

The Baptist John

The Baptist John,
His call was to prepare a way
So his cousin then could follow on,
Show how to live; to love; to pray.

The Baptist John,
So different was his call to fame,
Strange father's child, strange mother's son,
Strange too the way this strange man came.

The Baptist John,
Wild locust food with a touch of honey,
Rough cloaked, with leathern girdle bound upon,
No normal job was his, no hard-earned money.

The Baptist John
Proclaimed the baptism our Lord must follow,
Declaring him to be God's blessed Son;
Both chosen sons; both men of sorrow.

The Baptist John,
If truth be told he lost his head,
Which on a platter then did come;
But one day he'll rise complete from dead.

The Baptist John,
None greater now within this world than he was then,
But in that better world that's still to come
The lowest will share with him that blessed requiem.

Bill Guy