

Religious Music

"Come, Ye Lofty"

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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 heaven adored:
Come, your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

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.

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.

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.
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.

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.

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