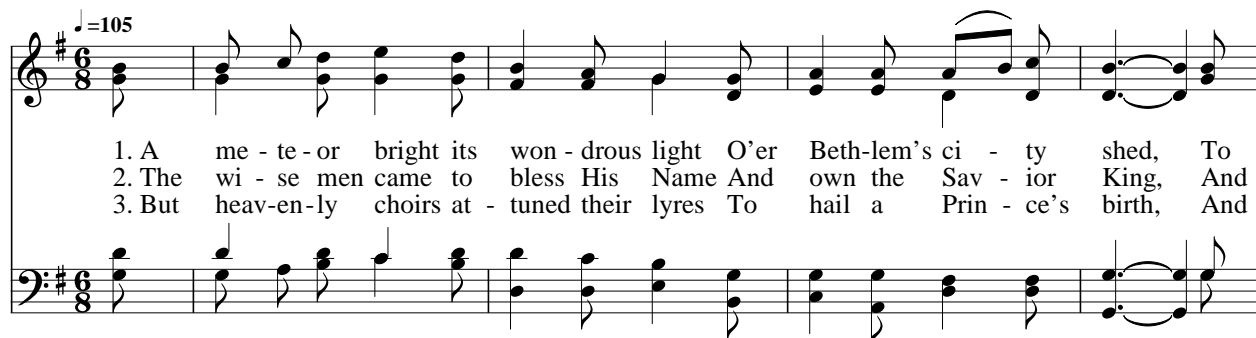


# A Meteor Bright Its Wondrous Light

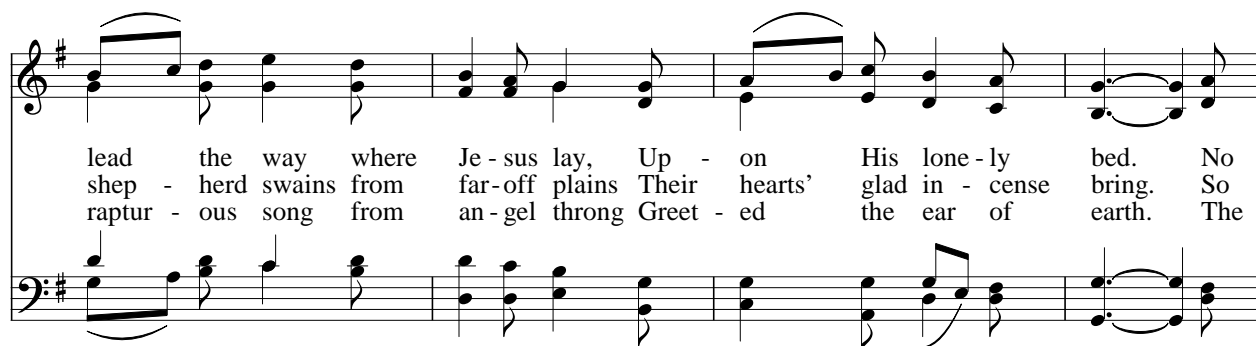
Anonymous, 1916

Edwin Henry Lemare

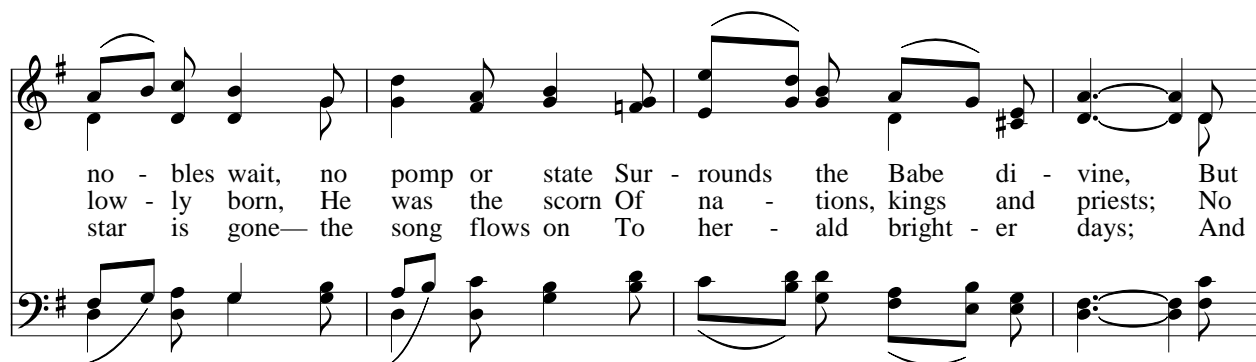
$\text{♩} = 105$



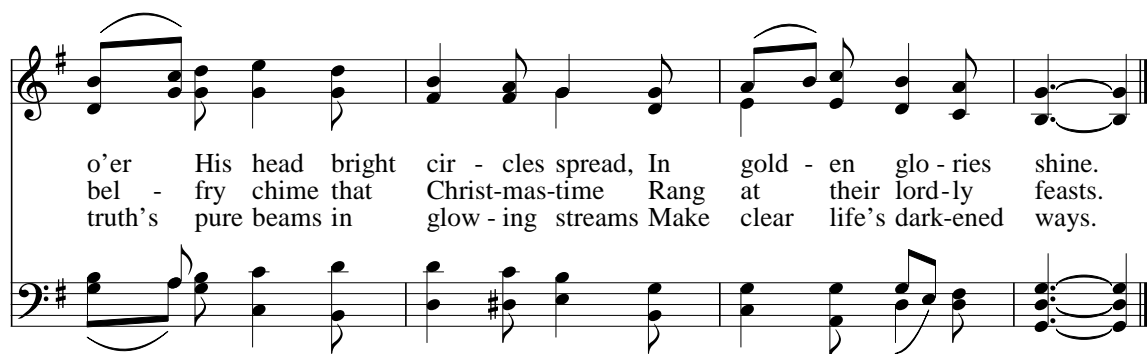
1. A me - te - or bright its won - drous light O'er Beth-lem's ci - ty shed, To  
2. The wi - se men came to bless His Name And own the Sav - ior King, And  
3. But heav-en-ly choirs at - tuned their lyres To hail a Prin - ce's birth, And



lead the way where Je - sus lay, Up - on His lone - ly bed. No  
shep - herd swains from far-off plains Their hearts' glad in - cense bring. So  
raptur - ous song from an - gel throug Greet - ed the ear of earth. The



no - bles wait, no pomp or state Sur - rounds the Babe di - vine, But  
low - ly born, He was the scorn Of na - tions, kings and priests; No  
star is gone—the song flows on To her - ald bright - er days; And



o'er His head bright cir - cles spread, In gold - en glo - ries shine.  
bel - fry chime that Christ-mas-time Rang at their lord-ly feasts.  
truth's pure beams in glow - ing streams Make clear life's dark-ened ways.