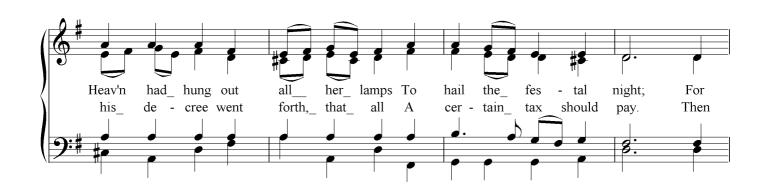
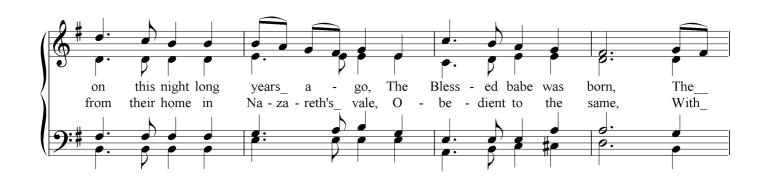
Hpon the Snow-clad Earth

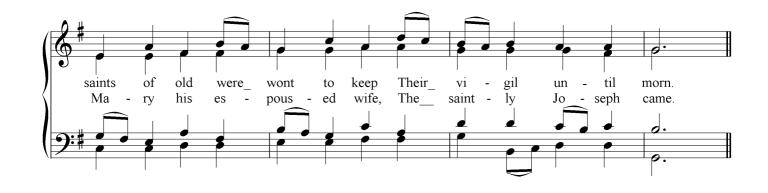
Carol for Christmas-tide

Arthur Sullivan









- 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 in 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!
- 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.