

Oh Death

By Pastor Dr. Ronnie Wolfe – May 5, 2010

Oh death, that ceaseless wonder
That grasps the very depths of comprehension,
That awesome, capturing wonder,
That captures all its prey with stark attention:

How weak the cumbrous provisions
Made by men in useless preparation
For that fateful day of death,
When no one in himself meets else but desperation

Your grasp and grip are strong;
Your hold more strong than all imagination;
Retreat from your cold clutch
Seems now a gross exaggeration

Hold fast, oh death, your duty;
Grip your prey with one eternal chord.
Ne'er loose, oh death, your order,
Lest prey arise from grave, your solemn word.

As there you held our Savior,
But let him slip that one remembered day;
Ne'er loose the dead now sleeping
Lest by one promise the chosen slip away.

How ignorant you, oh death,
That you should think yourself so vast, eternal.
Your strength in human sin,
The power of grace superior and supernal.

The sting of death has victory,
Swallowed up by sovereign grace divine.
Your horrid blanket o'er my body
Brings no fear: your putred stench not mine.

For there waits blessed victory
My soul redeemed from death and human sin.
God's blood cleansed my transgressions,
His life was giv'n my fallen soul to win.

Oh death, be calmly quiet;
Your days are numbered like human bones decay.
For then the day death dies
Brings victory, flesh and soul, in glorious day.