**HOPE’S SONG**

 C G

There's a story that started on Christmas

 C G

When a baby was born in the night

 F C

And those who came far, who followed the star

 Am F G

Were seeing a heavenly sight...

 |Bb . . | F . . | C . . | . . . | Bb . . | F . . | G . . |

a heavenly sight.

 C Am G C

Well the years hurried by, and the boy, now a man

 Am F Bb

Could make the blind see with a touch of his hand

 Am F C

He was born to be King -- he was Rabbi and Priest

 Am F G

But the best that he had, he gave to the least...

 | Bb . . | F. . | . . . | C . . |

He gave to the least.

 F Am G C

He was born and he died, almost 2,000 years ago

 F Am G C

He laughed and he cried, he felt all the fears we know

 F Am G A

But what does it matter? A story so strange...

 Bb F G

Even if it is true, what does it change?

 | Bb . .| F . .| Bb . . | F . . |

What does it change?

 C Am G C

Well he spoke like a prophet -- like no one they'd heard

 Am F Bb

This simple young carpenter -- crowds hung on every word

 Am F C

He hated injustice -- He taught what is right

*Hope’s song, page 2*

 Am F G

He said "I'm the way, and the truth, and the light."

 F Am G C

His friends soon believed that truly he was the one.

 F Am G C

The Savior, Messiah, God's one and only son.

 F Am G A

But others, they doubted, they did not agree

 Dm

So they took him, they tried him,

 F G . . | . . . | G . .

He died on a tree...

 C

He died on a tree.

F C

God has made a way

 G Am

for all who mourn and grieve

F C Am G

Death will never be the end

F G C

if you just believe.

C

There is nothing left to fear

Am G C

nothing Heaven knows

 F G Am G

For he died for us to give us life

 F G C

and to give us hope He rose

 F G Am G

He died for us to give us life

 F G C

And to give us hope He rose.