

# Three Little Pennies

Doug Stone

there was an old, blind man  
who stood on the corner down town

he was holding a cup  
filled up with nothing  
from the christmas shopping crowd  
and though i barely came up to the top of his cane  
i reached up and gave him  
every cent to my name.

three little pennies.  
were all that i had  
one that i'd found  
two from my dad  
three little pennies not much of a gift  
but Dad said "that's plenty, if it's all you can give."

that evening my dad told a wonderful story to me  
about a child and the manger.  
the wise men who came bearing gifts on the first christmas eve.  
there was a part i'm sure he made up  
about a stable boy who couldn't give much..

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next morning was christmas  
and i had prayed hard for a bike  
but all that i found was the tiniest box  
with three shiny pennies inside

and i was so disapointed because i had been good  
but times had been bad so i understood.  
and daddy said:

"three little pennies.  
were all that you had  
but you gave them freely  
so i gave them back  
three little pennies not much of a gift  
you'r bike is outside because you've learned how to give"