

# Lutricia McNeal, When A Child Is Born (Original V

A ray of hope flickers in the sky,  
A tiny star lights up way up high,  
All across the land  
Dawns a brand-new morn,  
This comes to pass  
When a child is born.  
A silent wish sails the seven seas,  
The winds of change  
Whisper in the trees,  
And the walls of doubt  
Crumble tossed and torn,  
This comes to pass  
When a child is born.  
A rosy hue settles all around,  
You got the feel  
You're on solid ground,  
For a spell of two no one seems forlorn,  
This comes to pass  
When a child is born  
(And all of this happens,  
Because the world is waiting,  
Waiting for one child,  
Black, white, yellow,  
No one knows,  
But a child that'll grow up,  
And turn tears to laughter,  
Hate to love, war to peace,  
And everyone  
To everyone's neighbor,  
And misery and suffering  
Will be words to be forgotten  
Forever)  
It's all a dream, an illusion now,  
It must come true  
Sometime soon somehow.  
All across the land  
Dawns a brand-new morn,  
This comes to pass  
When a child is born.