

Sing We Now of Joy and Gladness

W. Gilbert, before 1917

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♩=100

1. Sing we now of joy and glad-ness, Christ our king come down to earth,
2. Haste we, then, this birth-day morn-ing, To the Beth-lehem cat-tle shed;
3. Of-fer we in plen-teous mea-sure Gold and gem and cost-ly spice;

cresc. *f*

Frees man-kind from pain and sad-ness Hail th'in-car-nate Sav-ior's birth.
Heed we not, tho' scant a-dorn-ing Deck the low-ly man-ger bed;
If our hearts at-tend our trea-sure He'll ac-cept the sac-ri-fice:

dim. *p*

List, an-gel-ic strains are stream-ing Through the Or-ient skies;
Though man's flesh-ly form He wear-eth, In His birth-place bare,
If to Him our life be giv-en, Raised from earth our eyes,

cresc. *f*

Look, ce-les-tial light is beam-ing On the won-dering shep-herds' eyes.
He th'e-ter-nal king-dom shar-eth; Christ Him-self is cra-dled there.
He will grant us rest in Hea-ven, In His rest—in par-a-dise.