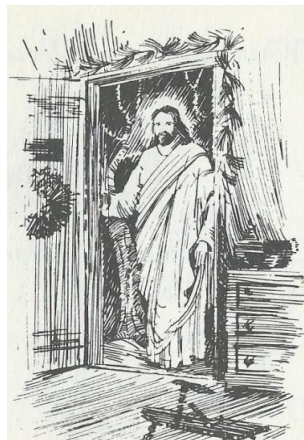


For I was the Beggar  
 with twisted, cold feet...  
 I was the Woman you  
 gave to eat...  
 And I was the Child on  
 the homeless street."



So Conrad was touched  
 and went to the door...  
 And he said, "Your feet  
 must be frozen and  
 sore...  
 And I have some shoes in  
 my shop for you...  
 And a coat that will keep  
 you warmer, too..."



Let me rest for a while on  
 Christmas Day"...  
 But her voice seemed to  
 plead, "Don't send me  
 away...  
 But that was reserved  
 for Conrad's Great  
 Guest...  
 She asked for only a  
 place to rest..."



Made bright with a  
 thousand boughs of  
 green...  
 And they found his shop  
 so meager and mean...  
 Two neighbors called on  
 an old-time friend...  
 It happened one day at  
 the year's white end...

So he went to his room and  
 knelt down to pray...  
 And he said, "Dear Lord,  
 Why did you delay...  
 What kept you from  
 coming to call on me...  
 For I wanted so much  
 your face to see"...

When out of the stillness  
 he heard a cry...  
 "Please help me and tell  
 me where am I"...  
 So again he opened his  
 friendly door...  
 And stood disappointed  
 as twice before...

But he knew with the  
 Lord as his Christmas  
 guest...  
 This Christmas would be  
 the dearest and best...  
 And he listened with only  
 joy in his heart...  
 And with every sound he  
 would rise with a start...



away...  
 Christmas had passed  
 For the hours of  
 not coming today...  
 He knew the Lord was



But he knew he should  
 make this little girl glad...  
 Again Conrad's heart was  
 heavy and sad...  
 Day...  
 And was lost from her  
 family on Christmas  
 It was only a child who  
 had wandered away...



will hear...  
 And listen closely so I  
 my Lord to appear...  
 And now I will wait for  
 the holly is twined...  
 And over the rafters the  
 the kettle is shined...  
 The table is spread and