

William Chatterton Dix
(1837-98)

The manger throne

John Stainer
(1840-1901)

1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The stars are spark - ling bright;

The bells of the ci - ty of God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry was born to - night;

The gloom is past, and the morn at last Is com - ing with o - rient light.

2. Ne - ver fell me - lo - dies half so sweet As those which are fil - ling the skies ;

And nev - er a pa - lace shone half so fair As the man - ger bed where our Sa - viour lies;

No night in the year is half so dear As this which has end-ed our sighs.

3. Now a new power has come on the earth, A match for the ar-mies of Hell:

A Child is__ born who shall__ con-quer the foe, And all the spi-rits of wick-ed-ness quell;

For Ma-ry's Son is the Migh-ty One Whom the pro-phets of God fore - tell.

4. The stars of heaven still shine as at first They gleamed on this won-der-ful night;

The bells of the ci - ty of God_ peal out, And the An - gels' song still rings in the height;

And love still turns where the God-head burns, Hid in flesh from flesh - ly sight.

5. Faith sees no lon - ger the sta - ble door, The pave - ment of sap - phire is there,

The clear light of hea - ven streams out to_ the world: And An - gels of God are crowd - ing the air;

And heaven and earth, through the spot - less birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.