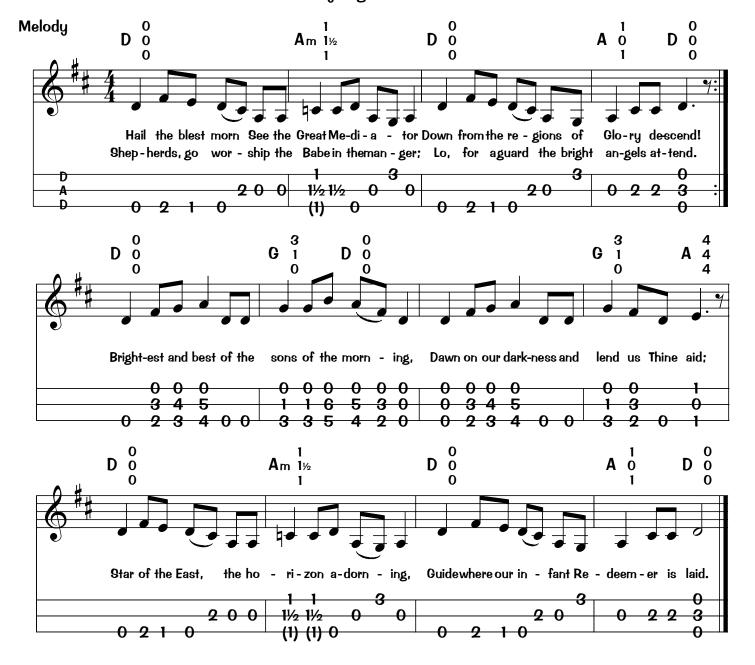
## **Brightest and Best**

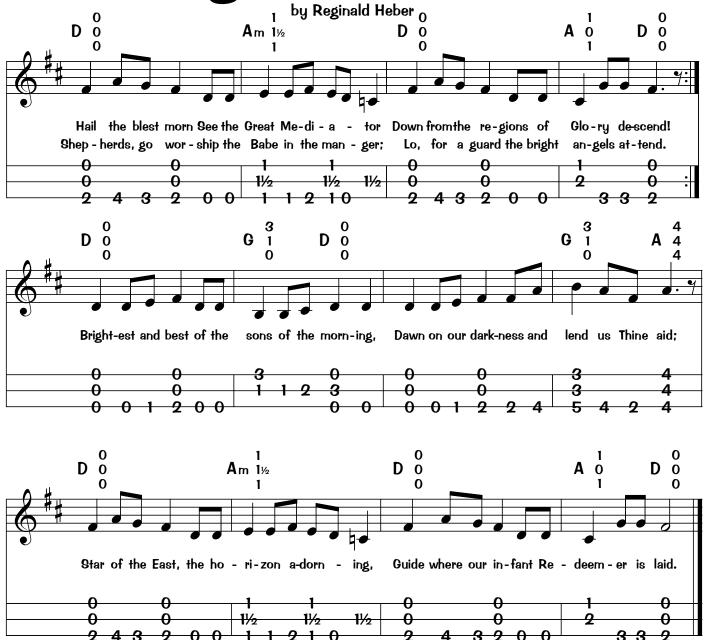
by Reginald Heber



Cold on His Cradle the dew-drops are shining Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore Him in slumber reclining Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

Shall we not yield Him in costly devotion, Odors of Edom and offerings divine, Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine? Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would His favor secure; Richer by far is the heart's adoration, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor. Harmony

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