

A VIRGIN'S TALE  
(Matthew 25:1-13)  
by Tracy B. Barfield

The quiet stillness roused me from sleep,  
Then off in the distance I heard someone weep.

I had hoped to married that particular day,  
But still weary from slumber, I soon lost my way.

The darkness was thick, the air seemed so damp,  
Yet I still somehow managed to find my good lamp.

Suddenly I felt foreboding, a feeling of doom,  
So I quickly lit the lamp--and saw the eyes of the Groom!

It was just for an instant, the lamp quickly went out,  
The Groom's eyes looked so sad as I started to shout.

"Please, wait just a minute!" I cried out in vain,  
"Let me find some more oil, so I can light it again!"

Then I heard a door shut, which I now cannot find,  
Then, with horror, I realized I'd been left behind!

So tend to your lamps often, have your oil so stored,  
That you keep your light burning to find the narrow door.

Be ready for the Bridegroom with a love so sincere,  
Yes, be ready for the Bridegroom, for his coming is near.

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