

124. Song of the Shepherd

A shepherd with his sheep far on a lonely hill,
Set his gaze upon the stars on this night that was so still.
He thought he heard an angel sing, "Good tidings I to thee do bring"
O shepherd, spread the wondrous news that Jesus Christ is born.

And drawing forth his flute, he joined the sweet refrain,
A sound beyond this world that would heal all souls in pain.
In rev'rence and in awe he knelt, such joy and holy peace he felt.
O shepherd play your music sweet, for all the world to keep.

Chorus:

**Soaring high in heav'nly vault above,
Angel choirs robed in Light now sing of Love!
Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!
The Prince of Peace is born.**

Fear not! Go to Bethlehem and see your King,
Your Savior waits for thee longingly.

O run, good shepherd boy, divinely sent to see,
The little Child of Love sits upon his Mother's knee.
The holy place is filled with Light, sweet incense of the angels bright,
O shepherd, sing your songs of praise, our Savior God is come.

And in his shepherd's heart unto the Child he prayed,
"O Holy One of God, all I am I give to Thee."
Upon this declaration true, the Heavens opened wide in song,
"All glory to the King of kings, behold the Holy One."

Chorus

Hear Me! I Am Gabriel sent to thee,
This Child is born for thee, O Israel!