

This Baby

By Brenda Myers

Why is this baby
Asleep on the hay
Who let this happen?
A manger to lay

Stable's no nursery
What could be stranger
Animals too close
Posin' a danger

And such young parents
There's somethin' amiss
Who gave them care of
A babe such as this?

Hmph! Silly baby gifts
Myrrh and frankincense
See those sharp edges?
Just don't make no sense

Look at this company
Shepherds and their sheep
Too much noise in here
A child needs His sleep

I know a bedtime story
About a little boy
A mama just like yours
That Son, her pride and joy

Became a preacher man
No place to lay His head
Healed the sick, fed the poor
Til' news about Him spread

Then some folks got angry
Tho' He'd only come to save
Tried and crucified Him
Laid his body in a grave

Such a sad cradle song
Makes a body weep
Don't worry, sweet baby
Rest and get your sleep,

I'll make up a new story
That one needs mendin'
Leave out that mean ole cross
Give it a happy endin'

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