


Leave, Shepherds, Leave Your Peaceful Flocks



French carol, translated by W. K. Simpson

French tune from Besançon



♩=118 *Allegro vivace*





1. Leave, shep-herds, leave your peace-ful flocks a - grazing! No long-er grieve, but
 2. There, low - ly laid, with - in a man - ger narrow, A love-ly maid and
 3. Kings from the east! His star will guide thee truly! Where He doth rest, in
 4. Who canst do all things sure - ly, hearts en - shrine Thine ar - dors sweet and

come, O come a - way! Come and a - dore, your tears all changed to
 In - fant thou shalt see! His ten - der love hath sought thee in thy
 love and faith draw near: Our ris - ing Sun re - ceives thy hom - age
 fair! For peace is his For peace is His that through Thee liv - eth

prais - ing; Of Him the heav'n - ly King, O sing, O sing Your
 sor - row— Thy dark - ness to re - move! He came, to prove A
 du - ly! O bring to Him each one— Each one! Each one! Your
 pure - ly! And add - ed un - to this, all joy, and bliss— Since

Sav - ior born this hap - py day.
 lov - ing Shep-herd's care for thee!
 in - cense and your gold and myrrh!
 God hath sent His Sav - ior here!

