

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
how Jesus the Saviour did come for to die
for poor ord'n'ry people like you and like I.
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus,
'twas in a cow's stall
with wise men and farmers and
shepherds and all.
But high from God's heaven a star's light
did fall,
and the promise of ages it did then recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
a star in the sky, or a bird on the wing,
or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing,
He surely could have it, 'cause He was the King.