

Burl Ives

"Happy Birthday, Jesus"

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A house so quiet, so humble
A child beside her bed
Her hands clasped tightly, it's time to pray
So she bows her little head

Happy Birthday, Jesus
Daddy said that You were near
And that You had a birthday
This time every year

He told me how You listen to
Every word we say
And that You hear us call
In the night or in the day

He explained how bad they hurt You
And made You suffer so
But said, You let them do it
For girls like me, I know

He told me about the manger
They put You in
I'd let You have my blanket
If I was there, back then

He said that, You are watching
Everything we do
Him, mommy, granny
And our new baby too

I like what daddy told me
Of how You healed the lame
And that You don't have to have
Any wealth or fame

And he told me You were so awfully good
And then he made me cry
He said, they nailed You to a cross
They wanted You to die

And then he made me happy
When he said, You came back again

Daddy said, Christmas is what we celebrate
Because on that day, You were born

So I hope I'm not too late to wish You a
Happy Birthday, dear Jesus

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