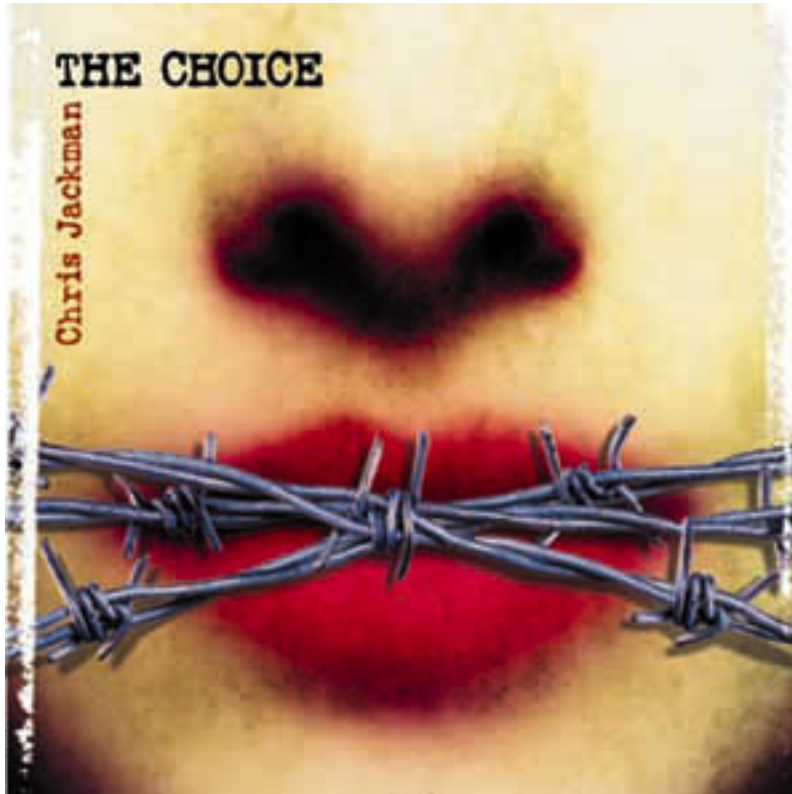


The Choice

Song Titles and Flow Chart



- THE CHOICE (4:40)
- IT'S MY RIGHT (3:35)
- I SHOULD HAVE BEEN YOUR HERO (4:36)
- BLOODGUILT (4:21)
- FORGIVE ME (2:25)
- FEARFULLY, WONDERFULLY YOURS (3:49)
- FREE (5:45)
- WHITE (3:18)
- LIFT YOUR HEAD Pts 1-2 (5:69)
- THE VOICE (4:46)

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PSALM 51

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David when Nathan the prophet went to him, after he had gone in to Bathsheba.

“Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Your lovingkindness; according to the multitude of Your tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin [is] always before me.

Against You, You only, have I sinned, and done [this] evil in Your sight-- that You may be found just when You speak, blameless when You judge.

Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity, and in sin my mother conceived me.

Behold, You desire truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden [part] You will make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me hear joy and gladness, [that] the bones You have broken may rejoice.

Hide Your face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a steadfast spirit within me.

Do not cast me away from Your presence, and do not take Your Holy Spirit from me.

Restore to me the joy of Your salvation, and uphold me [by Your] generous Spirit.

[Then] I will teach transgressors Your ways, and sinners shall be turned to You.

Deliver me from the guilt of bloodshed, O God, the God of my salvation, [and] my tongue shall sing aloud of Your righteousness.

O Lord, open my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Your praise.

For You do not desire sacrifice, or else I would give [it]; You do not delight in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God [are] a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart-- these, O God, You will not despise.

Do good in Your good pleasure to Zion; build the walls of Jerusalem.

Then You shall be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering; then they shall offer bulls on Your altar.”

The Choice

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Heaven and earth stand witness against us
The choice of life or death.
Heaven and earth stand witness against us
The blessing or the curse.
Choose life and live
Choose life and live
Choose life and live
His heart cries out.
But we sacrifice our children
to the god of selfish gain.
Heaping ruin on our heads
we've no one else to blame.
We cultivate our field of thorns
with euphemistic terms.
Weed the truth, water the lie
oh, will we ever learn?
Heaven and earth stand witness against us
The choice of life or death.
Heaven and earth stand witness against us
The blessing or the curse.
Choose life and live
Choose life and live
Choose life and live
His heart cries out.
Oh, Life begins when life begins
let common sense prevail
Our children's blood cries from the ground
and Heaven hears their wail.
Heaven and earth stand witness against us
Heaven and earth stand witness against us
Heaven and earth stand witness against us
Heaven and earth stand witness against us. . .

It's My Right

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Welcome to the clinic. Please come, take a seat.

