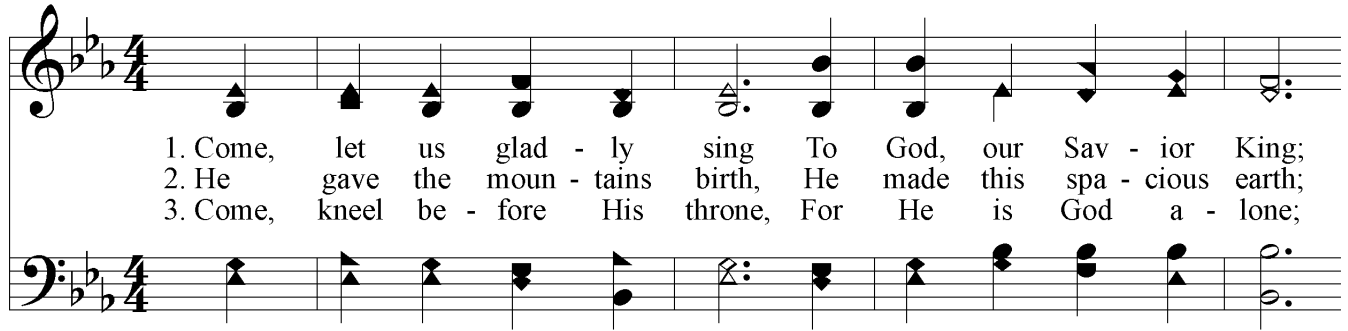
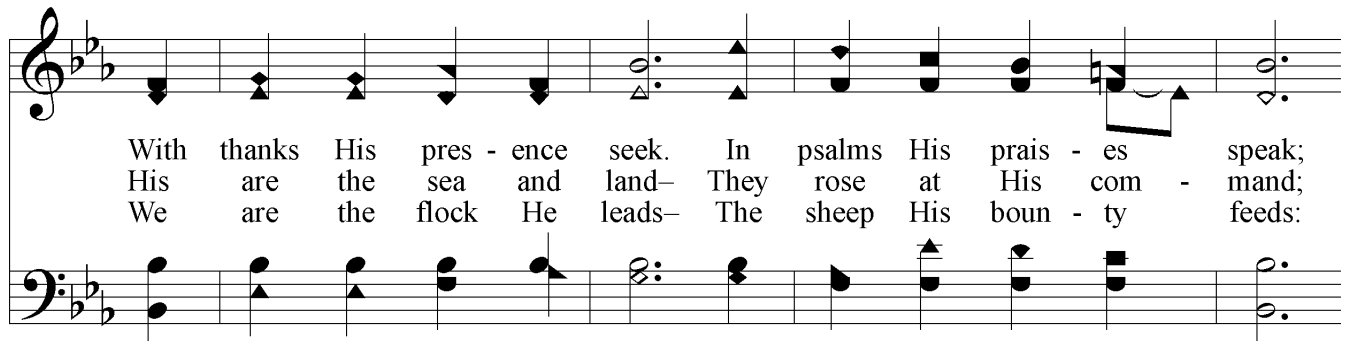


# Come, Let Us Gladly Sing

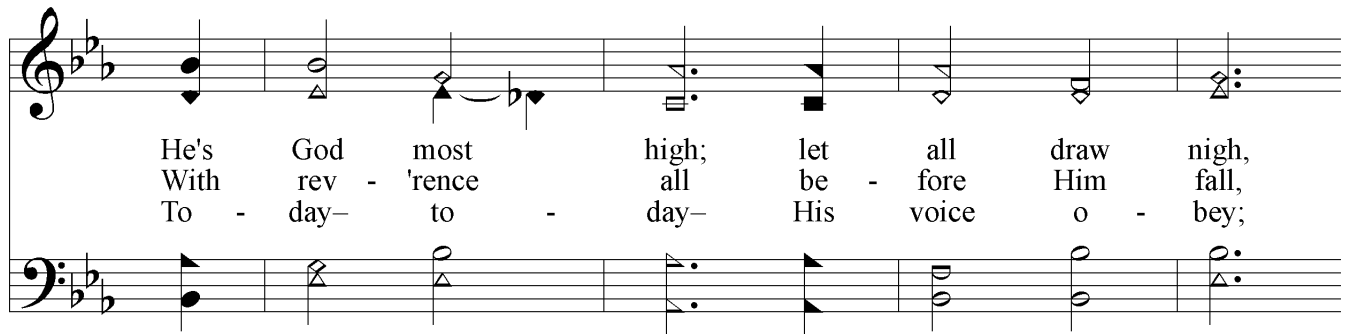
HATFIELD H. M.



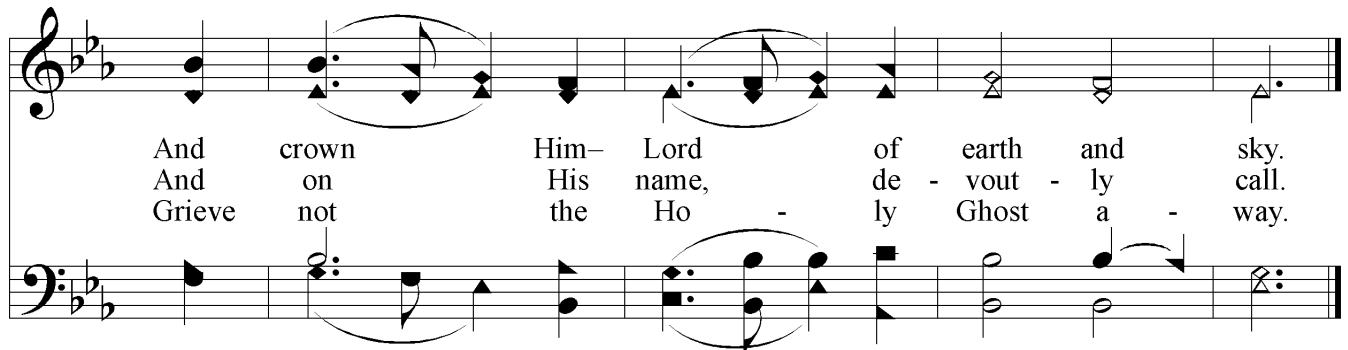
1. Come, let us glad - ly sing To God, our Sav - ior King;  
2. He gave the moun - tains birth, He made this spa - cious earth;  
3. Come, kneel be - fore His throne, For He is God a - lone;



With thanks His pres - ence seek. In psalms His prais - es speak;  
His are the sea and land— They rose at His com - mand;  
We are the flock He leads— The sheep His boun - ty feeds:



He's God most high; let all draw nigh,  
With rev - 'rence all be - fore Him fall,  
To - day— to - day— His voice o - bey;



And crown Him— Lord of earth and sky.  
And on His name, de - vout - ly call.  
Grieve not the Ho - ly Ghost a - way.