

The Beautiful Gate

Carried to
The Beautiful Gate,
A lame man sat,
To watch and wait.
Hoping that men
Going to pray,
Would have mercy,
Throw alms his way.

One day
At the hour of prayer,
Peter and John
Made their way there.
He expected to receive
Something when,
Peter told him,
To look on them.
There is no doubt,
He thought it strange,
That Peter did not,
Throw down change.

Instead,
Opened his mouth and told,
“I have no silver.
I have no gold.”
He listened close
To Peter talk.
“In the name of Jesus,
Rise up and walk.”

Now this man,
Who was lame since birth.
More than forty years,
He'd been on the earth.
He leaped up,
And started to run.
The people came,
To see what was done.
The man was jumping,
And praising God.
Peter said,
"Don't think that this is odd.
To think we did this,
Would be wrong.
Faith in the name of Jesus,
Made this man strong."
And yet this day,
It's still the same.
That same power,
In Jesus' name.
When I think about it,
I'm like that ol' boy.
It makes me want,
To jump for joy.