

# As With Gladness Men of Old

Conrad Kocher, 1786-1872

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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 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.

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.

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.

William C. Dix