

## *Passion*

A lonely hill on Friday eve,  
And He  
In agony.  
They did not believe,  
They could not conceive  
He would endure  
The fierce torture.  
But He  
Suffered not in misery;  
For His heart filled with Love,  
And with radiant eyes,  
He prayed to the Father in Paradise:  
"Father, forgive them, for what they do,  
Before the hour when I return to you."  
He muttered, "I thirst,"  
Then His bonds were burst,  
In unsurpassed superliminity,  
Realizing His Divinity.  
On Friday eve,  
Two thousand years ago.  
Yet now we do not know,  
We cannot conceive  
He died for you and me.  
Ah! would our eyes were open that we might see.