing!
Let the banner wave!

Because

Because He left His glory,
To suffer and die;
I shall go to Heaven,
To dwell with Him on high!

This is based on an actual observation at another church than Faith Baptist, Chehalis. I will not identify it . . .

The Unlit Candle

Green and gold and scarlet,
A dash or two of brown;
Here and there, some icing,
The church's Christmas gown!

Ribboned sprays of cedar,
With bows of red, gold, white;
Some of fir and holly,
With scarlet birds in flight.

Poinsettias on the windows,
A potted one up front;
A reindeer made of wicker,
Of thanks there seems no want.

A garland o'er the altar,
Festooned with ribbons, birds;
Sprays, and ribbons beauteous,
Two with Christmas word.

A pine cone 'neath the pulpit,
Rests in gold and green;
And in a distant corner,
Tree lights can be seen.

The Pastor says that Christmas,
Means worshipping the Child;
To place our hearts before Him,
This Toddler undefiled.

So, I look for Christ in Christmas,
No manger do I see;
Then on an unlit candle,
I see the Wisemen three . . .

The Unseen King

A Baby in a manger sleeps,
While ox and donkey vigil keeps,
And overhead Orion creeps;
Unseen by them, but still their King,
This Infant, Lord of Everything,
Yet, here He lies this evening. . .

The shepherds in a field quite near,
Fall to earth in trembling fear,
As Angels, and a light appear;
They tell them of a new-born King,
In spoken word, and as they sing,
Hovering on Angelic wing . . .

Meanwhile, in the distant east,
Wisemen come on plodding beast,
The journey takes two years, at least;
Seeking for the unseen King,
They precious gifts and homage bring,
To present their offering . . .

What child is this, how can it be?
O little town, can't you see?
O holy night, sing with glee!
Away in a manger, here is your King,
This midnight clear reclining,
Joy to the world, let it ring!

Contrast

He left His glorious throne above,
To bring to me His holy love;
To show how much He cared for me,
To set me from my bondage free.

He made the heavens and the earth,
Yet left at all for lowly birth;
He put each planet in its place,
Yet left it all, to bring His grace.

Thank You, Jesus, that You came,
Leaving Heaven for earth's shame;
Born in such a humble way,
Born in poverty, on hay.

Christmas Day

Christ The King was born today,
Halleluia, praise His name;
Saints and angels worshiply say,
Halleluia, praise His name.

Christ is Born

Christ is born, let's all rejoice,
Christ is born, lift loud your voice;
Praise His Name, for He is born,
In a manger, glory shorn.

Christ is born, the Angels sing,
Shepherds come, and homage bring;
Sages also, from the East,
Come this way, on plodding beast.

Let us gather 'round His bed,
Where the Christ-Child lays His head;
Son of The Highest, here he lays,
With the others, let us praise.

Christmas 2014

God looked down eternity,
Saw sinful, fallen man;
He love them, in their fallen state,
And had a wondrous plan.

Something sinless had to die,
And for the fall atone;
God specified a perfect lamb,
In which no flaw was known.

None could ever take the place,
Of any lamb thus slain;
Its blood could only cover up,
And not remove the stain.

Its blood was spilled to hide the guilt,
That God could not ignore;
But it was promised-- One would come,
The fallen to restore.

The day would come when He'd be born,
And live as you and I;
That day would make the difference,
And then no lamb need die.

He came as God had promised,
Born to a virgin maid;
In stable low she birthed Him,
In manger He was laid.

The day that made the difference,
Was dawned so long ago;
That moment when the Son of God,
Said-- Father, I will go!

Condescension

The fullness of humanity,
In mangled Infant lay;
Along with full divinity,
In temporal, transient clay.

The One who made Orion's belt,
And atoms miniscule;
Now in mortal flesh indwelt,
In finite molecule.

For me He laid His glory by,
For me He came as man;
For me, the apple of His eye,
For me, His long laid plan.

O such love for fallen race!
Such love! And offered free!
He came for me, to bring His grace,
Sown in eternity.

