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Good Friday

Mike Vanden Bosch
Dordt College

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Good Friday

Mike Vanden Bosch

Most torturous death—I see Him bleed,
I see Him slowly die.
He gave for us his sacred blood,
for cheaters such as I.

He died right where we should have been—
hands nailed to sawed-off logs.
He pitied us even as we sinned
as shameless as stray dogs.

My God, I hide my face in shame—
mere men stood cursing God;
His creatures sliming Yahweh's name
was devilishly odd.

On earth next day God's sunlight fell
and warmed the blood-soaked hill
as Jesus Christ experienced hell
in yielding to God's will.

By grace his death gives life to us—
cleans us with blood once spilt;
annuls our sin with sacrifice
that purges all our guilt.