

Little Star

Carolyn Smith

Little star, way up high,
Twinkling in the evening sky.
I look at you shining bright,
a pinprick of sparkling, shining light.

Little star, ages old.
How many Christmases did you behold?
Did you see me as a child?
Filled with excitement as presents were piled.

Little star, did you see?
My grandparents and the children they used to be.
Each Christmas eve as they knelt in the pew,
a stocking, a six pence, an orange all that they knew.



Little star, do you hear?

The Queen's message to us, every year.

Talking about the times that have past,

and wishing us happiness that will last.

Little star, were you there?

When the bombs and canons stopped filling the air.

When all the soldiers stopped to play,

in world war one on Christmas day.

Little star, did you look down?

On Queen Victoria's first Christmas tree, in London town.

When everyone looked on in delight,

at such a twinkling, marvellous sight.

But Little star, more important to me,
Did you guide the shepherds, the special baby to see.
And did you show wise men the way they should go,
to a baby in a manger, lying low.

Little star, as you give way to the dawn,
I pray that your light will still shine on.
Thank you for your light that has helped me to see
the importance of Christmas, friends and family.