For me, He lay there in the cold,
God and man in One;
But how can mortal flesh enfold,
God's almighty Son?

How can full infinity,
In finite form be found?
How can bare humanity,
Contain that without bound?

Its magnitude past comprehend,
I cannot understand;
Why God Himself should condescend,
And why all this was planned.

One day I'll know, when I am known,
When clad as He is now;
When in a body, yet unknown,
I'll know each why and how.

So until then by faith I trust,
This concept I can't grasp;
But when I leave this mortal dust,
His hand, and mine, shall clasp.

'Tis then I'll know the fullness,
Of His love for me;
When dwelling in His perfectness,
For all eternity!

Christmas 2009

The shepherds had an angel,
The Wisemen had a star;
But I have Him within me,
To guide from afar.

The shepherds had a Baby,
The Wisemen had a Child;
But I have Him within me,
Through Whom I'm reconciled.

The shepherds had not far to go,
The Wisemen had a trek;
But I have Him within me,
At my call and beck.

The shepherds and the Wisemen,
Worshipped at His feet;
So will I, that morning,
When we finally meet!

The Christmas Star

The Star! The Star! The wonderful Star!
Look! See Its beams touch the ground!
The Star! The Star! The beautiful Star!
Look! See the house it has gowned!

Psalm of the Shepherds

Sweet Little Baby, Saviour and King,
Of Thee we heard the Angels sing,
And so do we, our homage bring . . .

There is little I can give,
As men would measure wealth;
And so I ask Thee to forgive,
For nought have I but health.

I am but a shepherd poor,
And little do I own;
Even so, I come to Thee adore,
For Angels made Thee known.

All I have I give to Thee,
Although it is so small;
Behold my aged, bended knee,
None else have seen it fall.

A child am I, a shepherd's son,
Beneath this ragged coat;
I come to Thee, O Blessed One,
My life to Thee devote.

Sweet Little Baby, Saviour and King,
Of Thee we heard the Angels sing,
And so do we, our homage bring.

The Promised One

Spoken by prophets and sages of old,
Heaven sent men with a message so bold;
Soon One would come Who would Jewry redeem,
On Bethlehem small a strong lights would gleam.

Long had they dwelt in the midnight and groped,
Long had they waited, long had they hoped;
And now He had come and no more should they roam,
And Jewry at last would find their blest home.

From Luke 1:30

Fear not! the Angel told her,
For God thyself hath blessed;
Fear not! the Angel told them,
Where sheep one time did rest;
Fear not! the Angel tells me,
With all my sins confessed.

The First Christmas Morn

They laid Him in a manger,
An Infant, newly born;
Given to a weary world,
That first Christmas morn.

They led Him to a cruel cross,
And left Him there to die;
He rose again, that all might live,
Rejoining Him on high.

O Lamb of God, I thank You,
For coming to be born;
So that I could sing to You,
This blessed Christmas morn!

Christmas 2011

She only had herself to give,
A child, nothing more;
Still, nine months later He would live,
Mary gave her all.

He only had a choice to make,
Trusting God, no more;
Still, Mary he would not forsake,
Joseph gave his all.

He only had a teen to bear,
Expectant, nothing more;
Still, he gladly did his share,
The donkey gave his all.

He only had a stable low,
A cave, 'twas nothing more;
Still, he could not tell them no,
The inn-keeper gave his all.

They only had a manger worn,
Just this, and nothing more;

Still, they watched that Christmas morn,
The animals gave their all.

They only had a song to sing,
To shepherds, nothing more;
Still, they came on willing wing,
The Angels gave their all.

They only had a story to tell,
A Baby, nothing more;
Still, they told, and told it well,
The shepherds gave their all.

It only had a little light,
For three men, nothing more;
Still, it shone so very bright,
The star, it gave its all.

They only had a single star,
A promise, nothing more;
Still, they came from land afar,
The Magi gave their all.

