December Child

Gretchen Peters

What babe is this who cries no tears?
Who brought you forth, who laid you here?
A little child, a tiny thing
How can it be they call you king?A baby in a manger born
So early on a Christmas morn
The angels sang, the heavens smiled
And here you are, December childDecember child, so full of grace
So humbly born, so highly praised
They bring you gifts, they follow stars
They say they know who you really areBut you are still your mother's son
They say you are the Chosen One
The kings and queens, the rank and file
All know your name, December childWhile the shepherds watch they're keeping
We lie sleepingDecember child, the world awaits
And soon enough you'll meet your fate
Your mother's arms will soon grow cold
And yearn for her sweet babe to holdAnd all the world, in all its need
Will soon be pulling at your sleeve
So give her time, a little while
And go to sleep, December child

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