Whilst Bethlehem's Shepherds Kept Their Flocks
Words: Leslie Bainbridge
Music: Ernest Smith

Whilst Bethlehem's shepherds kept their flocks
All thro' the starlit night,
An angel from the heav'ns drew near,
And sudden was their fright;
"Fear not," he cried, "be not afraid;
Good news I come to bring:
To you and all mankind is born
A Savior, and a King."

A throng of angels then began
Their voices sweet to raise,
Whilst on the ground the shepherds lay
To hear their songs of praise;
"All glory be to God on high"
Th'enraptured seraphs sing,
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
All hail, the newborn King!"

To Bethlehem quick the shepherds ran
To seek the wondrous Child,
And found Him in a lowly shed,
With Mary, mother mild;
Their voices then they turned on high
To glorify their God,
And told how they had seen that day
Their Savior, Christ the Lord.