He only had Himself to give,
Just love, and nothing more;
Still, He came so I could live,
I must give my all!

Born To Die

Born to die, oh what a plan,
Born to die, for sinful man;
Born to die, to raise sin's ban:
BORN TO DIE!

Born to die, not born to live,
Born to die, new life to give!

Born to die, for you and me,
Born to die, to set us free;
Born to die, how can it be?
BORN TO DIE!

Born to die, a wondrous fact,
Born to die, a wondrous pact!

I Must Go To Bethlehem

I must go to Bethlehem,
The place of Jesus' birth;
The only place He could be born,
The only place on earth.

(Mary went to Bethlehem,
Her Baby almost due;
So her unborn Infant,
Was born in place foreknew.)

I must go there from fields,
Where Angels came to sing;
To rouse a sleepy world,
He's born! The Promised King!

(The shepherds went to Bethlehem,
To see God's Very Son;
I must go there also,
To see the Holy One.)

I must go from palace,
From which His star is known;
So few the ones that noticed it,
The star that briefly shown.

(The Wisemen went to Bethlehem,
To worship where He dwelt;
I must do as they did,
Kneeling where they knelt.)

I must go, yes, I must go,
As Mary, shepherd King;
I must go, yes I must go,
And all my homage bring.

(My hands may not bear treasures,
My feet be poorly shod;
Still I must go! Yes! I must go!
And see the Son of God!)

I Cannot Go to Bethlehem

I cannot go to Bethlehem,
To find the Promised King;
I cannot go, I cannot kneel,
I cannot homage bring.

The stable stands there empty,
It holds no King of King;

The Magi never visit,
No Angel ever sings.

Still, I'd like to find Him,
And ask Him be my King;
Where do I go! What do I do?
Lord, tell me, anything!

Then I felt His presence,
He speaks, this King of Kings
Ah! Such peace and joy!
No need for Angels' wings.

I need not go to Bethlehem,
To find the Promised King;
Within my heart I kneel,
And there my homage bring!

Music

Music is the sound of Christmas,
Melody is heard everywhere;
Children singing,
Church bells ringing,
Songs are in the air—
This is the sound of Christmas!

Only A Manger

Only a manger, only a manger,
Only a stable they gave;
For Him on His own earth;
Only a manger, only a manger,
For Him Who'd come to save;
For His long promised birth:
No room had they in the inn,
No room, no room;
Only a manger of hay!
Only a manger of hay!

Only a manger, only a manger,
The best that they had;
For Him a place to lay:
Only a manger, only a manger,
It makes one so sad;
Only a manger of hay:
No room had they in the inn,
No room, no room;
Only a manger of hay!
Only a manger of hay!

After His Likeness

After His likeness, God made man,
And had for him a perfect plan;
He also gave to man a will,
Because of this man took a spill:
He made a sinful choice one day,
And tried to walk in his own way;
God was sad, said man must die,
And deteriorate as he'd lie;
After death he'd go to hell,
Just because Adam fell:
Yet God gave to man a way,
To rest and trust in every day;
Christ came down, for us to die,
Satan's ransom to satisfy.

The King of Kings

Shine on, O Star, until the morn,
This the night that Christ is born;
While the Angels' chorus sings,
Let us praise the King of Kings!

He laid His throne in glory by,
Came to earth for you and I;
O'er His head, on celestial wings,
Angels guard the King of Kings!

A holy light adorns His brow,
Pigeons coo, and cattle bow;
Ox and ass each homage brings,
Kneeling by the King of Kings!

This Is He!

Christmas Day is coming nigh,
Satan's thresh-hold to defy;
When the star shone in the sky,
When God's best came down to die.

All the signs I now behold,
Prophecies, by prophets told;
Sent from God in ages old,
By the Jews, worth more than gold.

Kneeling at the manger-bed,
Where the Christ-Child lays His head;
Join the Wisemen, who have said,
By a star they here were led.

Shepherds too, have come to see,
The gift of God, to set men free;
Let's all bow on bended knee,
Before the Christ-Child-- THIS IS HE!

