

What's the real meaning to Christmas,
As if I didn't already know;
Of course f Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem,
So God our father his love could show.

There's joy and singing all those lovely carols,
And lights on the tree with presents below;
There's reindeer and Santa or even snowmen,
And family for dinner with stockings in a row.

There's shops with their windows all well lit up,
And decorations and angels and tinsel trim;
And bon bon and ivy and even plum pudding,
There's mistletoe and romance when the nights dim.

But let us not forget that very first year,
Which Christ in a manger and wise men and shepherds;
The king of kings born and lord of lords to appear,
While oxen and sheep and cattle are bowing.

So when I wake up on this Christmas morn,
I'll look to the heavens and know that new dawn;
For the greatest gift and present to me that day,
Will be Christ's return or at least that's what I'll pay.

So never give up till you've taken your last breath,
For that split second waiting might just be your death;
But hope in the atmosphere of where Christmas belongs,
With stars shining brightly in the hope you'll live long.

Signed,

Yet another year