

Rebecca St. James

"Hope's Song"

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There's a story that started on Christmas
When a baby was born in the night
And those who came far, who followed the star
Were seeing a heavenly sight ...
a heavenly sight.

Well the years hurried by, and the boy, now a man
Could make the blind see with a touch of his hand
He was born to be King -- he was Rabbi and Priest
But the best that he had, he gave to the least ...
He gave to the least.

He was born and he died, almost 2,000 years ago
He laughed and he cried, he felt all the fears we know
But what does it matter? A story so strange ...
Even if it is true, what does it change?
What does it change?

Well he spoke like a prophet -- like no one they'd
heard
This simple young carpenter -- crowds hung on every
word
He hated injustice -- He taught what is right
He said "I'm the way, and the truth, and the light."

His friends soon believed that truly he was the one.
The Savior, Messiah, God's one and only son.
But others, they doubted, they did not agree
So they took him, they tried him,
He died on a tree ...
He died on a tree.

God has made a way
for all who mourn and grieve
Death will never be the end
if you just believe.

There is nothing left to fear
nothing Heaven knows
For he died for us to give us life
and to give us hope He rose
He died for us to give us life

And to give us hope He rose.

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