

O Malignant Cross

Mt. 27:29-31; Lk. 9:23; Col. 3:19-20; Heb. 12:2
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O malignant cross
that held my Savior up to die!
Thou wert the brutal instrument,
and more - a brutal lie!
For ridicule the masses gave -
this I'd have given too -
and satisfied were they to see
His pain and anguish through,
when worship did the Lord deserve,
and glory due His Name -
O malignant cross,
on thee the Lord was put to shame!

O majestic cross
I call thee, for the Lord was pleased
to set His face upon thy hill
and thine occasion seized.
A throne of nails, a crown of thorns
was all mankind devised
to fit their rightful righteous King
but He their rescue prized!
The Savior made an end of sin
held fast upon thy face;
O majestic cross
thou standest now for saving grace!

O mysterious cross,
art thou both life and death to me?
But hold - the Lord thou lifted up -
'twas He Who lifted thee!
And we, His people, whom He called,
have interest in His grief:
our Father spent His holy wrath
on Christ for our relief.
And God the Son, that spotless Lamb,
our righteousness arranged.
O mysterious cross,
on thee were death and life exchanged!

Now, my little cross,
designed for me as Jesus' way,
I pray Him for what faith I lack
to take thee up today.
'Tis fitting that the Master's slave
in this surpass Him not:
to meekly bear my lot in love
as He bore His and taught.
By this I know the Lord is pleased
my silver to refine;
O my little cross,
of God's good favor, welcome sign. *Amen.*