

Upon the snow-clad earth

Sir Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

1. Up - on the snow-clad earth with- out, The stars are shin - ing bright, As
2. Twas in the days when far and wide Men owned the Cae - sar's sway, That

Heav'n had hung out all her lamps To hail the fes - tal night; For
his de- cree went forth, that all A cer- tain tax should pay. Then

on this night long years a- go The Bless - ed babe was born, The
from tiier home in Na - za-reth's vale, O - be - dient to the same, With

saints of old were wont to keep Their vi- gil un- til morn.
Ma- ry his es- pous- ed wife, The saint- ly Jo- seph came.

3. A stable and a manger, where
The oxen lowed around
Was all the shelter Bethlehem gave,
The welcome that they found!
Yet blessed among women was
That holy mother maid
Who on that night her first-born Son
There in the manger laid.

4. The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
E'en from His very birth,
Had not a place to lay His head,
An outcast in the earth:
And yet we know that little Babe
Was tender to the touch,
And weak as other infants are;
He felt the cold as much!

5. In swaddling bands she wrapped Him round,
And smoothed His couch of straw,
While unseen Angels watched beside,
In mute, adoring awe.
How softly did they fold their wings
Beneath that star-lit shed,
While eastern sages from afar
The new-born radiance led!

6. And thus it is, from age to age,
That as this night comes round,
So sweetly, underneath the moon,
The Christmas carols sound.
Because to us a Child is born,
Our Brother and our King,
Angels in Heaven, and we on earth,
Our joyful anthems sing.