

Long years have fled, but we ne'er forget,
Nor shall we this side of Paradise,
Our dear ones, whose faces are with us yet,
Bringing scalding tears to our blinded eyes ;
Brown eyes so gentle, and fair fair curl,
Round orbs of blue, that left us forlorn,
When our baby died, and our little girl
Was born into Heaven on Christmas Morn.

We are growing old, and 'twill soon be time
For the ship of Heaven to come our way,
And float us o'er to the deathless clime,
Where heart-breaking partings cease for aye.
Then, sweeter tones than of thrush or merle,
Shall welcome the pair world-weary worn,
From the baby boy and the little girl
Who was born into Heaven on Christmas Morn.

