

W. Chatterton Dix  
(1837-1898)

# Darkness fell on the weary earth

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(1838-96)

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1. Dark-ness fell on the wea-ry earth, Gloom the na-tions shroud-ed; Watch-ers longed for the

wond-rous birth, Hope with fear was cloud-ed; Sud-den-ly burst the Light of Light! O fair-est Star that

gem'd the height, Lead- ing on to where Je- sus lay, Mar-vel-lous Child, the Spring of Day!

An-gels sing, we with them Do greet Thee, Babe of Beth-le-hem, Hail! all hail! Hail! all hail.

2. Sor-row fills the hearts that would hold Him the Wise Men sought for; Is-rael's Love is

faint and cold, Love He sighed and wrought for; Might-i-ly aid us on our road, Pure source of Light, to

Light's a-bode, Pa-lace of Peace, where, un-de-filed, Beau-ti-ful Ma-ry soothes her Child.

An-gels sing, we with them Do greet Thee, Babe of Beth-le-hem, Hail! all hail! — Hail! all hail.

3. Treas-ures poor are those that we bring, Yet, kind Child, re-ceive them, Kneel-ing low, be-cause

Thou art King, At Thy feet we leave them. Glit-ter-ing crowns Thou hast in store For all who meek-ly

Thee a-dore; Bount-i-ful Lord, oh give me one, Earth's wear-y jour-ney past and done.

An-gels sing, we with them Would cry in dear Je-ru-sa-lem, Hail! all hail! — Hail! all hail.