

What a Way to Spend Christmas!

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Turn your mind to_ Christ-mas. Pray that the snow will_ fall. Trees and mis-tle- toe
a-gain."God Rest Ye Mer-ry, Gen - tle- men". But_ spare a thought for the
re-ason for it all! Was He born in a King's high cas - tle? Was He
born in a ba rons hall?_ A po-lice-man guar-ding the pri-vate ward and the Sa-viour of_us
all He was born in the dirt of a fil - thy sta-ble. Muck-y old man-ger
for a cra - dle. A hell of a way to spend a Christ-mas Day.

Turn your mind to Christmas. Pray that the snow will fall.

Trees and mistletoe again. "Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen".

But spare a thought for the reason for it all!

Was He born in a King's high castle? Was He born in a baron's hall?

A policeman guarding the private ward and the Saviour of us all?

He was born in the dirt of a filthy stable. Mucky old manger for a cradle.

A hell of a way to spend a Christmas Day.

Love came down at Christmas, wrapped in swaddling bands.

A baby born in poverty. And no-one knew that He would be
a baby with the whole world in His hands.

The One who came at Christmas didn't live three score and ten.

He came with love for you and me. We nailed Him to a cedar tree.

So sing His praises time and time again.

If Jesus came this Christmas, who do you think He'd be?

A Holy Hero, dressed in white? Or, just like last time, d'you think He might
be common or garden, just like you and me?

So please enjoy your Christmas - with food and wine galore.

Don't feel guilty. Don't feel sad. Love and laughter can't be bad.

But remember who the birthday cards are for.