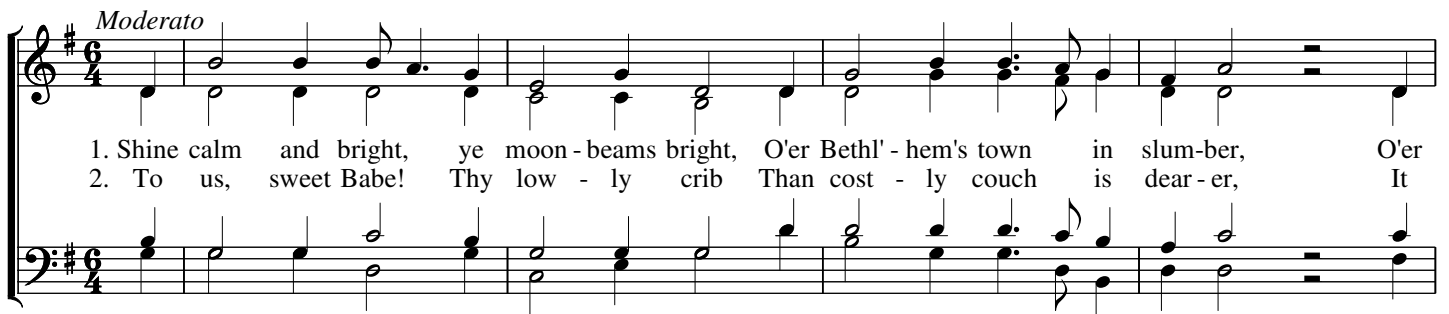


Shine calm and bright, ye moonbeams bright

George Pierce Grantham (ca. 1833 - ?)

Moderato



1. Shine calm and bright, ye moon-beams bright, O'er Bethl'-hem's town in slum-ber, O'er
2. To us, sweet Babe! Thy low-ly crib Than cost-ly couch is dear-er, It

6



young and old, o'er bur-gess bold, And guests in good-ly num-ber; For
seems to make Thee more our own, To bring the God-head near-er! It

10



shel-ter'd safe from Win-ter's frost, Well housed and warm all lie, Se-
seems to show Thy sym-pa-thy For hu-man grief and pain, And

14



-cure from snow in street be-low, And screen'd from fro-zen sky.
makes us long to raise the song Of No-el o'er a-gain!

18 CHORUS

But Babe be-nign! No couch is Thine, Save low-ly man-ger stall, Where
O Babe be-nign! Thy love di-vine, Shed round us, day-by day; Sweet

cold winds blow on Thy Form di-vine, Who com-'est to save us all.
Child of light! Be Thou our might, Our gen-tle King for aye!