

John Denver, The Peace Carol

(Beers)

The garment of life, be it tattered and torn,
the cloak of the soldier is withered and worn.
But what child is this that was poverty-born, the peace of Christmas Day.

The branch that bears the bright holly, the dove that rests in yonder tree.
The light that shines for all to see, the peace of Christmas Day.

The hope that has slumbered for 2000 years,
the promise that silenced 1000 fears.
A faith that can hobble an ocean of tears, the peace of Christmas Day.

The branch that bears the bright holly, the dove that rests in yonder tree.
The light that shines for all to see, the peace of Christmas Day.

Add all the grief that people may bear, total the strife, the troubles and care.
Put them in columns and leave them right there, the peace of Christmas Day.

The branch that bears the bright holly, the dove that rests in yonder tree.
The light that shines for all to see, the peace of Christmas Day.
The branch that bears the bright holly, the dove that rests in yonder tree.
The light that shines for all to see, the peace of Christmas Day.