

Shine On, Bright Star!

By Rev. Andrew P. Carrozza

The dark of midnight casts its pall
upon a world so dreary.
And as it does, the shepherds guard
the sheep they love so dearly.
They think of how the world is like
a flock that stands unguarded.
Unlike their sheep, so safe and sound,
the world's hope has departed.
"When will somebody save us
from this darkness and delusion?
The Wolf will snatch us quickly
as we wander in confusion."
Then up among the stars they hear
the sound of angels singing!
Their hearts pound hard with fear upon
the news the host is bringing:
"Fear not! for now your prayer is heard!
Your darkness now has ended!
Your Savior now is born to you:
Your God in flesh descended!"
Sing on, bright song and show the way
to find Him in the manger!
Sing on through all of history
to end our fear and danger!

The magi stand and watch the sands
which swirl in endless motion.
They twist and crash in turmoil
as they flow without direction.
The world, they feel, is like the sands
it has no rhyme, no reason.
It has no course, no purpose
as it travels through each season.
"There must be someone who can give
a meaning to our living.
There must be some Great Power
in whose word it's worth believing.
Like people without destiny;
in chaos we all wander.
We must make sense of this great mess!"
On this they often ponder.
And then, above the swirling sands,
a star shines in the night.
Like hope within the midst of gloom
it sheds its beacon light.
They know what this great star must mean:
a great king has been born!
A king who'll save the world from sin,
a world so weak and worn!
Shine on, bright star and show the way
to find Him in the manger!
Shine on through all of history
to end our fear and danger!

