

Thirty pieces of silver

'Tis a sad but true story, from the Bible it came
And it tells us how Judas sold our Saviour in shame
He planned with the council of high priests that day
Thirty pieces of silver was the price they would pay

Thirty pieces of silver, thirty shekles of shame
Was the price paid for Jesus, on the cross he was slain
Betrayed and forsaken, unloved and unclaimed
In anger they pierced him, but he died not in vain

'Tis there on the hillside the multitude came
And found our dear Saviour, then took him away
They smote and they mocked him, thorns were crowned 'round his head
And his raiment of purple showed the bloodstain of red

Far off in the mountains with face toward the sun
Judas begged mercy for what he had done
He gave back the silver, for his heart filled with strife
Then there in the mountains he took his own life