I've just reviewed your test results – you're pregnant – 'bout 9 weeks.

What am I going to do? I can't be pregnant again!

How can I face my family – my church, my boss, my friends?!

In your situation, it might be wise to choose
to terminate the pregnancy. I would if in your shoes.

It's my choice. Such a simple solution.

It's my life. That's my conclusion.

It's my body. Such an intrusion.

It's my right... Isn't it?

We can take you right now. *But I should think this through.*

Do you really think it wise to wait? You know what you should do.

But how formed is the baby? Mmm, just clumps of cells, at best.

Merely two teaspoons of tissue. Will this be cash or check?

It's my choice. Such a simple solution.

It's my life. That's my conclusion.

It's my body. Such an intrusion.

It's my right... Isn't it?

*(Dialogue Bridge: True description of 9 week pre-born child)

It's my choice. Such a simple solution.

It's my life. That's my conclusion.

It's my body. Such an intrusion.

It's my choice. **Such a simple solution.**

It's my life. **That's my conclusion.**

It's my body. **Such an intrusion.**

It's my right... It's my right... It's my right... Isn't it?

From the cd "The Choice" by Chris Jackman. Sarah Masen appears courtesy of Sparrow Records

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It's My Right,cont...

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***DIALOGUE BRIDGE:** (True description of 9 week pre-born child)

“A pre-born child between the ages of 8-9 weeks has everything present that will be found in a fully developed adult.

Her heart has been beating for more than a month, the stomach now produces digestive juices, the kidneys have started functioning, and fingerprints are already evident.

The baby responds to touch and will curl her fingers around an object placed in the palm of her hand.

Recent studies indicate that even at this early stage, a pre-born child experiences pain.”

From the cd “The Choice” by Chris Jackman. Sarah Masen appears courtesy of Sparrow Records.
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I Should Have Been Your Hero

Christine Jackman / Cordell Langeland

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I was in the car that day – pretending, feeling numb
Staring at the clinic wall – defending what we'd done.
There beneath a steel grey sky – that spilled a mournful rain.
I was in the car that day and knew – I'd never be the same.

Oh, I should have been your hero. Your childhood superstar.
I should have been your hero. 'Cos that's what daddies are.
I should have been your hero - but I let you slip away.

I was in the car that day – rain falling in my heart
Silently we drove away – sitting miles apart.
She looked at me and I could see – her eyes had somehow changed.
I was in the car that day and knew – She'd never be the same.

Oh, I should have been your hero. Your childhood superstar.
I should have been your hero. 'Cos that's what daddies are.
Larger than life, Defender of right
Caped crusader saving the night
Piggyback rides and trips to the moon
Spaceship swings on Sunday afternoon.
I should have been your hero – but I let you slip away.

Oh, I should have been your hero. Your childhood superstar.
I should have been your hero. 'Cos that's what daddies are.
I should have been your hero - but I let you slip
Should have been your hero – but I let you slip
I should have been your hero – but I let you slip... away.

She said it was her choice to make
and I just went along
How I wished that I'd stood my ground
But I wasn't quite that strong

From the cd "The Choice" by Chris Jackman.
Performed by: The Episode, lead vocals by Josh Schicker.
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Bloodguilt

Christine Jackman / Cordell Langeland

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Do you hear it? A baby's cry
I can hear it. A baby's cry
Silent screams that haunt my dreams
It can't be real – but still it seems
I can hear it. My baby's cry.

Oh, my God! What have I done
Oh, my God! I can't undo what I have done
Oh, my God! Oh, how could I
Choose to live but choose for him to die.

Do you hear my baby's cry?
Do you see it? There on my hands
I can see it. There on my hands
A crimson stain: embedded, ingrained
With the color of my shame
I can see it. Blood on my hands.

Oh, my God! What have I done
Oh, my God! I can't undo what I have done
Oh, my God! Oh, how could I
Choose to live but choose for him to die.

I can hear my baby's cry!
I can hear my baby's cry
Can't you hear my baby's cry?
I can't wash away this blood on my hands
I can't wash away this blood on my hands
I can't wash away this blood on my hands
I can't wash away this blood!

Oh, my God! What have I done?!
Oh, my God! I can't undo what I have done!
Oh, my God! Oh, how could I
Choose to live but choose for him to die.
I can hear my baby's cry!
Cry – I can hear my baby's cry
Cry - Can't you hear my baby's cry?

God forgive me, please if You can
God forgive me for what I am
Only You can wash away this blood on my hands.

From the cd "The Choice" by Chris Jackman.
www.ChristeneJackman.com

Forgive Me

Christine Jackman / Cordell Langeland

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Forgive me, Lord. Forgive me!
My sin is ever before me.
Take my guilt and shame
Make me whole again
By Your grace renew.

