

## Immortal babe, who on this day

Anon.

William Knapp (c1698-1768)

Edited by Francis Roads

## A Hymn for Christmas Day

[♩]=120

Soprano

1. Im - mor - tal babe, who on this day, Didst change thy heav'ns for  
 2. *Bright an - gels u - shered in thy birth, With ac - cla - ma - tions*  
 3. And shall not we, poor crea - tures, whom Thou didst from heav'n on  
 4. *We\_ all\_ through ig - no - rance and vice, Had lost our way to*

Alto

Tenor [Air]

1. Im - mor - tal babe, who on this day, Didst change thy heav'ns for  
 2. *Bright an - gels u - shered in thy birth, With ac - cla - ma - tions*  
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 4. *We all through ig - no - rance and vice, Had lost our way to*

Bass

Keyboard

6

S

our vile clay, And didst with flesh thy god - head veil: E - ter - nal  
*and with mirth; And sung a - loud, that for our sake, Thou didst our*  
 pur - pose come To save, when slaves to Sa - tan, we Knew nought but  
*pa - ra - dise; And had with - out God in the world, Been in - to*

A

T

our vile\_ clay, And didst with flesh thy god - head veil: E - ter - nal  
*and with\_ mirth; And sung a - loud, that for our sake, Thou didst our*  
 pur - pose\_ come To save, when slaves to Sa - tan, we Knew nought but  
*pa - ra - dise; And had with - out God in the world, Been in - to*

B

Kbd.

## Immortal babe, who on this day

13

S  
 Son of God, all hail E - ter - nal Son of God, all hail!  
 hu - man na - ture take, Thou didst our hu - man na - ture take.  
 sin and mi - se - ry, Knew nought but sin and mi - se - ry.  
 ou - ter dark - ness hurled, Been in - to ou - ter dark - ness hurled.

A

T  
 Son of God, all hail E - ter - nal Son of God, all hail!  
 hu - man na - ture take, Thou didst our hu - man na - ture take.  
 sin and mi - se - ry, Knew nought but sin and mi - se - ry.  
 ou - ter dark - ness hurled, Been in - to ou - ter dark - ness hurled.

B

Kbd.

5. Had not that dayspring from on high,  
 Visited mortals far and nigh;  
 And Christ, our true Emmanuel,  
 Stopped us in our career to hell,  
 Stopped us in our career to hell.

6. Ravished, Lord, with this love of thine,  
 To sing thy praise our souls incline;  
 And that we may perform our parts,  
 We'll to our voices tune our hearts,  
 We'll to our voices tune our hearts.

First published in Knapp's Anthems for Christmas Day (London 1744).

Tenor bar 3 rhythm sic; perhaps printing error. Unconventional harmonies sic.