

Brightest and Best of the Stars of the Morning

1. Brightest and best of the stars of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
2. Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.
3. Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Fragrance of Edom and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure.
Richer by far is the heart's adoration.
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
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Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
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Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.