

T' was the night before Jesus came and all through the house  
Not a creature was praying, not one in the house.  
Their Bibles were laid on the shelf without care  
In hopes that Jesus would not come there

The children were dressing to crawl into bed.  
Not once ever kneeling or bowing a head.  
And mom in her rocker with baby on her lap.  
Was watching the late show while I took a nap

When out of the East there arose such a clatter.  
I sprang to my feet to see what, was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash!

When what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But angels proclaiming that Jesus was here  
With a light like the sun sending forth a bright ray  
I knew in a moment this must be THE DAY!

The light of His face made me cover my head  
It was just Jesus! Returning just like he had said.  
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth,  
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.

In the book of Life which He held in His hand  
Was written the name of every saved man  
He spoke not a word as He searched for my name;  
When He said "it's not here" my head hung in shame.

The people whose names had been written with love  
He gathered to take to His Father above.  
With those who were ready He rose without a sound.  
While all the rest were left standing around.

I fell to my knees, but it was too late;  
I had waited too long and thus sealed my fate.  
I stood and I cried as they rose out of sight;  
Oh, if only I had been ready tonight.

In the words of this poem the meaning is clear;  
The coming of Jesus is drawing near.  
There's only one life, and when comes the last call  
We'll find that the Bible was true after all!