

But some, kind Father Christmas,
'Most fear to hear thy tread,
This year has robbed them of their best,
And laid them with the dead.

But thou wilt whisper tenderly
To hearts thus sorely riven,
And tell them how their loved join in
The natal song of heaven.

Then gather round the Christmas tree,
Come gather one and all,
For love hath laden every bough
With gifts for great and small.

Each branch breathes joy to all below,
Bliss to the peaceful dead,
And of his vast unfathomed love
O'er all the world outspread.

The fire-light's cheerful ruddy blaze,
The holly round the wall,
All tell of Him, who gladly came
Down to redeem us all.

Then on this hallowed birthday morn
Come gather, old and young,
Join in the glad thanksgiving hymn
With heart and mind and tongue.

And bring out those dear empty chairs
E'en though your eyes be dim—
For those who sat in them last year
Are now at home with Him.