

Country Christmas

Roger Whittaker

Snow is falling faster now
And dusting on a hill.
Skaters on the river,
Gentle dancers in the chill.
The children's laughter ringing,
As they overturn their sleighs,
Waiting for a country Christmas day.

The chimneys hold the promise
Of a friendly fire inside.
And so it's after bedtime,
All the children's eyes are wide.
There might be cakes and short bread
On a shiny silver train,
Waiting for a country Christmas day.

Christmas in the country,
Like another time and place.
I see it in the little things,
In every smiling face.
It's crystal nights and far of lights
And children count the days.
Country Christmas and love will lead the way.

Dogs run after snowflakes,
In a never ending chase.
Soft lights through the window,
Foster's dalycurtis lay's
And reunited loved ones
Who've been far to long away,
Waiting for a country Christmas day.

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