Forgive me, Lord. Forgive me!
Hear now my heart's cry: Oh, Lord please
Hold my little one
In Your arms of love
Till I'm there with You.

Hold my little one
In Your arms of love
Till I'm there with You
Till I'm there with You.

From the cd "The Choice" by Chris Jackman. Based on Psalm 51.
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Fearfully, Wonderfully Yours

Christine Jackman / Cordell Langeland / Della Baker Hutto

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BABY'S SONG:

Fearfully, wonderfully made by Your hand
Creator God, here in Your presence, I am
Restored and complete – here at Your feet
I'm fearfully, wonderfully Yours.

Fearfully, wonderfully made by Your hand
Creator God, here in Your presence, I am
Restored and complete – here at Your feet
I'm fearfully, wonderfully Yours.

BABY'S DIALOGUE WITH FATHER GOD:

Father God. When is my mommy going to be here?

Soon, my child, soon.

What do you think she's going to do when she sees me?

She will run to you, take you in her arms, and love you
just as any other loving mother would do.

Father God. Why has she never held me in her arms before?

She never had the chance.

Why did she never have the chance, Father God?

My child . . . I don't remember.

MOTHER'S SONG:

Fearfully, wonderfully changed by Your hand
Oh Savior God, here in Your presence, I am
Restored and complete – here at Your feet
I'm fearfully, wonderfully Yours.

Fearfully, wonderfully changed by Your hand
Oh Savior God, here in Your presence, I am
Restored and complete – here at Your feet
I'm fearfully, wonderfully Yours.

I'm fearfully, wonderfully Yours

I'm fearfully, wonderfully Yours.

From the cd "The Choice" by Chris Jackman.

Baby's Song Vocals: Alyssa Stuk. Dialogue performed by: Dave Slenk & Madeline Smith

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Free

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Lord, how can this be? You made the choice to set me free
You restored my life so tenderly.

Lord, although You knew all the wrong that I would do
Still, You heard my cry when I ran to You.

Broken, facedown in the dust. My tears falling on Your feet
By Your gentle touch, I've been 'Forgiven Much'.

Oh You've restored me, renewed me
Now Your sweet love flows through me
I'm forgiven, forgiven! Now I'm free, I'm free.

Oh You've restored me, renewed me
Now Your sweet love flows through me
I'm forgiven, forgiven! Now I'm free-Yes, I'm free-I'm free!

Lord, how can this be? You made the choice to set me free
You restored my life so tenderly.

Lord, although You knew all the wrong that I would do
Still, You heard my cry when I ran to You.

Broken, facedown in the dust. My tears falling on Your feet
By Your gentle touch, I've been 'Forgiven Much'.

Oh You've restored me, renewed me
Now Your sweet love flows through me
I'm forgiven, forgiven! Now I'm free, I'm free.

Oh You've restored me, renewed me
Now Your sweet love flows through me
I'm forgiven, forgiven! Now I'm free-Yes, I'm free-I'm free!

Your love surrounds me-Your mercy astounds me!
Your grace has found me – and I am not the same!
Your love surrounds me-Your mercy astounds me!
Your grace has found me – and I am not the same!
No, I am not the same!

Oh You've restored me, renewed me
Now Your sweet love flows through me
I'm forgiven, forgiven! Now I'm free, Yes, I'm free.

Oh You've restored me, renewed me
Now Your sweet love flows through me
I'm forgiven, forgiven! Now I'm free-Yes, I'm free-I'm free!

From the cd "The Choice" by Chris Jackman. Based on Luke 7:36-50
Josh Schicker appears courtesy of The Episode
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White (a love song)

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And when He looks at me His eyes
mirror the One who gave His life
so I could stand before the throne
dressed in Mercy's diamond robes.

And I am pure and I am white;
precious in His sight.
With tender hands, He holds my heart;
soothes my fears, collects my tears in His jar.

In whispering winds, He speaks His love
Each scarlet sunrise, a promise of
Forever Mercy. Shines renewed.
He is the Way, The Light, The Truth.

And I am pure and I am white;
precious in His sight.
With tender hands, He holds my heart;
soothes my fears, collects my tears in His jar.

He is my Treasure,
my Delight, my Morning Star.
I am His Chosen,
Beloved, the Passionate Pursuit of His Heart.

(musical interlude)

He is my Treasure,
my Delight, my Morning Star.
I am His Chosen,
Beloved, the Passionate Pursuit of His Heart.

And I am pure and I am white;
precious in His sight.
With tender hands, He holds my heart;
soothes my fears, collects my tears in His jar.

Oh, that's love – true love!
He is my delight - I am His. He is my delight - I am His.

