


Come, Ye Lofty

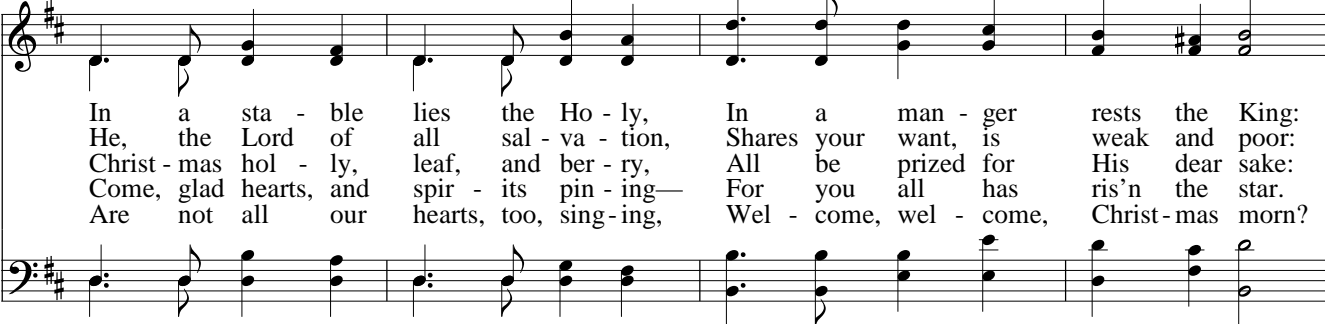
Archer Thompson Gurney, 1871

George Job Elvey

$\text{♩} = 115$



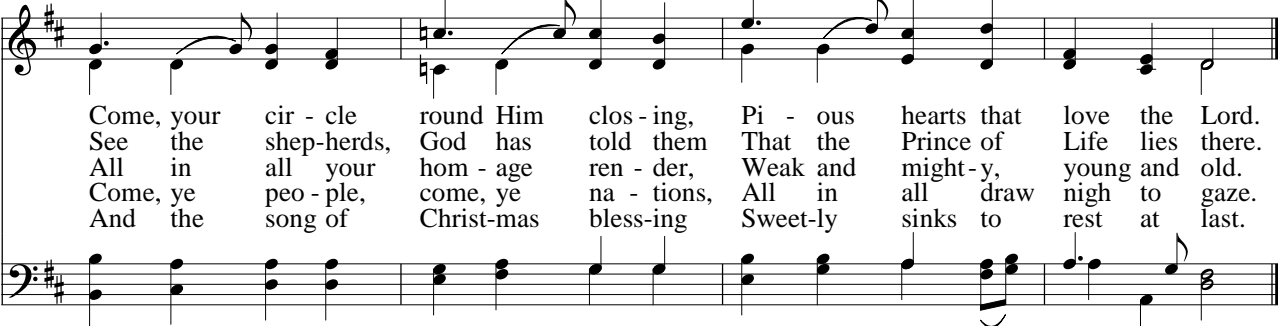
1. Come, ye lof - ty, come, ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad - ness ring;
2. Come ye poor, no pomp of sta - tion Robes the Child your hearts a - dore;
3. Come, ye child - ren, blithe and mer - ry, This one Child your mo - del make;
4. High a - bove a star is shin - ing, And the wise men haste from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



In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King:
He, the Lord of all sal - va - tion, Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Christ - mas hol - ly, leaf, and ber - ry, All be prized for His dear sake:
Come, glad hearts, and spir - its pin - ing— For you all has ris'n the star.
Are not all our hearts, too, sing - ing, Wel - come, wel - come, Christ - mas morn?



See in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing Christ by high - est Heav'n a - dored:
Ox - en, round a - bout be - hold them; Raf - ters na - ked, cold, and bare,
Come ye gen - tle hearts and ten - der, Come ye spir - its keen and bold;
Let us bring our poor o - bla - tions, Thanks and love, and faith and praise;
Still the Child, all power pos - sess - ing, Smiles as through the ag - es past;



Come, your cir - cle round Him clos - ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.
See the shep - herds, God has told them That the Prince of Life lies there.
All in all your hom - age ren - der, Weak and might - y, young and old.
Come, ye peo - ple, come, ye na - tions, All in all draw nigh to gaze.
And the song of Christ - mas bless - ing Sweet - ly sinks to rest at last.