

Almost Christmas

Like kings of old, we're following the Star
That one time glowed so dimly from afar.
Tonight it beams almost above our head,
But not to bathe a lowly manger bed.

A heavenly sign,
It says my Lord is near;
It's Christmas time;
My God shall reappear.
With angels bright
He's coming for His own;
O Holy Night,
When He shall call us home.

At times it seems I hear that trumpet sound,
As weary feet leap up to leave the ground.
Just as He came as prophets spoke of yore,
He'll come again; I sense Him at the door.

The Tree of Life beside the crystal stream,
A Christmas Tree beyond our fondest dream,
Waves leaves of evergreen to bring us health
And golden globes of fruit from Heaven's wealth.

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