**The Burden**

A garden scene;

Peaceful, serene;

A place to ponder and pray.

A gentle breeze,

Mid Olive trees;

Warmed by the Light of day.

Yet in the night,

A different sight;

Of pain & suffering sore.

The price of sin;

Precious souls to win,

By blood from every pore.

No word can say,

Nor tale convey,

The love that was in his heart.

The bitter cup,

He drank it up;

Submitting to do his part.

From darkest night,

There comes a light,

To give to us faith & strength.

Though kiss may betray,

And thorny crown stay,

Yet we may conquer at length.

He went below,

So He could know,

How to succor & help us o’ercome.

God’s only son,

The victory had won,

By saying, “Thy will be done!”

Link to YouTube video: https://youtu.be/Hzhf7M7Xcrs