

## What Sweeter Music

Aled Jones

What sweeter music can we bring  
Than a carol, for to sing  
The birth of this our heavenly King?  
Awake the voice! Awake the string!

When children would reach for their stockings  
And open the presents they found  
The lights on the tree would shine bright in their eyes  
Reflecting the love all around

She leaned with her head on the window  
Watching evergreen bend in the snow  
Remembering Christmas the way it had been  
So many seasons ago

This year there's no one to open the gifts  
No reason for trimming the tree  
And just as a tear made it's way to the floor  
She heard voices outside start to sing

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Carolers sang as he opened the door  
Faces of friends in the crowd  
And all of the shadows of lonely reminders  
Driven away by the sound

Now the heart that for years had been silent  
Was suddenly filled with the new King  
As she clung to their hands like a child in the night  
She found herself this revelling

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