

The Lamb and The Lion

By Henri Pote

A lamb went out to the slaughter place,

For rendezvous with death.

His blood flowed down upon the ground.

His life sighed forth, like breath.

A lion came up from the gates of death,

And His roar shook time and space!

The keys to death hung round His neck,

And life shown from His face!

Then comes the beating of the wings of the cherubim,

Arching the great wide skies,

Filling the Earth with thunder!

And the life-giving breezes
Of the sweet fresh winds of Heaven
Come swirling down
With the beating of their wings.

“Worthy, worthy!” comes the song from above!

“Worthy is the lamb that was slain!”

“Worthy is the Lion of the Tribe of Judah!”

“Worthy is the Son of God!”