1. A meteor bright its wondrous light O'er Beth-leh's city shed, To lead the way where Jesus lay, Upon His lonely bed. No star is gone—the song flows on To herald bright'er days; And o'er His head bright circles spread, In gold'en glo ries shine.

2. The wise men came to bless His Name And own the Savior King, And sheep herd swains from far-off plains Their hearts' glad incense bring. So nobles wait, no pomp or state Sur rounds the Babe divine, But bell'ry chime that Christmas-time Rang at their lord-ly feasts. truth's pure beams in glow-ing streams Make clear life's dark'ened ways.

3. But heav'enly choirs at tuned their lyres To hail a prince's birth, And rapturous song from angel throng Greeted the ear of earth. The lead the way where Jesus lay, Upon His lonely bed. No star is gone—the song flows on To herald bright'er days; And o'er His head bright circles spread, In gold'en glo ries shine.

Edwin Henry Lemare
Anonymous, 1916

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