

# Upon the snow-clad earth without

Henry John Gauntlett (1805 - 1876)

*mf*  
1. Up - on the snow-clad earth with-out, The stars are shin-ing bright, As Heav'n had hung out

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all her lamps To hail our fes - tal night; For on this night, long years a - go, The

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Bless - ed Babe was born, The saints of old were wont to keep Their vi - gil un - til morn.

2. 'T was in the days when far and wide  
Men owned the Cæsar's sway,  
That his decree went forth, that all  
A certain tax should pay.  
Then from their home in Nazareth's vale  
Obedient to the same,  
With Mary, his espoused wife,  
The saintly Joseph 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 a manger laid.

4. In swaddling bands she wrapped Him round,  
And smooth'd 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!

5. And thus it is, from age to age,  
That as this night comes around,  
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)