**The Christmas Tree**

A happy little Christmas tree

Stood bravely in the cold,

And hoped to some nice family,

It one day would be sold

Many people loved the tree

And often told it so,

But most of them would later leave

With bigger trees in tow.

With a heavy heart and tired arms

The tree began to weep,

And as the day grew cold and dim

It cried itself to sleep.

That night an angel passing by

Took pity on the tree,

And flew it swiftly though the sky

To find a family.

On Christmas Day the tree awoke

To loud and joyful noise,

It saw the smiles of happy folks

And laughing girls and boys.



And way up high above the clouds

Where only angels roam,

A light was shining brighter now,

The tree had found a home.