

# Maker Of The Universe

Phil Keaggy

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 it's 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 for everlasting years.  
But a new glory crowns His brow  
And every knee to Him shall bow.