

# One King

David Phelps

In the beginning there was the Word  
Pure love was spoken to reach every man  
They stopped and listened but all that they heard  
Was language that they could not understand  
No joy, no peace, no hope in sight

So He came with starlight and love in His eyes  
No regal welcome for His infant cries  
There have been many babies to become a king  
But only one King became a baby

He left behind His throne of pure light  
Gave up His crown that we might be free  
He chose a manger that Bethlehem night  
And reaching through time and space He saw me  
With no joy, no peace, no hope in sight

So He came with starlight and love in His eyes  
No regal welcome for His infant cries  
There have been many babies to become a king  
But only one King became a baby

He could have chosen to break through the sky  
With anthem and angel wing  
But He knew we'd understand a baby's cry  
And learn love from a servant King

So He came with starlight and love in His eyes  
No regal welcome for His infant cries  
There have been so many babies to become a king  
Only one King, one King became a baby