

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



UPON HIS CROSS

Upon this earth
Our Lord arrived,
As Holy
Incarnation.

Upon this land
Our Lord did walk,
To embrace
Humiliation.

Upon His Cross,
Our Leader died,
Alone in
Consecration.

Upon His Cross
I place my trust,
My hope,
My inspiration.

Upon His Cross
I affix my hand,
My gaze,
My visitation.

Upon His Cross
I take my stand,
My life,
My dedication.

Upon His Cross,
What else is there?
After this life
Our salvation.

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Upon His Cross
Thy turn is next,
Thy choice,
Thy contemplation.

Upon each day,
Our Lord arrives,
Greet Him with
Exultation!

Then take up His cross
Make it your own,
You are the purpose
Of His creation.

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