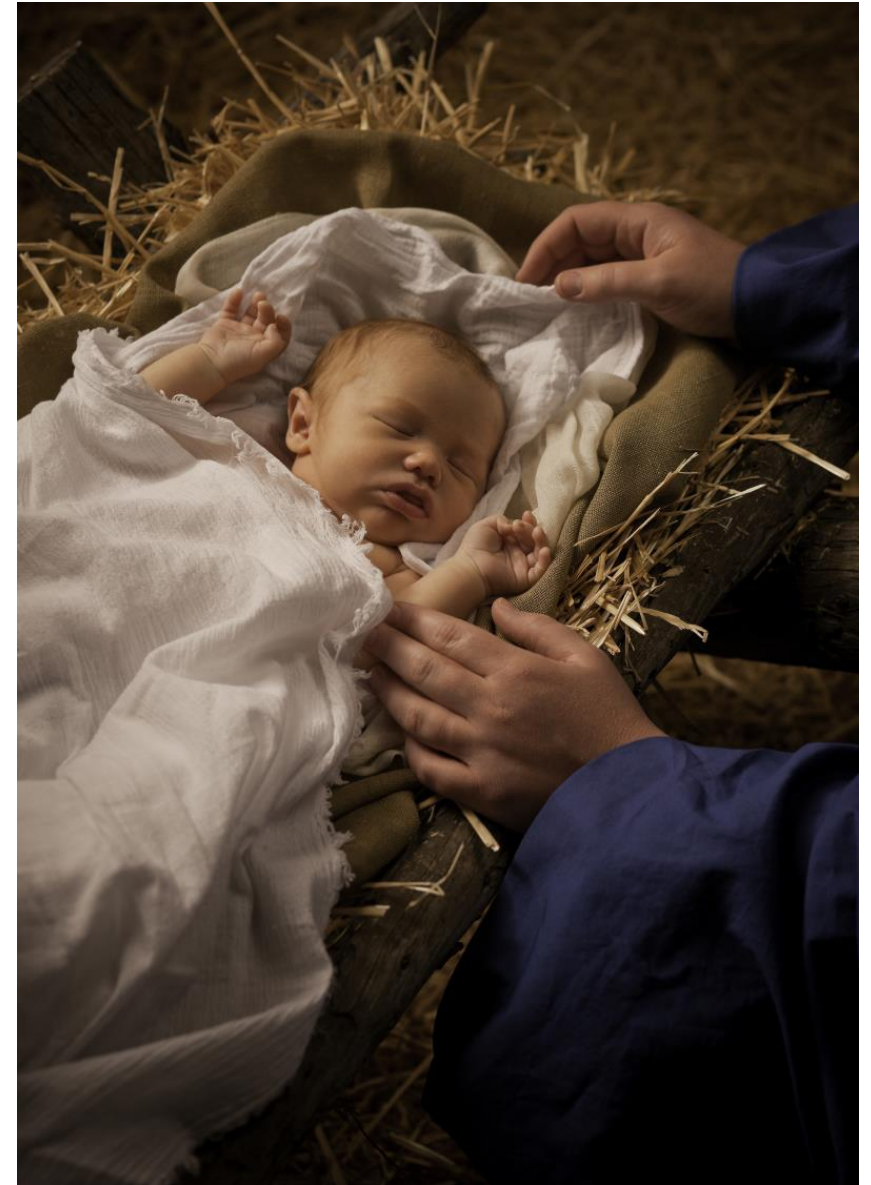




It's **Christmas Eve,**
I'm tucked in bed,
I'm **snug and warm,**
my **prayers are said.**
I start to think about
the first **Christmas Night.**

The **manger** warm,
the baby fair, the **star**
that led the **shepherds**
there, and what I'd say
to **Mary** as she smiles at
the **little Christ** child.





Could I hold the **baby?**
Will He **smile at me?**
Does He know **why**
He is **born and what**
****His life** will be?**

**Could I hold the
baby and tell Him
of my love? How
glad I am that Jesus
Christ was sent from
heaven above.**



Now **every day** the
whole year through
I'll **think** of all that
I **can do** to be **like**
Him and live as He
showed me how.





And I'll remember
that Christmas toys
are not as dear as girls
and boys that Jesus loves
each one of us endlessly.
He loves you and me.