Chuck Swindow, in a broadcast in December 2013, told of an evangelical group that was asked by the Russian government to teach, in an orphanage, good ethics and morals. One of the men decided to teach them the story of Christmas. He gave each child a piece of cardboard (to make a manger), yellow napkins (to cut into 'hay'), and some cloth (to cut out the shape of a baby). When he went around to see how they were doing, he saw that one boy had made two 'babies', and laid them beside each other in his 'manger'. He asked why, and the lad explained . . .

Two Infants

Two infants in a manger lay,
Much to His surprise;
When he heard the reason why,
Tear drops filled his eyes.

A manger made of cardboard,
Each child had made their own;
Yellow napkins cut in strips,
Was 'hay' just freshly mown.

Each had cut a flannel 'babe',
And laid it on the hay;
But he had cut another one,
And it, with Jesus lay.

He'd thought of all that Jesus did,
And knew it was for him;
He knew that he had nought to give,
His eyes began to swim.

He had nothing, but himself,
And the night was cold;
He thought he saw the Infant shake,
As the night wind rolled.

So, he made another 'babe',
And lay it by His side;
All he could do was keep it warm,
And he bravely tried.

He gave Himself, he gave his all,
How can I do less;
How dare I do so little?
When me, He came to bless?

Thank You

As we gather this Christmas Tide,
To celebrate Christ's birth;
When He came down with men to 'bide,
From Heaven to lowly earth.

Let us ne'er forget the cost,
He paid for leaving Heaven;
Think of all the glory lost,

By God's only Son.

Thank You, Jesus, for all You've done,
Leaving Your throne above;
Salvation's work was then begun,
By giving us not wrath, but love.

Christmas 2012

Were they sung—or spoken,
The Bible doesn't say;
The praises that the shepherds heard,
That first Christmas Day.

Had they rehearsed for ages,
Or was this something new?
Again, the Bible's silent,
As on wing they flew.

Harmony or litany?
Hand-picked special chorus?
Or were all of Heaven's hosts,
Sent to go and tell us?

Was the One that said 'fear not',
Chosen long ago?
Once again, I've no idea,
We simply just don't know.

Did some of the shepherds stay?
Or all leave sheep behind?
Did they bring a gift or two?
To where the Babe reclined . . .

Was the Star a common star?
Or something newly shone?
Was it seen only in the East?
Or was it wider known?

Were the Magi only three?
Or many, many more?
Was it camels that they rode,

To find their great adore?

Many are the questions asked,
By those who will not see;
This very simple, basic fact,
This Baby-- IT IS HE!

This is God's Own Son, in flesh,
That lays in manger low;
So, lay aside all questioning,
That's all you need to know!

Psalm of The Magi

Gold for a King, so pure and so fine,
Gold for a King, A King so divine;
O blessed Child, this treasure is Thine,
It shall no longer, be reckoned mine.

All I have is frankincense,
Its aromatic eloquence;
O'er shadowed by Thy excellence,
Given to Thee, in reverence.

I give Thee myrrh, both bitter and sweet,
Of life and death, a story complete;
The finest of myrrh, that tree could secret,
Tear-drops blood read, I place at Thy feet.

Little Baby

Little Baby, on the hay,
Born this blessed Christmas Day;
But, Who are You, born so low?
Who, indeed, we need to know . . .
This is Jesus, God's Own Son,
Salvation's work is now begun;
Little Jesus, hear my plea,
I would know much more of Thee . . .
All-knowing Son of God, Thou art,
Sent from the Father's deepest heart,
Anointed Saviour, God Thou art.

Little Baby, Holy Child,
New-born Infant, undefiled;
I see myself as so unpure,
When I see Thy life so pure . . .
Forgive my sin, and mend my soul,
I would be much more the whole;
Little Jesus, hear my plea,

I would be much more like Thee . . .
All-Powerful Son of God, give heed,
Thou doest know my deepest need,
Thou, my Jesus, list, give heed.

