Could I Hold the Baby?

Gently  \( \text{\textit{\textit{\textit{\textit{j} = 78}}}} \)

Words and music by Rachel M. Goates

It's Christmas Eve. I'm
Now every day the

now tucked in bed. I'm snug and warm, my prayers are said. I start to think a
whole year through I'll think of all that I can do to be like Him and

bout the first Christmas Night. The manger warm. the
live as He showed me how. And I'll remember that

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baby fair, the star that led the shepherds there, and what I'd say to
Christmas toys are not as dear as girls and boys, that Jesus loves each

Mary as she smiled at the little Christ child.
one of us endlessly. He loves you and me.

Could I hold the baby? Will He smile at
me? Does He know why He is born and what His life will be?

Could I hold the baby and tell Him of my love? How glad I am that Jesus Christ was sent from
heaven above.

Now

How glad I am that Jesus Christ was sent from heaven above.