

## **My Name is Lazarus**

One day four men brought a crippled man to Jesus  
Still and lifeless he lay upon his bed,  
He had not moved since he was just a baby,  
Still he longed to become a normal man.

Now we don't know much about the men that carried  
The corners of that tattered bed that day,  
But if I may create an illustration,  
We'll see what these men might have had to say.

1. Suppose that first man said, I hate to doubt it,  
For Jesus touched my eyes when I was blind,  
And He made me see and there's no doubt about it,  
But this man needs are more serious than mine.

2. Suppose that second man said, no need to bother,  
This man's condition will remain the same,  
Though Jesus touched my hand when it was withered,  
I don't believe He can heal a man so lame.

3. Suppose that third man said, I hate to question,  
But no one here is more skeptical than me,  
Though Jesus cleansed me when I was a leper,  
This helpless man will never walk you see.

4. Then every eye was turned to the fourth man,  
To see how he might criticize and doubt,  
But all three men were startled with amazement,  
When the fourth man stopped and said his name out loud.

He said My name is Lazarus, could I testify?  
My name is Lazarus, it feels good to be alive.  
When I in chains of death was bound, this man named Jesus pulled me out.  
If you think your little problem is too big for Him to solve,  
Take it from the one who's heard the mighty voice of God,  
A living testimony of His death-defying touch,  
My name is Lazarus.