A conversation took place in Heaven long ago.
Who can I send to earth? Who will go?
A mission there I have in mind.
The people are not always loving and kind.
They will put a crown of thorns on Your head.
They will rejoice when You are dead.
It will take love for them when You go.
They will be cruel to You, I know.
The One that goes will be spit upon.
The people there will treat You wrong.
They will slap You on the face.
And try to disgrace.
You have never known such pain.
You must die but I will raise You up again.
It will be a great sacrifice to go there. Their sins, on a cross, You must bear.
This is not a pleasure trip.
Your garments from You, they will strip.
To the people on earth, You must preach the Word.
Then send them until everyone has heard.
Nothing short of death will do.
And everything will depend on You.
You will suffer humiliation and shame.
For their wrongs, You must bear the blame.
The people there will hang You on a tree.
N ow who will go and that sacrifice be?
So Jesus came and died and suffered all that pain; The price it took for us to be born again.