

Why, Oh Why?

Words and Music by Kent Keller

The day came quick. The end was here. The Host of Hosts was in the air.

No longer on this earth we trod. It is time to stand before our God!

The sheep to the right, the goats to the left, believers were separated from the rest.

I was standing on the edge of the sheep, when a chasm opened that was infinitely deep.

Then across the way I heard a yell, an old friend of mine on his way to Hell.

He looked at me and I heard him say, "Why didn't you tell me about this day?"

He yelled...

"Why, Oh Why? Didn't you tell me Why? Why, Oh Why? Do I have to die?

Why didn't you tell me 'bout Jesus Christ, Your savior, your redeemer, your giver of life?

If you had told me, I would have heard of the Gospel, of the Word.

I would have believed and understood, if you had only told me when you could."

All the sudden I saw the others: fathers and sisters, and mothers and brothers.

All of them from my days of old, When I was timid and not very bold.

They turned toward me and they cried out loud, "Why didn't you try to keep us from this crowd?"

They cried...

"Why, Oh Why? Didn't you tell us Why? Why, Oh Why? Do we have to die?

Why didn't you tell us 'bout Jesus Christ, Your savior, your redeemer, your giver of life?

If you had told us, we would have heard of the Gospel, of the Word.

We would have believed and understood, if you had only told us when you could."

I was amazed by the thousands, I could see, that had gone through their lives watching me.

I stood there speechless. I couldn't talk. I could not move. I could not walk.

I wept, I cried, I even felt alone, for I had brought no one else to the Throne.

I thought...

"Why, Oh Why? Didn't I tell them Why? Why, Oh Why? Do they have to die?

Why didn't I tell them about Jesus Christ, My savior, my redeemer, my giver of life?

If I had told them, they would have heard of the Gospel, of the Word.

They would have believed and understood, if I had only told them when I could."