

## **The Night Before Advent**

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'Twas the night before Advent when all through the town,  
Not a creature was stirring, there wasn't a sound.  
The stories were sent by the prophets of old,  
In hope for the Savior whose coming was told.

The inns all were full with the visitor trade,  
For Caesar decreed "There's a tax to be paid."  
So Mary and Joseph had no where to lay  
But an innkeeper's barn and a bed made of hay.

The shepherds were tending their flocks on a hill.  
The country was silent, the night was so still,  
When up in the sky there arose such a light  
That the shepherds could hardly believe it was night.

A choir of angels sang songs of great joy  
For born in the town was a new baby boy.  
"The Child is the Savior, there's no need to fear.  
The One that you've waited for finally is here!"

"Go to the city and see where he lay;  
In an innkeeper's barn on a bed made of hay.  
Under the star that you see in the sky  
You'll find the new Babe with his mother nearby."

The shepherds went quickly to see the new birth;  
The hope of mankind, the Child of great worth.  
The wise men came, too, from their country afar,  
Seeking the Child that was watched by the star.

To honor the Child that was born to be King  
The wise men had treasures and presents to bring.  
And so, we give presents on each Christmas day  
Remembering the Child that was born in the hay.

Think of this story when sleigh bells you hear,  
When your thoughts turn to Santa and tiny reindeer.  
The reason behind all this joy and good will  
Is the Babe born to Mary, our hopes to fulfill.

And remember the phrase that's reserved for this day  
Is more than a greeting or just something to say.  
It means more because of the Son of the Light:  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"