

This Baby

By Brenda Myers

Why is this baby
Asleep on the hay
Who let this happen?
A manger to lay

Stable's no nursery
What could be stranger
Animals too close
Posin' a danger

And such young parents
There's somethin' amiss
Who gave them care of
A babe such as this?

Hmph! Silly baby gifts
Myrrh and frankincense
See those sharp edges?
Just don't make no sense

Look at this company
Shepherds and their sheep
Too much noise in here
A child needs His sleep

I know a bedtime story
About a little boy
A mama just like yours
That Son, her pride and joy

Became a preacher man
No place to lay His head
Healed the sick, fed the poor
Til' news about Him spread

Then some folks got angry
Tho' He'd only come to save
Tried and crucified Him
Laid his body in a grave

Such a sad cradle song
Makes a body weep
Don't worry, sweet baby
Rest and get your sleep,

I'll make up a new story
That one needs mendin'
Leave out that mean ole cross
Give it a happy endin'

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Perennial Excerpts

Unto you is born this day
Ruined Sinner, that is me
A Savior which is Christ the Lord
Oh my Jesus, how can it be?

Star of the East, O Bethlehem Star
Shine on my pathway...lost afar
Glory to God in the highest
Give light to this dark world...thou Bethlehem Star.

I have no frankincense or myrrh
Yet you continually give good gifts to me
A cup of cold water in your name
It's all I have to give to thee.

Go in his name this season and all
Let the star they saw in the East
Go before you and guide you to him
Where all the world may come and feast.
and on earth, peace, good will toward men.

CHRISTMAS DAY IS HERE

By Edward Clay

Candy canes, and wooden trains,
Christmas day is here
The smell of pine, a drink of wine
A day of joy and cheer
A little boy, with brand new toys
Christmas day is here
Lights to and fro, and mistletoe
A day for loved ones near
This day to share, without a care
Christmas day is here
With bubble lights, and (Silent Night)
A day we all revere
As carolers sing, and snow bells ring

A Brown Christmas

There is no snow in Houston,
In Galveston or Clute;
There's none in Pasadena
Or even Cut-'n-Shoot.

Because we live in Texas
And have so little snow,
If you have to see it,
It's to the north you go.

You go somewhere that's barren,
That's way up in the north;
The edge of civilization...
Like Dallas or Fort Worth.

The natives there are strange,
And we send missionaries.
We also send them packages
Of fig preserves and berries.

But we don't need to have
A Christmas that's all white.
Jesus didn't have one
That chilly Christmas night.

That windy, chilly stable
Out on the edge of town,
Was probably just like Texas;
It's scenery was brown.

So Merry Christmas Ya'll!
In every Texas town!
I wish you all a Christmas
That isn't white, but brown.