

Shine Calm and Bright, Ye Moonbeams Light

George P. Grantham (1833-?)

$\text{♩} = 135$ *Moderato*

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

slum-ber, O'er young and old, o'er bur-gess bold, And guests in good-ly
 strang-er, From roy-al blood a-like have sprung, And spurn the hum-ble
 dear-er, It seems to make Thee more our own, To bring the God-head

num-ber; For shel-tered safe from win-ter's frost, Well housed and warm all
 man-ger. But all one day must wend their way, Heav-ing their lat-est
 near-er! It seems to show Thy sym-pa-thy For hu-man grief and

lie, Se-cure from snow in street be-low, And screened from froz-en
 sigh, To mor-tal doom in lone-some tomb, And in cor-rupt-ion
 pain, And makes us long to raise the song Of No-el o'er a-

sky. But Babe be - nign! No couch is Thine, Save low - ly man - ger
 lie. But Babe be - nign! No power ma - lign Shall o - ver Thee bear
 - 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
 sway; Thy life of light in the hea - vens bright Shall glow in e - ter - nal
 day; Sweet Child of li - ght! Be Thou our might, Our ge - nt - le King for

all.
 day!
 aye!