

Shine Calm and Bright, Ye Moonbeams Light

George Pierce Grantham (1833-?)

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♩=135 *Moderato*

1. Shine calm and bright, ye moon-beams light, O'er Beth-le'em's town in slum-ber, O'er
2. The crowds who sleep in Beth-le'em's walls Both ci-ti-zen and strang-er, From
3. To us, sweet Babe! Thy lowl-y crib Than cost-ly couch is dear-er, It

young and old, o'er bur-gess bold, And guests in good-ly num-ber; For shel-tered safe from
roy-al blood a-like have sprung, And spurn the hum-ble man-ger. But all one day must
seems to make Thee more our own, To bring the God-head near-er! It seems to show Thy

win-ter's frost, Well housed and warm all lie, Se-secure from snow in street be-low, And
wend their way, Heav-ing their lat-est sigh, To mor-tal doom in lone-some tomb, And
sym-pa-thy For hu-man grief and pain, And makes us long to raise the song Of

screened from froz-en sky. But Babe be-nign! No couch is Thine, Save low-ly man-ger
in cor-rupt-ion lie. But Babe be-nign! No power ma-lign Shall o-ver Thee bear
No-el o'er a-gain! O Babe be-nign! Thy love di-vine Shed round us, day by

stall, Where cold winds blow on Thy form di-vine, Who com-est to save us all.
sway; Thy life of light in the hea-vens bright Shall glow in e-ter-nal day!
day; Sweet Child of li-ght! Be Thou our might, Our ge-nt-le King for aye!