

# The Burnt Offering

*He has poured out His soul unto death.                      Isaiah 53:12*

In eternity's forever,  
    Long before time had begun;  
There, before the earth was fashioned,  
    Were the Father and the Son.

From eternal bliss rejoicing,  
    As the Father's great delight,  
God the Son was sent from heaven  
    To earth's scenes of moral night.

With the Father's love upon Him  
    As He walked apart from sin,  
Jesus Christ, as man from heaven,  
    Shed God's light on sinful men.

Hear the Father's voice extol Him;  
    See His Spirit make it's flight  
Down to rest its sole upon Him,  
    Who was daily His delight.

Then upon Golgotha's altar,  
    See His sacrifice of love;  
See Him glorify His Father,  
    Looking down from heaven above.

How the offering delights Him!  
    "Without blemish," "Without Spot!"  
Always He had pleased His Father,  
    At the cross He changes not.

But the Father's voice is silent  
    While the Savior is made sin;  
Justice pours God's wrath upon Him,  
    Else God's grace could not have been.

Finite hearts in deep contrition  
    Bare their feet on holy ground;  
Dare not speak where God is silent,  
    Of emotions so profound.

"It is finished!" All is over.  
    Once again God's love is free.  
"Father, I commend my spirit,"  
    From this suffering back to Thee.

See the Father's heart exalt Him!  
    His the highest name to be!  
Universal knees are bowing  
    To the Lamb of Calvary.

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