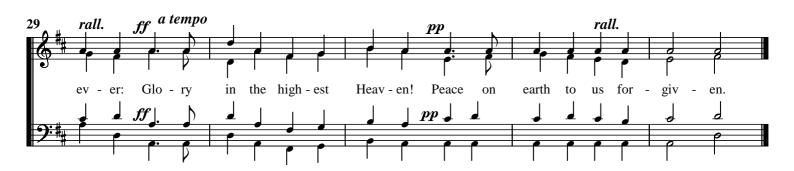
## Glorious, beauteous, golden-bright

Traditional



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- 2. 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.
- 4. But that light no more availed,
  All its splendour straightway paled
  In His light whom angels hailed:
  Even as the stars of old,
  'Mid the brightness lost their gold.
- 5. 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.