

I Am Christmas

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Based on an arrangement by Graham Pratt for the Sheffield Folk Choral

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

1. I will sew a braid of gold, On gray De-cem-ber's rag-ged sleeve.
2. I bring sto-ries by the hearth, De-light in half for-got-ten names.
3. I can take the wea-ry miles, And weave a car-pet to your door.
4. I bring church-es all a-glow, And car-ols on the mid-night air.

5

S

A

T

B

Teach the crabbed and jad-ed soul, How to give, how to re-ceive. For
Ap-ple logs on fra-grant fires, With flick'-ring fa-ces in the flames. And
Guide the dust-y wan-d'rers home, Safe-ly to your side once more. And
Col-oured win-dows streaked with snow, That guild the con-gre-ga-tion there. For

9

S
A
T
B

rooms are thick with ma - gic now, The tree its soft light throw - ing; The
as the year draws in its days, And tir - ed leaves are fal - ling,
I can cheer the bit - ter days, With tunes to set you sing - ing. My
young and old shall join and sing, To mark the long - est turn - ing. From

13

S
A
T
B

mis - tle - toe, the hol - ly bough; My age - old spell be - stow _____ ing.
I will bright - en dark - ened ways, Where dusk is ear - ly call _____ ing.
stan - dard in your heart I'll raise, _____ Joy and com - fort bring _____ ing.
one glad can - dle that I bring, Ten thou - sand more are burn _____ ing.

17 Chorus

S
A
T
B

I am _____ warmth and I am light, And I _____ am kith and kin, _____ A can - dle in your

22

S
A
T
B

long -est night, I am Christ -mas; Let me in. I am Christ -mas; Let me in.

1. I will sew a braid of gold,
On gray 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.

Chorus:
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.

2. 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 brighten darkened ways
Where dusk is early calling.

3. 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.

4. I bring churches all aglow,
And carols on the midnight air.
Colored windows streaked with snow,
That gild the congregations 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.