

# This Baby

Steven Curtis Chapman

Well, he cried, when he was hungry,  
Did all the things that babies do.  
he rocked and he napped on his mother's lap,  
wiggled and giggled and cooed.  
there were the cheers when he took his first steps,  
and the tears when he got his first teeth,  
almost everything about this little baby,  
seemed as natural as it could be,

but this baby made angels sing,  
this baby made any stars shine in the sky,  
this baby had come to change the world,  
this baby was GOD's own son,  
this baby was like no other one,  
this baby was GOD with us,  
this baby was Jesus.

and this baby grew into a young boy,  
he learned to read and write and wressle with dad,  
there was the climbin' of trees and the scrapin' of knees,  
all the fun that a boy's meant to have.  
he grew taller, and some things started changin',  
like his complexion and the sound of his voice.  
there was much work to be done as a carpenter's son,  
and all the neighbors said, "he's such a fine boy,"

this boy made angels sing,  
this boy made any stars shine in the sky,  
this boy had come to change the world,  
this boy was GOD's own son,  
this boy was like no other one.  
this boy was GOD with us,

And love made him laugh and deathmade him cry,  
with the life that he lived and the death thaath he died,  
he showed us heaven with his hands and his heart,  
'cause this man was GOD's own son,  
this man was like no other one,  
holy and human,  
right from the start,

ye-a-e-ah

this baby made angels sing, this baby made any stars shine in the sky,  
this baby had come to change the world,  
this baby was GOD'S own son, this man was like no other one,  
this baby was GOD with us,  
this baby, this baby was Jesus,  
yeah, yeah,  
this baby was Jesus,  
yeah, yeah,  
this baby was Jesus.  
this baby was Jesus.