While The Yule Log Burns

While the yule log burns.
Family, neighbours, strangers, friends. Welcome all.
The door is not locked for those who may call.
Come in from the cold, warm by the fire.
Sup a strong drink, if that's your desire.
Remember the year, look to the next.
Sing a song, read from a text.
Rumbustious dancing, on shaky table.
"A slice more of pie, friend", if you are able.

While the yule log burns.
Through day, and through night.
The flame it is tended, a flickering sight.
A time for reflection, a time to give thanks.
Not just for those jolly, party-time pranks.
Rest and be thankful, or eat 'til you pop.
Drink up that cider, drink 'til you drop.
And when the yule log, finally ends.
That last wisp of smoke, up the chimney it wends.

Then your yule log burns.
And we visit your house.
You welcome us all.
And share what is yours.
While the yule log burns.

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