



In the Week when Christmas comes

This is the week when Christmas comes,
Let every pudding burst with plums,
And every tree bear dolls and drums,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every hall have boughs of green,
With berries glowing in between,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every steeple ring a bell
With a joyful tale to tell,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every night put forth a star
To show us where the heavens are
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every pen enfold a lamb
Sleeping warm beside its dam
In the week when Christmas comes.

This is the week when Christmas comes.

Eleanor Farjeon