

Jesus Wins!

By Chris Driesbach 2016

In this life I want to do the best I can.
So many times I fail to be a Godly man.
I'm the cause of all the trouble that I'm in.
I'm a loser, but Jesus wins.

I lose my temper, but Jesus wins.
I lust and lie, I try and try, and I give in
And it's good to know the way the story ends-
I'm a loser, but Jesus wins.

The day will come when I'll be dying and alone.
I know that Jesus will come back and take me home.
I can't win against the devil and my sin.
I'm a loser, but Jesus wins.

Jesus won me, paid my price,
Not with money but with his blood and with his life.
Because he lives, I'll be in heaven at the end.
I'm a loser, but Jesus wins.

Jesus wins 'cause he suffered my defeat.
He conquered death when they nailed his hands and nailed his feet.
Because he lives, I'll be in heaven at the end.
I'm a loser, but Jesus wins.

Our God reigns, and Jesus wins.
Jesus loves me
And losers win.

Martha, Martha

By Chris Driesbach 2016

I wish I could've traveled with Jesus in the Holy Land,
But I can read the Bible and enjoy it second-hand.
Luke tells a story of sisterly dysfunction.
It happened right down near Bethany Junction,
And we learn a lesson about the good things God has planned.

Lazarus isn't mentioned in Luke just yet, but now we meet Martha and Mary.
They were both real happy to see everybody, but their reasons were widely varied.
Martha was into feeding Jesus and his buddies,
But Mary was all about Bible Study.
Here's where our Lord and Savior tells us what is necessary. (He said)

“Martha, Martha, you're worried and upset.
Listen, sister, don't work up such a sweat.
Mary has chosen what is better
And she'll never lose it, so you'd better let her.
Martha, Martha, honey, don't you fret.”

Here's Mary sitting at Jesus' feet, just hanging on every word,
When Martha jumps out of the kitchen, seriously perturbed.
She said, “Lord, it kinda' seems like you don't care.
Now make my lazy sister do her fair share!”
But Jesus had a message, and he made sure that she heard. (He said)

“Martha, Martha, you are totally obsessed.
Your little sister, Mary, has chosen what is best.
Martha, don't worry 'bout the stove and the dishes
'Cause I can take care of the loaves and the fishes.
Martha, Martha, sit down and take a rest.”

Martha, Martha, why don't you take a breath?
Martha, Martha, there's no need to stress.
I don't want to sound too unkind,
But the word, “bossy,” does come to mind.
Chill out, Martha, and we'll all be blessed.
Martha, you are kind of a mess!

My Son

By Chad Walta 2007

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As soon as Jesus was baptized
He came up out of the water.
At that moment, heaven was opened
And the Spirit of God descended.
“It is proper for us to do this
To fulfill all righteousness,” he said.
And a voice from heaven said, “This is my son
With whom I’m well-pleased.
This is my son, whom I love.”
For all of those who are baptized
Have clothed themselves in Christ.

And it’s a little gift from heaven
As far as the light is blind,
With water and Word on head and heart.
The Father calls out with joy,
“This is my son, whom I love,
With whom I’m well-pleased.”
For all of those who are baptized
Have clothed themselves in Christ.

We were therefore buried with him through our baptism, into death
Just as Christ was raised from the dead
Through the glory of God, that we too may live,
We too, may have new life.
If we’ve been united like this, like this into his death,
We will surely be united like this with him into his resurrection.

I have fought the good fight.
I have finished the race.
Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness
Which the Lord will reward me.
“Well done, my son, whom I love,
With whom I’m well-pleased.”
For all those who are baptized
Have clothed themselves in Christ.

World of Sadness

By Chris Driesbach 2016

The lights on the steeple meant nothing to me,
Alone in the darkness, alone on the street.
How did I fail so bad? I tried to shine.
I'm so disappointed in this life of mine.

