If I Had Lived
by
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If I had lived in that far place
And time by your fair footsteps graced,
And by the Galilean shore
Or deep among the hills I saw
You reaching out to everyone,
And to me, what would I have done?

Would I have listened to your voice
With open ears and have rejoiced
To drink deep of the living draught
Of truth, or would I, rather, have
Been one of those who, when they heard,
Hardened their hearts against your word?

Would I be one who heard your call
And followed straight, forsaking all
To be with you, and sought beside
No treasure, or would it be I
Who found the price too much to pay
And, disappointed, turned away?

Would I have trusted in your word
Alone to heal, or have dared
To touch the hem of your prayer-shawl
And by your power been made whole,
Or, like the folk in your home town,
For want of faith seen nothing done.

Would I have, at Jerusalem,
Cried 'Hosanna to David's son'?
Would I have raised the triumph psalm
And at your coming waved a palm
And spread my only cloak beneath
Your patient donkey's willing feet?

Or would I have been found among
The members of that other throng
That took you in the dead of night
To stand before Man's judgment seat –
And there, in Pilate's court, would I
Have raised a shout of 'Crucify'?