

Upon The Snow-clad Earth Without

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Up-on the snow-clad earth with-out, The stars are shin-ing bright. As



Heav'n had hung out all her lamps To hail our fes-tal night; For



on this night, long years a-go, The Bless-ed Babe was born, The



saints of old were wont to keep Their vi-gil un-til morn.