It's a world of sadness, of broken dreams.
Nobody really cares- people aren't what they seem.
Walking this trail of tears and walking alone
Belonging to no one, no way to go home.

They always told me if I really tried,
I'd be free and happy- but I only got by.
Once I was hopeful with love all around,
But people that I loved just let me down.

Then I found Jesus Christ, but he really found me
Loves me for no reason, loves me perfectly.
I had nothing to offer him, and he took me away
From this world of sadness to a sweeter place-
No longer a world of tears, but a new life of grace.

Good Shepherd

By Chris Driesbach and Jayne Nitz 2016

I've lived most all my life
Got something to say.
I can't believe I'm 63, can't believe the mess I made.
What I stole, now, the lies I told, now-
So many mistakes.
But he saved me, Jesus saved me.
He says, "Don't be afraid."

Chorus 1:

I am the good shepherd.
You're never outta my sight.
I am the good, good shepherd.
I'll guard you with my life."

I know him, I know his voice,
I know what he paid.
He's not some old hired hand, here for a day.
When the wolves run, when the rains come,
I know he will stay.
He never leaves me, will never leave me.
He listens when I pray

Chorus 2:

To the good shepherd.
I'm never outta his sight.
He is the good, good shepherd,
Guards me with his life.

I know the day is coming soon.
He's gonna gather us in.
The Holy City will be coming down
As heaven begins.
He redeemed me, yeah he freed me
Gave his all for my sin.
And he reigns now, Jesus reigns now.
I'll walk the shining streets with him.

Chorus 3:

Walking with the good shepherd.
I'm never outta his sight.
He is the good, good shepherd,
Guards me with his life.

Chorus 4:

He says, "I am the good shepherd.
You're never outta my sight.
I am the good, good shepherd.
I'll guard you with my life."

Prodigal Son

By Chris Driesbach 2015

I'm a prodigal son in a distant land,
Wasting my father's gifts as fast as I can.
The world's so conditional, well, it made me a slave.
Now my heart is empty of the love that I've craved.
Father, forgive me. I know what I've done.
Please, open your arms to this prodigal son.

I've been chasing the wind, trying to win the prize
Of the money and the power, that look in a woman's eyes,
Lavish consumption of everything till I bust,
With no distinction between love and lust.
Father, forgive me. I know what I've done.
Please, open your arms to this prodigal son.

I'm a boat on the ocean tryin' not to drown.
Any little thing can bring me up or knock me down.
I've squandered it all, I'm empty and I'm left for dead-
A broken man of the world. I want to be your man instead.
Father, forgive me. I know what I've done.
Please, open your arms to this prodigal son.

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Traditional

I am a poor wayfarin' stranger,
Travelin' through this world of woe.
There's no sickness, toil or danger
In that bright land to which I go.

I'm goin' home to see my father.
I'm goin' home, no more to roam.
I'm just goin' over Jordan.
I'm just goin' to my home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me.
I know my way is tough and steep.
Beautiful fields lie just beyond me,
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.

I'm goin' home to see my mother.
She said she'd meet me when I come.
I'm just goin' over Jordan.
I'm just goin' to my home.

I want to wear a crown in glory
When I get there, to that good land.
I want to shout salvation's story
In concert with that blood-washed band.

I'm goin' home to see my Savior,
To sing his praise forevermore.
I'm just goin' over Jordan.
I'm just goin' to my home.

Worse Than I Thought

By Chris Driesbach 2016

A perfect day, the lightest breeze
A lovely ride, birds in the trees
Not a cloud, and the clearest sky-
Life's so smooth- and it's all a lie!

Situation's worse than I thought.
Seems so simple, but it's not.
There I go, but here I am
Can't seem to stick to the plan.

Adjust the brain with a little pill
Try to find a way to pay the bill
I can't be pleased with all I bought-
Situation's worse than I thought.

Am I'm so hopeless God had to die?
Isn't there something else I could've tried?
Did I deserve all the pain he got?
Am I worse than I thought?

