

## How Odd Is the Story (Tune: To God Be the Glory)

How odd is the story of what god has done.  
Created the earth and the stars, moon and sun,  
And man and a woman in a garden so fair,  
And then kicked them out when they ate what was there.

God made a great nation from Abraham's seed,  
A man who when asked to kill his son agreed.  
Twelve tribes came from Jacob, his grandson, the shrew  
Who cheated his brother and blackmailed him too.

God sent them to Egypt, a nice little band,  
When god sent a famine to their promised land,  
Then came back and led them away from those parts.  
He killed Egypt's folks, hardening Pharaoh's heart.

He led them to Canaan, a land oh so fair,  
To find that some other people did live there.  
He sent them each man, woman and child to kill  
And steal their real estate his vow to fulfill.

When his dear children were not to him true  
His self-righteous anger and jealousy grew.  
He sent in the heathens to carry out his will,  
His nation to destroy and people to kill.

So finally he sent to us Jesus his son  
To save us from everything that we find fun.  
To take away from us all that we do crave  
And turn us all into his good little slaves.

### CHORUS:

Oh my lord! Oh my lord! What a tale do they weave.  
I am floored, I am floored, that they say they believe  
That god is so loving, and Jesus is, too.  
What happened to their brains? Did they turn to goo?

Original Words: Fanny Crosby, 1875

## How Marvelous! How Wonderful!

I stand amazed in the presence of followers of Jesus strange  
And wonder how they could do it. Are they just really deranged?

For me it was in the garden. I prayed, "God, what followers thine!  
They bear quite a strong resemblance to a guy named Frankenstein."

He took my sins and my sorrow. He made them his very own.  
Such is the story they tell us. It tickles my funny bone.