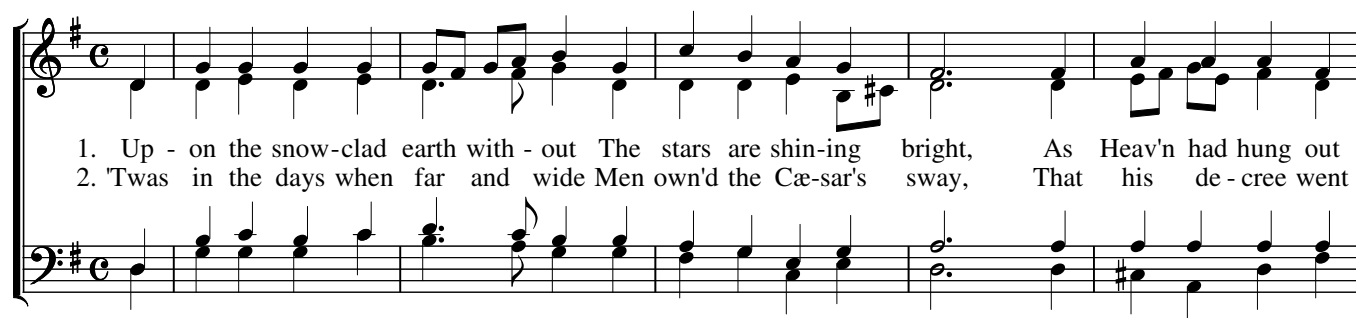
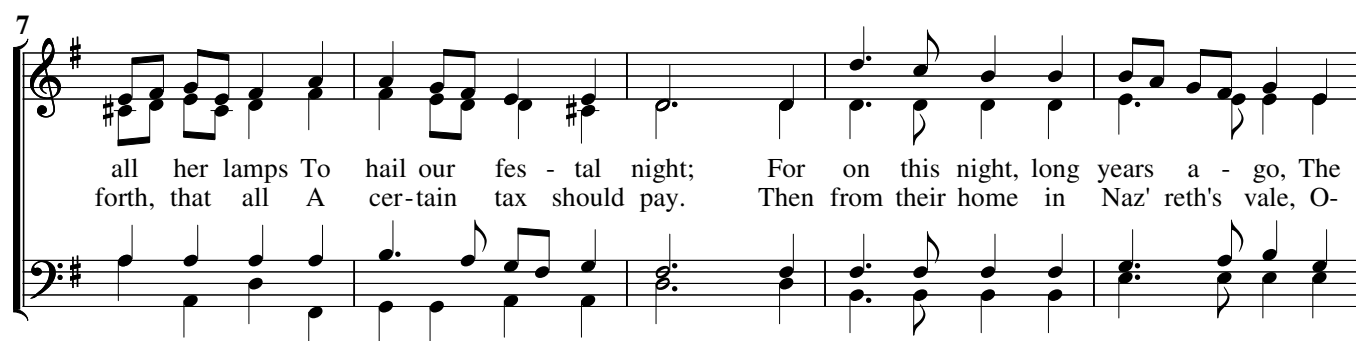


Upon the snow-clad earth

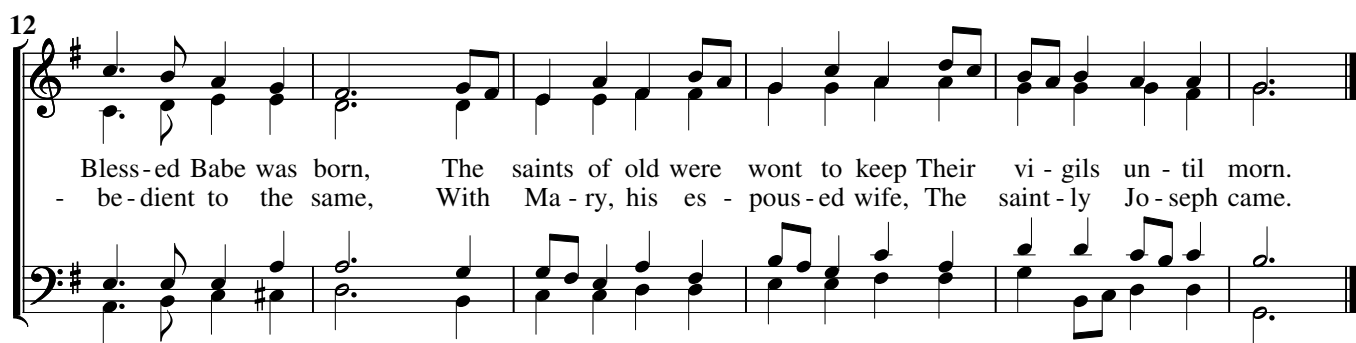
Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)



1. Up - on the snow-clad earth with - out The stars are shin-ing bright, As Heav'n had hung out
2. 'Twas in the days when far and wide Men own'd the Cæ-sar's sway, That his de - cree went



all her lamps To hail our fes - tal night; For on this night, long years a - go, The
forth, that all A cer-tain tax should pay. Then from their home in Naz' reth's vale, O-



Bless-ed Babe was born, The saints of old were wont to keep Their vi - gils un - til morn.
- be-dient to the same, With 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 on 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.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)