

# Like Silver Lamps In A Distant Shrine

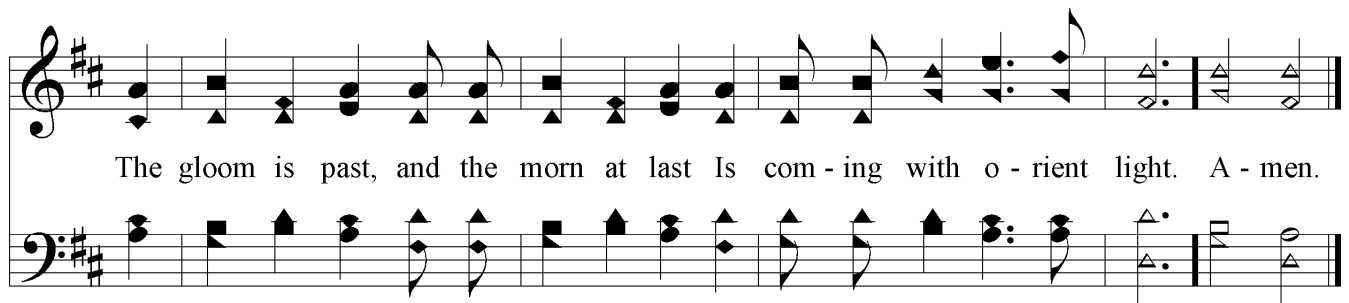
ST. STEPHEN THE MARTYR Irregular



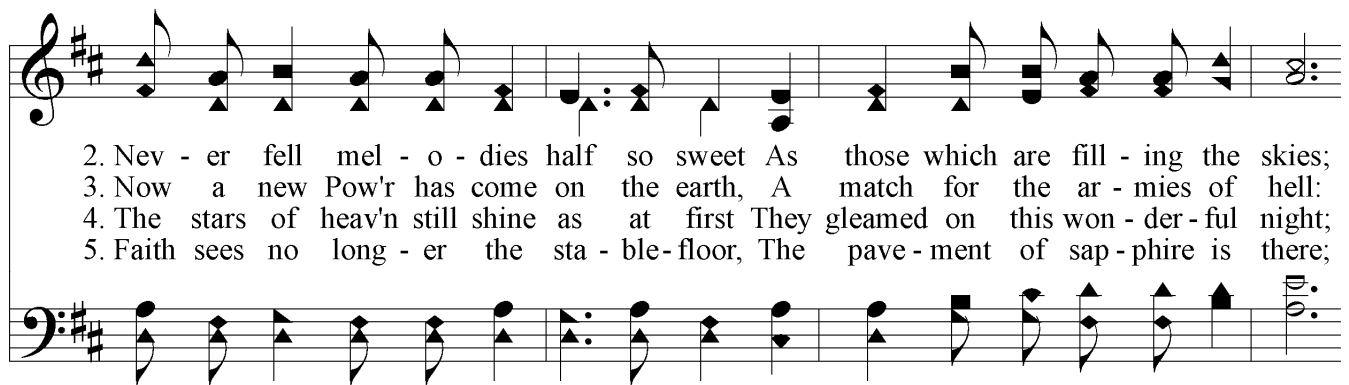
1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The stars are spark - ling bright;



The bells of the cit - y of God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry was born to - night;

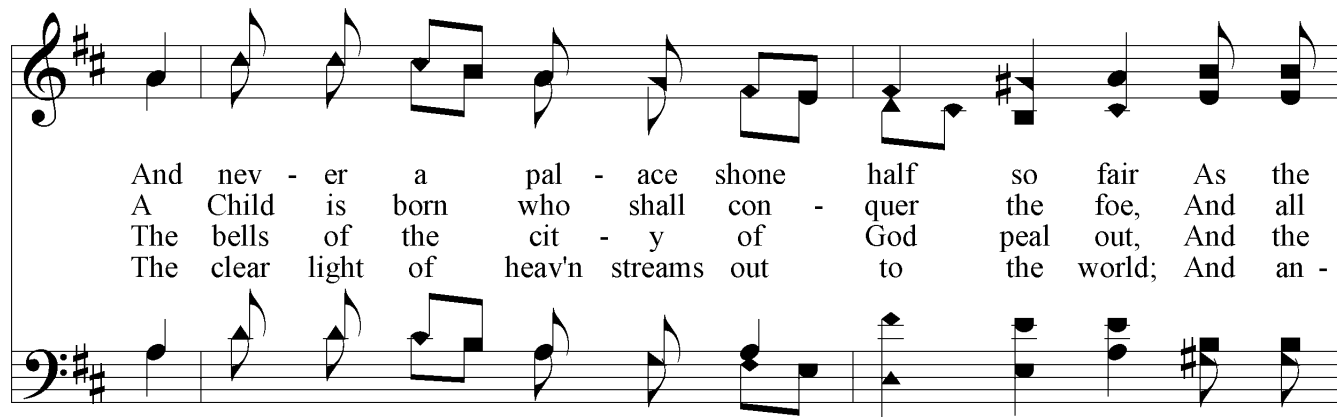


The gloom is past, and the morn at last Is com - ing with o - rient light. A - men.

