

# The Christmas Story

By Jeanne Harris

Written in 1944 at age 16

Merry Christmas – two small words  
But what a story behind it  
There's such a beautiful meaning  
But many have failed to find it

Every year for many years  
The story has been retold  
While we hear it every Christmas  
It's one that never grows old

We tell the story to children  
The old folks read it too  
Because again it's Christmas  
Again I'll tell it to you

The scene of the story I'm telling  
Took place in Bethlehem  
The time is after sunset  
And the daylight growing dim

Mary and Joseph were traveling  
To Judea to sign their name  
Then they must stop for lodging  
When darkness suddenly came

Now all the rooms were taken  
The inn keeper shoved them on  
Not knowing that Mary, the woman  
Would bear a King before dawn

So the couple found room in a stable  
Where they might spend the night  
Inside the cattle were lowing  
It was a humble sight

Close by was an empty manger  
Where cattle had eaten their hay  
Soon little Lord Jesus was born  
And in the manger he lay

Wrapped in swaddling clothes  
No crying did He make  
And angels stood around Him  
To be near if He should wake

And out in the field were shepherds  
Who were watching their flocks that night  
And all at once they were frightened  
When they saw an angel so bright

But soon the angel was speaking  
She told them to not be afraid  
She told the news of the Savior  
And they were no longer dismayed

And after the angel had left them  
The shepherds did not tarry  
They hastened to the manger  
Where they found Jesus and Mary

And off in a distance three wise men  
Saw a beautiful star in the sky  
Of all the stars they had studied  
None ever was brighter – and why?

They mounted their camels and hurried  
To see what the miracle might be  
And they too found Jesus and Mary  
By following the light they could see

The virgin birth caused gossip  
As visitors would come and depart  
But Mary, the mother, was silent  
And pondered these in her heart

Why the Lord had chosen her  
She knew the answer not  
But did she doubt His doings  
We are sure she did not

She knew that God had a purpose  
By sending to her this King  
And many things have come to pass  
To prove that He means everything

His very name means salvation  
He saved the world from sin  
He cured the sick and healed the blind  
And people's hearts did win

So there's more to Christmas than carols  
Or the gifts that we receive  
It's the birthday of our Savior  
A beautiful story to believe

Yes friends, tomorrow is Christmas  
But before we open a thing  
Let's all remember the greatest gift  
Is Jesus Christ, our King