

Come, Shepherds, Come!

F. G.

Tyrolean carol.

Come, shepherds, come! shake off your sleep,
And ope your weary eyes;
'Tis time to leave your folded sheep,
Come, shepherds, come, arise!
Hark! angels clad in bright array,
Burst forth in heav'nly song;
See! night grows brighter than the day,
Lit by their glistening throng.

Around the hut wherein I slept
A gleam of light was seen.
And golden strings of harps were swept
By angels clad in sheen.
What sounds of joy the air then stirred!
What hymns of holy rest!
In terra pax above I heard
And Christus natus est.

We, too, this welcome news did hear
From angels in the air,
They bade us cast away all fear,
And to the town repair.
We hastened to the humble stall,
The Holy Child we sought;
On bended knee each one did fall,
And humble offerings brought.

Then know, all friends, who wish to see
Your sweet Redeemer's face,
Though long, the way full short will be,
If ye but ask His grace.
No thorns your faithful steps shall stay
And light will shine around;
All doubts and fears will pass away
When Jesus Christ is found.