The Light of Bethlehem

John B. Tabb (1845-1909)  Franz Wilhelm Abt (1819-1885)

1. 'Tis Christmas night, the pure snow a flock unfumbered
2. A mystery deeper still folds the wondering hosts of

lies; The old Judean flocks a-glow keep watch within the
light, Till, lo, with holy reverence pale, that dims each dia-

skies Icy stillness closer holds the puls-es of the
dem, The lordliest earthward bending, hail the living light of

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breath-less night, And all the Christ-mas night, the an-gel stars shine
Beth-le-hem, Glad Beth-lehem’s liv-ing light, the ho-ly Christ-mas

light, Glad Beth-lehem’s light, the liv-ing light.

For Beth-lehem’s light, for Beth-lehem’s light.