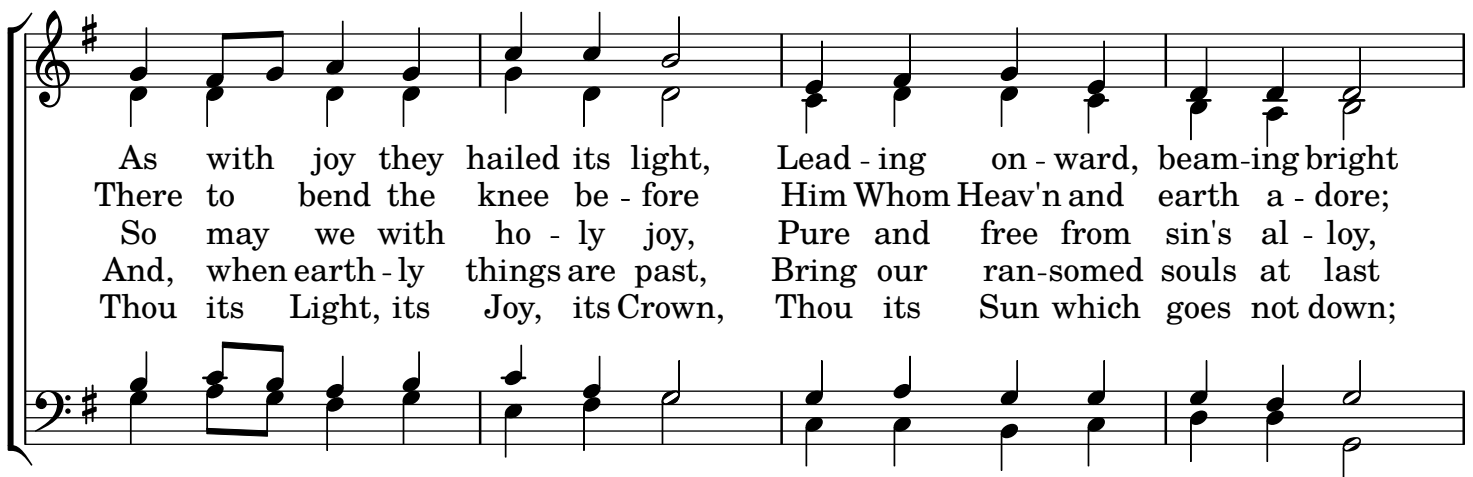
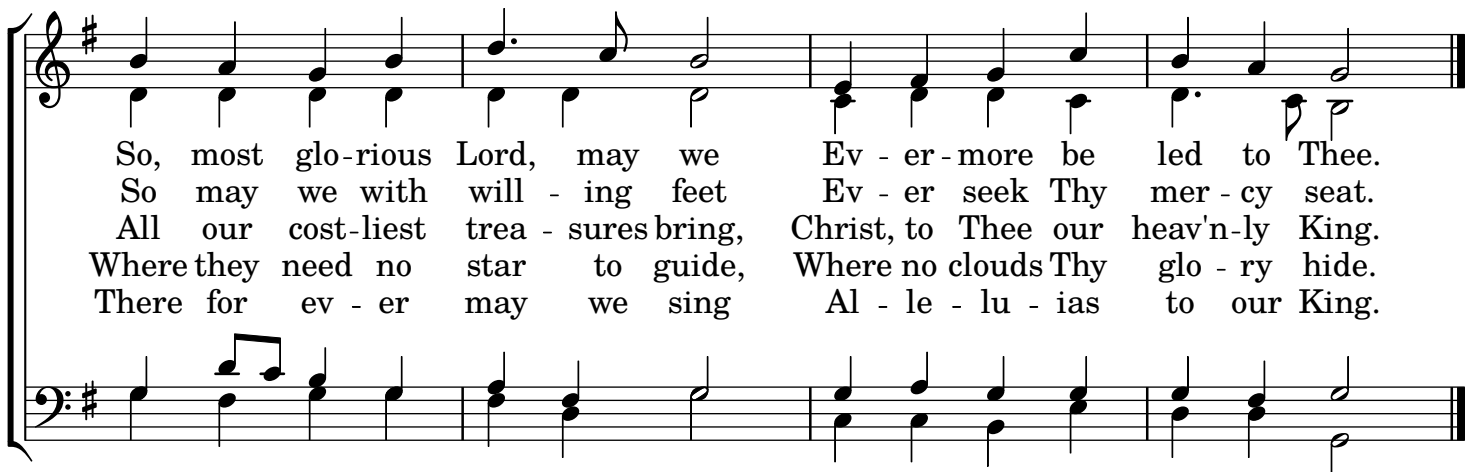


1. As with glad-ness, men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,
 2. As with joy-ful steps they sped, To that low-ly man-ger bed,
 3. As they of-fered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare;
 4. Ho-ly Je-sus, ev'-ry day Keep us in the nar-row way;
 5. In the heav'n-ly coun-try bright Need they no cre-at-ed light;



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright
 There to bend the knee be-fore Him Whom Heav'n and earth a-dore;
 So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al-loy,
 And, when earth-ly things are past, Bring our ran-somed souls at last
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun which goes not down;



So, most glo-rious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.
 So may we with will-ing feet Ev-er seek Thy mer-cy seat.
 All our cost-liest trea-sures bring, Christ, to Thee our heav'n-ly King.
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide.
 There for ev-er may we sing Al-le-lu-ias to our King.