

Golgotha

't Was on a hill quite far from here,
that on a cross He died.
And though His suffring was severe,
His death was prophesied.
His sacrifice was to atone,
to pay for mankind's sins.
He paid the price there all alone,
and there our life begins.

Although He died on Golgotha
and gave His life for us,
He rose again, hallelujah,
in body glorious.

't Was on the third day He arose,
just as He had foretold.
And in so doing overthrows
all fears that death may hold.

His trials led to victory,
for all who will accept,
that by His earthly ministry,
He now has paid our debt.
Oh heed His knocking at your door:
"My blood was shed for you!
Taste it and you will thirst no more,
My love for you is true.

Your sins may be as scarlet,
I'll wash you white as snow.
I'll send to you my Spirit,
completely make you whole".
Accept your Saviour here and now,
then preach His Word to all.
He will to you a crown endow
for answering His call.

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