

Amy Grant "Child Of God"

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This is not the way I dreamed
My story would unfold
A stable and a bed of hay
A night so clear and cold
The only child of God begotten
In my arms I hold
To us is born Emmanuel

Holy child of hope
Perfect child of peace
Born to be the Lord of life in me
Oh my precious son
Heaven's child has come
To make of me a child of God

I am just a peasant girl of simple honest means
Who am I to hold the Savior
Sent to set men free
To know the child that I gave life
Will give his life for me
The angels sing Emmanuel

Holy child of hope
Perfect child of peace
Born to be the Lord of life in me
Oh my precious son
Heaven's child has come
To make of me a child of God

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