

I Am So Glad Each Christmas Eve

Marie Wexelsen, 1859.

Peder Knudsen, 1859.

I am so glad each Christmas Eve,  
The night of Jesus' birth!  
Then like the sun the star shone forth,  
And angels sang on earth.

The little Child in Bethlehem,  
He was a King indeed!  
For He came down from Heaven above  
To help a world in need.

He dwells again in Heaven's realm,  
The Son of God today;  
And still He loves His little ones  
And hears them when they pray.

I am so glad on Christmas Eve!  
His praises then I sing;  
He opens then for every child  
The palace of the King.

The remaining stanzas are best suited for home use.

When mother trims the Christmas tree  
Which fills the room with light,  
She tells me of the wondrous star  
That made the dark world bright.

She says the star is shining still,  
And never will grow dim;  
And if it shines upon my way,  
It leads me up to Him.

And so I love each Christmas Eve  
And I love Jesus, too;  
And that He loves me every day  
I know so well is true.