Brightest and Best
written by Reginald Heber (1811)

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.

Shall we not yield Him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

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.
Hail the blest morn See the Great Mediator Down from the regions of Glory descend!
Shepherds, go worship the Babe in the manger! Lo, for a guard the bright angels attend.

Brightest and best of the sons 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.

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