

## Country Christmas

Roger Whittaker

Snow is falling faster now  
And dusting on a hill.  
Skaters on the river,  
Gentle dancers in the chill.  
The children's laughter ringing,  
As they overturn their sleighs,  
Waiting for a country Christmas day.

The chimneys hold the promise  
Of a friendly fire inside.  
And so it's after bedtime,  
All the children's eyes are wide.  
There might be cakes and short bread  
On a shiny silver train,  
Waiting for a country Christmas day.

Christmas in the country,  
Like another time and place.  
I see it in the little things,  
In every smiling face.  
It's crystal nights and far of lights  
And children count the days.  
Country Christmas and love will lead the way.

Dogs run after snowflakes,  
In a never ending chase.  
Soft lights through the window,  
Foster's dalcourts lay's  
And reunited loved ones  
Who've been far too long away,  
Waiting for a country Christmas day.

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I see it in the little things,  
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