

## Humble Cross

Humble cross, standing still,  
Barren like Golgotha hill  
Where have all the faces gone  
That cursed Messiah as He hung?

Cruel shouts, angry cries,  
Hurlled at Jesus as He died.  
Only echoes now remain,  
Hanging in the air like rain

Where is the Laughter?  
Where are the jeers?  
Where are the mockers  
Who brought His mother tears?

Gone is the crown  
And the spear for his side.  
Empty and quiet,  
The place where Jesus died.

Hear the insults and the lies;  
See the evil wait nearby.  
Feel the hatred all around.  
Listen to the dreadful sound.

Where is the Laughter?  
Where are the jeers?  
Where are the mockers  
Who brought His mother tears?

Gone is the crown  
And the spear for his side.  
Empty and quiet,  
The place where Jesus died.  
Oo.....

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