

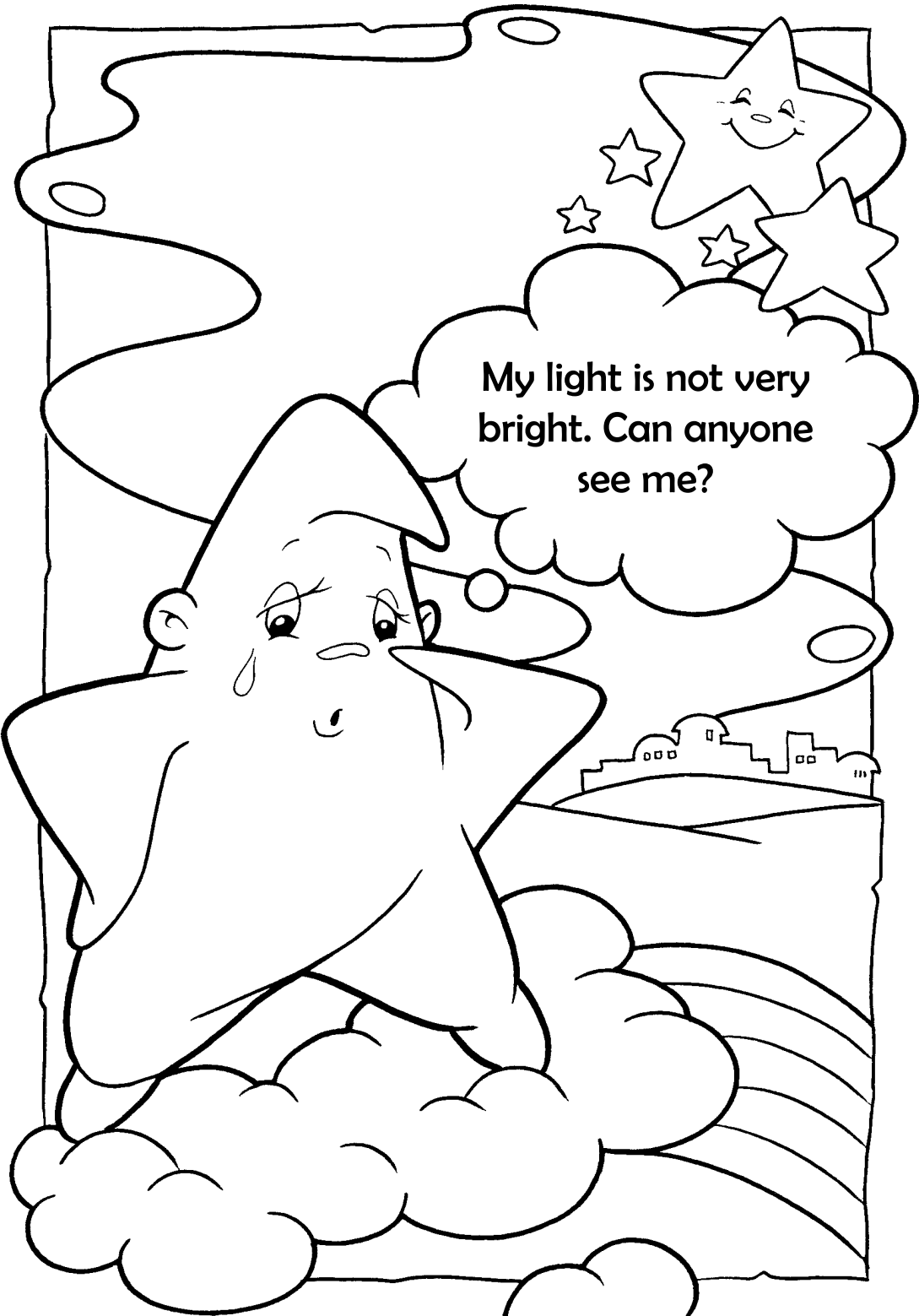


In the starry night sky
long, long ago,

A twinkling star shone
out its warm glow

Down from the heavens
to the land as it slept;

Yet up in its glory the
little star wept:



"Of the lights in the universe,
the smallest is mine;

Can anyone below see my
little shine?

All around me magnificent
stars hang in place;

With their bright lights,
can any see my face?"



Then through the sky an
angel's voice was heard,

Whispering as she spoke
each sorrowful word:

"I am small, too,"
the angel child wept,

"For my tiny voice was
not missed as I slept."



For while the angel child
had slept so tight,

The host of angels had
sung through the night.

