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THE BABE DIVINE

HYMN FOR EPIPHANY

Words by

Rev^d. J. A. Reynolds

Composed & Dedicated to

MISS ROSALIE MALLON MARSHALL

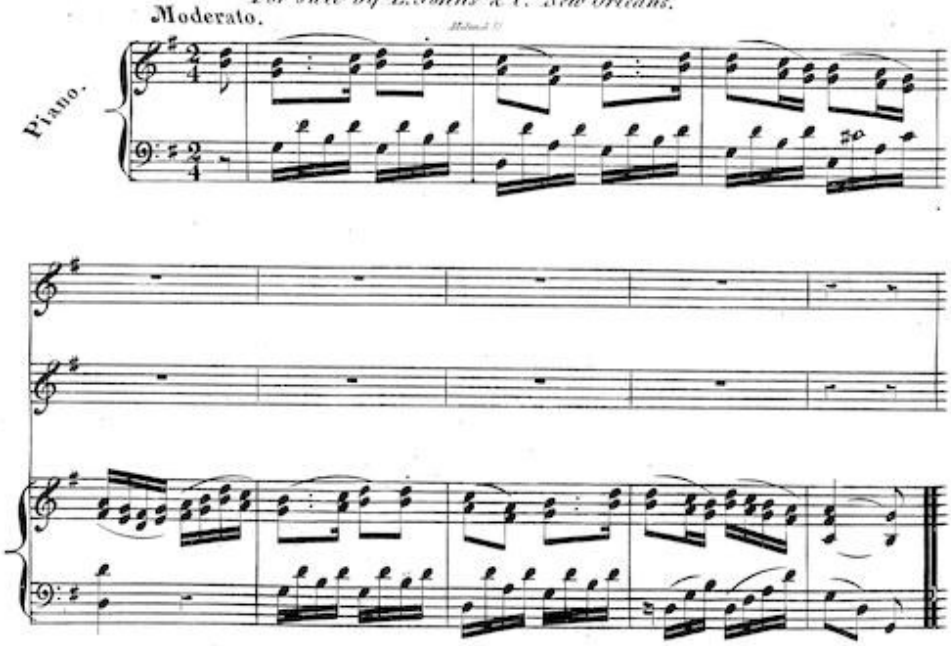
by

W. C. PETERS.

Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.
For sale by E. Johns & Co. New Orleans.

Moderato.

Piano.



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Duet.

The Babe divine, at length is born, The hope of all the earth, The hosts of heavn, and

And lo! in eastern realms a_far, Ap pears a heavn_ly sign, The ma_gi hail the

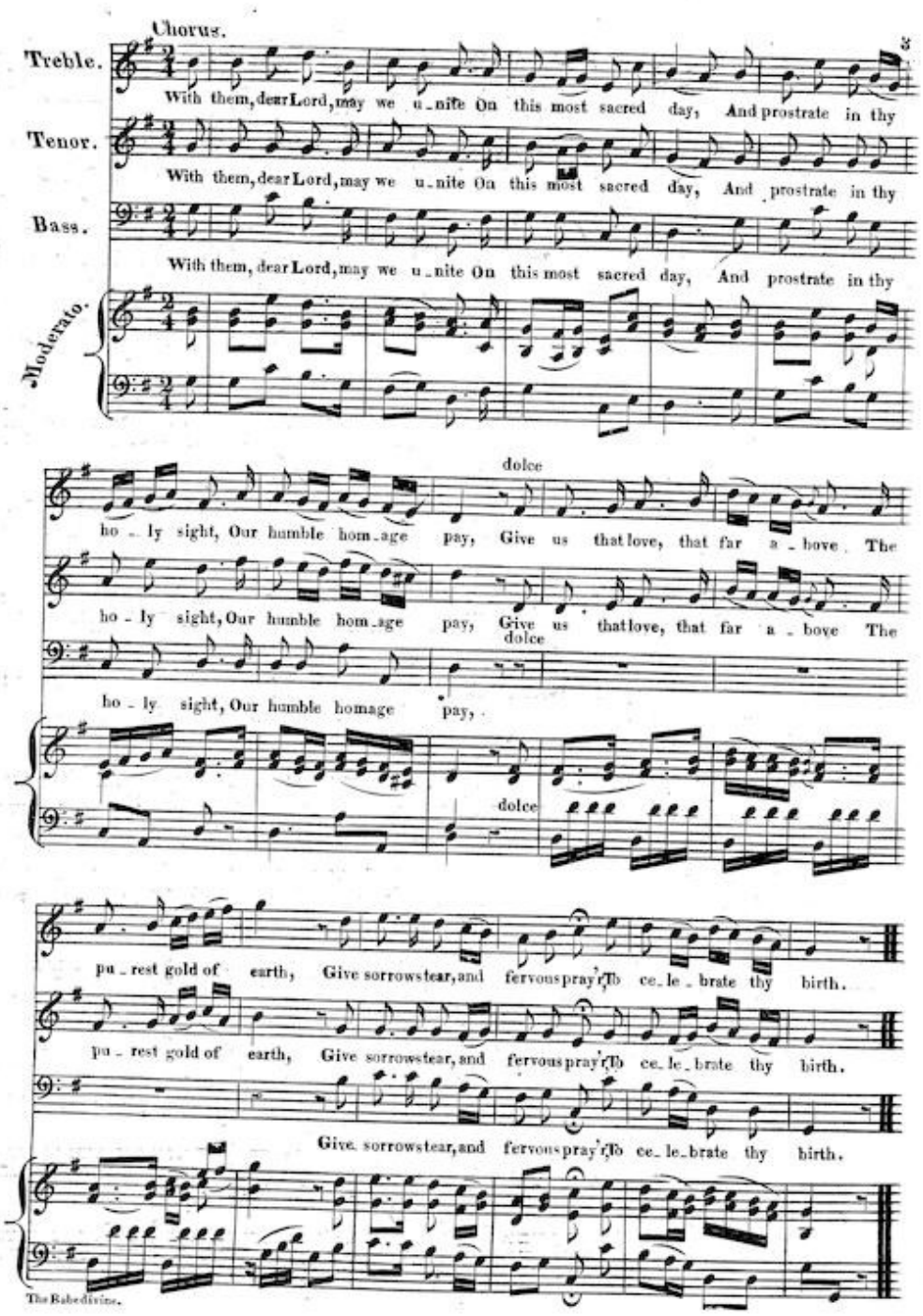
stars of morn, Ex_ul_ting sing his birth Ex_ul_ting sing, the new born King, And

blazing star, Of Is_rael's king di_vine Without delay, they hie their way, To

sound their golden lyres, While si lent night, hears with delight, The sweet an_ge_lic choirs.

Ju_dah's ho_ly land, In humble state at Herod's gate The new born King de_mand.

The Babe divine.


Chorus.
Treble.
Tenor.
Bass.
Moderato.
With them, dear Lord, may we u-nite On this most sacred day, And prostrate in thy
With them, dear Lord, may we u-nite On this most sacred day, And prostrate in thy
With them, dear Lord, may we u-nite On this most sacred day, And prostrate in thy
dolce
ho-ly sight, Our humble hom-age pay, Give us that love, that far a-bove The
ho-ly sight, Our humble hom-age pay, Give us that love, that far a-bove The
dolce
ho-ly sight, Our humble homage pay,
dolce
pu-rest gold of earth, Give sorrows tear, and fervous pray'r To ce-le-brate thy birth.
pu-rest gold of earth, Give sorrows tear, and fervous pray'r To ce-le-brate thy birth.
Give sorrows tear, and fervous pray'r To ce-le-brate thy birth.
The Babe divine.