

# Our Festive Song

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane

*♩=95*

1. We wel - come with de - light A - no - ther hap - py day, Our hearts like mer - ry bells Ring  
 2. Cold win - ter flies a - way, The blush - ing, fair - y spring Comes trip - ping o'er the lees, While  
 3. The straight and nar - row path O may we ear - ly find, And try to serve the Lord With

out the sil - ver lay; We catch the ro - sy beams Re - flect - ed from the eye Of  
 birds are on the wing; And now, a mer - ry throng, We come as glad as they; Our  
 heart, and soul, and mind; O what a hap - py day, And one that ne'er shall end, In

*Refrain*

Him whose won - ders fill the earth, Whose glo - ry fills the sky.  
 ban - ners wav - ing in the air, We hail our fes - tive day. A - no - ther year has gone, A -  
 that bright world where an - gels sing, We all with Him may spend!

- no - ther year be - gun; To our Re - deem - er glo - ry be For all His love for me. We thank His ho - ly name For

all His ten - der care, We praise Him for the Sun - day School, And faith - ful teach - ers there.