

The Secret of Christmas

Sleeping at Last

It's not the glow you feel
When snow appears
It's not the Christmas card
You've sent for years

Not the joyful sound
When sleigh bells ring
Or the merry songs
Children sing

The little gift you send
On Christmas day
Will not bring back the friend
You've turned away

So may I suggest, the secret of Christmas
It's not the things you do at Christmas time
But the Christmas things you do
All year through

The Christmas things you do
All year through