

# 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, Dawn on our  
 2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies His  
 3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of  
 4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with

dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, — the ho -  
 head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore — Him in  
 E - dom and of - frings di - vine? Gems of the moun - tain and  
 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.