

t h e M a e s t r o

The heavens orchestrate a perfect chord
That magnifies the glory of the Lord;
Their splendors irrevocably demand
Acknowledgment of their Creator's hand.

The Maestro keeps each particle in place,
Maintaining perfect harmony in space;
Celestial bodies navigate through time
By playing out His symphony and rhyme.

His score is neither optional nor trite;
His laws are always absolute and right.
If things began to orbit otherwise
Catastrophe would devastate the skies.

He took a canvas from the cosmic shelf,
And deftly sketched an image of Himself;
He plied His skillful brush in dust and clay,
And set it out to dry the seventh day.

Each stroke portrayed a perfect universe,
Without a hint of dissonance or curse;
The theme was happy fellowship with God,
Depicted by a man who tilled the sod.

The Devil marred the picture from the start
By smudging sin into the human heart.
The syntax of the earthly scene was lost;
With misery and death the awful cost.

He laid aside His palette for a pen,
And drafted up THE TRAGEDY OF MEN;
A plot where He would abdicate the throne
And take a human body of His own.

He came to earth and suffered in our stead;
He bore our curse upon His sacred head;
He paid the price for sin upon the cross,
By dying there to rectify our loss.

The author of salvation solved our plight
And rose again to heaven's highest height,
To offer all who trust His holy name
Salvation from the everlasting flame.

This marred creation soon must pass away,
And be replaced in God's eternal day,
By one where peace and righteousness will dwell,
With every trace of sin confined to hell.

A God of love will not allow one sin
To ruin that scene where He will dwell with men.
Those who reject His righteousness must die;
Those who repent, reign with Him in the sky.

And born again in tune with God's own heart,
They'll be the masterpieces of His art,
The eloquent ROMANCE OF DEITY,
The sweetest notes in heaven's harmony.

Bud Morris

7/13/95