

# Jill Philips, Labor Of Love

It was not a silent night  
There was blood on the ground  
You could hear a woman cry  
In the alleyways that night  
On the streets of David's town

And the stable was not clean  
And the cobblestones were cold  
And little Mary full of grace  
With the tears upon her face  
Had no mother's hand to hold

It was a labor of pain  
It was a cold sky above  
But for the girl on the ground in the dark  
With every beat of her beautiful heart  
It was a labor of love

Noble Joseph at her side  
Callused hands and weary eyes  
There were no midwives to be found  
In the streets of David's town  
In the middle of the night

So he held her and he prayed  
Shafts of moonlight on his face  
But the baby in her womb  
He was the maker of the moon  
He was the Author of the faith  
That could make the mountains move

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It was a cold sky above  
But for the girl on the ground in the dark  
With every beat of her beautiful heart  
It was a labor of love  
For little Mary full of grace  
With the tears upon her face  
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