2/8/18

"God In A Rose"

There was no hint of beauty
In the crown of thorns He were,
As His sacred head was bleeding
And the crowd cried out for more;
No loveliness in Jesus
As He hung on Calvary's tree
But the cross He bore
And the thorns He were
Make Him beautiful to me.

When the thorns that I encounter
Pierce my heart with grief and pain,
I will lift my eyes to Jesus;
He'll renew my strength again.
As I lean upon my Jesus
He will make my trials grow dim;
And my heartfelt plea
And my bended knee
Make me beautiful to Him.

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