

The Light of Bethlehem

John Tabb(1845-1909).

Franz Abt(1819-1885)

'Tis Christmas night, the pure snow a flock unnumbered lies;
The old Judean flocks aglow keep watch within the skies
An icy stillness closer holds the pulses of the breathless night,
And all the Christmas night, the angel stars shine bright
For Bethlehem's light, for Bethlehem's light.

A mystery deeper still folds the wondering hosts of light,
Till, lo, with holy reverence pale, that dims each diadem,
The lordliest bending, hail the living light of Bethlehem,
Glad Bethlehem's living light, the holy Christmas light,