Child 1

Welcome to our living room, you join us just as each

Of us is finding their own spot to hear the monarch’s speech;

And after that another two traditions dad might keep,

He’ll watch the Sound of Music, and maybe have a sleep.

Dad

We had an early start today, just after four o’clock,

The kids had found the presents that were stuffed into their socks;

By five past four they were downstairs, and Santa Claus had come,

But what possessed the man in red to leave them each a drum?

Mum

I spent the morning cooking lunch and making cups of tea

With seven guests and thirteen veg it quite exhausted me;

With turkey and the trimmings we all ate more than we should,

And that’s before we started on my famous Christmas pud!

Child 2

We open presents carefully; we try to save the box,

And make four piles, one smelly stuff, another pants and socks,

The third is things we want to keep for us to use or play,

The final pile is photographed for selling on EBay.

Newsreader

We interrupt this programme; well it’s only a repeat

To bring you word from our reporters who are on the street

So over now to Bethlehem, assuming we are able,

To get the news from them outside a badly plastered stable.

Reporter 1

Thank you NAME

The building right behind me at this time every year

Sees crowds who’ve come to celebrate the birth of Jesus here,

It’s here the shepherds and the wise men found Him, so it’s said

Laid by His mother Mary in a manger for His bed.

Reporter 2

The party started yesterday, they gathered in the street,

The revellers spread peace and love to everyone they meet;

They sing songs, read from scriptures, and are truly in no doubt

The Holy Child, Emmanuel, He’s what it’s all about.

Child

Can we all go to Bethlehem; they’re having lots of fun

Celebrating at the birthplace of God’s only Son,

Or can we have a party here, with fun and games and maybe

We’ll bring to mind the birthday of that very special baby.

Dad

We won’t do that in our house, we don’t let Jesus in

We’ve got our own traditions, there’s no room left for Him

We’ve got no gold or frankincense, and certainly no myrrh,

Our Christmas cake’s not kosher, and the tinsel’s lost it’s fur.

Newsreader

We’ve got another newsflash as you’ve chosen to ignore

The things our correspondent there was telling you before,

Let’s go back now to Bethlehem and hear from our reporter

Who’s still outside that stable in the oldest poorest quarter.

Reporter 1

That baby grew to be a man and do amazing things

The leaders had Him crucified to try to clip His wings

The friends who took Him from the cross all thought it was the end,

But then He rose, went up to heaven, and will come back again.

Mum

To think I spent the morning working fingers to the bone

And then because nobody helped I washed up on my own;

I’d quite forgotten Christmas Day should be a time of joy

When people all around the world recall the baby boy.

Child

So get your Bible from the shelf and read from it again,

How Jesus, God’s beloved Son, appeared on earth to men.

Then please be like the innkeeper, who freely played his part,

And make room for the Holy child this Christmas in your heart.