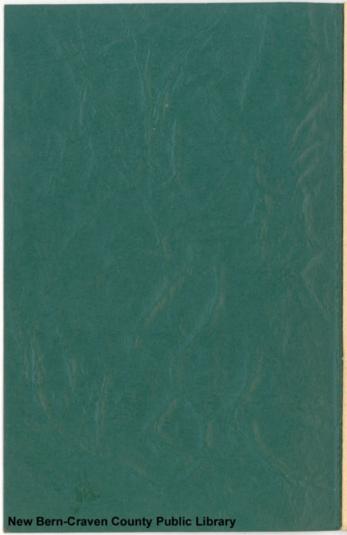


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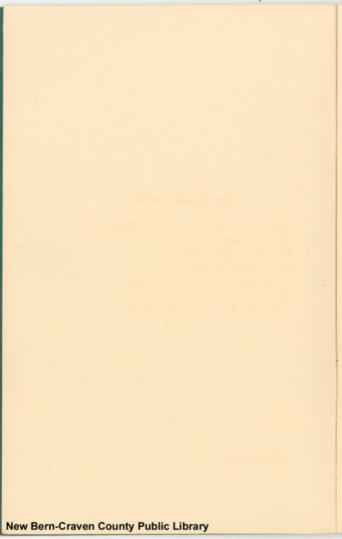
ONE SMALL CANDLE

and

OTHER CHRISTMAS POEMS

by

ETHEL D. WOOD



One Small Candle

One small candle can make Christmas.
This I know—
For in a stable dark and low,
By a little candle's glow,
I saw the face of Mary mild,
As she softly sweetly smiled
Upon her sleeping Holy Child.

PAGE THREE

Invitation

Last night I heard an angel song Above the Judean hill "Glory to God in the Highest Peace on the Earth, Good Will."

A bright star twinkled in the sky, It's mellow mystic light, Piercing the fleecy drifting clouds, Illumined the Winter night.

O, come with me to Bethlehem, Early on Christmas morn To the little Judean town Where Jesus Christ was born.

Beside a manger rude and bare Within a stable dim Kneeling with the shepherds there We, too, will worship Him.

PAGE FOUR

Bethlehem

Over the wind swept Judean hills Following a twinkling star, Let us go now to Bethlehem The journey is not far.

Perhaps some humble shepherds there, Upon the Syrian plain, Will join our little caravan They heard the sweet refrain.

Wise Men laden with gifts of Gold From countries strange and far Are hurrying through the Winter night, They too beheld the Star.

Let us go now to Bethlehem, The journey is not far For Bethlehem is everywhere That faith, hope and love are.

PAGE FIVE

A Priceless Gift

In an old legend we are not told Which of the Wise Men carried gold. Neither do we know the name Of him, who with some rare myrrh came; Nor the one, who from his treasured store Sweet frankincense to Jesus bore. It matters not from whence they came, Nor whether they had wealth or fame, And if they journeyed long and far Following a clear bright twinkling star. For each bore with him a priceless thing, Faith in the little new born King.

PAGE SIX

Would You?

Tinsel dust and star gleam
With moonlight on the snow;
Candles in the windows
Shedding their mellow glow;
Wreaths of holly shining
With berries red and bright;
Stockings by the chimney
In the warm fire light,
Symbols of glad Yule-tide—
If Christ on earth should roam,
Would then invite Him
Into your heart and home?

PAGE SEVEN

Peace On Earth

'Twas that first glad Christmas night, Moon and stars were shining bright. Shepherds on the Syrian plain Heard a joyous sweet refrain, "Peace on earth, to men, good will" Floated over vale and hill.

Now again 'tis Christmas night, Moon and stars are shining bright, Weary, war-torn world of men, Listen to the song again Floating over vale and hill "Peace on earth, to men, good will."

PAGE EIGHT

Tis Christmas Again

When wreaths of holly and mistletoe Hang in windows lighted by candle glow; And the goddess of the Winter air Is strewing snowflakes everywhere; When bells from towers are ringing And children sweetly singing, Songs of good will and peace on earth As angels sang at Jesus birth, Then, 'tis Christmas again.

PAGE NINE

King Of Kings

No one rang bells at Jesus'_birth Nor cried, "Long Live the King," Only the humble shepherds heard The herald angels sing.

No ivory palace was prepared But a stable bare and dim, No silken canopied wee bed Only a manger for Him.

He wore no soft warm ermine robe, Nor garments fine and thin, Mary had only swaddling clothes To wrap her Baby in.

No jeweled crown was ever placed Upon His royal head, On earth awating Him there was A crown of thorns instead.

He held no scepter in His hand, Nor sat on guilded throne, Yet millions do His bidding still And worship Him alone.

PAGE TEN

Holy Night

Moonlight and star bright, Above a Judean plain Shepherds watching in the fields Heard a sweet refrain.

Moonlight and star bright, In an Eastern land afar Wise Men with their gifts of gold Followed a twinkling star.

Moonlight and star bright, Over a stable shed Within, the infant Jesus slept, In His manger bed.

Moonlight and star bright, Holy Night of Jesus' birth, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," Still echoes round the earth.

PAGE ELEVEN

Christmas Candles

As we twine our wreaths of holly, With berries red and bright And hang them in our windows On each glad Christmas night.

Let us light our tapering candles, Mid revelry and din And place them in our windows To guide the Christ Child in.

PAGE TWELVE

Revelation

Once I met three wise men And journeyed on with them, To a lowly manger In far off Bethlehem.

I did not even try
The mystery to unfold,
It was enough for me
His own face to behold.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Consecration

No frankincense nor gold I bring, As offering, unto Christ, my King; Nor gems, nor silks, nor spices rare Will I present Him, kneeling there. But in the stable bare and dim There, I will give myself to Him.

PAGE FOURTEEN

