

Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly

Christmas traditional

mf Andante pastorale

1. Come, ye loft-y, come ye low-ly, Let your songs of glad-ness ring; In a sta-ble lies the

8

Ho-ly In a man-ger rests the King; See in Ma-ry's arms re - pos-ing Christ by

14

High - est Heav'n a - dored; Come, your cir-cle round Him clos-ing, Pi-ous hearts that love the Lord.

2. Come, ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adored;
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 risen a 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 Heaven of heavens 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.