

The weeping tree

Upon the wind there comes a call,
a whisper soft and low,
a lonesome cry that fills the night
and echoes through the soul
It stirs the seeker tender heart.
It bids them come and see,
to kneel in shadow cast by grace,
to touch the weeping tree.

Against the sky the timbers rise,
a silhouette of grace,
a rugged throne for heaven's own,
the sinner's hiding place.
It's burdened arms reach out to all;
they draw the world to see
the price of loce is paid in blood
upon the weeping tree.

O come to the place where promise lives
and rest where hope begins,
where crimson leaves adorn the ground,
a gift from graceful winds.
O come and walk the winding path
that leads to Calvary.
Come lay your burdens down and rest
beneath the weeping tree

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Written by Joseph M. Martin

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