I'm so sorry to have to say
My 3-pound brain can't think of some new way.
The good I wanted, but the bad I got-
Maybe my problem's worse than I thought...

Aren't I special when I'm talking loud?
Can't I stand out somehow in this massive crowd?
The only Hero only came to serve.
On the cross he took what I deserve.

Stylish clothes, the newest car
Progressive thinking- how grand we are
No peace or love, just selfishness and rot-
My sin trouble's worse than I thought.

But the pleasures fade as time flies.
Every motive is compromised.
Don't think about it, if you can stop-
Situation is worse than I thought.
Maybe it's worse than I thought.
It might be worse than I thought...

If God Had Not Been on My Side

By Jayne Nitz 2013

Maybe I just wouldn't care
Maybe blinded by despair
Faithless, loveless-
Where would I be
If He hadn't rescued me?

Chorus:

If God had not been on my side,
If He'd not been on my side-
Would my little life be worth
A pointless walk across the earth?
All the beauty here below
Would speak of Someone I don't know.
Sweet heaven's door denied
If God had not been on my side.

Always searching, never whole
No forgiveness for my soul
Hopeless, helpless-
That's what I'd be
Then he sent his only Son for me.

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Floods of sin and shame
Ocean waves of guilt and blame
Would've swept me away.
Swallowed up alive
If He had not been on my side.
Thanks to God for my escape!

(Chorus)

All the Way Home

By Chris Driesbach and Jayne Nitz 2016

Trouble comes
And it goes
In my life, and I start to wonder, "Is God there?"
It's so hard
I don't see
I forget all the proof of his love for me.

Chorus:

But I know God works everything for my good
And he holds me close in his arms
For always.
'Til I join with the saints
In their endless song of praise,
He is there by my side, walking me home,
All the way home.

You can see I wear
The scars of sin.
You don't get too far in this world without them.
But He'll return
Soon, I pray
Every bruise and every hurt will pass away.

(Chorus)

Bridge:

Walking me home,
All the way home, all the way home.
He's walking me home,
All the way home, all the way home.

(Chorus)

I Wish You Were Here

By Chris Driesbach and Jayne Nitz 2016

Verses 3 and 4: John S. B. Monsell, "O'er the Distant Mountains Breaking," Public domain.

For a time you walked the earth,
To violent death from virgin birth.
I miss you on the painful days.
My little world would fade away...
Your love would drive away the fear.
I wish you were here.

If you could be here for a day
I could see you face to face,
See you smile, hear you speak
And sit at your feet.
Even though you are near,
I wish you were here.

Nearer to my soul's salvation,
Night is spent, the day at hand.
Keep me humble, keep me patient-
Always watching, then I will stand
Oh, my Savior, my Savior,
In your shining promised land.

Come, O long-expected Lord.
My soul waits anxiously.
Life is dark, earth is dreary
When your light is hidden from me.
Oh, my Savior, my Savior,
When will you return to me?

Longing for the trumpet blast,
Your glory in the clouds at last
Caught with you in the air
Tears forgotten there
Every mystery made clear
I wish you were here.

Goodbye, World

By Stephen Bautista 2013

This old world most certainly reminds us everyday
That we are only strangers in this place.
This world is not our home.
It's a temporary stepping stone,
And on the day that Jesus comes again

Chorus:

We'll say, "Goodbye, world, we're off to paradise,
With pastures green and rivers deep and wide,
Where eternal blessings flow.
Goodbye, world, we're going home."

Jesus broke the chains that held us to this dusty ground
And gave us wings to soar beyond the clouds.
This world will fade from sight
When we finally spread our wings and fly
In the moment when the trumpet sounds.

(Chorus)

Bridge:

And this spinning ball of grief
Will be a distant memory.
Goodbye, world,
Goodbye, world.
Goodbye, world,
Goodbye, world.

(Chorus)