

The Star Carol

Aaron Neville

Long years ago, on a deep winter night.
High in the heavens, a star shone bright.
While in the manger, a wee baby lay.
Sweetly asleep, on a bed of hay.

Jesus our Lord, was that baby so small.
Lay down to sleep, in a humble stall.
Then came the star, and it stood over head.
Shedding its light, 'round his little head.

Dear baby Jesus, how tiny thou art.
I'll make a place, for thee in my heart.
And when the stars, in the heavens I see.
Ever and always, I'd think of thee...