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IRBY

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876



4 And our eyes at last shall see him, Through his own redeeming love,
For that child who seemed so helpless Is our Lord in heav'n above:
And he leads his children on To the place where he is gone.

5 Not in that poor lowly stable, With the oxen standing 'round,
We shall see him, but in heaven, Where his saints his throne surround:
Christ, revealed to faithful eye, Set at God's right hand on high.

6 We, like Mary, rest confounded That a stable should display
Heaven's Word, the world's creator, Cradled there on Christmas Day!
Yet this child, our Lord and brother, Brought us love for one another.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1818–1898