

Stars of the Morning

Joseph the Hymnographer, 9th Century.

Henry Smart, 1835.

Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial splendor and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Thrice Holy" song ever and aye.

These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, These dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

"Who like the Lord?" thunders Michael the chief;
Raphael, "the cure of God," comforteth grief;
And, as at Nazareth, prophet of peace,
Gabriel, "the light of God," bringeth release.

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.