

## A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

When Christmas comes with Christmas trees  
And Christmas gifts and fine candies,  
I wonder what the Savior sighs  
As He stares down from Heaven's skies.

Not many people dare neglect  
To pay this day its due respect  
By the exchange of gifts in turn.  
But of the meaning, what concern?

A time for fun, a time for play,  
A jolly time is Christmas Day!  
Look at the gifts beneath the tree.  
A gift for me! A gift for me!

What happened years and years ago  
That we do honor this day so?

I think it's kept to give applause  
To some old man named Santa Claus.

No school next week, it's Christmas time,  
So class, let's sing the Christmas rhyme;  
"Oh hurry, hurry, Christmas Day!  
Please hurry, Santa, on your way!  
Bring with you candy canes and toys  
For all the little girls and boys."

Oh, this wicked season's chills  
And Christmas cards and Christmas bills!

The party's still young, pal, don't leave.  
Have one more beer; it's Christmas Eve.

Yes, the memory of the Son,  
Who is the Christmas Holy One,  
Seems to have found a minor place  
Behind the mask of a Christmas face.

Tell us, Grandma, we want to know,  
At Christmas time, why does it snow?

Someone up in Heaven, my dears,  
Cries many sad, unhappy tears  
And as they fall, the cold world's air  
Freezes them all without a care.

— *David L. Hatton, 1963*