

Forgive Them

David Firth

Forgive Them.

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And they took him in a room
And they stripped him of his clothes.
And they took a piece of leather
Colored with nails.
They counted all the way to forty
On his back and what did he say?

Forgive them.

Forgive them.

And they made for him a crown
Out of thorns.
And they pounded those thorns
Into his head.
And then they spit and they slapped
Him in the face
And what did he say?

Forgive them.

Forgive them.

How many times a day are we beaten and scourged?
Not by a whip, but with words?
And how many times in that very same day
Are we willing to say...

Forgive them.

Forgive them.

And they nailed him to a cross
And they hung him in the sun.
And they laughed at him and
Bade him to come down.
He saw his mother cry
And he lifted his head
And there as he bled, he said...

Forgive them.

Forgive them.