1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing,
   Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-votion,

2. Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us Thine aid;
   O-dors of E-dom and of-f’rings di-vine?

3. Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing,
   Gems of the moun-tain and pearls of the o-cean,

4. Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
   Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine?
Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,

Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,

Marker and Monarch and Savior of all!
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.