

This Advent moon shines cold and clear

Text: st. 1-5, *Advent* (1858)

by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894), *alt.*

st. + (Doxology) by C. H. Giffen, 2009

Tune: ADVENT 86. 86. D (C.M.D.)

tune & music by Charles H. Giffen, 2009

5 Weep - ing we hold Him fast to - night; we will not let Him go

1 This Ad - vent moon shines cold and clear, these Ad - vent days are long;
2 One to an - oth - er hear them speak the pa - tient vir - gins wise:
5 Weep - ing we hold Him fast to - night; we will not let Him go

Till day - break smite our wear - ied sight and sum - mer smite the snow:

Our lamps have burned year af - ter year and still their flame is strong.
'Sure - ly He is not far to seek' - 'All night we watch and rise.'
Till day - break smite our wear - ied sight and sum - mer smite the snow:

Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove shall coo the live - long day;

'Watch - man, what of the night?' we cry, heart - sick with hope de - ferred:
'The days are e - vil look - ing back, the com - ing days are dim;
Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove shall coo the live - long day;

Then He shall say, 'A-rise, My love, My fair one, come a-way.'

'No speak-ing signs are in the sky,' is still the watch-man's word.
 Yet count we not His pro-mise slack, but watch and wait for Him.'
 Then He shall say, 'A-rise, My love, My fair one, come a-way.'

+ When Ad-vent moon shines cold and clear, though Ad-vent nights are long,

3 One with an-oth-er, soul with soul, they kin-dle fire from fire:
 4 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nore heart con-ceived that rest,
 + When Ad-vent moon shines cold and clear, though Ad-vent nights are long,

Our lamps shall burn year af-ter year and still their flame be strong.

'Friends watch us who have touched the goal.' 'They urge us, come up higher.'
 With them our good things long de-ferred, with Je-sus Christ our Best.
 Our lamps shall burn year af-ter year and still their flame be strong.

Then sing we with the heaven - ly host and knock at Par - a - dise:

There no more part - ing, no more pain, the dis - tant ones brought near,
 We weep be - cause the night is long, we laugh for day shall rise,
 Then sing we with the heaven - ly host and knock at Par - a - dise:

'To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,' there shall our praise - es rise.

The lost so long are found a - gain, long lost but long - er dear.
 We sing a slow con - ten - ted song and knock at Par - a - dise.
 'To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,' there shall our praise - es rise.