



The Story of the Christmas Guest

And Conrad was sitting
with face a-shine...

When he suddenly
stopped as he stitched a
twine...

And said "Old friends, at
dawn today..."

When the rooster was
crowing the night away...

The Lord appeared in a
dream to me...
And said, 'I am coming
your guest to be...
So I've been busy with
feet astray...
Strewing my sheep with
branches of fir...

His step as He
nears my humble
place...

And I open the
door and look in
His face...



So with grateful heart
the man went away...
But as Conrad noticed
the time of day...
He wondered what
made the dear Lord so
late...
And how much longer
he'd have to wait...



Was a shabby beggar
whose shoes were torn...
And all of his clothes were
ragged and worn...



And look for the Lord to
be standing there...
In answer to his earnest
prayer.
So he ran to the window
after hearing a sound...
But all that he saw on
the snow-covered
ground...

So his friends went home
and left Conrad alone...
For this was the happiest
day he had known...
For, long since, his
family had passed
away...
And Conrad had spent a
sad Christmas Day...

When he heard a knock
and ran to the door...
But it was only a
stranger once more...
A bent old woman with
a shawl of black...
A bundle of branches
piled in her back...

So Conrad brewed her
a steaming cup...

And told her to sit at
the table and sup.



But after she left he was
filled with dismay...
For he saw that the hours
were passing away...
And the Lord had not
come as she said He
would...
And Conrad felt sure he
had misunderstood...



When soft in the silence a
voice he heard...

"Lift Up Your Head
For I Kept My Word..."

Three Times My
Shadow Crossed Your
Floor...

Three Times I Came To
Your Lonely Door...



So he called her in and
wiped her tears...

And quieted all her
childish fears...

The he led her back to
her home once more...

But as he entered his
own darkened door...

Adapted by
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From an old German
Legend and Poem

