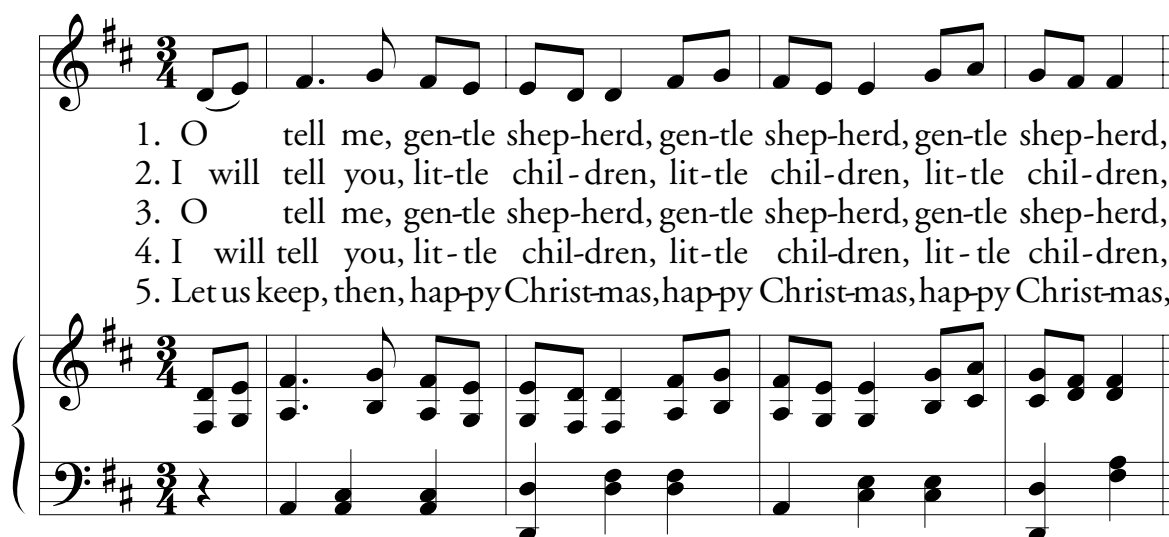
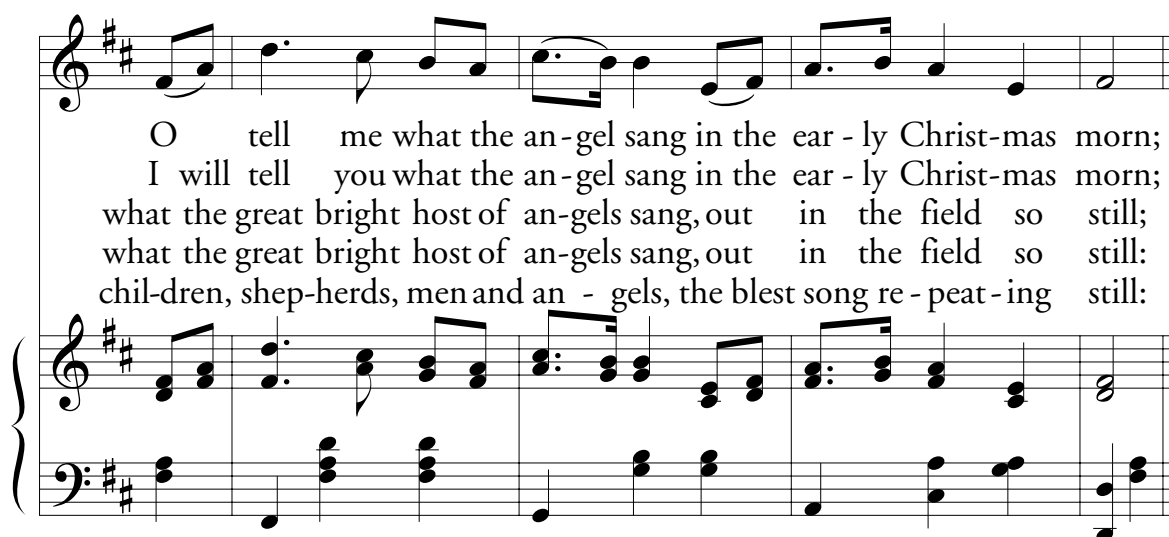


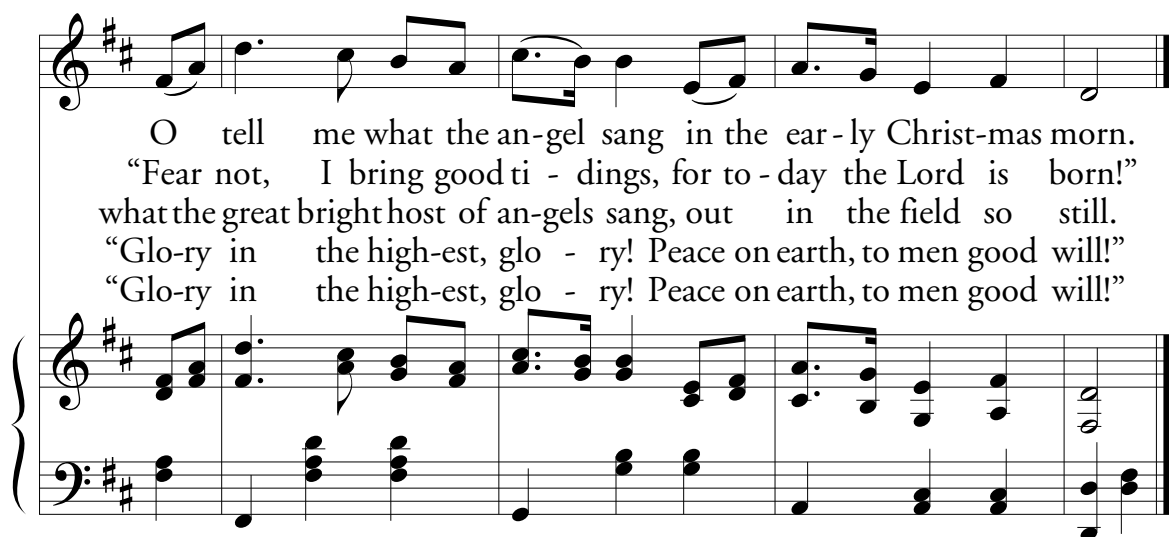
O TELL ME, GENTLE SHEPHERD



1. O tell me, gen-tle shep-herd, gen-tle shep-herd, gen-tle shep-herd,
2. I will tell you, lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren,
3. O tell me, gen-tle shep-herd, gen-tle shep-herd, gen-tle shep-herd,
4. I will tell you, lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren,
5. Let us keep, then, hap-py Christ-mas, hap-py Christ-mas, hap-py Christ-mas,



O tell me what the an-gel sang in the ear-ly Christ-mas morn;
I will tell you what the an-gel sang in the ear-ly Christ-mas morn;
what the great bright host of an-gels sang, out in the field so still;
what the great bright host of an-gels sang, out in the field so still:
chil-dren, shep-herds, men and an-gels, the blest song re-peat-ing still:



O tell me what the an-gel sang in the ear-ly Christ-mas morn.
“Fear not, I bring good ti-dings, for to-day the Lord is born!”
what the great bright host of an-gels sang, out in the field so still.
“Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry! Peace on earth, to men good will!”
“Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry! Peace on earth, to men good will!”