

WITH PIPE AND FLUTE.

(The Shepherd's Carol.)

Within yon cave there lies a King,
As all my mates do tell :
To honour him what shall I bring,
For joy of this Noel ?
No treasuries to me belong,
Whereout rich gifts are made,
I only have my little song,
With pipe and flute to aid.

Tall reeds beside the running brook,
From you my pipes I brought,
Green elder-boughs, of you my brook
And little flute were wrought :
That ripple of the shallow stream,
And murmur of the leaves,
Might sound as in a summer dream,
To cheer December eves.