Stars were gleaming,



shepherds dreaming; and the night was dark and chill.

Angels' story rang with glory;



Shepherds heard it on the hill.



Ah, that singing!

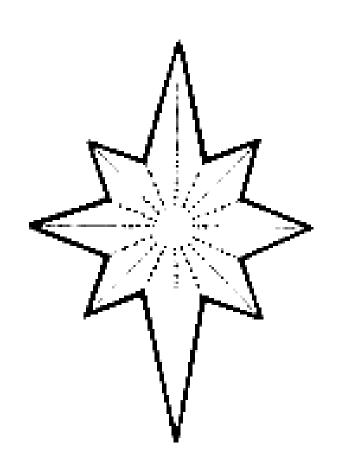
Hear it ringing.

Carthward winging,

Christmas bringing!

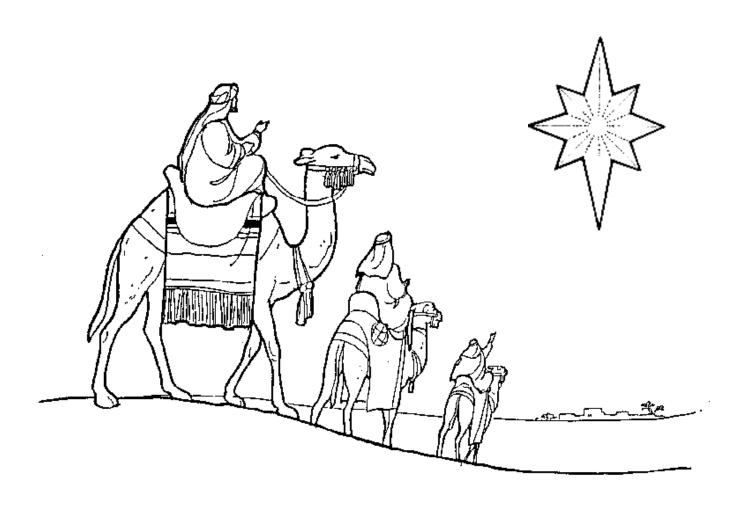
Hearken! We can hear it still!

See the clearness and the nearness



Of the blessed Christmas star,

Leading, guiding; wise men riding



Through the desert dark and far.

Lovely showing,

shining, growing,

Onward going,

gleaming, glowing,

Leading still, our Christmas star!

Stars were Gleaming p. 37