Songs of joy they sang,
and of heavenly bliss;

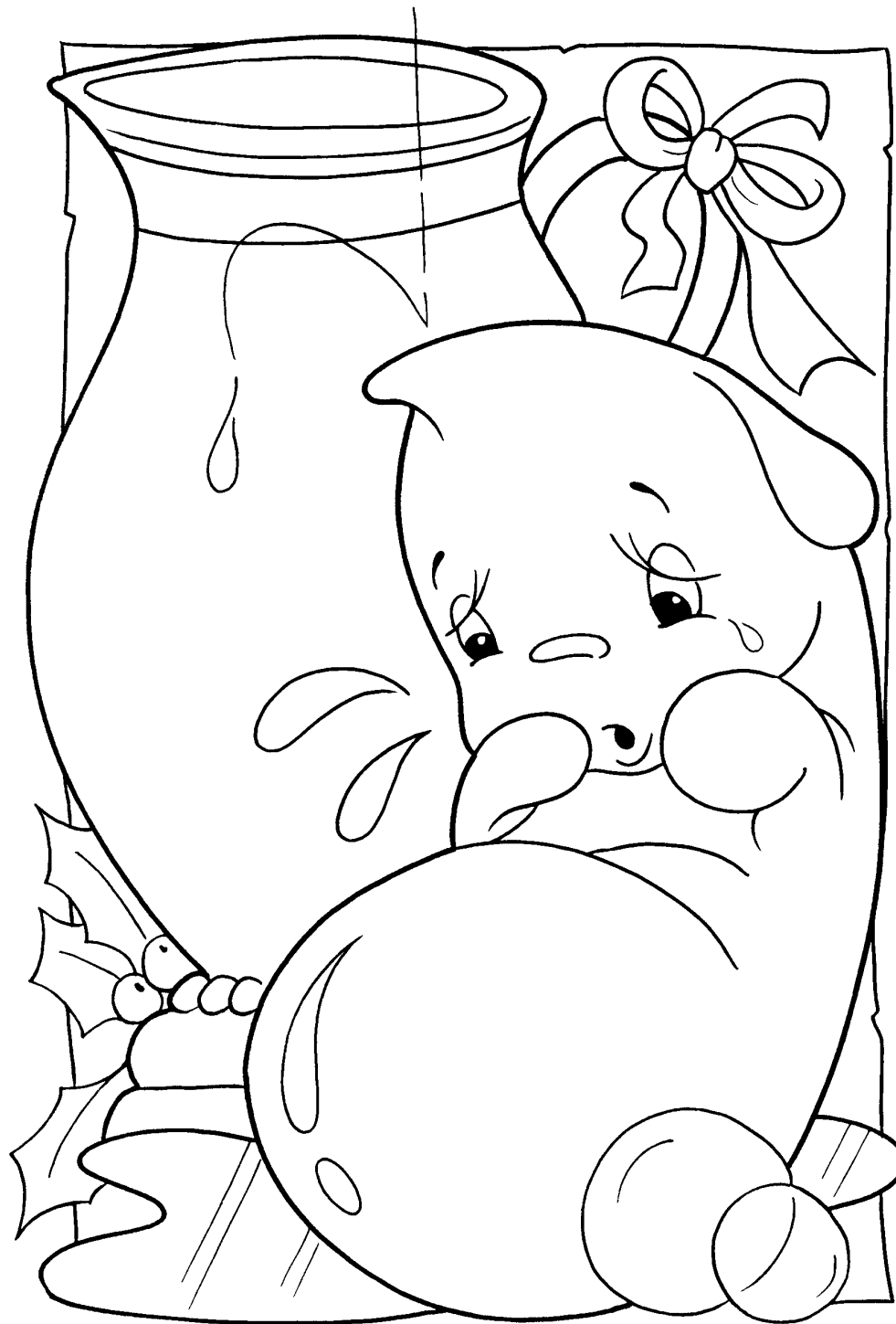
Yet, it seemed, one tiny
voice was not missed.

Far below,
another
unhappy sob
gave voice.

It was a tear—
truly not a
droplet of
choice!

"I am but a
teardrop—
unloved and
unknown.

I have no
name, but fall
silent, alone."



"I speak of
sadness, hurt,
and pain of the
heart,

When times are
low and loved
ones must part.

Yet I desire to
be more—to
tell happiness
best.

I wish to tell of
joy!" was
the teardrop's
request.

A firefly, too,
his sorrows
told to all.

"I am not
special—just
an insect, so
small.

Butterflies have
beautiful colors
and grace,

Yet I fly about
and bring no
joy to this
place."