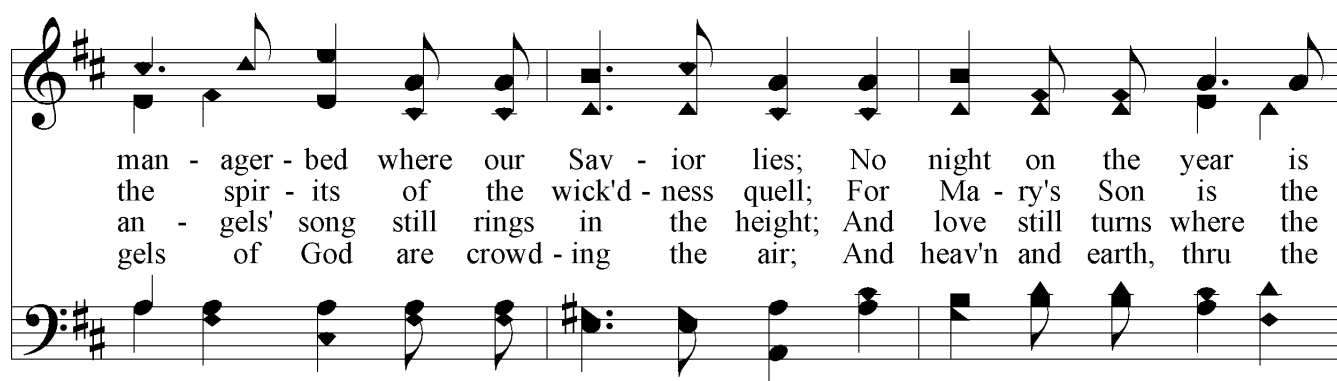


2. Nev - er fell mel - o - dies half so sweet As those which are fill - ing the skies;  
3. Now a new Pow'r has come on the earth, A match for the ar - mies of hell;  
4. The stars of heav'n still shine as at first They gleamed on this won - der - ful night;  
5. Faith sees no long - er the sta - ble - floor, The pave - ment of sap - phire is there;

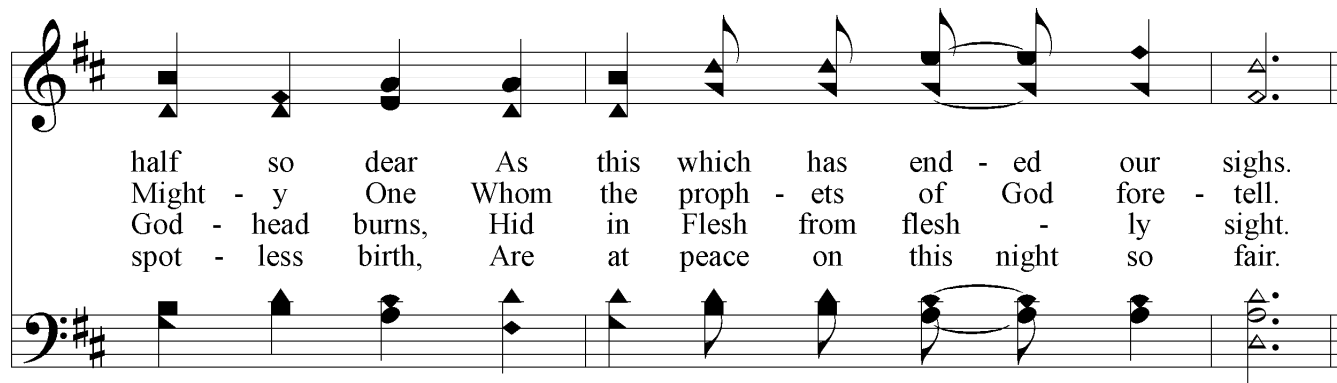
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And nev - er a pal - ace shone half so fair As the  
A Child is born who shall con - quer the foe, And all  
The bells of the cit - y of God peal out, And the  
The clear light of heav'n streams out to the world; And an -



man - ager - bed where our Sav - ior lies; No night on the year is  
the spir - its of the wick'd - ness quell; For Ma - ry's Son is the  
an - gels' song still rings in the height; And love still turns where the  
gels of God are crowd - ing the air; And heav'n and earth, thru the



half so dear As this which has end - ed our sighs.  
Might - y One Whom the proph - ets of God fore - tell.  
God - head burns, Hid in Flesh from flesh - ly sight.  
spot - less birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.