

THE SHEPHERDS

'Mid the sound of angels singing
Many hundred years ago,
Came the infant Jesus bringing
Heaven to us here below.

How the shepherds in the starlight
Fell upon their knees in fear,
When they saw the silent midnight
Fill with glory far and near.

And they hastened to the manger
With their faces fair to see,
And beheld the tiny Stranger
Come to live with you and me.

O, the happy Virgin Mother
Gladsome like the morning lark;
O, she loved Him as no other
Ever could with human heart!

Then the shepherds softly weeping
Lowly on the stable floor,
Placed their hearts within His keeping
Knowing they had nothing more.

But the Saviour smiled upon them
And His little baby eyes
Mirrored all the joys of Heaven
Like the pools of Paradise.

—Bro. Gregory Herold, O. P.