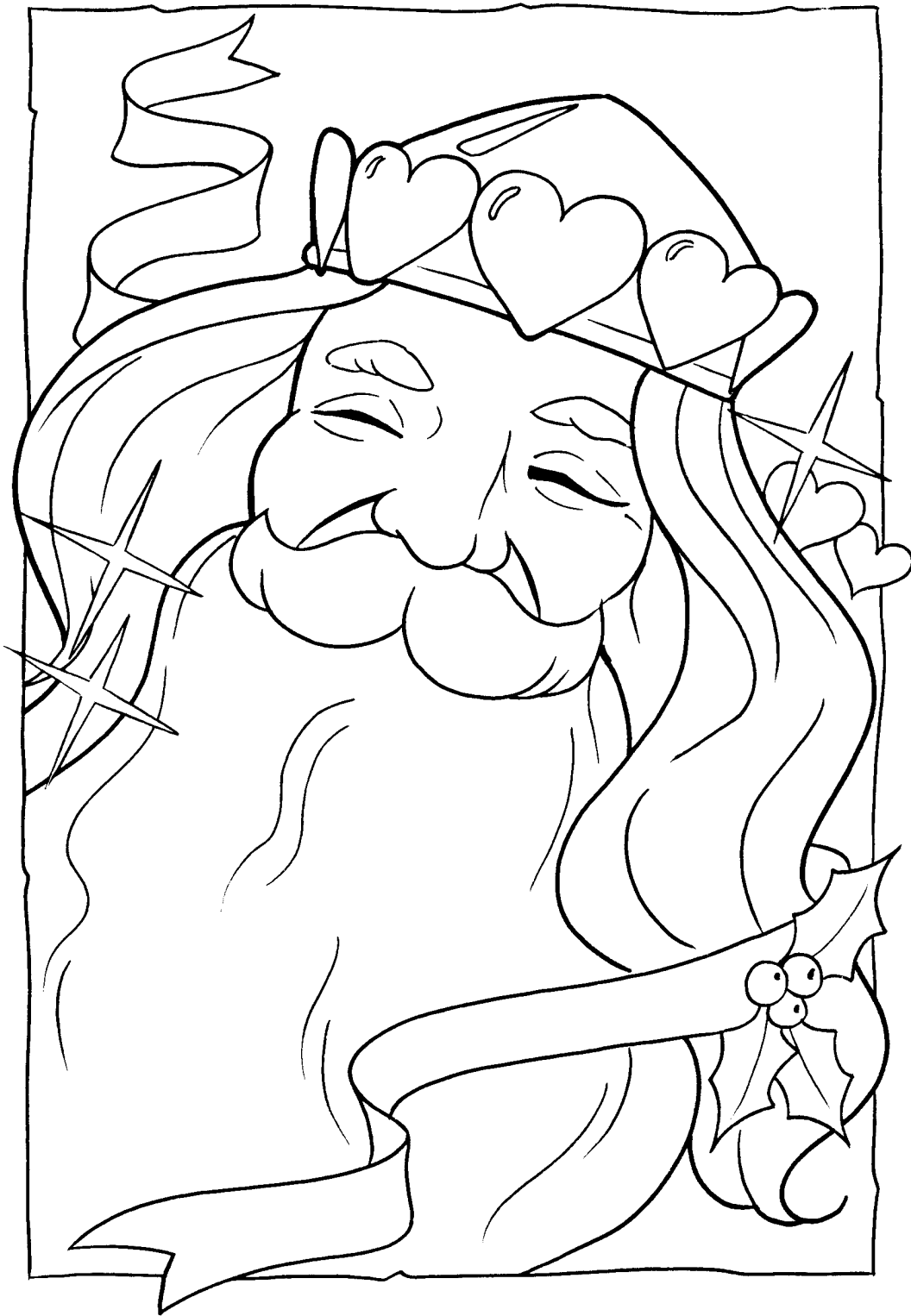


"If only I was
a bird, or
a fragrant
flower,

I'd scatter
beauty no
matter what
the hour.

Instead, I am
bland, with no
color or scent.

Plain as I am,
how can I be
content?"



In the heavens above, God
did lovingly hear

The sad cries of these whom
He held oh, so dear.

"Why do you sigh, little
ones?" He gently said.

"I have created you perfectly,
as My heart has led."



'Twinkle now, little star, for
a young shepherd boy

Seeks your glow to bring
his heart some joy."

God kissed the star and
showed him the lad,

Who looked to the sky, and
his heart was made glad



On Earth a babe lay in a
manger of hay;

God turned to the angel,
and with love did say:

"Angel dear, for you I
wrote a soothing lullaby

To sing to My Child, to
calm His little cry."

