



- 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, weak and mighty, young and old.
- 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.
  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.

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