

A Child's Christmas In Wales

Gary Barlow

In my childhood sea-side town
Wrapped in wool and making mounds
Dousing fire and chasing cats
While postmen shiver on welcome mats

Hear the sound as the church bells ring
For midnight prayers as the rooster sings
He's calling out for Christmas
He's calling out for Christmas

In morning snow, I'd walk alone
To see believers trudging home
The scent of Christmas fills the air
And Mistletoe hangs everywhere

Llond y lle o rannu gwen
Aiff y teimlad byth yn hen
Ma Santa Clos di bod
Ma Santa Clos di bod
He's calling out for Christmas
He's calling out for Christmas

Hear the Sound (Hear the Sound)
Fill the air (Fill the air)
People gather everywhere
Hear the voices, they sing so clear
One and all
Thank the Lord, we are here

After dinner, sleeping sound
Aunts and Uncles gather 'round
Telling tales and singing songs
That make us feel like we belong

Hear the sound of the church bells ring
For midnight prayers as the rooster sings
He's calling out for Christmas
He's calling out for Christmas
He's calling out for Christmas
He's calling out for Christmas

In my childhood sea-side town