



## "Joseph's Song"

Michael Card

How could it be this baby in my arms  
sleeping now, so peacefully  
the Son of God, the angel said  
"How could it be?"

Lord, I know He's not my own  
not of my flesh, not of my bone  
still Father let this baby be  
the son of my love

*Rit. Father show me where I fit into this plan of yours  
how can a man be father to the Son of God  
Lord, for all my life I've been a simple carpenter  
How can I raise a King, how can I raise a King?*

He looks so small, his face and hands so fair  
and when He cries the sun just seems to disappear  
but when He laughs it shines again  
How could it be

*Rit. Father show me....*

How could it be this baby in my arms  
sleeping now, so peacefully  
the Son of God, the angel said  
"How could it be?"

( "Joseph's Song" of Michael Card )