

The Night Before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas, he lived all alone,
in a one bedroom house made of plaster and stone.
I had come down the chimney, with presents to give,
and to see just who, in this home, did live?
I looked all about, a strange sight I did see
no tinsel, no presents, not even a tree.

With medals and badges, awards of all kinds
a sober thought, came through my mind.
For this house was different, it was dark and dreary
I found the home of a soldier, once i could see clearly.
The soldier lay sleeping, silent, alone
curled up on the floor, in this one bedroom home.

The face was so gentle, the room in such disorder,
not how I pictured a British soldier.
Was this the hero, of whom I'd just read?
Curled up on a poncho, the floor for a bed?
I realized the families, that I saw this night,
owed their lives to these soldiers, who were willing to fight.

They all enjoyed freedom, each month of the year,
because of the soldiers like the one lying here.
I couldn't help wonder, how many lay alone,
on a cold Christmas Eve, in a land far from home.
The very thought brought, a tear to my eye,
i dropped to my knees, and started to cry.

The soldier awakened, and I heard a rough voice,
"Santa, don't cry, this life is my choice;
I fight for freedom; I don't ask for more
my life is my God, my country, my corps."
The soldier rolled over, and drifted to sleep,
I couldn't control it, i continued to weep.

I didn't want to leave, on that cold,
dark, night, this guardian of honour, so willing to fight.
Then the soldier rolled over, with a voice soft and pure,
whispered, carry on Santa, its Christmas day, all is secure."
One look at my watch, and I knew he was right.
"Merry Christmas my friend, and to all a good night.