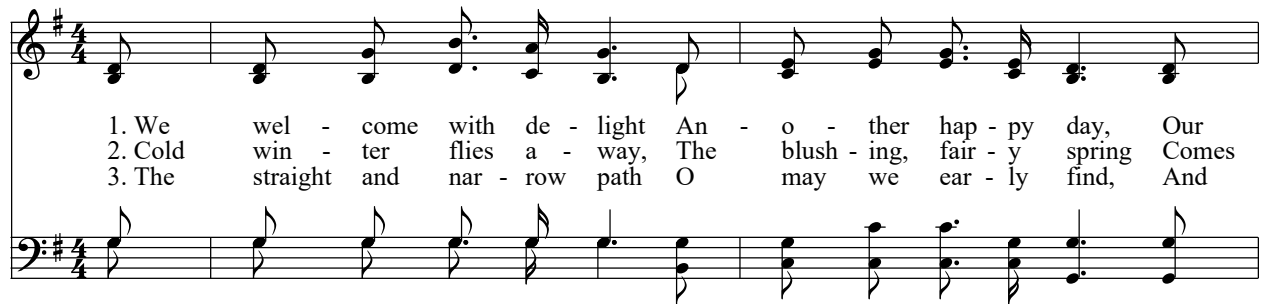


# Our Festive Song

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane

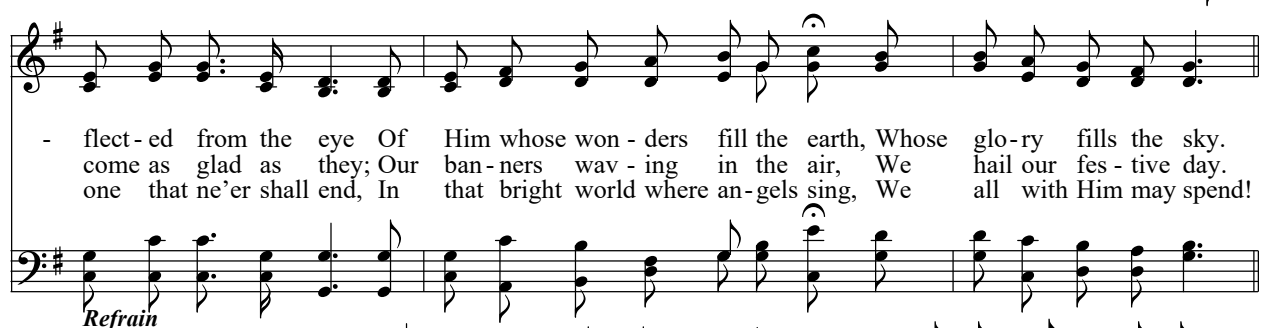
$\text{♩} = 90$



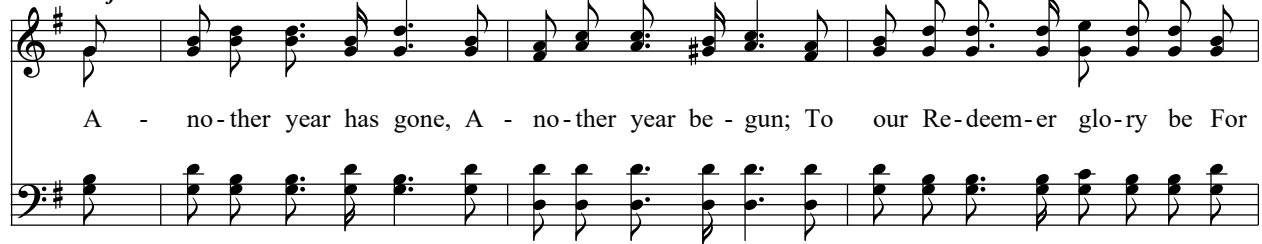
1. We wel - come with de - light An - o - ther hap - py day, Our  
2. Cold win - ter flies a - way, The blush - ing, fair - y spring Comes  
3. The straight and nar - row path O may we ear - ly find, And



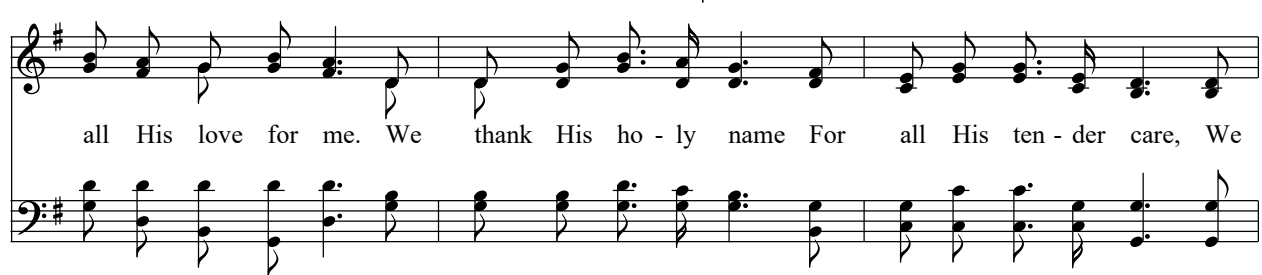
hearts like mer - ry bells Ring out the sil - ver lay; We catch the ro - sy beams Re-  
trip - ping o'er the lees, While birds are on the wing; And now, a mer - ry throng, We  
try to serve the Lord With heart, and soul, and mind; O what a hap - py day, And



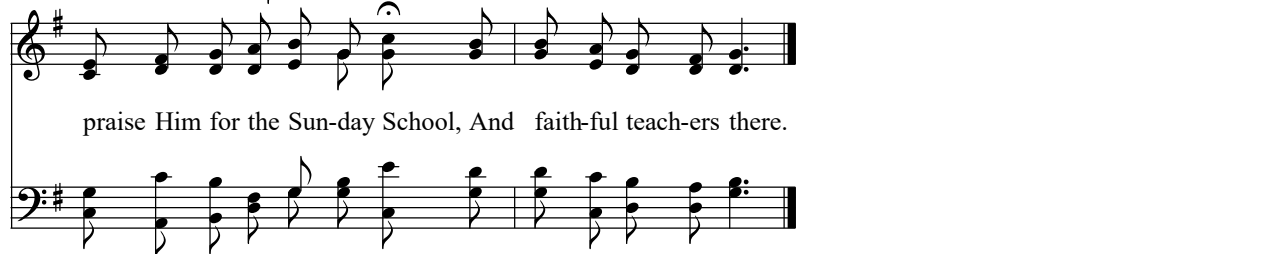
- flect - ed from the eye Of Him whose won - ders fill the earth, Whose glo - ry fills the sky.  
come as glad as they; Our ban - ners wav - ing in the air, We hail our fes - tive day.  
one that ne'er shall end, In that bright world where an - gels sing, We all with Him may spend!



*Refrain*  
A - no - ther year has gone, A - no - ther year be - gun; To our Re - deem - er glo - ry be For



all His love for me. We thank His ho - ly name For all His ten - der care, We



praise Him for the Sun - day School, And faith - ful teach - ers there.