

# When I Think of Your Birth

When I think of your birth,  
I see a lowly manger,  
the place where you were born  
upon a Christmas morn.

When I think of your birth,  
I see a shining star,  
revealing where You are,  
a light for all the earth.

Star shine down on me.  
Let me see your light.  
Star shine down on me.  
Guide me through the night.

When I think of your life  
I see unselfish giving,  
the life that you were living,  
with lessons that you sought to share  
to teach me how to live.

When I think of your life  
I see the lame ones walking,  
the deaf and dumb are talking,  
your greatness to proclaim.

Jesus create in me  
a heart of love so true.  
Jesus create in me  
a heart of love for you.

When I think of your death  
I see a lonely cross  
where You died for the lost  
so that I too might live.  
When I think of your death,  
I see a lonely tomb  
that death could not consume  
You rose to make a place for me  
so in heaven there would be room for me,  
so in heaven there would be room.