

Ray Boltz, He's Alive

He's Alive

Words and Music by Don Francisco

The gates and doors were barred
And all the windows fastened down;
I spent the night in sleeplessness
And rose at every sound
Half in hopeless sorrow
And half in fear the day
Would find the soldiers
Breakin' thru to drag us all away

And just before the sunrise
I heard something at the wall
The gate began to rattle
And a voice began to call;
I hurried to the window
And looked down into the street
Expecting swords and torches
And the sounds of soldier's feet

There was no one there but Mary
So I went down to let her in;
John stood there beside me
As she'd told us where she'd been.
She said, They moved Him in the night
And none of us knows where;
The stone's been rolled away
And now His body isn't there!

We both ran t'ward the garden,
Then John ran on ahead;
We found the stone and empty tomb
Just the way that Mary said.
But the winding sheet
They wrapped Him in
Was just an empty shell;
And who or where they'd taken Him
Was more than I could tell.

Well, something strange
Had happened there,
But just what I didn't know;
John believed a miracle
But I just turned to go.
Circumstance and speculation
Couldn't lift me very high
'Cause I'd seen them crucify Him,
Then I saw Him die.

Back inside the house again
The guilt and anguish came;
Everything I'd promised Him
Just added to my shame.
When at last it came to choices,
I denied I knew His name;
And even if He was alive,
It wouldn't be the same

But suddenly the air was filled
With a strange and sweet perfume;
Light