

Baby Son

John Mark McMillan

We thought you'd come with a crown of gold
A string of pearls and a cashmere robe
We thought you'd clinch an iron fist
And rain like fire on the politics

But without a sword, no armored guard
But common born in mother's arms
The government now rests upon
The shoulders of this baby son

Have you no room inside your heart
The inn is full, the out is dark
Upon profane shines sacred sun
Not ashamed to be one of us

Without a sword, no armored guard
But common born in mother's arms
The government now rests upon
The shoulders of this baby son

Gloria, Allelu
Christ the Lord
We've longed for You
(4x)