

When you prayed beneath the trees
English: Christopher Idle

When you prayed beneath the trees,
it was for me, O Lord;
when you cried upon your knees,
how could it be, O Lord?

When in blood and sweat and tears,
you dismissed your final fears,
when you faced the soldiers' spears,
you stood for me, O Lord.

When their triumph looked complete,
it was for me, O Lord;
when it seemed like your defeat,
they could not see, O Lord!

When you faced the mob alone,
you were silent as a stone,
and a tree became your throne;
you came for me, me, O Lord.

When you stumbled up the road,
you walked for me, O Lord;
when you took your deadly load,
that heavy tree, O Lord;

When they lifted you on high,
and they nailed you up to die,
and when darkness filled the sky,
it was for me, me, O Lord.