From the cd "The Choice" by Chris Jackman.

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Lift Your Head

Christine Jackman / Cordell Langeland

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I see you there, head bowed down fighting back the tears
Brokenhearted, tired and worn from hiding all these years.
For so long, you've been running desperate to outdistance the pain.
Far too long, you've been trying to silence the guilt, but in vain.
Lift your head. Look at me. Wouldn't you like to be set free?
Lift your head. Look at me. Isn't it time to be set free?

He sees you there, heart weighed down, shackled by the shame
Bruised and bleeding, spirit raw from dragging all these chains.
Long sleeve smiles, veil the scars – too many stones within reach.
Quick fix vials, appease the dark, leave you longing for mercy's release.
Lift your head. Look at me. Wouldn't you like to be set free?
Lift your head. Look at me. Isn't it time to be set free?

Lift your head. Look at me. Wouldn't you like to be set free?
Lift your head. Look at me. Isn't it time to be set free?
Lay it down. Come lay it down. Leave it all here at His feet.
Lay it down. Come lay it down. Where Grace and Mercy meet.
Where Grace and Mercy meet.

Lift your head. Lift your voice. Sing: "Jesus set me free!"
Lift your head. Lift your voice. Sing: "Jesus set me free!"
Lift your head. Lift your voice. Sing: "Jesus set me free!"
Lift your head. Lift your voice. Sing: "Jesus set me free!"
Jesus set me free. *Jesus set me free!*
Jesus set me free. *Jesus set me free!*
Jesus set me free. *Jesus set me free!*
Jesus set me free! *Jesus set me free!*

Lift your head. Lift your voice. Sing: "I have been redeemed!"
Lift your head. Lift your voice. Sing: "I have been redeemed!"
Lift your head. Lift your voice. Sing: "I have been redeemed!"
Lift your head. Lift your voice. Sing: "I have been redeemed!"
I have been redeemed! *I have been redeemed!*
I have been redeemed! *I have been redeemed!*
I have been redeemed! *I have been redeemed!*
I have been redeemed! *I have been redeemed!*

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The Voice

Christine Jackman / Cordell Langeland

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*It starts with a choice
a thought, a desire.
We move through our lives
on tightrope wires
searching, seeking
desperate to find
purpose for being
peace of mind.
Pushed by the winds
of fear and lies
we plunge, we fall
and realize
too late the Truth
no recourse
but to lift our hands
to Heaven's door
and cry out
for His hand of mercy.*

I am the Voice of those afraid to speak
I am the Voice of the hurting, hopeless and weak
I choose to take a stand. I'll do all that I can
Silent no more – I choose to be His hand of mercy.

I am the Voice of those who cannot speak
I am the Voice of the unborn, helpless and weak.
I choose to take a stand. I'll do all that I can
Silent no more – I choose to be His hand of mercy.

I am the Voice. I am the Voice.
I am the Voice. I am the Voice
He chose to set me free. God, Your grace amazes me!

We are the Voice of those who cannot speak
We are the Voice of the hurting, hopeless and weak.
We choose to take a stand – we'll do all that we can
Silent no more – we choose to be His hand of mercy.

I am the Voice. I am the Voice.
I can hear them cry. Can't you hear them crying out?
It's time to take a stand by the power of His hand.

(continued on next page)

The Voice,cont...

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I am the Voice for this generation
Time has come to heal our nation.
Break the silence - Time to turn
Rhetoric to reason – Mercy yearns.

We are the Voice for this generation
Time has come to heal our nation.
Break the silence - Time to turn
Rhetoric to reason – Mercy yearns.

I am the Voice. I am the Voice.
I will be the voice for the hurting, wounded souls.
I'll bring them to Your feet, where grace and mercy meets.

We are the Voice. We are the Voice.
We are the Voice. We are the Voice.
We are the voice for this generation
Time has come to heal our nation.
Break the silence - Time to turn
Rhetoric to reason – Mercy yearns.

We are the voice for this generation
Time has come to heal our nation.

From the cd "The Choice" by Chris Jackman.
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PSALM 118:21-29

"I will praise You, For You have answered me, And have become my salvation.

The stone [which] the builders rejected Has become the chief cornerstone. This was the LORD's doing; It [is] marvelous in our eyes. This [is] the day the LORD has made; We will rejoice and be glad in it. Save now, I pray, O LORD; O LORD, I pray, send now prosperity. Blessed [is] he who comes in the name of the LORD! We have blessed you from the house of the LORD. God [is] the LORD, And He has given us light; Bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar. You [are] my God, and I will praise You; [You are] my God, I will exalt You. Oh, give thanks to the LORD, for [He is] good! For His mercy [endures] forever."