

Is it I, Lord?

Surrounded by his friends seated at his table,
He drew them close to tell them of his love.
The twelve he knew so well thought that they were able
to follow him wherever He would go.

But then, to their surprise, sadness filled his eyes.
He told His friends how one of them
would give Him up to evil men.
And suddenly the room filled with their cries.

Is it I, Lord?
Am I the one to send you to the cross?
How could I be the one to betray God's only Son?
Is it I, Lord? Is it I?

Surrounded by our friends, seated at his table,
we recall the story of his love,
how He gave his life, as only he was able.
Jesus was the perfect sacrifice.

And then we realize, and tears flood our eyes.
His life was lived for us to see
His blood was shed for you and me.
And suddenly our hearts fill with the cry

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Am I the one to send you to the cross?
How could I be the one to betray God's only Son?
Is it I, Lord? Is it I?

To buy my pardon Jesus died for me.
"It is finished," Jesus cried for me.

It was I, Lord!
I'm the one to send you to the cross!
You have paid the price by your guiltless sacrifice.
It was I, Lord! It was I!

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