

## Baby Jesus, Small and Sweet

Baby Jesus, small and sweet,  
I'm kneeling humbly at your feet.

My heart is filled as Christmas nears,  
With thoughts of Christmas love and cheer;  
With thoughts of gifts; and that's the reason  
I thought of you this Holy season.  
I've given many gifts on earth;  
Some were humble; all, of worth.  
On earth, I very often hear,  
"What would you like? Your birthday's near."  
I note the answers in my mind  
And the perfect gift I try to find.



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But by my selfishness I'm shamed;  
The one for whom this day is named,  
The one I should be thinking of,  
And choosing gifts that speak my love,  
Is the very one that I've left out,  
Yet you're the one it's all about.  
Oh, Baby Jesus, what to do?  
I want a gift so right for you!  
I am not rich or wise or gifted;  
Ah! Suddenly, my heart is lifted!

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I'm kneeling humbly at your feet.

I'll give you joy from in my heart,  
A joy that comes from a new start.  
I'll judge much less and praise a lot;  
I'll appreciate all that I've got.  
I'll spread the word about your glory  
To anyone who'll hear the story.  
I'll demonstrate my charity  
In deeds, not words, so all can see  
That my very special gift to you  
Is to live my life as you want me to!

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