

Hope Is A Warm Blanket



*~ 10 inspirational poems ~
by Eliza Wilson*

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The One Who Keeps Our Candle Burning



The night is long,
the air is cold,
the lost sheep go astray.
The wind is strong,
the time is old,
and home is far away.

And as we go
towards that shore
on this cold winter night,
the shadows grow
forever more
and darken our sight.

But far away
a light is born
to soothe our weary eyes,
and as we stray,
we feel the morn
and hope that never dies.

And we may stumble,
we may bend,
lost, frozen to the bone,
but that bright candle
gives us strength
to make it safely home.

The Orphans of This World



In God's eyes we are all the same,
He knows each one of us by name.
He calls the orphans of this world
Under his wings, far from the cold.

When you feel lonely in the night,
He comes to you to hold you tight.
When tears burn like acid rain,
He comes to you to soothe your pain.

You are so precious in God's eyes,
He paid for you such a high price.
He send his Son into the world
To face the darkness and the cold,

To share the mortals' destiny,
To give you hope, to set you free.
The little babe Jesus was born
For you, the orphans of this world.

Quo Vadis, Domine?



Where are you going, Lord,
To which enchanted shore?
To which unspoken world
Beyond the secret door?

Where are you going, Lord,
To which lost paradise?
To which sweet lands of old
Beyond our mortal eyes?

Where are you going, Lord,
To which ocean of light?
To which mountains of gold
Beyond our lonely night?

Where are you going, Lord,
To which brand new today
Forgotten by time's sword,
Beyond the Milky Way?

Where are you going, Lord,
To which new rising suns,
Away from all the cold,
Away from tears and guns?

But wherever you go,
O, Lord God from above,
Can you make room for us,
The children of your love?

Hope Is A Warm Blanket



Hope is a warm blanket
In the winter night;
Heavy winds might shake it
But you hold it tight.

If they ever took it,
You would feel so cold.
Hope is a warm blanket
Left for you to hold.

Once There Were Two Peddlers

Once there were two peddlers
Walking up and down,
Shouting their business
In a busy town.

One was selling rope and soap,
The other was selling hope.

"Go away, you steal my clients!
They should send you to the lions!"

"They have and they will,
But I'll be here still."

"To be honest, I can't see
Why they turn to you, not me."

"Cause you sell death for a fee,
I give life and hope for free!"

Don't Cry, My Child



Don't cry, my child, the night is over
And all the shadows fade away.
Lift up your face, my weary rover,
There's no more need for you to stray.

Once you were lost in a dark forest
With the cold tombstones of the dead,
You had no friends to share your sadness,
You had no place to lay your head.

The weight of life was overwhelming
And so was the pain in your heart...
Your only treasure was the longing
That secretly tore you apart.

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