Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly

Archer Gurney (1820 - 1887)

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

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:

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:

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 the star.

5. Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing:
   Christ the Lord to man is born!
   Are not all our hearths, too, singing,
   Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn:

6. In a man-ger rests the King;
   See in Mary’s arms re-pos-ing, Christ by high-est

7. Heav’n a-dored? Come, your cir-cle round Him clos-ing, Pi-ous hearts that love the Lord.

8. 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.

9. Still the Child, all power possessing,
   Smiles as through the ages past;
   And the song of Christmas blessing
   Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)

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