

Wrap This One Up

Christy Nockels

Oh, the call of a shepherd in a field nearby
To tend and to carry his flocks by night
They were not ordinary sheep; they were set apart,
Born to be Passover lambs.

And when a spotless male was born, he was held on the manger floor.
Swaddled up just to keep him calm until his time, and the shepherd sang:

Wrap this one up. He is a lamb without blemish.
Wrap this one up. He'll make his way to the temple.
Born for sacrifice, he'll join the others and pay the price.
Wrap this one up. Wrap this one up.

Oh, the call of a mother in a town nearby
To tend and to carry on this holy night
Not an ordinary Child, but the Son of God,
Breathed by the Holy Spirit.

And when the Baby King was born, He was held on the manger floor.
As she swaddled Him up, she knew His time would come as she sang:

Wrap this one up. He is the One that we adore.

Wrap this one up. He'll wear the crown forevermore.
He's come for you and me. He'll finally set us free.
Wrap this one up. Wrap this one up. He's the One.

Gloria! Gloria! Gloria! Sing Gloria! In excelsis Deo!
Gloria! Gloria! Gloria! Sing Gloria! In excelsis Deo!

Oh, the call of a Savior on a hill nearby.
All alone, He would carry the weight of all mankind.
Becoming the curse for us, He gave His life
For He knew that His time had come.

Wrap this one up. He is the lamb without blemish.
Wrap this one up. He paid the price, and it is finished.
That death would have no sting, He rose in victory!
Oh, hallelujah to the King!

Gloria! Gloria! Gloria! Sing Gloria! In excelsis Deo!
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In excelsis Deo!