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While Shephards Watch their Flocks by Night

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Christmas Amusement;

A Choice Collection of Carols

While Shepherds Watch their Flocks by Night.

While shepherds watch their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not said he, for mighty dread,
Had seized their troubl'd mind,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

To you in Davids town this day,
Is born of Davids line,
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be your sign.

The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human man display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
Appear'd a mighty throng,
Of Angels praising God above,
And thus address'd their song.

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Good will hence forth from heaven to hell,
Begin and never cease.



Printed and Sold Wholesale and Retail by J. V. QUICK, 42, Bowling Green Lane, Clerkenwell; and 8, Little Paternoster Row, London.... Price One-penny.

Where Shop-keepers and Hawkers may be Supplied with Sheets Half Sheet Carols, Equal to any House in the Kingdom.

An esteemed ancient Carol

METHINKS I see the heavenly choir mourn,
And hail yon beauteous orbs to sable turn,
A solemn fast the pensive seraph keep,
And winged cherubs in deep silence weep,
The glorious sun withdrew his blushing head,
The moon's eclips'd, the glimmering stars are dead
And all the gaudy beams of light are fled,
The frighten'd birds forsake the darken'd air,
And howling beasts quick to their dens repair;
The earth with horror struck, find no repose,
But quakes and trembles with convulsive throws;
Eccentric motions shake the distant poles,
And the earth's centre from its axis rolls,
Muse, say the cause, relate the dire event,
That nature thus inverted shou'd lament,
The God of nature new in anguish lies,
Press'd with the load of human miseries
The glorious Son of God from heaven is come down
To suffer death for crimes, but not his own;
Stern vengeance from the guilty world is fled,
And veils her fury on his guiltless head,
He sighs, his tears in torrents flow,
His nature starts at the impending blow;



And well it might—since he must now atone,
For all sins that all the world has done,

methinks I see him (ah!) insorrow lie,
With brows dejected, and condemn'd to die,
He's whipt he's scourg'd oh see the yawning wound,
His blood distils in streams upon the ground
Attend my soul, survey this ghastly scene,
Such a shocking sight the world has never seen,
The Lord of life is hung upon a tree,
Oh hark!—he groans in the utmost agony,
Here falls the king of heaven a sacrifice,
See how the son of God expires and dies,
The mild relenting Judge resigns his breath,
To save us guilty criminals from death,

Transcendent love, beyond the bound of sense,
Th' offcuded dies, to pardon the offence
What (Lord) for so much love can I restore?
Come give me but thy heart, I ask no more.
Oh! take it then, and let it with thee live,
I'd give ten thousen more, if I had them, to give.



Portuguese Hymn, on the Nativity.

YE faithful triumphant
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter with joy of heart:
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent from heaven, by angels,
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bore the world a Saviour,
GOD OF GOD, and LIGHT OF LIGHT!
HAIL, HOLY INFANT,
VERY GOD of VERY GOD,
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.

Great joy to all people,
Today a Son is given,
Glory, glory be to the O CHRIST,
The eternal Word was God
Became Man, and dwelt among us,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praise in full chorus,
All ye hosts of Angles,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth
Hail to the LAMB!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah;
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

