I Am Christmas

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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.

- I bring stories by the hearth,
 Delight in half-forgotten names,
 Apple logs on fragrant fires
 With flick'ring faces in the flames.
 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'rers home
 Safely to your side once more.
 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.