

Nichole Nordeman, Do You Hear What I Hear

We rode into town the other day,
just me and my Daddy.
He said I'd finally reached that age,
and I could ride next to him on a horse that of course was not quite as wide
We heard a crowd of people shouting and so we stopped to find out why
There was that man that my dad said he loved,
but today there was fear in his eyes

So I said Daddy why are they screaming? Why are the faces of some of them beaming?
Why is he dressed in that bright purple robe? I bet that crown hurts him more than he shows Daddy
He looks as if he's going to cry
You said he is stronger than all of those guys...
Daddy please tell me why, why does everyone want him to die?

Later that day the sky grew cloudy and daddy said I should go inside
Somehow he knew things would get stormy, boy was he right
But I could not keep from wondering if there was something that he had to hide
So after he left I had to find out, I was not afraid of getting lost
So I followed the crowds to a hill where I knew men had been killed
And I heard a voice come from a cross:

And it said : Father why are they screaming? Why are the faces of some of them beaming? Why are
This crown of thorns hurt me more than it shows
Father please can't you do something? I know that you must hear my cry
I thought I could handle a cross of this size,
Father remind me why,
why does everyone want me to die.
When will I understand why?

My precious Son, I hear them screaming.
I'm watching the face of the enemy beaming but soon I will clothe you in robes of my own.
Jesus this hurts me more than you know But this dark hour I must do nothing.
I've heard your unbearable cry the power in your blood destroys all the lies, soon you'll see past the
Look there below see the child trembling by her father's side. Now I can tell you why, she is why you