



The Christmas Gift

By Dianne Gotay

What can I give You,
my sweet One, my Jesus?

Riches and jewels
and wealth I have none.

Songs with the angels
I can bring to Your manger,
To help Your dear Mother
to lull her sweet Son.

But this little voice
will fade with the dawning,

As all voices do
when we are called home.

No, my gift to You,
my Lord and my Master,
Must last You forever,
eternally won.

So I give You my life,
and I give You my soul;
And I ask that Your Will
shall always be done.

Dear Mary, as I stand
at the foot of His manger,
In your heart please
keep me one with your Son.