The Fairy

Good evening, I’m the fairy sitting on the Christmas tree

To celebrate the festive time with all your family;

Whichever way you mark the day, you surely must agree

That no one sees more happen at your Christmas time than me.

My fairy like appearance is a heavenly disguise

Concealing my immortal form from your poor mortal eyes;

So give me just a moment while I tell you what I mean,

How through the fairy on the tree Almighty God is seen.

The white dress that I wear for sitting on the Christmas tree

In heaven’s a snow white robe that shines as brightly as can be;

This symbol of His glory shows His holiness to men,

The glory that He left when taking flesh in Bethlehem.

Just as my arms are open wide for people to come in,

In heaven God’s heart is waiting to forgive each sinner’s sin;

This symbol of His love shows us His death upon the cross,

Where suffering to save us all, His earthly life He lost

The halo made of tinsel floating high above my head

In heaven’s the crown of purest gold worn by the King instead;

This symbol of His majesty shows His eternal reign,

And tells us of our Lord’s appearance when He comes again,

The star-topped wand I hold tight in my tiny plastic hand

In heaven’s the sceptre that God wields for judgement on the land;

This symbol of His power shows us His final victory,

When Satan will be cast into the lake so fiery.

So this year when you place me high up on the Christmas tree,

To celebrate the festive time with all your family;

 Remember please the reason that I’ve come down here to earth,

And celebrate the baby king, rejoicing in His birth.