

I saw the star up high above the heavens.
I heard the angels singing in the sky.
I watched the shepherds coming from the sheepfold.
I even thought I heard a Baby cry.

*No one there would listen to my story,
and no one seemed to care about the Child;
but He was beautiful, the Baby born to save us,
as in His mother's arms He gently lay.*

I saw the star shine down upon the stable.
I watched the kings with gifts go riding by.
I crept up close and looked into the manger
and it was then I heard a Baby cry.
but ...

I hurried home and there I met the townsfolk.
I wandered in the hills and all around.
I tried to tell my friends about the story
of angels, shepherds, kings and Babe I'd found.

*But all alone I knelt before that manger,
with sheep and cows and oxen standing by;
and He was beautiful – the Baby born to save us,
as in His mother's arms He gently lay.
Yes, He was beautiful, the Baby Who was born on Christmas day.*