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## A Christ Poem

Hayden Brown

Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, brownh@csl.edu

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# A Christ Poem

*Hayden Brown*



Hayden August Brown is a second-year MDiv student from Morton, IL. He graduated with a bachelor's degree in theological languages from Concordia University Chicago in 2019. He is currently preparing for his wedding in June and his upcoming vicarage year.

Down! Down! Down to earth!  
That serpent, serpent on the tree  
This Godman comes in human birth  
This cursed curse He embodies

The flood-tide roars beneath the dove  
His blood is wine; His body bread  
Those bitter tears from Heav'n above  
In, wíth, under, lift up the dead

The giant, lo! So high he stands!  
No lion speaks, no word he'll say  
Your song won't fell; these young  
man's hands  
'Twixt angel hands their lyres play

For forty years this forti'th night  
A fig tree withers here alone  
No hope, no fear, our endless plight  
Builders reject the cornerstone

Sin kills, corrupts! It poisons through  
It's grace—yes grace—by grace  
You save  
The Apple core, the morning dew  
No vict'ry mine but death, the grave

But vict'ry mine, this sinful slave  
Like bread from Heav'n, what I to you?  
Yes, vict'ry won, Your life You gave  
These jars of clay Breath doth renew

A faith moves mountains  
tall and grown  
His two-edged sword,  
His wond'rous might  
God says, "My ways are not your own"  
Our champi'n champions our fight

O elder Judge so judged that day  
Must smooth, sleek stone  
between the bands  
No harm will come, I AM his stay  
To God be praise! These are His lands!

Both at once, a miracle said  
Wipe clean! Wash clean,  
my soul thereof  
This Sunday morn, God's people fed  
These wicked sins to drown in love

A serpent not, no serpent He  
No, farther still! To hell 'neath Earth!  
Became a curse as cursed me  
Then up to right in Easter mirth!