Little Baby, see me bow,
Forgive my sins, and cleanse me now;
Bathed in the very blood You'll shed,
On the cross, to which You head . . .
Thy blood applied to every stain,
Till I am worthy, Heav'n to gain;
Little Jesus, hear my plea,
I would someday be with Thee . . .
All-Present Son of God abide,
Be thou ever at my side,
Till safely with Thee I abide.

There's A Star In The Sky

There's a star in the sky,
That's shining again;
That's showing the way,
To a world lost in sin.

There's a star in the sky,
That heralds Christ's birth;
The Father's Own Son,
Has come down to earth.

There's a star in the sky,
That's never shown so;
Foretold in the past,
As God made man know.

There's a star in the sky,
Its light touches ground;
It shows to us all,
The angels around.

There's a star in the sky,
A most special star;
That means most to us,
For sinners we are.

There's a star in the sky,
O list to their song;
Let's all now rejoice,
Let's all sing along!

Christmas

Christmas is a time of joy,
When goodwill we all employ;
Why is that the only time,
That we spend in joy sublime?

What a shame that we don't share,
All year 'round, our love and care;
Why do we, just once a year,
Share will all, our love and cheer?

The Shepherds

The angels told the shepherds,
Poor and humble men;
Telling them in glorious words,
THE SAVIOUR DWELLS WITH MEN!

Their praises ringing through the skies,
The shepherds stood in awe;
On bended wing they saw them fly,
Trembling at the sight they saw.

They came and saw the new-born King,
In His lowly bed;
As they heard the angels sing,
They humble treasures spread.

I Believe . . .

Cults believe in dead men,
I, a Living Saviour;
He died, was buried, rose again,
A glorious Living Conqueror!

For Me

It was for me, O Saviour,
Thy coming and Thy death;
It was for me, none other,
Each grasping, dying breath.

In Agony For Me

He hung upon a wooden cross,
He died upon the tree;
In agony, I see Him toss,
In agony for me.

My sins here with Him on that cross,
They nailed Him to the tree;
They held Him there to turn and toss,
In agony for me.

He bore mine own, mine wooden cross,
He bore mine own, mine tree;
He bore mine own to turn and toss,
In agony for me.

And now I'll bear another cross,
Because He bore my tree;
I'll bear it, for He came to toss,
In agony for me.

Of This Christ I Sing

O Grave, where is Thy victory?
O Death, where is Thy sting?
For Christ hath conquered both of Thee,
And of this Christ I sing . . .

I need not fear Thy mighty power,
In vain, Thy doubtings bring!
For Christ hath dared Thee, plucked Thy hurt,
And of this Christ I sing . . .

In vain the grave will shut its jaws,
In vain dread death will cling!
Ope up! Unloose! For soon He calls!
And of this Christ I sing . . .

Yea, hold me but a little while,
But soon thy door will swing;
Like Christ, I face thee with a smile,
And of this Christ I sing . . .

Ah! Christ! I praise as best I can!
Thou Son of God! Thou Son of Man!

Death to the grave!
To thy grave, O death!
Your prisoner, lo! He's gone!

Unworthy

I am unworthy the death of my Lord,
I should have died in His stead;
I am unworthy the sorrow He poured,
Those thorns should have been on my head!

My Gain, The Saviour's Loss

(may be sung to-- Faith Is The Victory)

The Son of God came down from Heav'n,
To die for sinners all;
And through Him are all sins forgiven,
We're ransomed from the fall:
He dying hung on Calvary,
Upon a cruel cross;
And with His blood He cleanses me,
My gain, the Saviour's loss.

Suspended between Heav'n and earth,
A sacrifice for man;
So we could have the second birth,
O what a wondrous plan:
Accept it now without delay,
Before the way He bars;
For though we are of mortal clay,
There's life beyond the stars.

And when I see His riven side,
And feel His nail-pierced hands;
I'll raise my voice and sing with pride,
Along with angels' bands:
We'll make the courts of Heaven ring,
And when we're halfway done;
We'll have as many years to sing,
As though we'd just begun.

