



*Back To Bethlehem*

Back to Bethlehem I look, and there in wonder gaze  
On Christ the Lord of Glory, in lowliness and grace,  
Lying in a manger, the Babe in swaddling clothes,  
The mighty God incarnate, the Bearer of our woes.

I watch Him in His sojourn in all this "Vale of Tears,"  
The sympathetic Jesus, the Lord of all my fears.  
I see Him cleanse the leper, I watch Him raise the dead,  
I hear Him still the tempest—"peace," to the waves, He said.

I follow Him to Gethsemane, and see Him kneeling there,  
"Not My will, but Thine be done" as man, He breathes in prayer,  
I go with Him to Calvary to the accursed tree,  
My Sacrifice and Saviour, He gave Himself for ME.

I hear Him say, "'Tis finished,"—the Victor's work is done.  
He leaves the grave, He conquers death, ascending to the Throne.  
He says, "I surely come again," let all His saints prepare  
For that great and joyous nuptial day—the Meeting in the Air.

*By Hawthorne Bailie, Belfast*