

This little child

	Who would have thought that long ago, so very far away A little child would be born and in a manger laid. And who would have thought this little child was born the King of Kings. The son of just a carpenter, for whom the angels sing.
	And who would have thought that as he grew, and with other children played, This child with whom they laughed and sang would die for them some day.
	And who would have thought this little child could make a blind man see. Feed the hungry, make rich the poor and set the sinner free.
	O who would have thought this little child Was who the prophets said, Would take away the sins of man and rise up from the dead.
	And I believe and I will always sing: This little child is the King. O I believe and I will always sing: This little child, He is the King of kings.
Alt/bas	Many years have come and gone, yet this world remains the same. Empires have been built and fallen, only time has made a change. Nation against nation, brother against brother, men so filled with hatred, killing one another, And over half the world is starving while a banner of decency 's torn. Debating over disarmament, killing children before they're born.
Sopr/Ten	And fools who march to win the right to justify their sin, Oh, ev'ry nation that has fallen, has fallen from within, Yet in the midst of this darkness there is a hope, a light that burns, This little child, the King of Kings, some day will return.
Allen	And I believe and I will always sing: This little child is the King. O I believe and I will always sing: This little child, He is the King of kings.
	And who would have tho't this little child is who the prophets said, Will return to judge this world, the living and the dead. Oh, can't you see that long ago, so very far away, This little child, our only hope ,was born a King that day. And can't you see that here and now, as unto Him we pray, This Lord of Lords who is our hope is still the King today, He's still the King today.