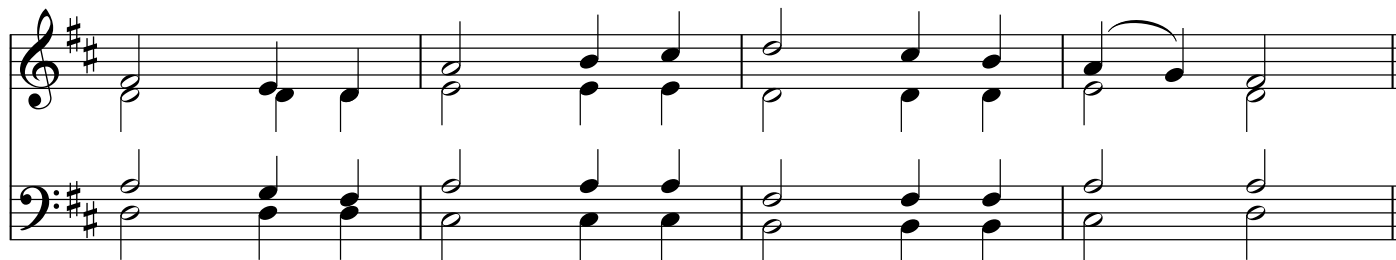



# 337 • Brightest And Best

Tune: EPIPHANY (11 10 11 10) Text: Reginald Heber (†1826)

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing;
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion,
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion,



Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, — the ho -  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore — Him in  
O - dors of E - dom and of - frings di - vine? Gems of the moun - tain and  
Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far — is the



ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - ior of all!  
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?  
heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.

