

There Is Joy This Christmas

This Christmas, no tales of misery and woe
Will pour forth from my pen
No tales of greed and war and though
They still go on, the folly of men,
They cannot blight this joyous swirl
My son has given us a baby girl.

The beauty of her innocence
The beauty of her smile
Gifts of myrrh and frankincense
Cannot match her perfect style
Troubles of the world would melt away
If only I could hold her every day.

I think she knows she's wonderful
So tiny, so soft, so pink, so fine
With bottom lip a-tremble, our heartstrings she can pull
I could go on forever but have to draw the line
The love we feel, our joy unfurled
This Christmas makes it feel a better world.

