Come, ye lofty

Traditional



- 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: 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,
 Week and mighty, young and old
- 4. High above a star is shining,
 And the Wisemen 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.
- 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.