

O Shepherds, Sing Ye Gloria

Vocal Solo with Piano

Words by Richard Overman

Music by Robert Overman

1

We hear it told that long a - go in days be - yond re - call, Our
But now so late in time we find no path which leads a - bove, No
As a - ges roll-how can it be? - our God Him - self comes down. From
Now see we all the gol - den Child whose light ex - ceeds the sun, For

6

fa - thers saw Thee face to face, and knew Thee All - in - All. 'Tis
voice, no form, no shi - ning sun re - veals Thy face of love. And
moun - tain - top to man - ger stall, He brings His ro - yal Crown. A
whom the stars roll on and all Cre - a - tion was be - gun. O

10

said they climbed a - bove the clouds on soar - ing moun - tain heights, And
here on dark' - ning plains we lie, with eyes that scarce - ly see, Our
sec - ret place with - in the world be - comes His en - try door, A
come, now o - pen wide to Him the man - ger of your heart, That

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14

clothed in shi - ning gar - ments there be - held Thee, Light of Lights.
 souls shut up like sheep in folds, no lon - ger seek - ing Thee. O
 ti - ny babe in swad - dling clothes, the One Whom we a - dore.
 He may wel - come find there - in, His Glo - ry to im - part.

18

shep - herds, sing ye Glo - ri - a! Raise an - thems to the skies!— Run quick - ly, see the place where God Him -

24

self in still - ness lies.

1, 2, 3 4

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