

The Maker of the Universe

Frederick William Pitt

The Maker of the universe

As Man, for man was made a curse.

The claims of law which He had made,

Unto the uttermost He paid.

His holy fingers made the bough

Which grew the thorns that crowned His brow.

The nails that pierced His hands were mined

In secret places He designed.

He made the forest whence there sprung

The tree on which His body hung.

He died upon a cross of wood,

Yet made the hill on which it stood.

The sky that darkened o'er His head

By Him above the earth was spread.

The sun that hid from Him its face

By His decree was poised in space.

The spear which spilled His precious blood

Was tempered in the fires of God.

The grave in which His form was laid,

Was hewn in rocks His hands had made.

The throne on which He now appears

Was His from everlasting years.

But a new glory crowns His brow.

And every knee to Him shall bow.

**Welcome To
Grace Missionary Baptist Church**

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