

The Shepherds Of Bethlehem

John H. Hopkins, Jr.

At Beth-le-hem, in win-try cold, The faith-ful shep-herds guard their fold: The

crowd-ed town is sunk in sleep, While mid-night vi-gil still they keep. And

rocks and hills are ring-ing, While they, to shield their sheep from harm, And

Chorus
keep them-selves a-wake and warm, Are cheer-i-ly, loud-ly sing-ing, "Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

- lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord!"