

Schaliach, The Last Creed

[Lyrics: Robert Joseph]

[Music: Ole Borud]

Like dust in the wind
A man's heart goes unseen
His labors forgotten at the threshold of time
The grass withers, the flowers fades
But the word of his testimony stands forever
The man's honor was his love
Faithfulness - his pledge
But his memory - a pearl to the swine

One man walked tall
Faced the devil with his back against the wall
To the ground, the blood ran off his fingers
Scorched from fire in his bones
Yet today, his last thought lingers
Around his neck, against his heart
He wore a silver cross
- He knew what freedom cost

His voice only an echo in the wind
Freed those golden shackles
A child of time no more
A mirror of the crimson thorn
That the man of sorrow wore
He gave unselfishly
<<Loved not his life so much
As to shrink from death>>
The devil stole his life, love
But not the hope of his soul

If he'd only died in her arms
His dream would have been complete
Yet can such love dwell in a man
If God is his witness, I know it can
Would you plant the seed
Of that martyr's last creed
Proclaim God's gospel
Raise your head, heed his hope

Did You stand by the week
Whom the angels serve
Will you dare to hold
A martyrs hand
And guide the unseen host
Who with him stand
Will you share that vision at death's door
Stand proud by his side
To serve the Lord