

Prison Chaplain's Blues

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A^m
I walk across this prison yard.
D^{m/A} *A^m*
I have my Bible in my hand.
A^m
The suffering of these inmates here,
E⁷ *A^m*
It is more than I can stand.

CHORUS

F *G⁷* *C*
But Jesus bids me visit him,
F *G⁷* *C*
Though he make his bed in hell.
F *G⁷* *A^m*
Jesus bids me visit him,
E⁷ *A^m*
In the darkness where he dwells.

A^m
Before my little group I stand.
D^{m/A} *A^m*
They look at me with faces lost,
A^m
Of hope and love, like Jesus was,
E⁷ *A^m*
When He was suffering on the cross.

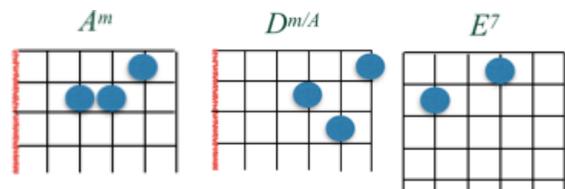
CHORUS

A^m
I tell them of a wanted man,
D^{m/A} *A^m*
Who was betrayed, arrested, then,
A^m
Condemned and executed, yet,
E⁷ *A^m*
His righteous death brought life to men.

CHORUS

A^m
A lifer comes to me in tears.
D^{m/A} *A^m*
“I get it now,” is what he says.
A^m
“In Christ I’m free, though I am bound;
E⁷ *A^m*
I am alive, though I’m dead.”

CHORUS



Scripture

Matthew 25:39-40 ‘When did we see You sick, or in prison, and come to You?’

"The King will answer and say to them, 'Truly I say to you, to the extent that you did it to one of these brothers of Mine, even the least of them, you did it to Me.'

Psalms 139:7-8 Where can I go from Your Spirit? Or where can I flee from Your presence?

If I ascend to heaven, You are there; If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, You are there.

Psalms 146:5-8 How blessed is he whose help is the God of Jacob, whose hope is in the LORD his God, who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that is in them; who keeps faith forever; who executes justice for the oppressed; who gives food to the hungry. The LORD sets the prisoners free.

The LORD opens the eyes of the blind; the LORD raises up those who are bowed down; the LORD loves the righteous; the LORD protects the strangers; He supports the fatherless and the widow, but He thwarts the way of the wicked.



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