

THE BABE IN BETHLEHEM'S MANGER LAID

(NOWELL, NOWELL)

Lyrics: Traditional

Original Music: John W. Holt

$\text{♩} = 116$

The Babe in Beth - lem's man - ger laid, In hum - ble form so
 A Sav - ior! sin - ners all a round Sing, shout the won - drous
 For not to sit on Da - vid's throne With world - ly pomp and
 To preach the word of life di - vine To give the liv - ing
 He preached, He suf - ferred bled and died, Up - lift 'twixt earth and
 Well may we sing the Sav - ior's birth, Who need the grace so

low, By won' - dring an - gels is sur veyed, Thro' all His scenes of
 word; Let ev' - ry bos - om hail the sound, A Sav - ior! Christ the
 joy, He came for sin - ners to a tone, And sa - tan to de -
 bread, To heal the sick with hand be - nign, And raise to life the
 skies; In sin - ners' stead was cru - ci - fied, For sin a sac - ri -
 giv'n, And hail His com - ing down to earth, Who rais - es us to

woe. Now ell, Now ell - O sing a Sav - ior's birth; All hail His com - ing
 Lord. stroy. dead. fice. Heav'n

down to earth, Who rais - es us to Heav'n.