

Cradled All Lowly

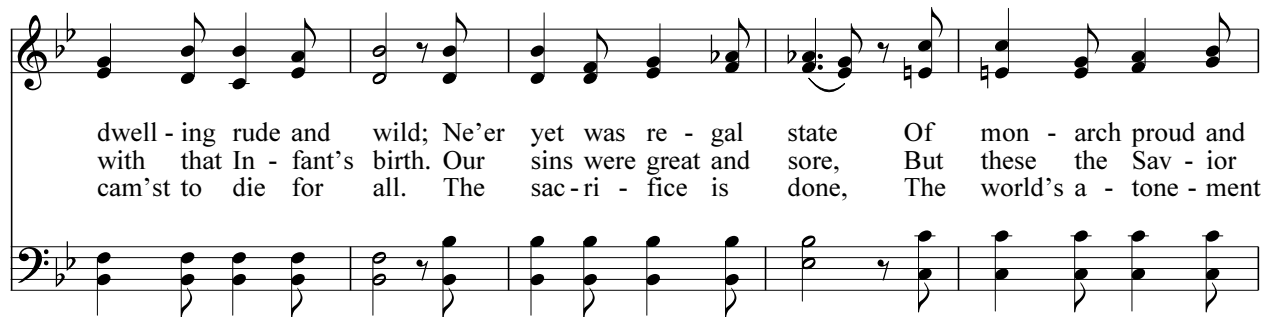
Henry Brougham Farnie, 1874

Charles François Gounod

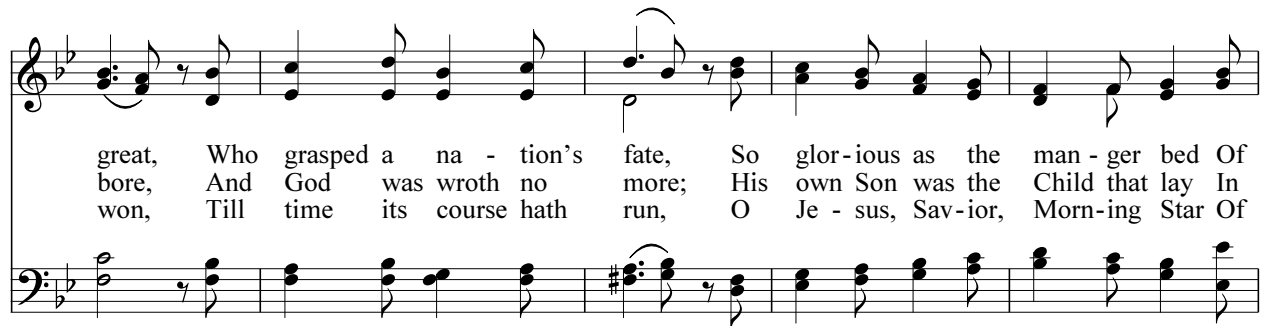
$\text{♩} = 105$



1. Cra - dled all low - ly, Be - hold the Sav - ior Child! A be - ing ho - ly, In
2. No long - er sor - row As with - out hope, O earth! A bright - er mor - row Dawned
3. Babe weak and wail - ing, In low - ly vil - lage stall, Thy glo - ry veil - ing, Thou



dwell - ing rude and wild; Ne'er yet was re - gal state Of mon - arch proud and
with that In - fant's birth. Our sins were great and sore, But these the Sav - ior
cam'st to die for all. The sac - ri - fice is done, The world's a - tone - ment



great, Who grasped a na - tion's fate, So glor - ious as the man - ger bed Of
bore, And God was wroth no more; His own Son was the Child that lay In
won, Till time its course hath run, O Je - sus, Sav - ior, Morn - ing Star Of



Beth - le - hem.
Beth - le - hem.
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