

Peter, Paul & Mary, Christmas Dinner

And it came to pass on a Christmas evening,
When all the doors were shuttered tight,
Outside standing, a lonely boy-child,
Cold and shivering in the night.

On the street every window
Save but one was gleaming bright;
And to this window walked the boy-child
Peeking in saw candlelight.

Through other windows he had looked at turkeys,
Ducks, and geese, and cherry pies;
But through this window saw a gray-haired lady
Table bare and tears in her eyes.

Into his coat reached the boy-child
Knowing well there was little there
He took from his pocket his own Christmas dinner
A bit of cheese and some bread to share.

His outstretched hands held the food and they trembled
As the door it opened wide
Said he "Would you share with me Christmas dinner?"
Said she gently, "Come inside."

The gray-haired lady brought forth to the table
Glasses two, last drops of wine.
Said she "Here's a toast to everyone's Christmas,
And especially yours and mine!"

And it came to pass on that Christmas evening
When all the doors were shuttered tight
That in that town the happiest Christmas
Was shared by candlelight.