

# Leave, Shepherds, Leave Your Peaceful Flocks

French carol, translated by W. K. Simpson

♩=118 *Allegro vivace*

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

grieve, but come, O come a - way! Come and a - dore, your  
 maid and In - fant thou shalt see! His ten - der love hath  
 rest, in love and faith draw near: Our ris - ing Sun re-  
 sweet and fair! For peace is his For peace is His that

tears all changed to prais - ing; Of Him the heav'n - ly King, O  
 sought thee in thy sor - row— Thy dark - ness to re - move! He  
 - ceives thy hom - age du - ly! O bring to Him each one— Each  
 through Thee liv - eth pure - ly! And add - ed un - to this, all

sing, O sing Your Sav - ior born this hap - py day.  
 came, to prove A lov - ing Shep - herd's care for thee!  
 one! Each one! Your in - cense and your gold and myrrh!  
 joy, and bliss— Since God hath sent His Sav - ior here!