

Homeless

Like The Christ Child Was

choir:

Hmmm

Hmmm

Hmmm

solo:

Home-less, home-less, like the Christ child was.

choir:

Hmmm

Home-less, home-less, but

hmmm

there is hope be-cause

hmmm

He came down to earth to lead us.

ooh

And he vowed he'd nev-er leave us

ooh

Home-less, home-less for in his love there is a

Home-less, home-less. hmmm

home.

hmmm hmmm hmmm oh, so

Home-less, home-less, was his hum-ble birth

home-less, home-less hmmm

Home-less, home-less, and

he was home-less, home-less hmmm

still he changed the earth

hmmmm

hmmmm

No-thing kept his heart from giv-ing

ooh

ooh

though most of his life was liv-ing

ooh

ooh

home-less, home-less. He showed it's how

home-less, home-less. He showed it's how

we live, not where. When his home-less days

we live not where. Ahh ahhh

on earth were done,

ahhh When his home-less days

he went home to where

were done. Ahhh

we all came from.

ahhh ooh ooh ooh hmmm

And he went to pre-pare—

hmmm— He went to pre-pare

a man-sion for us there—

hmmm— hmmm— a

He gave his whole life—

man-sion for us there. He gave his whole life—

— to lead us and I know he'll nev-er leave us

— to lead us and I know he'll nev-er leave us

home-less, home-less, for in his love there's a

home-less, home-less.

home.

