

Behold The Lamb

C2 D Em
Behold the Lamb's humility
C2 D Em
With mockers at His feet
C2 D Em
With bruise and spittle on His face
C2 D C2
His suffering near complete
G D C2
Behold His quiet dignity
G D C2
As men did laugh and scorn
G D C2
As blood filled eyes the shame despised
G D C2
Beneath the crown of thorn (2x)

Behold the Lamb's meekness displayed
In silence at the rod
As blow by blow each stroke did know
Was all the will of God
Behold what majesty withstood
Such cruelty from men
The silent intercessor groaned
To pardon them from sin (2x)

Behold the Lamb silent and still
While men His skin did flay
Laid down His life through yielded-ness
God's glory to display
Behold Him stand before the crowd
Rejected by His own
Once hailed as King by multitudes
Now loved by God alone (2x)

Behold the Lamb, O more than see!
This nature I must know
To see alone a curse would be
If only for a show
With tear filled eyes myself despise
And all for Thee would give
To share Your nature, taste Your power
And in Your grace to live (2x)

Words: A Brother In Missouri, USA