The Shepherds Sing

Words by George Herbert

Music by
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Con moto

sing; and shall I silent be? My God, no hymn for Thee? My soul's a

The shep-herds

shep-herd too; a flock it feeds Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.

The pas-ture is Thy

word: the streams, Thy grace En-rich-ing all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the day-light hours.
Then will we chide the sun for letting night take up his place and
right:
We sing one common
Lord; whereof he should Himself the candle
hold. I will go searching, till I find a sun Shall stay, till we have
done; A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly As frost-nipped

suns look sadly. Then shall we sing, and shine all our own day, And one another

pay; His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine, Till even His beams

sing, and my music shine.