

# The stars are shining bright

Cyril Rookwood

$\text{♩} = 84$  *Brightly*

*f*

1. The stars are shi - ning bright and clear, The

4

hills are white with snow; Our Christ - mas - eve has

8

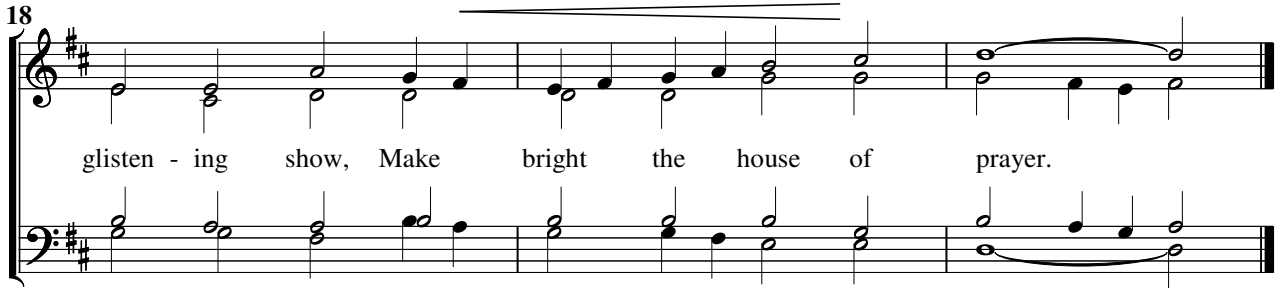
come a - gain, Our hearts with joy o'er flow,

11 *mf*

The Christ - mas car - ols, sweet and glad, Are

14

sound - ing on the air; And Christ - mas wreaths, in



glisten - ing show, Make bright the house of prayer.

2. Not here across the snow was heard  
The first sweet Christmas song;  
But where the crimson lilies bloom,  
Judæa's hills among;  
Those hills where David long before  
His father's sheep had kept;  
And where o'er Rachel's lonely tomb,  
The mourning Jacob wept.
3. And not by earthly choristers  
Was the first carol sung;  
Not through the shining temple courts  
Its faultless music rung;  
No listening crowds had gathered there,  
That wondrous chant to hear;  
Save watchful shepherds on the hills  
No human soul was near.
4. 'Twas sung by countless multitudes  
Of angels pure and bright,  
And o'er the bare and silence hills  
There shone a glorious light;  
Such heavenly music ne'er was heard  
Before by sons of men,  
And never more shall song like that  
Be heard on earth again.
5. We know the tidings which they brought  
Of Christ our Saviour's birth,  
Their song of "Glory be to God,  
Goodwill and peace on earth;"  
In crowd church and quiet homes  
We chant that carol still;  
'Tis heard from city streets and courts,  
From vale and lonely hill.
6. For us the gracious Saviour came,  
For us He lived and died,  
For us was born a little Babe,  
For us was crucified:  
And so the Christmas carol, sung  
By angels long ago,  
Is sweeter than all other songs  
Which Christians sing below.