(cho) Dying, He died for me,
Risen, He rose for me;
One Day He'll come for me,
O glorious day!

Glorious Day

The grave could not hold Him,
The stone could not bar;
The seal of the Romans,
Over Him had no power!

Though Death held Him captive,
For three nights and days;
He came forth in victory,
The captives to raise!

He's waiting in glory,
Up in Heaven so high;
One day He will call me,
Upward I'll fly!

And if I have perished,
Returning to dust;
He said He would raise me,
His promise I trust!

I will hear the trumpet,
I will see the King;
Coming with His angels,
Heaven's hosts He'll bring!

I will sing forever,
Of His love so grand;
Dwelling in His presence,
On that golden strand!

What a precious promise!
What a glorious day!
When He conquered Evil!
When He comes again!

Because He Lives

Because for me He lives,
And life He freely gives;
I'll live for Him, my Jesus,
Because for me He lives.

He Isn't There!

He isn't there,
My Saviour's gone;
The tomb is bare,
The stone's withdrawn!

His ledge is bare,
But for a shell;
He isn't there,
Nor down in Hell!

The doorway's bare,
So we can see;
He isn't there,
Ariz for me!

His grave is bare,
To empty mine;
I'll be up there,
By grace divine!

Easter

Founded on an empty tomb,
Is the Church of God;
Trusting in an empty room,
May we upward trod.

Tell the world that He has risen,
The Christian banner wave;
Our risen Lord resides in Heaven,
Not a silent grave.

Night-Time

They sang a song, and then went out,
Into the darkening night;
He knew what lay ahead:
Of suffering He had no doubt,
And dreaded thought of flight;
As on the ground He pled:
Strengthened for the coming bout,
By Angels in His plight;
Great drops of blood He shed.

He rose and met the mob that came,
Out of the darkening night;
Permitting Judas' kiss:
Accepting the false witness' claims,
He knew that wasn't right;
Knowing well their avarice:
The mocking, and the death, the shame,
He went to without fight;
Even Calvary's precipice.

He willing went to Calvary,
As day turned into night;
And gave Himself to die:
Hanging there for all to see,
What an awful sight;
Even God averted eye:
Through time He saw both you and me,
From Calvary's awful height;
Then 'Finished!' was His cry.

They laid Him in a borrowed grave,
In their darkened night;
And went away to mourn:
He lay there in that silent cave,
Sealed at that site;
His body ripped and torn:
But He had come mankind to save,
And set all things aright;
For this cause He'd been born.

They came with spices and perfume,
In their darkest night;
Wondering about the stone:
When they saw the unsealed tomb,
They ran with all their might;
But Mary stayed alone:
They told them of the opened room,
In their great excite;
While Jesus, to Mary was known.

He met them on Emmaus' road,
Still in their darkest night;
Along their weary way:
And went with them where they abode,
Accepting their invite;
When He was asked to stay:
The prayer He spoke removed their load,
Giving them delight;
Turning night to day.

They watched as He departed,
No more dark their night;
As they watched His ascend:
Two men new hope imparted,
Clad in garments white;
'As this, He shall descend':
The holy quest was started,
With tongues of fire ignite;
And power past comprehend.

They saw the need and spread the word,
Where dark was still the night;
As I must also do:
Telling what they'd seen and heard,
With new-found excite;
To Gentile and to Jew:
The early world was topsy-turved,
As many saw the light;
And life was born anew.

Lord, may I, as they, go out,
Into the darkening world;
I know what lies ahead:
Of resistance there's no doubt,
I'll go, though I dread flight;
I'll go, for You have pled:
Strengthened for the coming bout,
With Thee, I'll face each plight;
For this, Thy blood was shed.

This the reason that You came,
You saw through darkening night;
Even Judas' kiss:
Still You came my soul to claim,
And set things once more right;
Without thought of avarice:
What lies ahead, the joy, the shame,
I'll go without fight;
Even Calvary's precipice!

