Brightest And Best Of The Sons Of The Morning!

ST. NINIAN

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our
   darkness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-
   dor-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid!

2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing; Low lies Ilis
   head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him in slum-ber re-
   clin-ing, Mak-er and Mon-arch and Sav-i-or of all.

3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of
   E-dom and of-f’rings di-vine, Gems of the moun-tain, and pearls of the
   o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine?

4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion; Vain-ly with
   gifts would His fa-vor se-cure: Rich-er by far is the heart’s ad-o-
   ra-tion; Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.