

TWAS THE NIGHT...

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 that this was THE DAY!

The light of His face made me cover my head,
It was Jesus! returning just like He said.
And though I possessed wordly 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 for our Lord tonight.

In 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!