Across Many Miles

Across many miles,
Of infinite space;
God the All-Seeing,
Saw our lost race.

Across many miles,
Of infinite space;
God the All-Knowing,
Loved our lost race.

Across many miles,
Of infinite space;
God the All-Present,
Joined our lost race.

Across many miles,
Of infinite space;
God the All-Loving,
Saved our lost race.

Across many miles,
Of infinite space;
God, the All-Calling,
Will take our lost race.

Emmaus' Road

Were I to tread Emmaus' road,
And do so also alone;
Would I recognize my Lord,
If He made Himself known?

While He taught me on the way,
Would my heart burn within?
Would I be convicted,
Of doubt and sin?

Would I ask Him stay awhile,
The hour being late?
Or would I let Him go His way,
And let the 'burn' abate?

Would I? Let my questions cease,
I hope that I would not;
Could I spurn the Very One,
That my longing sought?

Lord, lead me to Emmaus' road,
Don't let me walk alone;
He's waiting there, my risen Lord,
To make His presence known!

From Mark 14:19

Is it I?
To betray Thee, Lord?
In what I do and say?
Thy piercing eye,
Like a two-edged sword,
Sees deeply in this clay!

From Mark 16:20

Convinced that He had clearly riz,
They told the world how great He is;
Help me, Lord, to clearly see,
So that I may live for Thee!

Christ's Seven Sayings

"O Father, forgive,"
Our Saviour first cried;
"They know not what they are doing!"
"Today thou shalt live,"
To the thief at His side;
"In Paradise with Me residing."

"Woman, thy son,"
To she who gave birth;
"Thy Mother," to him who He loved:
"My God!" He begun,
When gloom filled the earth;
"Why dost Thou forsake Thy Beloved?"

"I thirst," they gave gall,
All things now fulfilled;
They gave Him a sponge on a reed:
"It's finished!" His call,
Triumphant words spilled;
Sin's ransom paid off with His deed.

"My Spirit is Thine,"
To Father from Son;
He laid head upon blood-stained chest:
"This man was divine,"
Said the Centurion;
And all those who saw beat their breast.

Easter 2016

He went to the Garden,
As the sun set;
Seeking my pardon,
Let us never forget—
It could only be love . . .

While others were sleepy,
Great blood drops He sweat;
Hurting that deeply,
Let us never forget—
It could only be love . . .

I never could pay,
To settle this debt;
There was no other way,
Let us never forget—
It could only be love.

He willingly went,
And had no regret;
Even Calvary's ascent,
Let us never forget—
It could only be love . . .

Behind darkened sun,
And nature's upset;
He declared all things done,
Let us never forget—
It could only be love . . .

So great was the gloom,
How much worse could things get?
Then He was laid in the tomb,
Let us never forget—
It could only be love . . .

* * *

I must go from this place,
Time's sun soon will set;
Millions need pardon,
Let us never forget—
It could only be love!

My Cleansing-- So Divine

On the cross of Christ I see,
My Saviour's blood—and mine;
Through His death on Calvary,
My cleansing—so divine!

Washing out the stains of sin,
All that once was mine;
Oft I'd tried, but never to win,
My cleansing—so divine!

Then I saw the mingled flow,
And claimed it there as mine;
Its purity—the driven snow,
My cleansing—so divine!

Little Ones

Little ones that Jesus blessed,
A year or two before;
Sang hosanna to their King,
To their great Adore.

Little ones that Jesus blessed,
Slept one night in bliss;
While He was judged by men,
Ignorant of this.

Little ones that Jesus blessed,
Didn't understand;
When they were told that He was dead,
Not knowing this was planned.

Little ones that Jesus blessed,
Soon learned He lived again;
They took this message to the world,
That He can save from sin.

Little ones that Jesus blessed,
He'll call to, as before;
They'll shout hosanna to their King,
Their very great Adore!

From Matthew 21:3

'The Lord hath need',
They were to say;
The owner would,
Give his okay.

