

A Star, a Star Is Burning

Sabine Baring-Gould, before 1886

From Church Songs

♩=100

1. A star, a star is burn-ing, The bright-est in the sky— Is shin-ing o'er a
 2. Then where is haught-y Her-od, With court mag-nif-i-cal? O where the priests, the
 3. And lo! a sud-den glo-ry! The an-gel hosts ap-pear, Ten thou-sand times ten
 4. The lamps of Heav'n are light-ed, The sta-ble is a-blaze, And harp and lute and
 5. O Sol-o-mon! thy man-sion Might not with this be told, Thy ser-vants and thy

sta-ble; Oh, tell me, shep-herds, why? With-in I see a mo-ther, A ba-by on her
 Lev-ites? O where the princ-es all? What! Lord, art Thou re-ject-ed From low-ly vil-lage
 thou-sand, Their mon-arch to re-vere. The hom-age earth re-fus-es, The hono-r men with-
 cym-bal Re-sound the Inf-ant's praise. A sta-ble now a pal-ace, The like was ne-ver
 sol-diers, Thy throne o'er-laid with gold. Oh, blind the eyes of mor-tals To such a glor-ious

Refrain

knee: Is this a roy-al pal-ace? Can this a mon-arch be?
 inn? Are hearts so hard and blind-ed, By un-be-lief and sin?
 - hold, The an-gels give, at-tend-ing, In mul-ti-tudes un-told. We bow be-fore the
 seen! Such splen-dor of at-tend-ance, Such songs, such gold-en sheen!
 sight! Oh, sleep-ers, wake and wit-ness The won-ders of this night!

In-fant, To Him our hom-age bring; Our God in flesh ap-pear-eth, Of man and an-gels king.