

## 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)