

Holy Child

Words and Music by
Keith Getty and Kristyn Getty

Gentle & Simple (♩ = 88)

C⁷ F Gm F/A B^b F/A B^b F/A B^b C^{sus} C C⁷ F Gm F/A

1. Ho - ly Child, who chose the hearts of men_ to be His fav-oured home. Leav-ing Hea-ven's gates for
 2. Joy and pain, as man, He knew on earth; No place to lay His head. As a ser-vant He em-
 3. May the gift of God a - maze us still- the tri - umph of all time. As His child, I kneel to

6 B^b F/A Gm⁷ C^{sus} C⁷ F Am Dm Dm/C B^b F/A

Beth - le - hem, God came to call_ His own. Now to us the high - est King is born- Be-
 braced this world and on a cross He bled. Hav - ing borne the deep - est grief of man, He
 Hea - ven's will_ and make His pur - pose mine. Though this road be scarred with trial and pain, it's

11 Gm⁷ B^bma⁷ C^{sus} C⁷ F Gm F/A B^b F/A

hold, the Roy - al Son. Glo - ry kneels to bind up all that's torn;_ The
 rose to Hea - ven's throne. Now I'm shel - tered in the Fath-er's hand_ un -
 paved with lav - ish grace. Know-ing Him will be my great-est gain;_ His

15 v.2 & 3

pro - mised One _____ has come. 2. Joy and
til He calls _____ me home. 3. May the
Throne, my rest - ing place.

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A⁷ D Em D/F# G D/F# G D/F# G Asus A A⁷ D Em D/F#

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6 G D/F# Em⁷ Asus A⁷ D F#m Bm Bm/A G D/F#

Beth - le - hem, God came to call_ His own. Now to us the high - est King is born- Be-
braced this world and on a cross He bled. Hav - ing borne the deep - est grief of man, He
Hea - ven's will_ and make His pur - pose mine. Though this road be scarred with trial and pain, it's

11 Em⁷ Gma⁷ Asus A⁷ D Em D/F# G D/F#

hold, the Roy - al Son. Glo - ry kneels to bind up all that's torn;_ The
rose to Hea - ven's throne. Now I'm shel - tered in the Fath-er's hand_ un -
paved with lav - ish grace. Know-ing Him will be my great-est gain;_ His

15 v.2 & 3

Em⁷ A D A A⁷ D

1.2. 3.

pro-mised til Throne, One He my rest - ing has calls me - ing 2. Joy and 3. May the place.

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Bb⁷ Eb Fm Eb/G A^b Eb/G A^b Eb/G A^b Bbsus Bb Bb⁷ Eb Fm Eb/G

1. Ho - ly Child, who chose the hearts of men_ to be His fav-oured home. Leav-ing Hea-ven's gates for
2. Joy and pain, as man, He knew on earth; No place to lay His head. As a ser- vant He em-
3. May the gift of God a- maze us still- the tri- umph of all time. As His child, I kneel to

6 A^b Eb/G Fm⁷ Bbsus Bb⁷ Eb Gm Cm Cm/Bb A^b Eb/G

Beth - le - hem, God came to call_ His own. Now to us the high - est King is born- Be-
braced this world and on a cross He bled. Hav - ing borne the deep - est grief of man, He
Hea - ven's will_ and make His pur - pose mine. Though this road be scarred with trial and pain, it's

11 Fm⁷ A^bma⁷ Bbsus Bb⁷ Eb Fm Eb/G A^b Eb/G

hold, the Roy - al Son. Glo - ry kneels to bind up all that's torn;_ The
rose to Hea - ven's throne. Now I'm shel - tered in the Fath-er's hand_ un -
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