

A Case of Victory
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And yet, I sin.
No sooner doth the trial convene,
All hosts of glory can be seen.
My judgment day.

he thinks, and smiles.
The prosecutor stands and reads
A list of thoughts and words and deeds.
My guilt is strong.

he pauses short.
“yes, Romans three: two-three says quote,
‘The wage of sin is death,’ please note,
He’s rightf’ly mine.

I turn away.
The scene above is worse to me
Than all disasters that could be.
My soul is lost.

I bow my head.
“LORD JESUS, I can’t worthy stand
Before your awesome glory grand.
Forgive my sin.”

he falters quick.
“But I object, your Honor, please!
His guilt is true, though on his knees;
He’s mine by law!”

“Not so,” said HE.
“My hands and feet are scarred.” HE weeps.
“The rugged cross... my blood it keeps.
I’ve suffered long.”

And HE proclaims,
“My blood was shed on Calv’ry’s earth
to give a sinner’s soul rebirth.
The Work is done!

He lifts the Word.
“A man’s rebirth has saved his soul,
And proof is This... this very Scroll.
He’s innocent.

My case is won!
A simple trust on HE who saves
Shall quench the thirst of one who craves
For righteousness.

And yet... I sin.
No sooner doth the trial convene,
All hosts of glory can be seen.
The victory day!

Yes, I confess
My sins are red as crimson bright,
But now are cleansed with heav'nly light
As white as snow.

In future trials,
My SAVIOR and ATTORNEY fights
My case in court, upholds my rights.
For I am HIS,
And HE is mine.

Zechariah 3, Romans 3, 1 John 2