

The Star of Bethlehem (Remastered)

Richard Crooks

It was the eve of Christmas.
The snow lay deep and white,
I sat beside my window,
And look'd into the night,
I heard the church bells ringing,
I saw the bright stars shine,
And childhood came again to me,
With all its dreams divine.

Then, as I list'ned to the bells,
And watch'd the skies afar.
Out of the East majestic,
There rose one radiant star;
And ev'ry other star grew pale
Before that heav'nly glow,
It seem'd to bid me follow
And I could not choose but go.
It seem'd to bid me follow,
And I could not choose but go.
And then me thought earth faded,
I rose as borne on wings.
Beyond the waste of ruined lives,
The press of human things;
Beyond the toil and shadow,
Above the want and woe,
My old self and its darkness seemed
Left on Earth below.

And onward, upward shone the star,
Until it seem'd to me,
It flashed upon the golden gates,
And o'er the crystal sea;
And then the gates rolled backward,
I stood where angels trod;
It was the star, the star of Bethlehem
Had led me up to God.
The star, the star, had led me up to God.

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