

Rich Mullins, Oh My Lord

"When I think that the world would rise to condemn You
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
Well it makes me cry
You know it makes me tremble
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
Oh my Jesus ~ sweet lamb of God

You emptied yourself and became just like us
Then You set aside Your glory
And You took up that cross
Through the crowd, through the cursing soldiers
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
You fell to the ground with the cross upon your shoulders

Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
Oh my Jesus ~ oh Man of sorrows
When You saw Your mother standing there upon that road
Did You feel the pain of the sword that would soon pierce her soul
Oh my Lord ~ yeah, oh my Lord
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)
Oh my Lord ~ yeah, oh my Lord
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)

Well a man was made to help carry that weight
And a woman was moved to wipe the blood from Your face
And then you fell again
And You're taking more than a man could take

You said "Sisters sisters Don't you weep for me"
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
And then once again fell down to Your knees
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
Oh my Jesus ~ God's only one

Well they stripped off Your clothes
Then they cast their lots
Oooh they stretched out Your arms
And nailed Your hands to that cross

See a broken heart - it's what made You die
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
And the blood and the water flowed out from Your side
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
Oh my Jesus ~ Giver of Grace

You know gentle hands they took You down
And laid You in that grave scene
No one believed You'd be back in three short days

Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)
Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord
(Oh my Lord ~ oh my Lord)
Yeah"