hmmmm hmmmm hmmmm We are not

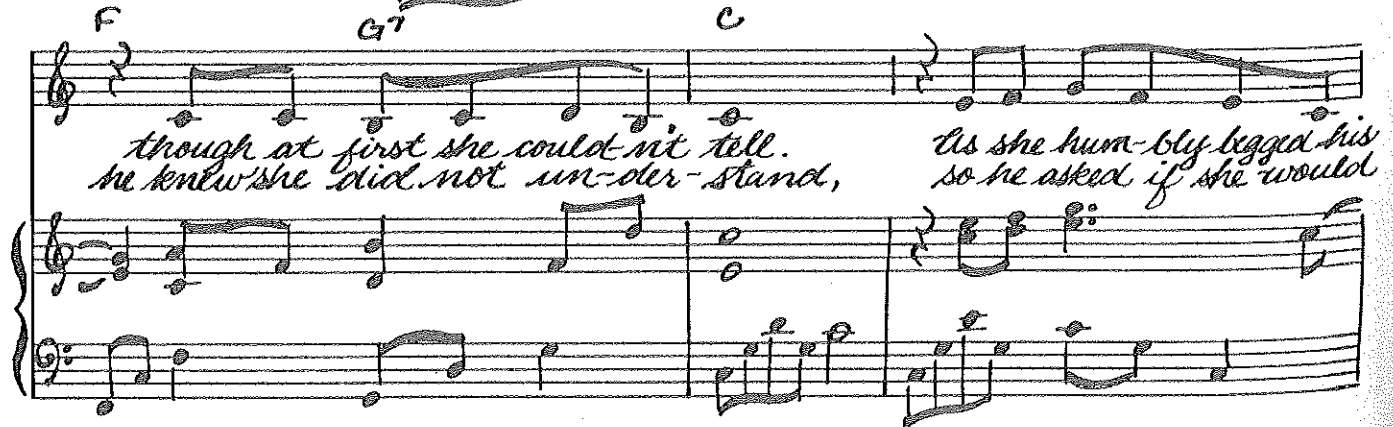
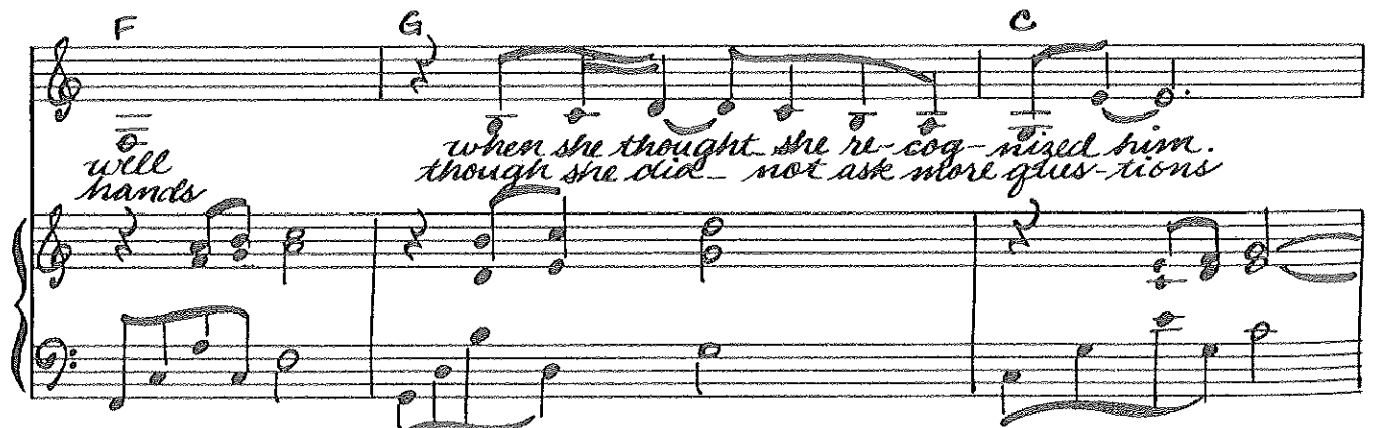
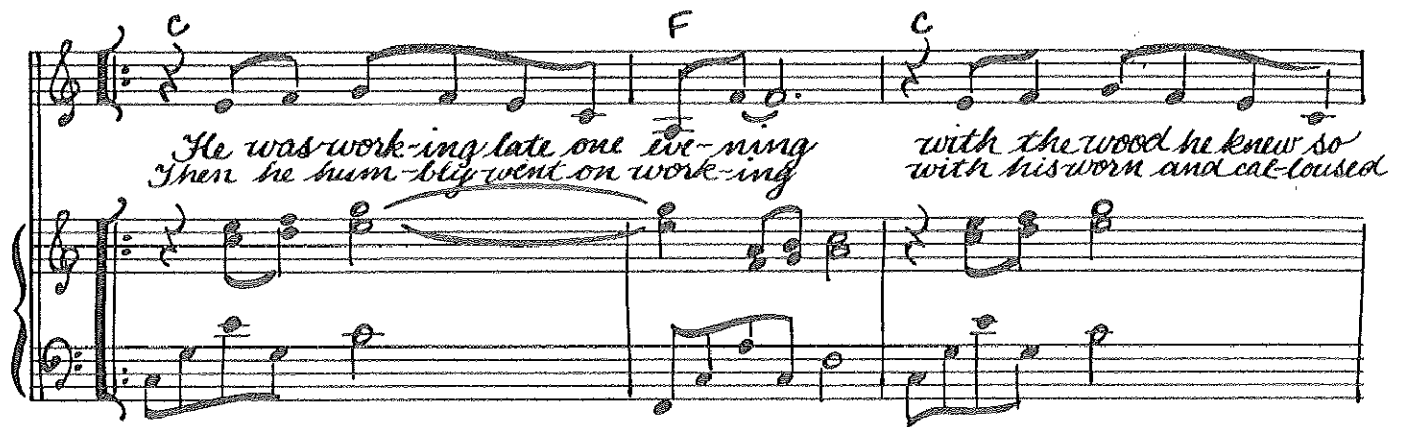
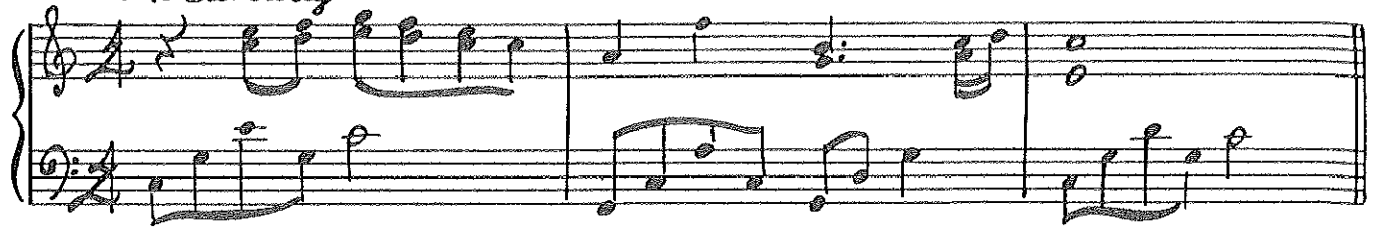
home-less, home-less, like the Christ child was we are not

like the Christ child was there is a home.

Joseph

I Was Not His Father, He Was Mine

♩ = 76 Tenderly



F *C* *F*
 par-don helps him, a strange sad-ness swelled in side
 (he saw her an-swer in a glance)

G *C* *Dm* *G7*
 when she asked, "Went you the fa-ther of the man they cruci-
 and she did the chores he asked her (and she was grate-ful for the

C *Am* *Dm7*
 fied?" chance. Then the car-pen-ter re-peat-ed
 Then they talked for hours of Je-sus

G *C* *Am*
 what he'd said so man-y times, he said, "I was not his
 and how he knew he was di-vine. He said, "I was not his

fa-ther, He was mine.
fa-ther, He was mine.

How could one so fool-ish and so flawed ev-er hope to raise the Son of

God?" Then he spoke of the mis-giv-ings he had had a thou-sand

times, and how Je-sus found the ten-der mo-ments

F G⁷ C

to let him know he'd done just fine. Then the car-pen-ter re-

Dm⁷ G⁷ C

cit-ed the great-est truths he'd ev-er learned

Am Dm⁷ G⁷

and test-i-fied they came from Je-sus and then her heart with-in her

C Am Dm⁷

burned. Then they em-braced as she de-part-ed.

Go-seph told her one more time,

"Tell them I was not his fa-ther, — tell them he was

mine. No, I was not his fa-ther, — he was

mine."