The Silver Star

1. On the brow of night there shines a silver star, On the brow of night there shines a silver star, And the wise men gaze on its heavenly rays, Till they find the King, whose throne they sought afar, In the Babe of Bethlehem. Silver star, holy

2. 'Tis the lamp of God high hanging in the air, 'Tis the lamp of God high hanging in the air, And it guides our feet thru the royal street; There is sweet soul-rest for those who seek it there, From the Babe of Bethlehem. Silver star, Silver star,

3. Bring your gifts of gold, of frankincense and myrrh, Bring your gifts of gold, of frankincense and myrrh, For the King we own is on David's throne; Let the priest and King your best affections stir, 'Tis the Babe of Bethlehem.

Words: D. K. En
Music: H. R. Palmer
The Silver Star

light, shine a-far, o'er the night, Till the
holy light, shine a-far, o'er the night,

world shall come from its sin-stained way, And enter the gates of a new-born day.