

The Nazarene

Two sandaled feet, Beginning a pace
That will grant salvation, to the whole human race

One foot placed on hard pebble ground
Being followed by disciples milling around
Believers clustered; with Jesus enthralled
Like leaves of a tree that refused to fall

They as a group on the road made their way
Walking and talking with so much to say
Jerusalem beckons the city of clay
Many miles they must make before end of day

The gates opened wide to the city within
Preparations being made to execute Him
He knew of His fate from His Father above
But entered the gates to adorations of Love

The people within strew the path where He rode
With fronds from the Palms and also their robes
They cheered and they sang Hosannas to Him
Knowing not that His young life would suddenly dim

The Romans could find no fault within
And washed their hands of convicting Him
But the Sanhedrin insisted Jesus must die
Though blasphemy charges were totally a lie

Then Pilate asked the gathering throng
Jesus or Barabbas who did the most wrong
Give us Barabbas they shouted as one
Crucify Jesus for the thing He has done

He was nailed to a cross, From His arms to His feet
His blood draining away, In Jerusalem's heat

Although He's done nothing but teach and love
His destiny has been planned in Heaven above
Before He died, He raised His face
Asking His Father for one saving grace

Forgive them my Father
They know not what they do
Please raise me from death
To reside next to you!

George Miller