

The Christmas Tree

by Joe White

When I was a lad, maybe two or three,
I first laid eyes on our Christmas tree.
It looked so tall, it seemed to me,
An unforgettable sight, I'm sure you'd agree.

The lights they sparkled so beautiful and bright,
They beamed through our windows that Christmas night.
They seemed to declare that God is light,
And of the Baby in Bethlehem from His Heavenly flight.

Our family tree it was ever-so-green,
The most beautiful sight my young eyes had ever seen.
Casting rays of light so peaceful and serene,
Stretching my imagination so wonderful and keen.

That tree so giant it reached into the skies,
Displaying bright Christmas balls every color and size.
Hanging gallantly from the limbs and dazzling in my eyes,
And the tinsel like icicles in beautiful disguise.

I might be older now, but in some ways still wishing,
But the naivety of that child somehow went missing.

The awe of that Christmas tree with every light cherishing,
Could it be that in us grown ups such wonder is perishing?

Yet not so tonight, let's dream like children once more,
Where excitement and anticipation tonight we restore.
Through our childhood eyes our trees in Christmas décor,
Every light, every ornament once again we adore.

Could it be that evergreen is for everlasting living?
And each sparkling light for the season of giving?
As God gave His Son our salvation Him winning,
With His Spirit in our heart a brand-new beginning.

And the Bethlehem star where all people are invited,
As the shepherds heard from angels to the manger they decided.
And their hope for the Messiah that night was ignited,
As you join them in their journey your pathway provided.
Where your worries and fears by His presence subsided,
With the faith of a child your dreams and prayers reunited.

Oh, come ye, oh come ye, to Bethlehem singing,
To the babe in the manger, Christmas bells they are ringing.
Like the kings in the east a gift to Jesus you are bringing,
Your open heart and your soul tonight He's redeeming.

Joy to the world, The Lord has come,
You can hear the beating of the drummer boy's drum,
It's the sound of assurance your eternal home.

Away in a manger not just peace to the world,
But peace to the heart of every boy and girl.
The Lord has come let earth receive her King,
Silent night, holy night let heaven and nature sing.

Yes, it's Christmas, merry Christmas, our savior is alive,
Putting worries aside and your hope to revive.
With faith of a toddler let the child within you survive,
Baby Jesus says, "God loves you" - your very soul to thrive.

Oh, Christmas tree, oh Christmas tree, how beautiful your branches,
In the story you tell, the little child within me dances.