As With Gladness Men Of Old
William Chatterton Dix

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding
As with joyeful steps they sped
To that lowly
As they offered gifts most rare
At that manager
Ho·ly Je·sus, ev·ry day
Keep us in the

star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
manager bed;
There to bend the knee before
rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,

Leading onward, beam ing bright;
So, most gracious
Him whom heav’n and earth adore;
So may we with
Pure and free from sin’s alloy,
All our costliest
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no

Lord, may we
Ev·er·more be led to Thee.
will·ing feet
Ev·er seek Thy mer·cy seat.
treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heav’n·ly King.
star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glo·fy hide.