

# Shepherd Song

Luke 2:15

Capo2

We pressed our faces to the grass  
Eyes to earth, but found no shade.  
Such blinding light was not the sun  
Seized with fear but not to run  
A fear that made our fears afraid.

“Do not, do not be afraid  
Today is born the Lord your Savior  
Don't look in a prince's nursery  
But in the barn where cattle feed  
Peace on whom HE favors.”

We left our flocks to tend themselves  
And ran all night how far, how fast!  
He called us past hotels and bars  
Shepherds, wise men, even stars  
Back to...himself... again... at last.

Is this the long expected one,  
The one in whom we must believe?  
Can this be Israel's future King,  
The one that made the angels sing?  
Will he ever be received?

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