

THE HOLIDAY VILLAGE

Over the hill, just beyond the Fir Forest
Lies a whimsical town with a magical flourish
There, like a carol that echoes year round
The spirit of Christmas in plenty abounds

Tonight of all nights, is most special of all
It's Christmas Eve! Ring a bell, deck the halls!
Take a stroll into town 'neath a flurry filled sky
And see how Holiday Village spends its favorite night

First to the church, the heart of it all
Fresh snow drapes its roof like a shimmering shawl
While a chorus of carolers sing yuletide hymns
Merrily beckoning onlookers in

But the moment that sugar-sweet scent hits your nose
To the Candy Shop window you'll hurriedly go
For a Sugar Plum Pop or a slice of Cream Cake
Such a scrumptious excursion, a happy heart makes

Up ahead is the home of Fred and Marie
By now their three children are soundly asleep
With dreams of St. Nick and his flight crew of eight
Soaring through town on a cherry red sleigh

On the street down below, the Village Tree shines
Tall as a house, a magnificent pine
It stalwartly marks the center of town
Twinkling lights strung through its boughs

On to the General Store, where Mister Sinclair
Keeps his door open to folks in despair
Selling last minute hams, potatoes, and peas
That all might enjoy their holiday feasts

He's owned the place since '74
Built it from scratch fresh outta the war
And now like a fixture it serves the whole town
Kind and reliable, highly renowned

What a marvelous tune I hear down the road
It must be the Silverstein's holiday show!
Their living room bustles with jolly old friends
Singing with spirit, "A new year begins!"

And oh what a sight is their puppy Bernard!
Prancing through snow drifts all over the yard
With his tongue hanging out, like a flap in the wind
He dances along with a wild-eyed grin

The Quilt Shop appears to be closed for the night
Its windows are dark, its door shut-up tight
But peer through the glass by the light of the moon
And you might catch a glimpse of Mrs. Dalune

On her great Christmas Quilt, she's stitching away
Eager to finish before break of day
Toys are grown out of and mistletoe fades
But a quilt only grows softer as time wends its way



The boardinghouse travelers know what I mean
Their suitcases full of tattered old things
A blanket of mem'ries, a hand-me-down coat
Reminders of loved ones waiting back home

As frostbitten air blows in the from the North
The greenhouse may offer a moment of warmth
Its heater is hard at work, humming along
Keeping poinsettias warm all night long

But don't get too cozy, there's more to be seen
The Toy Store is next and oh, what a dream!
No child can walk by without gawking in awe
At the rosiest sight your eyes ever saw

A shining red fire truck armed with a hose
A bicycle topped with a velveteen bow
A dollhouse, a tiger, a little red drum
A big brimming barrel of Juicy Fruit gum

A bit further down, the Schoolhouse awaits
Its hallways adorned with paper snowflakes
And with each gust of wind from beneath the front door
They twirl into life, a shimmering storm

There's one place in town where you're welcome all year
Grandmother to all, Miss Miller's revered
She'll welcome you in for a warm slice of pie
And if you're not careful, she'll keep you all night!

The library windows glow up ahead
On this night every year the same story is read
"Twas the night before Christmas," Miss Albright begins
As twelve eager listeners hang on her lips

A rude interruption, the clock tower strikes!
Calling all wanderers in for the night
Home to their beds at the day's cozy end
A bright Christmas morning, just 'round the bend

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