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READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Christmas

Eugene Field

My little child comes to my knee
And tugging pleads that he may climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tale he loves so well—
A tale my mother told to me,
Beginning "Once upon a time."



It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night;
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem, once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of One who prayed alone and wept
While his aweared followers slept—
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side
And echoes of the distant clime
Bring that sweet story back to [—]

Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners, once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tomes or fluent rhyme,
Like misty shadows fade away;
But this sweet story bides for aye.
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "once upon a time."

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