

Glorious, Beauteous, Golden-Bright  
Anna Nichols, 1871.  
Maria Tiddeman.

Glorious, beauteous, golden-bright,  
Shedding softest, purest light,  
Shone the stars that Christmas night,  
When the Jewish shepherds kept  
Watch beside their flocks that slept.

But the stars' sweet golden gleam  
Faded quickly as a dream  
'Mid the wondrous glory-stream  
That illumined all the earth,  
When Christ's angels sang His birth.

Soft and pure and holy glory,  
Kings and seers and prophets hoary,  
Shed throughout the sacred story:  
While the priests, like shepherds true,  
Watched beside God's chosen few.

But that light no more availd,  
And its splendor straightway pald  
In His light whom angels haild;  
Even as the stars of old,  
'Mid the brightness lost their gold.

Now no more on Christmas night,  
Is the sky with angels bright,  
But for ever shines the Light;  
Even He whose birth they told  
To the shepherds by the fold.

Since that Light then darkens never,  
Let us all, with glad endeavor,  
Sing the song that echoes ever:  
Glory in the highest Heaven!  
Peace on earth to us forgiven.