

The Tree That Became A Cross

O' tree, how hast
thou fallen?
The axe was laid
unto thee!
You could have been
A wooden chest
Or part of a ship
That sails upon the sea.
But the calling you had Was far greater than these,
And the purpose you served Made you greater
Than all living trees!
Bark was stripped
You were laid bare
His clothes torn
Skin lain open
He was the one
His blood you
would share
His body pressed
Against hard wood
Staining you
with His blood
On Calvary
you stood!
There on that
Mount Jesus died
The place of your
eternal fame
A symbol to all

You'll forever abide!
Is there a drop of
blood divine?
At this wooden cross
Where I stand
That can cleanse from me
These sins of mine?
Yes there is a drop for me
It fell upon this soul of mine
From the One
Who hung upon this tree!

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