

# 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