



*'Twas the night before Jesus came and all through the house
Not a creature was praying, not one in the house.
Their Bibles were lain on the shelf without care
In hopes that Jesus would not come there.*

*The children were dressing to crawl into bed.
Not once ever kneeling or bowing a head.
And Mom in her rocker with the baby on her lap
Was watching the late show while I took a nap.*

*When out of the East there arose such a clatter,
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter
Away to the window I flew like a flash
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash!*

*When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But angels proclaiming that Jesus was here.
With a light like the sun sending forth a bright ray
I knew in a moment this must be THE DAY!*

*The light of His face made me cover my head
It was Jesus! returning just like He said.
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth,
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.*

*In the Book of Life which He held in His hand
Was written the name of every saved man.
He spoke not a word as He searched for my name,
When He said "It's not here" my head hung in shame.*

*The people whose names had been written with love
He gathered to take to His Father above.
With those who were ready He rose without a sound
While all the rest were left standing around.*

*I fell to my knees, but it was too late;
I had waited too long and thus sealed my fate.
I stood and I cried as they rose out of sight;
Oh, if only we had been ready tonight.*

*In the word of this poem the meaning is clear,
The coming of Jesus is drawing near.*

