

# Why

By Nicole Nordeman

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  
And 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'll bet that crown hurts Him more than He shows  
Daddy, please can't you do something?  
He looks as though He's gonna cry  
you said he was 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 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 the cross

And it said, "Father, why are they screaming?  
Why are the faces of some of them beaming?  
Why are they casting their lots for My robe?  
This crown of thorns hurts 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 the 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 much more than You know  
But this dark hour I must do nothing  
Though I've heard Your unbearable cry  
The power in Your blood destroys all of the lies  
Soon You'll see past their unmerciful eyes  
Look there below, see the child  
Trembling by her father's side  
Now I can tell You why  
She is why You must die"