Renolds Jazz Orchestra "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani"

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We heard of a darkest afternoon,

When your heart broke,

And your soul was doomed,

Your body, now weak and frail,

And void of Spirit divine!

Can a cruel word sting your soul,

That you'd cry like that in despair?

Were there straying feet that went too far,

That you could not forgive?

We heard that you donned our Sin,

On that cross to your own chagrin,

Exiled from your Father's gaze,

So we may enter in.

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