

The Christian Night of Christ's Coming

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Adapted by James W. King
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Read to the sing-song of
Clement Clarke Moore's
'Twas the Night Before Christmas'

'Twas the night that Christ came and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a churchmouse.
Their Bibles were laid on the shelf, without care,
In hopes that Jesus would not come there.
The children were dressing to crawl into bed,
No one even kneeling or bowing their head.
And mom in the rocker with babe 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, threw up the sash.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But angels, proclaiming "Jesus is here!"
With a light like the sun sending forth a bright ray,
I knew in that moment, this must be 'The Day!'
The light from 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.
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 there," my head hung in shame.
The people whose names had been written with love,
He gathered to take to His Father above.
For those who were ready He rose without 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 He rose out of sight,
Oh, if only, we had been ready tonight.
The words of this poem, the meaning is clear,
The coming of Jesus is drawing near.
There's only one life and when comes the last call,
We'll find that the Bible was true after all.