

Shirley

5

Tr.
1. Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes, And send your fears a - way; News from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's
2. Je - sus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To - day he makes his entrance here, But not as
3. No gold nor purple swaddling bands. Nor ro - yal shining things; A manger for his cradle stands, And holds the

C.
1. Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes, And send your fears a - way; News
2. Je - sus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To -
3. No gold nor purple swaddling bands. Nor ro - yal shining things; A

T.
1. Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes, And send your fears a - way; News from the regions
2. Je - sus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To - day he makes his
3. No gold nor purple swaddling bands. Nor ro - yal shining things; A manger for his

B.
1. News from the regions of the skies, Sal -
2. To - day he makes his entrance here, But
3. A man - ger for his cradle stands, And

10

Tr.
1. born to - day, Sal - va - tion's born _____ to - day. News
2. mo - narchs do, But not _____ as mo - narchs do. To -
3. King of kings, And holds _____ the King _____ of kings. A

C.
1. from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born _____ to - day.
2. -day he makes his entrance here, But not as mo - narchs do.
3. manger for his cradle stands, And holds the King _____ of kings.

T.
1. of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day, Sal - va - tion's born _____ to - day.
2. entrance here, But not as monarchs do, But not as mo - narchs do.
3. cradle stands, And holds the King of kings, And holds the King _____ of kings.

B.
1. -va-tion's born today, Sal - va - tion's born _____ to - day.
2. not as monarchs do, But not _____ as mo - narchs do.
3. holds the King of kings, And holds _____ the King _____ of kings.

4. Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

5. Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6. Glory to God that reigns above!
Let peace surround the earth!
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.

7. Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise.

8. Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Savior born.