

The Gift Divine

Edith Sanford Tillotson, 1913

Isaac Hickman Meredith

♩=100

1. In the low-ly man-ger, poor and bare, Lies a lit-tle child,
2. All our sin and sor-row He will know, All our pain and grief,
3. Bless-èd lit-tle Child in man-ger low, Ho-ly, un-crowned King,

Sent from heav'n-ly realms of glo-ry fair, Pure and un-de-filed.
In our ve-ry foot-steps He will go, Bring-ing glad re-lief,
Hom-age to Thy name we here be-stow, While Thy prais-es ring,

Sent to live with men in low-ly guise, All our ills to bear,
Show-ing us the straight and nar-row way, That will lead a-bove,
Hea-ven's price-less gift of love Thou art, Whom the saints a-dore,

Refrain
That at length with Him, a-bove the skies, We His crown may wear. Her-ald
Bring-ing us to that bright end-less day, In His world of love. Earth and
Thou a-lone shalt rule in ev-ery heart, Now and ev-er-more.

Soprano & Alto *Soprano & Tenor* **1.**
Parts

an - gels sing His greet-ing, Mor - tal lips the strain re - peat-ing, While His
Heav'n, to - day re - joic - ing, Now u - nite their prais - es voic-ing,

star, with ra-diant splen-dor, Like a bea-con seems to shine. **2.**
In a song of glad thanks-

- giv-ing, For the gift di - vine.