

# I Am Christmas

Bill Meek & John Conolly. Arr Graham Pratt

I will sew a braid of gold on grey December's ragged sleeve  
Teach the crabbed and jaded soul how to give, how to receive  
For rooms are thick with magic now, the tree its soft light throwing  
The mistletoe, the holly bough, my age-old spell bestowing

I bring stories by the hearth, delight in half-forgotten names  
Apple logs on fragrant fires with flick'ring faces in the flames  
And as the year draws in its days and tired leaves are falling  
I will tighten darkened ways where dusk is early calling

*I am warmth and I am light, and I am kith and kin  
A candle in your longest night  
I am Christmas, let me in, I am Christmas, let me in*

I can take the weary miles and weave a carpet to your door  
Guide the dusty wand'ers home, safely to your side once more  
And I can cheer the bitter days with tunes to set you singing  
My standard in your heart I'll raise, joy and comfort bringing

I bring churches all a-glow and carols on the midnight air  
Coloured windows streaked with snow that gild the congregation there  
For young and old shall join and sing to mark the longest turning  
From one glad candle that I bring, ten thousand more are burning.

*I am warmth and I am light, and I am kith and kin; A candle in your longest  
night,  
I am Christmas, let me in, I am Christmas, let me in  
I am Christmas, let me in, I am Christmas, let me in*