Brightest And Best Of The Sons

Words by Reginald Heber
Music by J. B. Dykes

1. 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.

2. Cold on His cradle the dewdrops 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. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
O dors of E dom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart’s adoration,
Dearest to God are the prayers of the poor.

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