

The Music Of Christmas

Steven Curtis Chapman

There's a man who stands in the cold wind tonight,
And he greets everyone passing by
With a smile and a ringing bell;
And the song that he's playing, is his own way of saying:
Love is here, it's the music of Christmas.

And there's a lady who sits all alone with her thoughts,
And the memories of all that she's lost,
When she hears a sound at her door,
And a song comes to find her, as a gentle reminder:
Love is here, it's the music of Christmas.

So listen, listen with your heart
And you will hear a song in the laughter of a child.
Oh won't you listen for the sound of hope,
And you will hear the music of Christmas,
For the music of Christmas is love;
Oh, it's love.

So light the fire, tell the family to gather around,
And the walls will echo the sound
Of memories that are and will be;
And their voices, like a chorus, will sing it so sweetly for us
;
Love is here, it's the music of Christmas.

Long ago, a baby was born in the night,
And as He let out His very first cry,
The sound was bringing hope alive.
Stars were shining, angels singing;
All heaven and earth was ringing:
Love is here, this is the music of Christmas.