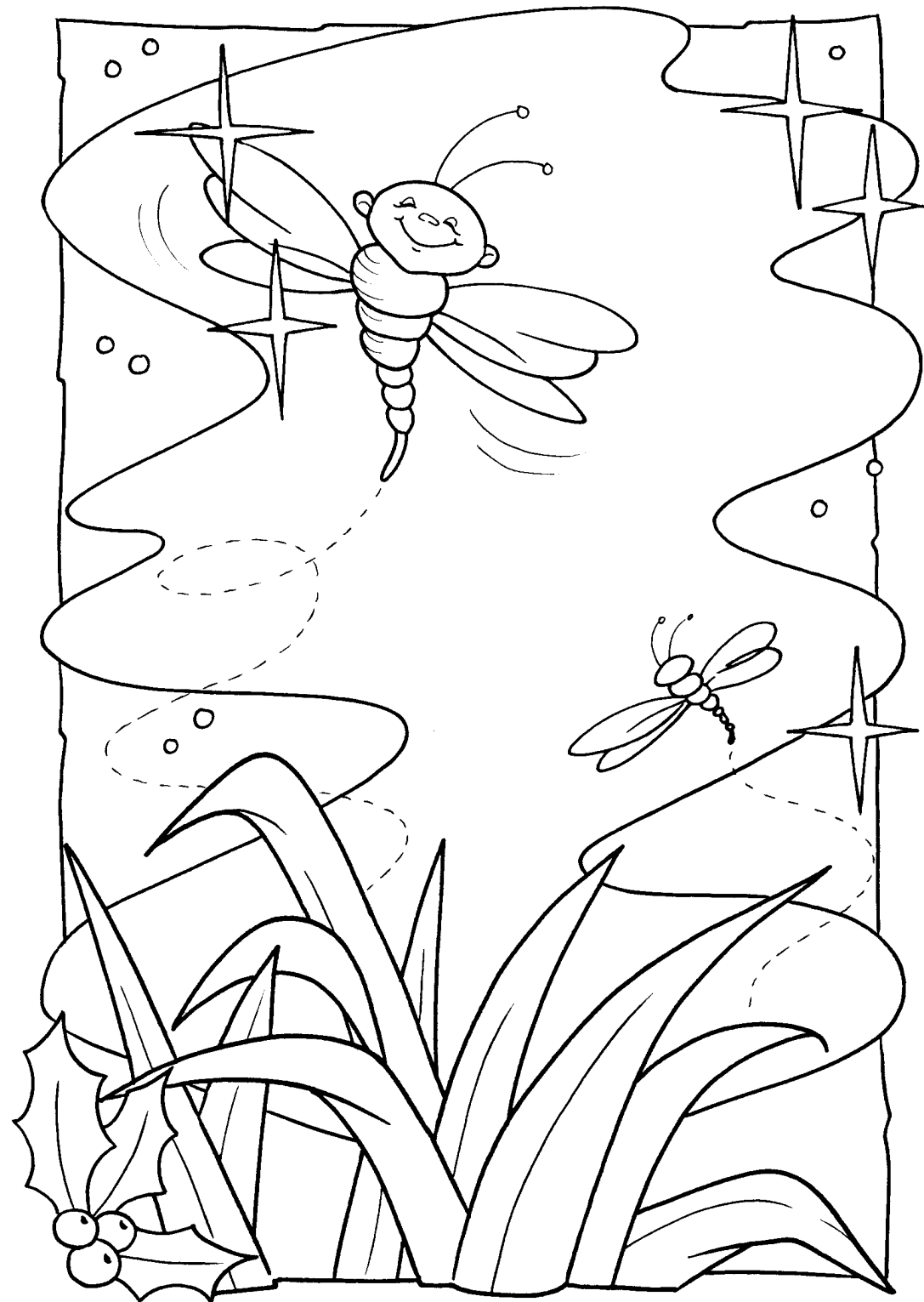


"And, teardrop dear,
you show wondrous thrill

Known to the Babe's
mother as you slowly spill

From her cheek, to kiss
the smile on her face.

Dearest one, you have
found your place."



"And where is My firefly?"
God asked that night.

"Please dance for My Child,
born on Earth tonight.

Sparkle, for the darkness
has made you to shine.

Twirl again, firefly, for this
darling of Mine."



So the firefly danced, the
angel did sweetly coo,

The star shone brightly, and
the teardrop spilled, too.

They were all little, yet each
God's perfect design

To be a part of that
Christmas, once upon a time.