



# The Night Before Christmas

A more spiritual version of the famous Christmas story

Twas the night before Christmas, and all  
through the town,  
St. Joseph was searching, walking up roads  
and down;

Our Lady was waiting, so meek and so mild,  
While Joseph was seeking a place for the  
Child;

The children were nestled, each snug in their  
beds,  
The grown-ups wouldn't bother, there's no  
room they said;

When even the innkeeper sent them away,  
Joseph was wondering, where they would stay;

He thought of the caves in the side of the  
hills,  
Lets go there said Mary, it's silent and still;

The moon on the breast of the new fallen  
snow,  
Made pathways of light for their tired feet to  
go;

And there in a cave, in a cradle of hay,  
Our Savior was born on that first Christmas  
Day!

The Father was watching in heaven above,  
He sent for His angels, His couriers of love;  
More rapid than eagles God's bright angels  
came;  
Rejoicing and eager as each heard his name;

Come Power, Come Cherubs, Come Virtues,  
Come Raphael,  
Come Thrones and Dominions, come Michael  
and Gabriel;

Now fly to the Earth, where My poor people  
live,  
Announce the glad tiding My Son comes to  
give;

The Shepherds were watching their flocks on  
this night,  
And saw in the heavens and unearthly light;

The Angels assured them, they'd nothing to  
fear,  
It's Christmas they said, the Savior is here!

They hastened to find Him, and stood at the  
door,  
Till Mary invited them in to adore;

He was swaddled in bands from His head to  
His feet,  
Never did the Shepherds see a baby so sweet!

He spoke not a word, but the shepherds all  
knew,  
He was telling them secrets and blessing them  
too;

Then softly they left Him, The Babe in the  
hay,  
And rejoiced with great joy on that first  
Christmas Day;

Mary heard them exclaim as they walked up  
the hill,  
Glory to God in the Highest, Peace to men of  
good will!

By: Sister St. Thomas, B.N.D. de N

