Labor of Love

Randy Travis

It was not a silent night, there was blood on the ground
You could hear a woman cry in the alleyway 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 tears upon her face had no mother's hand to hold[Chorus]
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 loveNoble Joseph by her side, callused hands and weary eyes
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
But 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[Chorus]
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 loveFor little Mary full of grace, with tears on her face
It was a labor of loveIt was not a silent night, on the streets of David's town

Songwriters
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