

4. For He is our childhood's pattern; Day by day, like us He grew; He was little, weak and helpless, Tears and smiles like us He knew; And He feeleth for our sadness, And He shareth in our gladness. 5. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love; For that Child so dear and gentle Is our Lord in heaven above, And He leads His children on To the place where He is gone.

6. Not in that poor lowly stable,With the oxen standing by,We shall see Him; but in heaven,Set at God's right hand on high;Where like stars His children crownedAll in white shall wait around.