The Light of Bethlehem

1. 'Tis Christmas night, the pure snow a flock unnumbered lies; The old Judean flocks a-glow keep watch within the skies. An icy stillness closer holds the reverence pale, that dims each diadem. The lordliest earthward bending, hail the puls-es of the breathless night, And all the Christmas night, the angel stars shine bright living light of Bethlehem, Glad Bethlehem's living light, the holy Christmas light,

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

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