

# I Saw It Happen

Is it true, what we hear said?  
Did Jesus really raise up from the dead?  
Well, some say it's a myth . . . a story that got outa wack  
After all, when you are dead, you don't come back!  
O but it is not a myth, a wild story, it's really true  
Yes Jesus died, was buried and rose again, I'm here to tell  
you  
You see, I saw it happen, three crosses, Jesus in the center,  
a thief on either side  
Yes, I saw it! I saw the Master crucified!  
Who am I, just a disciple, most don't give me a second look  
And you can bet you'll never find my name in a history book  
But I saw it happen, His arrest for no apparent reason  
This wishy washy governor, the trumped up charge of  
treason  
Yes, I saw it, that traversity of a trial  
Yet he offered no resistance, no defense or denial  
I saw that ugly, unruly crowd stirred up by the Pharisees  
O Jesus, tell them Your Identity, please  
Don't take another stripe, don't bear another scar  
Tell them! Show them! Let them know who You really are!  
He's not guilty! He's done no wrong! He's innocent!  
But, quietly, like a lamb to slaughter, off to His death He went  
I saw His broken body wilt under the weight of that heavy  
beam  
Oh, God! Wake me, this has to be a horrible dream!  
I watched with my heart filled with loathing  
As Roman soldiers gambled for His clothing  
I saw Mary Magdalene and the other women standing  
nearby  
Devastated, frustrated, all they could do was cry.  
I too was filled with anguish, confused, even had a doubt  
Why does He have to die, can anyone tell me what it's all  
about?

He was to be our Messiah! To be our King!  
How we loved this man, His wisdom, His teaching  
I cringed as a Roman soldier pierced His side  
But you see they had to be sure this man had died!  
I saw His agony, His humiliation and His forgiveness too  
As I hear Him say, "Forgive them, they know not what they do"  
I watched Him look to heaven and in anguish cry, "Oh God, why am  
I forsaken?"  
Then He died and suddenly the entire earth was violently shaken!  
Daylight went to dark, black was the darkest night  
You could hear the panic, screaming from hearts filled with fright  
I saw a Roman centurion staring and his head began to nod  
The he cried out, "surely this was the Son of God!"  
Later I witnessed two men take down His body, lifeless and still  
Wrap it tenderly in linen then take it to a grave up the hill

Later I gathered with other disciples in that upper Room  
Surely the events of this day will seal our doom  
Suddenly Mary came excitedly, she shouted to Peter and John  
"The tomb is empty, the Lord is gone!  
They left with her and most of us went on our way  
I thought really, was there anything to what she had to say?  
After a while I joined a crowd, we numbered a hundred times five  
Suddenly he appeared among us . . . am I dreaming? Is He alive?  
Then I touched Him, felt His scars . . . stroked His thorn marked  
head

It's true! Jesus has risen from the  
dead!  
Jesus is alive! Spread the word . . .  
tell everybody . . . spread the word  
Go tell the entire world what you have just  
heard Jesus is alive!

**-Don Husted-**

