

One small Child in a land of a thousand, one small dream of a Savior tonight,  
One small hand reaching out to the starlight, one small city of life.

One king bringing his gold and riches, One king ruling an army of might,

One king kneeling with incense and candle light, One King bringing us life.

See him lying, a cradle beneath him; See him smiling in the stall.

See his mother praising his Father; See his tiny eyelids fall.

One small light from the flame of a candle, one small light from a city of  
might,

One small light from the stars in the endless night, one small light from a  
face. O! O! See the shepherds kneeling before him; see the kings on bended  
knee. See his mother praising his Father; see the blessed Infant sleep.

One small child in a land of a thousand, one small dream in a people of  
might, one small hand reaching out to the starlight, one small Savior of life.  
O!