

Come, Ye Lofty

♩=115

Archer Thompson Gurney (1820-1887)

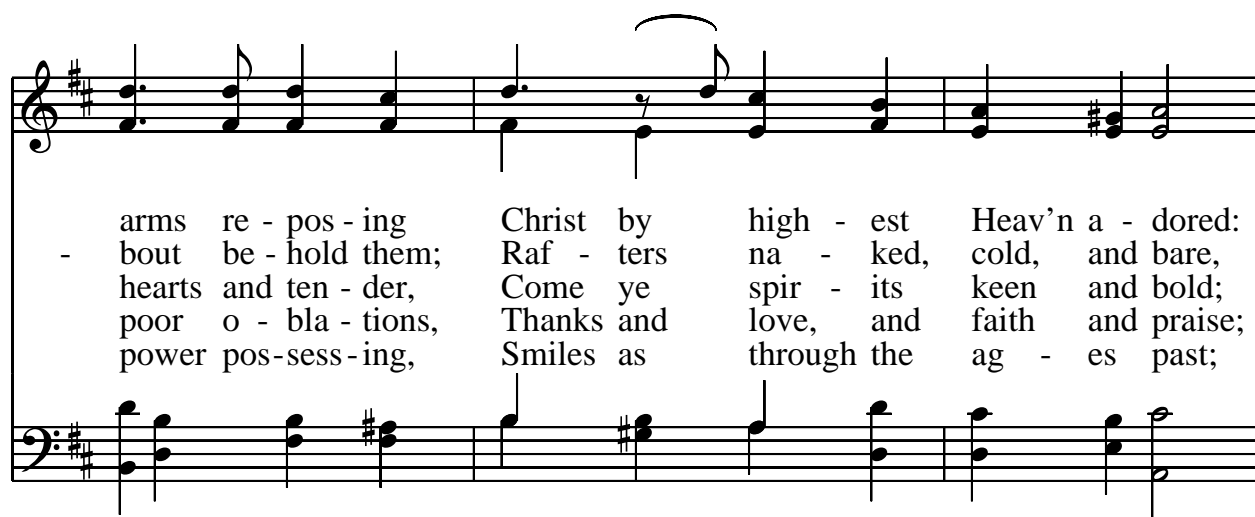
1. Come, ye lof - ty, come, ye low - ly, Let your songs of
 2. Come ye poor, no pomp of sta - tion Robes the Child your
 3. Come, ye child - ren, blithe and mer - ry, This one Child your
 4. High a - bove a star is shin - ing, And the wise men
 5. Hark the Heav'n of heav'ns is ring - ing: Christ the Lord to

glad - ness ring; In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly,
 hearts a - dore; He, the Lord of all sal - va - tion,
 mo - del make; Christ - mas hol - ly, leaf, and ber - ry,
 haste from far: Come, glad hearts, and spir - its pin - ing—
 man is born! Are not all our hearts, too, sing - ing,

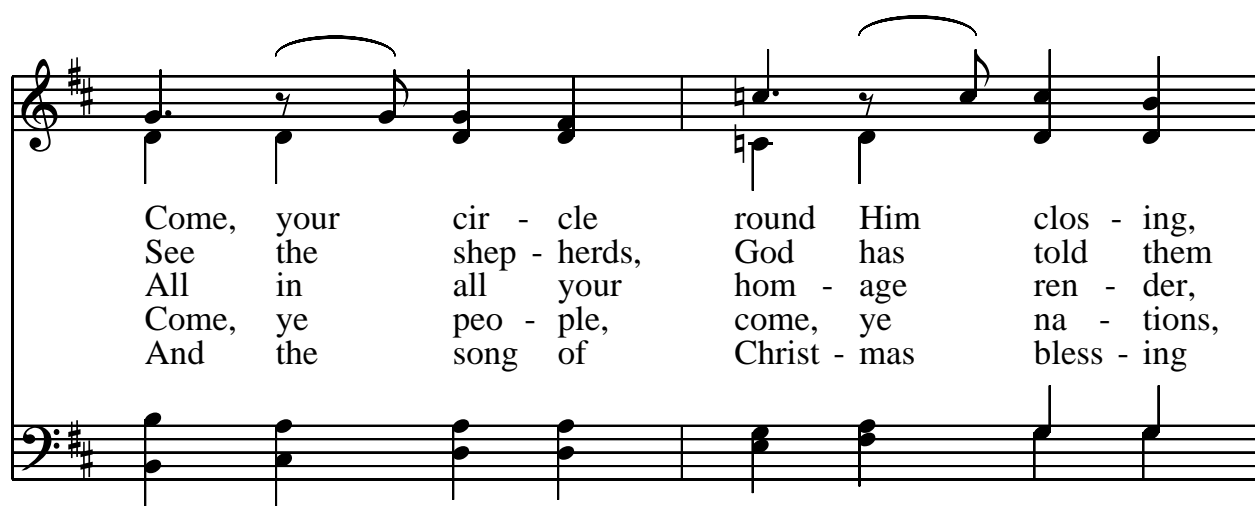
In a man - ger rests the King: See in Ma - ry's
 Shares your want, is weak and poor: Ox - en, round a -
 All be prized for His dear sake: Come ye gen - tle
 For you all has ris'n the star. Let us bring our
 Wel - come, wel - come, Christ - mas morn? Still the Child, all

Music: George Job Elvey (1816-1893)

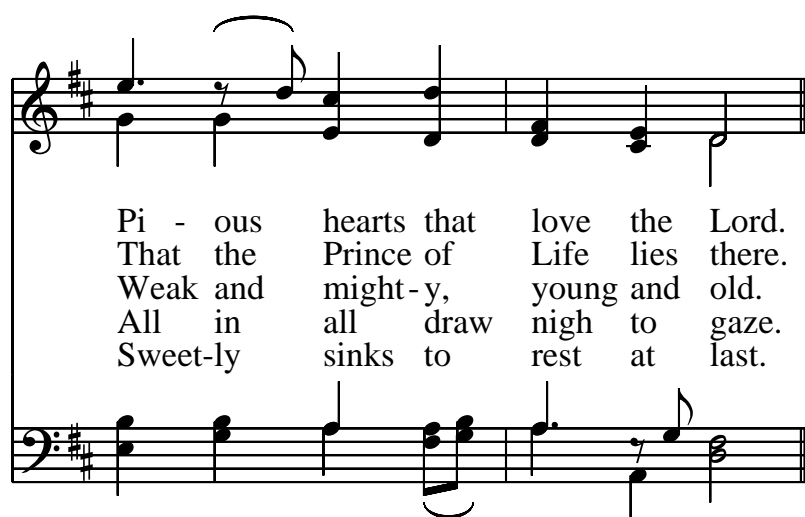
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arms re - pos - ing Christ by high - est Heav'n a - dored:
 - bout be - hold them; Raf - ters na - ked, cold, and bare,
 hearts and ten - der, Come ye spir - its keen and bold;
 poor o - bla - tions, Thanks and love, and faith and praise;
 power pos - sess - ing, Smiles as through the ag - es past;



Come, your cir - cle round Him clos - ing,
 See the shep - herds, God has told them
 All in all your hom - age ren - der,
 Come, ye peo - ple, come, ye na - tions,
 And the song of Christ - mas bless - ing



Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.
 That the Prince of Life lies there.
 Weak and might-y, young and old.
 All in all draw nigh to gaze.
 Sweet-ly sinks to rest at last.