

This Son of Mine

Words and music by Laura Hall ©2002

This baby, in my belly, what will he be, when he comes
They told me, the Lord is with thee, among women, you are the chosen one

My journey has been long, I am weary to the bone
With my baby almost come, and I'm so far from my home
They told me be not afraid
And yet I fear for him, and this world I bring him in

Will he be human, will he be divine
This son of man, this son of mine

So I will name him Jesus, he will be called Immanuel
And wherever this life takes him, know that I have loved him well
Will the world embrace him
With open arms, O God please don't let him be harmed

Will he find glory, will he be a light that shines
This son of man, this son of mine

Though I'm just a peasant, I know I have been blessed
I will, be the Lord's servant, as I hold my baby to my breast

Will he be human, will he be divine
This son of man, this son of mine
Will he find glory, will he be a light that shines
This son of man, this son of mine
This son of man, this son of mine