

I Am Christmas

By John Connolly arr. S Morgan

I will sew a braid of gold on grey December's ragged sleeve,
Teach the crabbed and jaded soul how to give, how to receive,
For rooms are thick with magic now, the tree its soft light throwing
The mistletoe, the holly bough, my age-old spell bestowing.

I am warmth and I am light, I am kith and kin,

A candle in your darkest night, I am Christmas, let me in, I am Christmas, Let me in.

For I bring stories by the hearth, delight in half-forgotten names,
Apple logs on fragrant fires with flick'ring faces in the flames.
As the year draws in its days and tired leaves are falling,
I can brighten darkened ways where dusk is early calling.

I can take the weary miles and weave a carpet to your door,
Guide the dusty wand'rer home safely to your side once more
I can cheer the bitter days with tunes to set you singing,
My standard in your heart I'll raise, joy and comfort bringing.

I bring churches all aglow and carols on the midnight air,
Coloured windows streaked with snow that gild the congregation there;
For young and old shall join and sing to mark the long year's turning,
From one glad candle that I bring, ten thousand more are burning.