

# Smalltown Poets, Who You Are

You hung the hopes of a world  
on a shining star  
ready to give just a glimpse  
a little bit of who You are  
when the heavens wink on a midnight clear  
takes me back thirty years  
and again i hear  
glory, glory, angels sing  
to the now and always King  
glory to the One who brings  
a little bit of who You are  
i lay my head in a pasture bed  
to this very day  
there are a few of us left to the Master's work  
is it true help is on its way?  
the faintest flickers above have gone  
but a shepherd greets me with dawn  
saying, "I am the One"  
suddenly there's nothing left of Him  
but a little light burning deep within me  
glory, glory angels sing  
to the now and always King  
glory to the One who brings  
peace and life and everything