The Sky Can Still Remember
Words: Phillips Brooks (1835-1893).
Music: Timothy Matthews, 1855.

The sky can still remember the earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December the Savior Christ was born.
No star unfolds its glory, no trumpet wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story in music of its own.

O never failing splendor! O never silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender, still keep the gray earth strong,
Still keep the brave earth dreaming of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming like sunbeams from the sun.

O angels sweet and splendid, throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended the coming of the King;
Till we too, boldly pressing where once the shepherds trod,
Climb Bethlehem's hill of blessing, and find the Son of God.