



NOW MARVEL, ALL

The daytime darkness lay upon the earth
As rocks were rent as though they were the veil
Within the Holy Place, their strength no worth
Against the voice of God that made men pale
Before its wrath. The Son of God hung dead
Upon a cross against a shrouded sky,
Rejected and despised as prophets said
He would be. With the Sabbath drawing nigh,
They hastened to remove Him to a tomb
Where soldiers, strictly ordered, stood about;
As lonely, lost disciples wept in gloom
And fasted even as they fed their doubt --
Now marvel, all --

 the stone was rolled away!
He rose that Morn --
 and yet He lives today!

-- Edmund E. Wells

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