



Luke 2:11  
For unto you is born this day in the  
city of David a Saviour, which is  
Christ the Lord.

Michael Christian

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR JESUS!

FC 180

I went to a Christmas party,  
In the basement of a church.  
"But where is Jesus?" I wondered!  
And so began to search.

Santa Claus was there of course;  
Beneath the Christmas wreath,  
Passing out bags of candy —  
To rot the children's teeth!

Holly decked the holy halls,  
In such splendid decoration!  
Yet something seemed forgotten,  
At this "birthday" celebration!

The glittering gifts beneath the tree,  
Said, "From me to you, and you to me!"  
Yet not a one that I could see,  
Said, "This, Dear Jesus, is for Thee!"

We all drew names, and brought  
A present for the name we drew!  
Too bad no one thought to bring,  
Dear Lord, a present here for You!

These presents not wanted or needed!  
Taken from those who do!  
A sinful waste of the money that  
Could have seen the Lord's work through!

But no one seemed to notice  
How much money all that cost!  
Nor thought of those needy missionaries  
Who keep labouring for the lost.

"Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer",  
And other songs were sung.  
"Let's sing about Jesus!" I suggested.  
"No! Wait till 'Jingle Bells' is done!"

At last I got so angry,  
A rebel grew in me!  
No one's going to like it,  
But Jesus' Birthday this shall be!



## Christmas Everywhere!

Poems old and new, inspired by the Spirit of Christmas!

### CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright,  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight,  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all,  
No palace too great and no cottage too small;  
So the stars of the midnight which compass us round,  
Shall see a great glory, and hear a sweet sound,  
And cry, "Look! The Earth is aflame with delight,  
Oh, sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight."  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

—by Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893

### MY MASTER

My Master was so very poor,  
A manger was His cradling place;  
So very rich my Master was  
Kings came from far  
To gain His grace.

My Master was so very poor  
And with the poor He broke the bread;  
So very rich my Master was  
That multitudes  
By Him were fed.

My Master was so very poor  
They nailed Him naked to a cross;  
So very rich my Master was  
He gave His all  
And knew no loss.

Harry Lee, 1874-1942

### CHILDHOOD

To be Himself a star most bright  
To bring the wise men to His sight,  
To be Himself a voice most sweet  
To call the shepherds to His feet,  
To be a child—it was His will,  
That folk like us might find Him still.

John Erskine, 1870-

### CHRISTMAS

As shadows cast by cloud and sun  
Flit o'er the summer grass,  
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One,  
Earth's generations pass.  
And as the years, an endless host,  
Come swiftly pressing on,  
The brightest names that earth can boast  
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed  
A lustre pure and sweet:  
And still it leads, as once it led,  
To the Messiah's feet.  
O Father, may that holy star  
Grow every year more bright,  
And send its glorious beams afar  
To fill the world with light.

William Cullen Bryant, 1794-1878

### SONG

Why do the bells of Christmas ring?  
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,  
Seen by shepherds from afar,  
Gently moved until its light  
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,  
Pillowed soft upon the hay,  
And its Mother sung and smiled:  
"This is Christ, the Holy Child!"

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,  
Therefore little children sing.

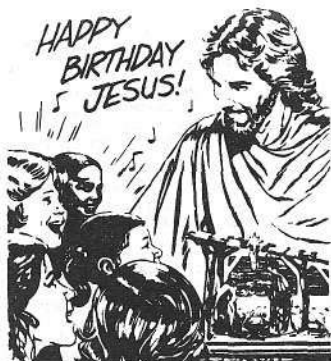
by Eugene Field

### CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

It is Christmas in the mansion,  
Yule-log fires and silken frocks;  
It is Christmas in the cottage,  
Mother's filling little socks.

It is Christmas on the highway,  
In the thronging, busy mart;  
But the dearest truest Christmas  
Is the Christmas in the heart.

Author unknown



I burst out with "Happy Birthday!"  
That's all I had to do.  
I started singing, "Happy Birthday!  
Happy Birthday to You!"  
Some thought that I'd gone crazy!  
Or perhaps had lost my mind!  
"Why are you singing 'Happy Birthday',  
When this is Christmas time?"

"Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus!"  
That's all I had to say.  
"Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus!  
On this happy Christmas day!"

Oh, were they embarrassed!  
They hung their heads in shame!  
They'd put an X through the Christ  
of Christmas,

And forgot about His name!

They were celebrating Christmas,  
Like any pagan horde.  
They were singing songs for Santa Claus,  
And had forgotten about the Lord.

What kind of teenage rebel —  
Or wild fanatic youth;  
Would dare to stop the party  
With a sample of the Truth?

Are you a fighter for Jesus?  
Do you stand up for His Name?  
Be a fighter for your faith,  
And never be ashamed!

Poetically adapted by Family Care from  
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