

The Shepherds Went Their Hasty Way

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1817, cento

Old Alsatian Carol

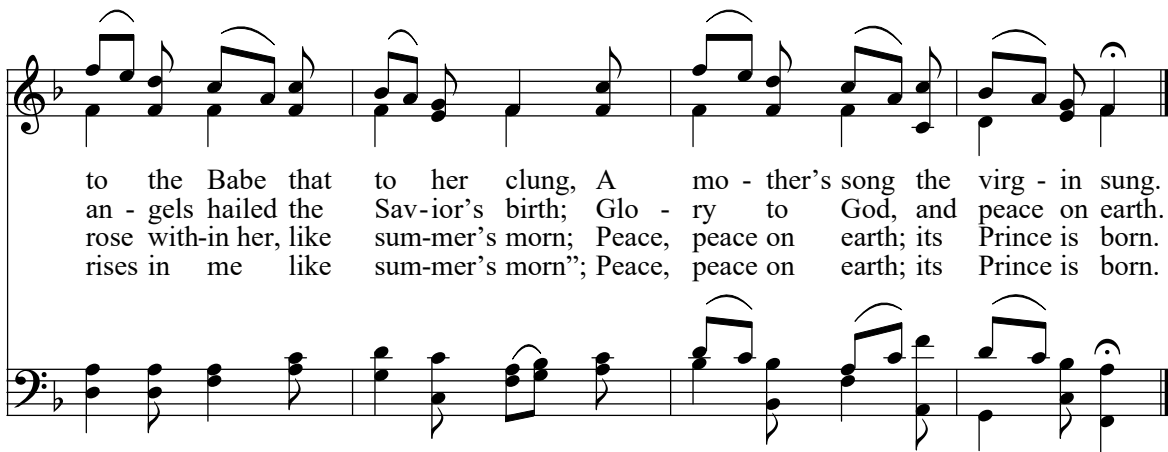
♩ = 95



1. The shep-herds went their has - ty way, And found the low - ly sta - ble shed
2. They told her how a glori-ous light, Far stream-ing from a heav-en-ly throng.
3. She list - ened to the tale di - vine, And clos - er still the Babe she pressed;
4. "Then," cried she, "is my soul e - late, That strife should va - nish, bat - tle cease;



Where the vir - gin mo - ther lay; Now they checked their ea - - ger tread, For
Round them shone, sus - pend-ing night! While more sweet than mo - ther's song, Blest
While she cried, "The Babe is mine!" Mo - ther love o'er - flowed her breast: Joy
Poor am I, of low es - tate, Mo - ther of the Prince of Peace. Joy



to the Babe that to her clung, A mo - ther's song the virg - in sung.
an - gels hailed the Sav - ior's birth; Glo - ry to God, and peace on earth.
rose with-in her, like sum-mer's morn; Peace, peace on earth; its Prince is born.
rises in me like sum-mer's morn"; Peace, peace on earth; its Prince is born.