'The Lord hath need',
He saith to me;
Do I as well,
Give all to He?

His World . . .

The cross was past and He was dead,
His body lay there, bruised and bled;
His lips were silent, death He'd wed,
His world mourned . . .

The Roman seal was placed to keep,
His body lay in death's dread sleep;
His eyes were blank, no more to weep,
His world mourned . . .

The eleven were gathered in the room,
His body lay in Joseph's tomb;
His closest friends knew fear and doom,
His world mourned . . .

The Angel rolled the stone away,
His body stirred—oh glorious day!
His keepers watched with fear's dismay,
His world rejoined!

The Saviour joined them as they talked,
With them by the sea He walked;
His closest confidant never balked,
His world rejoined!

They gave the message to the world,
His body's gone—the gauntlet's hurled!
His gospel to all men unfurled,
His world rejoined!!

It Was Mine

It was mine, the blood He shed,
Mingled with His sweat;
As for another way He pled,
To cancel my sin's debt.

It was mine, the blood He shed,
The thorns pressed in His brow;
Running over beard and head,
This, He did allow.

It was mine, the blood He shed,
Carrying my cross;
Going to the place they led,
Content, He suffered loss.

It was mine, the blood He shed,
Mine, and mine alone;
As He hung there, in my stead,
Making mine, His Own.

It was mine, the blood He shed,
As He suffered, anguished;
Then, before His Spirit fled,
He shouted-- It is finished!

It was mine, the blood he shed,
When they pierced His side;
With mingled water, blood He bled,
Proof that He had died.

It is mine, the blood He shed,
Applied to Heaven's altar;
Though another way He'd pled,
Thank God! He did not falter!

Jesus Christ Has Risen

Jesus Christ has risen,
Risen from the dead;
Though three days in earth's prison,
A virgin tomb His bed.

Jesus Christ has vanquished,
The power of sin and death;
Though in its grip He languished,
And halted in His breath.

Jesus Christ has rescued,
Us from 'mong the dying;
So one day we'll be rendezvoused,
Upward to Him flying.

Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
I may never die;
Jesus Christ my Saviour,
And others such as I!

In Vain?

In vain were Jesus' footsteps,
Along His weary way?
In vain His cross and suffering,
The tomb in which He lay?
In vain His resurrection,
And forty days delay?
In vain His second coming,
And going with Him to stay?
In vain, all this and other,
If my footsteps stray!

Easter 2012

(Behold The Man)

Every eye behold Him now,
Clotting sweat upon his brow,
Christ in the Garden, see Him fall:
Every eye behold Him now . . .

Every eye behold Him now,
Crown of thorns pressed in His brow,
Christ in Pilate's Judgment Hall:
Every eye behold Him now . . .

Every eye behold Him now,
Careening up Mt. Calvary's brow,

Christ bears His Cross, now see Him stall:
Every eye behold Him now . . .

Every eye behold Him now,
Critic's comments o'er His brow,
Christ hanging there, just hear Him call:
Every eye behold Him now . . .

Every eye behold Him now,
Cruel Death's pallor on His brow,
Christ behind a stone-cold wall:
Every eye behold Him now . . .

Every eye behold Him now,
Conqueror's crown upon His brow,
Christ has vanquished Death's enthrall:
Every eye behold Him now . . .

Every eye behold Him now,
Compassion shown on face and brow,
Christ is saying—Come ye All:
Every eye behold Him now . . .

Every eye behold Him now,
Convening court on Heaven's brow,
Christ the Judge, see all men fall:
Every eye behold Him now . . .

* * *

Humanity and God combine,
One fully man, and yet divine;
Many will that day implore,
Only to hear-- Never more.

To Safely Bring Her In

He loved His Church in ages past,
Before He formed the earth;
He planned to come and die for her,
Before man had his birth.

He died for Her to show His love,
To cleanse Her from Her sin;
His blood He spilt, His arms He spread,
To safely bring Her in.