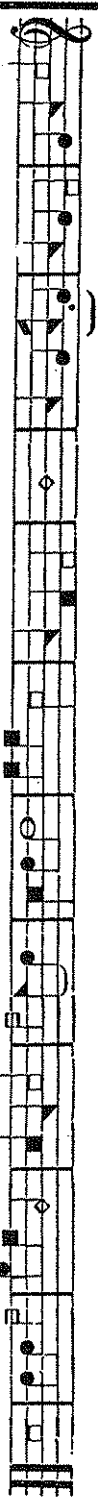


Hail the blest morn, see the great Mediator,
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,

Down from the regions of glory descend!
Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend!

CHORUS,
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!



Down on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dawning, Guide where our infant Re - deemer was laid.



2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed, with the beams of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

Brightest and best, &c.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Brightest and best, &c.

4. Vainly we offer each simple oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favour secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration:
Dearest to God are the prayers of the poor

Brightest and best, &c.