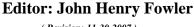
Come Ye Lofty

(1871)



(1816 - 1893)



(Revision: 11-30-2007)





- 1: Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly, Let your songs of gladness ring; In a stable lies the Holy, In a manger rests the King: See in Mary's arms reposing Christ by highest Heav'n adored: Come, your circle round Him closing, Pious hearts that love the Lord.
- 2: Come ye poor, no pomp of station Robes the Child your hearts adore; He, the Lord of all salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor: Oxen, round about behold them; Rafters naked, cold, and bare, See the shepherds, God has told them That the Prince of Life lies there.
- 3: Come, ye children, blithe and merry, This one Child your model make; Christmas holly, leaf, and berry, All be prized for His dear sake: Come ye gentle hearts and tender, Come ye spirits keen and bold; All in all your homage render, Weak and mighty, young and old.
- 4: High above a star is shining, And the wise men haste from far: Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining— For you all has ris'n the star. Let us bring our poor oblations, Thanks and love, and faith and praise; Come, ye people, come, ye nations, All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5: Hark the Heav'n of heav'ns is ringing: Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

Lyrics: <u>Archer T. Gueney</u> in Christmas Carols New and Old, by <u>Henry R. Bramley</u> and <u>John Stainer</u> (London: Novello, Ewer & Co., 1871),