

The Baby Born to be King

Intro: G - D - Em - C ... G - D - C

Em *C* *D* *Em* *C-G-D*
We have spent our lives in search of wisdom, to tease the answers out

Em *C* *D* *Em* *C-G-D*
But the more we learn, the less we think we know; we feed the roots of doubt

Em *Am* *D* *Em* *C* *D*
Such uncertainty is just a curse, and shrinks the seeking soul

Em *Am* *D* *C* *D*
We long to find a King who opens Wisdom up to Love to make us whole, to make us whole

G *D* *C* *D* *G* *D*
So we've found the baby born to be King; and we owe Him every sacrifice that we can bring

C *D* *Am* *C* *D*
Hallelujahs just come naturally now we've seen this infant royalty

Am *D* *G - D - Em - C ... G - D - C*
Yes, He's the baby, He's the baby born to be King

Em *C* *D* *Em* *C-G-D*
We have studied long the ways of power, and how to govern well

Em *C* *D* *Em* *C-G-D*
When the boundaries are weak, and freedom rages, the people will rebel

Em *Am* *D* *Em* *C* *D*
When the hand of power is too strong, our dreams don't stand a chance

Em *Am* *D* *C* *D*
The King of kings will bring these into balance, as Love and Power dance; they dance

G *D* *C* *D* *G* *D*
'Cause He's the baby born to be King; all of heaven tells us He's the One we're looking for

C *D* *Am* *C* *D*
Though we never thought the King of kings would look so poor, the stars have made us sure

Am *D* *G ... G*
That He's the baby, He's the baby born to be King

D *Am* *C*
Everywhere we go, we witness poverty and pain

D *Am* *C*
Though hue and tongue may differ, fears and struggles are the same

Em *C* *D* *E*
We sleep & rise, & work & die, & hope that by the Hand divine, Love means that we sorrow not in vain, in vain

A *E* *D* *E* *A* *E*
For He's the baby born to be King; and we owe Him every sacrifice that we can bring

D *E* *Bm* *D* *E*
Hallelujahs just come naturally now we've seen this infant royalty

A *E* *D* *E* *A* *E*
Oh, He's the baby born to be King; All of heaven tells us He's the One we're looking for

D *E* *Bm* *D* *E*
Though we never thought the King of kings would look so poor, the stars have made us sure

Bm *E* *A - E - F#m - D ... A - E - D ... A*
That He's the baby, He's the baby born to be King