In Nightly Stillness



In nightly stillness comes a voice that rings: "Rise now ye shepherds, greet the King of Kings! Leave the flocks behind a-feeding, On to Bethlem go a-speeding, Christ is born today."

Swiftly they went and found the lovely Babe Laid in a manger as the voice had said. Round they gathered, humbly kneeling, Cried aloud with joyful feeling "God has come to us!"

"Hail thee! O Saviour, welcome, welcome be. Four thousand years the world expected Thee. Kings and prophets waited vainly, Us thou hast prefered plainly, In this humble shed."