

God Boy

Luke 2:42-52

Mary putting out the wash. Baby Jesus in the shade,
playin' with a little wooden doll his daddy made.
His mother looking after Him with a loving watchful eye.
He reaches out a tiny hand to touch a butterfly,
to touch a butterfly.

On a hill outside of Nazareth the children are at play.
Little Roman Legionnaires they march along the way
with broken pots for helmets and sticks for spears so tall.
You better get home Jesus now the nights about to fall.
Can you hear your mother call?

Walking with his daddy on the shores of Galilee,
They fill their cart with drift wood and they talk about the sea,
and all the wondrous places in lands so far away.
"I wonder if I'll see 'em dad." "I'm sure you will someday.
I'm sure you will someday."

The High priests and the Elders in the temple sat in awe
listening to a carpenter's son tell them of the law.
And they marveled at his wisdom and the things He said because
they had no way of knowing then whose Son He really was,
whose Son He really was.

"Jesus we have searched for you as worried as can be.
How could you do this to your father and me?"
"How is it that you sought me so? Do you not understand?
I must do my Father's work. My time is now at hand.
My time is now at hand. "

Word has come to Mary down from Galilee
that Jesus fed Five thousand souls and walked upon the sea.
And stories of his miracles have spread to every part.
Mary pondered all these things and kept them in her heart.
She kept them in her heart.

