

That Night 6.6.6.6.

The starlit sky is clear,
The snow is crisp and white,
No stable here, and yet
My thoughts are of that night.
That night so long ago,
In that land so far away,
Where one star shone out bright,
'Bove where the Saviour lay.
A manger crude and bare,
Was where He lay His head,
No swansdown cot for Him,
But fresh, sweet hay instead.
The shepherds came to praise,
And kings with gifts so rare,
And all who saw the babe
Gave Him full worship there.
There amongst the beasts,
The star above still bright,
God came down to earth,
An infant child, that night.
There in that poor stable,
By that dim, flick'ring light,
He was born to save us,
Our Saviour born that night.

© Colin Gordon-Farleigh, 2006