

Unknown

"Crucifixion Of Christ"

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The Crucifixion of Christ

A story most loving I'll tell
Of Jesus, the wondrous surprise (Concerning the Lord
from the skies)
He suffered to save us from Hell
That sinners -- thou sinners -- might rise.
He left his exalted abode
When man by transgression was lost.
I'm telling the love of our God
He shed forth His blood as the cause (cost).

Oh, did my dear Jesus thus bleed?
And pity his chosen lost race.
From whence did such mercies proceed?
Such boundless compassion and grace?
His body bore anguish and pain
His spirit 'most sunk with the load.
A short time before he was slain
His sweat was as great drops of blood.
Oh, was it for crimes I have done
The saviour was hailed with a kiss
By Judas, the traitor, alone?
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all joined in the band
Confined Him and led Him away.
The cords wrapped around his sweet hands,
Come, mourners, look at Him I pray.

To Pilate's stone pillars, when led
His body was lashed with whips.
It never was any might said
A railing word dropped from His lips.
They made Him a crown out of thorns
They took Him and did Him abuse
They clothed Him in crimson and scorn
And hailed him the King of the Jews.

They loaded the lamb of the Cross
And drove Him up Calvary's hill.
Come mourners, a moment, and pause

As nature looks solemn and still.
They rushed the nails through His hands
Transfixed and tortured His feet
Oh brethren, see passive He stands
To look at the sight of His grave.

He cried, "My Father, my God
Forsaken, Thou'st left me alone!"
The cross was all covered with blood,
The temple was bursted in twain.
He groaned His last, and He died
The sun, it refused to shine
They rushed the spear in His side,
The lovely Redeemer is mine.

He fought the hard battle and won
This vict'ry, and gave it most free.
Oh brethren, look forward and run
In hopes that His Kingdom you see.
And when He in the cloud shall appear
With angels all at His command,
And thousands of Christians be there
All singing, with harps in a band.

How pleasant and happy those years
Enjoying such beams of delight;
His spirit to Christians he'll show
Oh, Jesus, I long for the sight.
I long to mount up in the skies
In Paradise make my abode.
And sing of salvation on high,
And rest with our glorious God.

From Folk Songs Out of Wisconsin, Peters. Collected
from Charlie Spencer.

Note: I collected an almost identical version of this in
Salt Lick,
Kentucky, in 1953 from XXXX; this is the only time I've
ever seen it
published. Words in parentheses are the variants sung
by XXXX.

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