

Brightest And Best

Kathy Mattea

Hail the blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger
Lo, for His guard, the bright angels attends

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid
Star in the east, the horizon adorning
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid

Cold on His cradle the dew drops are shining
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall
Angels adore Him, in slumbers reclining
Wise men and shepherds before Him do fall