

CAME, SAW, CONQUERED

I am but a weakling,
My back is bent crooked,
My walk is not straight,
I set my sights on kingdoms,
But never make haste.
Still I wander on,
Slowly in the day,
At night I rest and think,
What grace has won the way.

I am but a poor stranger,
Enduring hard the pain,
Of living in a world like this,
When all I have is gain,
To prosper, glory, crown and honour
A King, most mighty and fair.
Oh, what a night of terror was there
In my soul,
When Jesus came to lift me out,
Redeem me, make me whole.

Still life travels onward,
Upward, towards the sky,
Still He brings me answers,
Although I wonder 'Why?'
'Why the heartache, fear and doubt,
Why the raid of sin?'
If I had not committed the awful crime
Of choosing my own way
And forgetting Him;
They call it original sin.

Did I ever leave that lovely place,
To come to a world like this?
To hell, destruction and death,
Where there is a world to tell,
Of death, victorious on the cross,
And life and liberty, freedom, well,
I'll tell you a story,
Of course it's true,
If you'll come, come and see the view.

A lonely place, a place of hell;
A tree, an awful, bloody tree
Of death, but victory
Over sin, and Satan too.
'Oh sinner, may I share with you,
The wonder, glory of the crime,
Poured out on Him,
Who is to shine
In the hearts of men?'
Oh may it be
That the sinner is set free.

'Free? Free from what?' you say.
'Hey, don't look round; the devil is behind you,
Waiting to take you down to hell,
For still there is no greater sin,
Than following him,
And he knows it well.'
'The battle cry is on.' they say,
'Another soul to play with today.
Say, they love it, don't they?
They must do. Hey,
They don't believe in Christ today.'

And yet there is a Saviour dear,
One who is faithful,
loving and kind,
Beautiful to those who find
Him hanging on a tree
So awfully,
To save, redeem mankind,
And fulfil the hearts and minds,
Of those who will with one accord,
Deny themselves and their own will,
'Til He comes or calls.' as some still say
At the end of the day,
When all is merry hell to pay.

'And yet I love you still my brother,
Believe or believe it not.
For now I reign in glory.' He said.
'And from here I every now and then

Survey the world and its dark frown.
And the time is ripe,
But there's still some,
Who have not come
To that place upon a tree,
Where I gave My all for thee,
Where I every pain endured.
And there am still,
For those who will.

And though now I shine,
I'll not come, 'til
Every person, great or small,
Is come to Me, upon a tree.
For every captive is set free,
To become captive unto Me,
A Saviour, King and Master kind,
One so bold, Who with his throng,
Will come to take those who
One day, before it's too late,
Take the hand and promises true,
Of One who was dead, and risen now,
Not some sacred, holy cow,
But a reality,
If you'll only be
Faithful and true to Me
And not go your own way,
But listen more
To My word within you, see!
I am your king, your Saviour and friend,
And I will serve you to the end,
If in Me you'll find no gall,
The One who gave His life, His all,
For someone who, like Me you see,
Died a bitter death.'