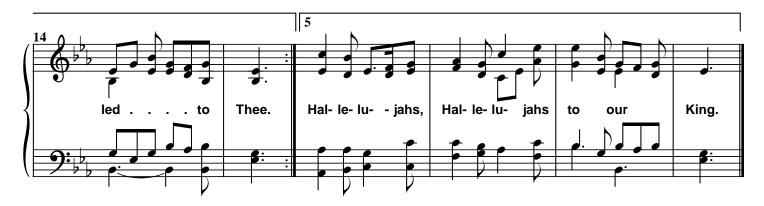
As with gladness men of old







As with gladness, men of old Did the guiding star behold As with joy they hailed its light Leading onward, beaming bright So, most glorious Lord, may we Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped To that lowly manger bed There to bend the knee before Him whom Heaven and earth adore; So may we with willing feet Ever seek Thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare At that manger rude and bare; So may we with holy joy, Pure and free from sin's alloy, All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heavenly king. Holy Jesus, every day Keep us in the narrow way; And, when earthly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright, Need they no created light; Thou its light, its joy, its crown, Thou its sun which goes not down; There forever may we sing Alleluias to our king!

William Dix