The shepherds went their hasty way

Christmas traditional

Allegro Pastorale

1. The shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable shed,
Where the Virgin Mother lay;
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom lay.

1ST AND 2ND SOPRANOS

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clung, A mother's song the Virgin Mother sung.

TENORS AND BASSES

2. They told her how a glorious light, Streaming from a heavenly

throng, Around them shone, suspending night, While sweeter

than a mother's song, Blest angels heralded the Saviour's birth:
"Glo - ry to God on High! and peace on earth."

1ST AND 2ND SOPRANOS

3. She lis - ten'd to the tale di - vine, And clos - er still the Babe she

prest; And while she cried, the Babe is mine, A mo - ther's love o'er-flowed her

breast: Joy rose with - in her like a sum - mer's mom: Peace,
Peace on earth, the Prince of Peace is born.

4. Thou Mo- ther of the Prince of Peace, Poor, sim- ple and of low es-

-tate! That strife should van - ish, bat - tle cease, O why should

this thy soul e - late? Sweet music's loud-est note, the po-et's sto - ry
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory? —

5. And is not War a youthful king, A state-ly he- ro clad in mail? Be-neath his foot-steps lau-rels springs; Him earth's ma-

—

jes-tic mon-archs hail, Their friend, their play-mate, and His bold bright —
eye Compels the maiden's love confessing sight.

1ST AND 2ND SOPRANOS

6. Tell this in some more courtly scene, To maids and youth in robes of state, I am a woman poor and mean, And therefore is my soul elate. War is a rufian, all with guilt de-filed,
That from the aged father tears his child.

Then wisely is my soul elate, That strife should vanish, battle cease;
I'm poor, and of a low estate, The Mother

of the Prince of Peace; Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn; Peace, Peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born.