

# The Young Man

Robin Mark

All on a Friday evening as the sun went down  
The body of a man who wore a thorn made crown  
Was carried to a graveyard in the fading light  
And laid with deep affection in a garden  
Up on the hill the shadow of his gallows fell  
And faded as the sun descended lower still  
The ground was worn and bare where many feet had trod  
To watch the execution of the young man

And what of me, so distant from that far, gone, place?  
Still the wonder of that moment crosses time and space  
With mystery and majesty none can explain  
For it draws me to the story of the young man.

The next day being Sabbath, was a day of rest  
And one of some reflection for the young man's friends  
No longer messianic zeal consumed their hearts  
Just sorrow for the killing of the young man  
Maybe some type of guitar sound added  
And I suppose some tears were shed 'til sleep came last  
Then rising early morning once the Sabbath passed  
A woman made her way to find the garden tomb  
To leave her oil and flowers for the young man

Now history tells of heavy stone to bar the way  
Was fixed by many soldiers on the open grave  
For when she found it rolled aside and emptied tomb  
She grieved the stolen body of the young man  
A gardener called her by her name as she kneeled down  
And asked her why she searched about the burial ground  
And wiping bitter tears away with the dawns first light  
She saw the risen glory of the young man.