

## **SEE HIM LYING ON A BED OF STRAW**

A draughty stable with an open door;  
Mary cradling the babe she bore;  
The Prince of glory is His name.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem,  
To see the Lord appear to men;  
Just as poor as was the stable then,  
The Prince of glory when He came.*

Star of silver, sweep across the skies,  
Show where Jesus in the manger lies;  
Shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise  
To see the Saviour of the world.

Angels, sing again the song you sang,  
Bring God's glory to the heart of man;  
Sing that Bethl'em's little baby can  
Be salvation to the soul.

Mine are riches, from Thy poverty,  
From Thine innocence, eternity;  
Mine, forgiveness by Thy death for me,  
Child of sorrow for my joy.