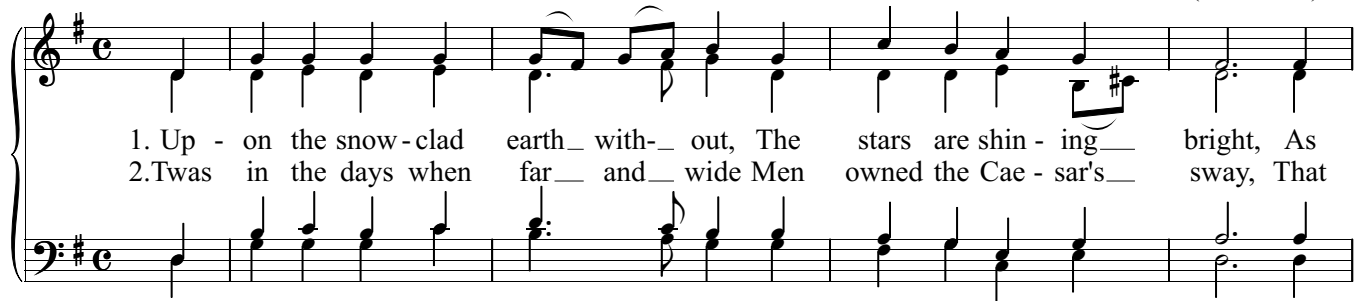


Upon the snow-clad earth

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 tiieir 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.