

The Hermit.

By Bernard Shaw

As he sits a pondering there,
With shining eyes and snow white hair.
What is going through his mind,
Is he thinking of mankind.
Or are thoughts of Heaven his,
With Manna, Harps and Godly Bliss.
Has he found the truths of old,
That cannot be weighed with pots of gold.
Is it nature tht he fears,
As he sits there through the years.
Is he tired of earthly things,
With its traps and deadly stings.
That place of his is vacant now,
Did he sit there for a vow.
If I take his place maybe,
Some of the answers will come to me.
So, If you see me sitting there,
With shining eyes and snow white hair.
Don't ask yourself, what does he see,
Perhaps you are the one to replace me.

Bernard Shaw.

Christmas Carol.

By Bernard Shaw

What star is that so shining, bright,
Lighting up this blessed night.
Shepherds watchful, without sleep,
Keeping guard on restless sheep.
A guiding omen, Heavens sign,

Pointing to that child divine.
Earthly kings are on their way,
To greet the new born, on this day.
Costly presents, gifts of love,
For that baby from above.
Signal of mankind's greatest need,
God's own son for us to lead.
Mary's child in poverty born,
Riches in this life to scorn.
Come to lead us to the light,
On that wondrous, Heavenly night.

Your email to Bernard Shaw is welcomed!