The Peace Carol

Bob Beer

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The garment of life be it tattered and torn
the cloak of the soldier is weathered and worn but

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what child is this that was poverty born.
The peace of Christmas day - The branch that bears the bright holy, the

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dove that rests in yonder tree, the light that shines for all to see the peace of Christmas day

The hope that slumbered for two,
A promise that silenced a thousand,
A faith that can hobble an ocean of tears,
The Peace of Christmas Day.

Add all the grief that people may bear,
Total the strife and the trouble and care;
Put them in columns and leave them there,
The Peace of Christmas Day.