

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.