

f
This lit-tle Babe so few days old, Is come to ri-fle
f
This lit-tle Babe so few days old, Is come to ri-fle
f
This lit-tle Babe so few days old, Is come to ri-fle

8
Sa-tan's fold : All hell doth at his pre-sence quake, Though he him-self for cold do shake ; For in this weak un -
Sa-tan's fold : All hell doth at his pre-sence quake, Though he him-self for cold do shake ; For in this weak un -
Sa-tan's fold : All hell doth at his pre-sence quake, Though he him-self for cold do shake ; For in this weak un -

14
arm-èd wise The gates of hell he will sur prise. With tears he fights and
arm-èd wise The gates of hell he will sur prise. With tears he fights and
arm-èd wise The gates of hell he will sur prise. With tears he fights

22
wins the field, His na ked breast stands for a shield ; His batte-ring shot are babish cries, His
wins the field, His na ked breast stands for a shield ; His batte-ring shot are babish cries, His
and wins the field, His na ked breast stands for a shield ; His batte-ring shot are babish cries,

27
ar-rows looks of wee-ping eyes, His mar-tial en - signs Col-dand Need, And fee-ble Flesh his
ar-rows looks of wee-ping eyes, His mar-tial en - signs Col-dand Need, And fee-ble Flesh his
His ar-rows looks of wee-ping eyes, His mar-tial en - signs Col-dand Need, And fee-ble Flesh

war - rior's steed. His camp is pitch - ed in a stall, His
 war - rior's steed. His camp is pitch - ed in a stall,
 his war-rior's steed. His camp is pitch - ed in a

bul-wark but a bro-ken wall; The crib his trench, hays-talks his stakes; Of
 His bul-wark but a bro-ken wall; The crib his trench, hays-talks his stakes;
 stall, His bul-wark but a bro-ken wall; The crib his trench, hays-talks his

she-pherds he his mus-ter makes; And thus, as sure his foe to wound, The
 Of she-pherds he his mus-ter makes; And thus, as sure his foe to wound,
 stakes; Of she-pherds he his mus-ter makes; And thus, as sure his foe to

an-gels' trumps a - la - rum sound. *ff* My soul, with Christ join
 The an-gels' trumps a - la - rum sound. *ff* My soul, with Christ join
 wound, The an-gelstrumps a - la - rum sound. *ff* My soul, with Christ join

thou in fight; Stick to the tents that he hathpight. With - in his crib is sur-est ward; This lit-tle Babe
 thou in fight; Stick to the tents that he hathpight. With - in his crib is sur-est ward; This lit-tle Babe
 thou in fight; Stick to the tents that he hathpight. With - in his crib is sur-est ward; This lit-tle Babe

60 **con slancio**
ff *sostenuto*

will be thy guard. If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, then flit not from

will be thy guard. If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, then flit not from

will be thy guard. If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, then flit not from

67 **senza rall.**
ff

— this hea - ven - ly Boy.

— this hea - ven - ly Boy.

— this hea - ven - ly Boy.