

# 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.