

Hail, Blessèd Babe!

Francis Augustus Blackmer, 1906, alt.

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♩=88

1. Lo, here an - o - ther Christ - mas dawns, A glad - some, mer - ry
 2. What won - der if the an - gels' songs Shook those Ju - de - an
 3. The beau - ty of the east - ern morn That ush - ered in that
 4. What man so blind as not to see The gifts which in Him

day; When ev - ery sort of earth - ly care May well be put a -
 hills, Or if the ve - ry trees cried out, And laughed the gurg - ling
 day, But ty - pi - fied His glo - ry, who With - in that man - ger
 shine? What man so sac - ri - li - gious as To call Him not di -

- way; And thoughts of men be back - ward turned Un - to that bless - èd
 rills? For hope had kissed the fall - en world, Of life and glo - ry
 lay; Well might the "wise men," wor - ship - ping, With gifts their faith a -
 - vine? What man so fear - less of his fate, As not to trust His

morn On which, in low - ly Beth - le - hem, The Sav - ior, Christ, was
 shorn; And He, Mes - si - ah, pro - mised long, Had come, for Christ was
 - ver, They of - fered to a God their "gold, Their frank - in - cense and
 grace, Who deigned, a right - eous God, to come And take the sin - ner's

$\text{♩} = 105$
Refrain

born.
born.
myrrh.”
place?

Hail, bless-èd Babe of Beth-le - hem! Our gifts of praise we bring; We

hail Thee as the Christ of God, Our pro-phet, priest, and king! The power re-ceived we

own, For fu - ture grace we pray; And sing of Thee with joy - ful hearts, This

glad - some Christ-mas day.