

Lord Jesus Christ, shall I stand still
and stare at You hung on the tree;
or shall I move to where You move
and die and live again for me?
Shall I to sin and failure cling,
consorting with the guilt I hate;
or on Your shoulders shall I fling
the wrong I breed and contemplate?

Shall I Your story read and tell
to note Your mark on history;
or shall I make Your story mine
and live by faith and mystery?
Shall I embrace the love You show
and covet this sweet, holy thing:
or of that love shall my heart speak,
my hands relate, my being sing?

Shall I retreat from where You fall
and seek a safer path through life;
or shall I meet You in the world
where peace is scarce, injustice rife?
Lord Jesus Christ, the God Who lives
to love and die and rise again,
make me the who, and You the why,
Your way the how, and now the when.