As With Gladness Men Of Old

Words: William C. Dix
Music: Arr. fr. C. Kocher

As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold;
As with joyful steps they sped To that lowly manger bed,
As they offered gifts most rare At that manger rude and bare;
Holy Jesus, every day Keep us in the narrow way;

As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beam-ing bright;
There to bend the knee before Him whom heav'n and earth adore;
So may we with holy joy, Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
And, when earthly things are past, Bring our ransom'd souls at last

So, most gracious God, may we Ever more be led to Thee.
So may we with willing feet Ever seek Thy mercy seat.
All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'nly King.
Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

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