

THE OLD LAMP

A lamp once hung in an ancient town
At the corner of a street,
Where the wind was keen, and the way was dark,
And the rain would often beat;
And all night long, its light would shine
To guide the traveler's feet.

The lamp was tough and plain and old,
And the storm had beaten it sore;
'Twas not a thing one would care to show,
Whate'er it had been before,
But no one thought what the lantern was,
'Twas the light that, within, it bore.

The lamp is a text for young and old,
Who seek in a world of pride
To shine for their lord and to show him forth,
And never their light to hide;
You are the lantern,
But *Christ* is the *light* inside.

- Author Unknown