

# The Babe of Bethlehem

Ebenezer Porter Dyer, 1853, alt.

T. Bissell, 1869

♩ = 105

1. All hail the peer-less night, Lit by un-wont-ed light, When  
 2. Glo-ry to God on high— The God who rules the sky— Good-  
 3. Born of a Jew-ish maid, In Beth-l'hem's man-ger laid, His  
 4. Yes, Christ was born to bleed, Such was our dread-ful need, That

Beth-l'hem's star o'er Beth-l'hem's man-ger hung! While, on Ju-de-a's  
 - will to men, and Ho-ly peace on earth; I seem to hear them  
 head lies pil-lowed On a vir-gin's breast. And did He stoop so  
 thro' His death our Sins might be for-giv'n; Yet reigns He now on

plains, The wake-ful shep-herd swains Saw an-gel forms, and heard The  
 sing; They make the hea-vens ring With songs of joy at our Re-  
 low? Did He the throne fore-go, To raise us sin-ners to The  
 high, And soon shall ev-ery eye Be-hold His ad-vent in The

song they sung.  
 - deem-er's birth.  
 heav'n-ly rest?  
 clouds of Heav'n.