

# Labor of Love

## Point of Grace

It was not a silent night  
There was blood on the ground  
You could hear a woman cry  
In the alleyways that night  
On the streets of David's town And the stable was not clean  
And the cobblestones were cold  
And little Mary full of grace  
With the tears upon her face  
Had no mother's hand to hold It was a labor of pain  
It was a cold sky above  
But for the girl on the ground in the dark  
With every beat of her beautiful heart  
It was a labor of love Noble Joseph at her side  
Callused hands and weary eyes  
There were no midwives to be found  
On the streets of David's town  
In the middle of the night So he held her and he prayed  
Shafts of moonlight on his face  
For the baby in her womb  
He was the maker of the moon  
He was the author of the faith  
That could make the mountains move It was a labor of pain  
It was a cold sky above  
But for the girl on the ground in the dark  
With every beat of her beautiful heart  
It was a labor of love For little Mary full of grace  
With the tears upon her face  
It was a labor of love It was not a silent night  
On the streets of David's town

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