

This Little Babe

DAS NEUGENBORNE KINDERLEIN (8 8. 8 8. 8 8)

Robert Southwell, c.1661-1695

Melchoir Vulpius

1. This lit - tle Babe so few days old Is come to rif - le
2. With tears he fights and wins the field, His nak - ed breast stands
3. His camp is pitch - ed in a stall, His bul - wark but a
4. My soul with Christ join thou in fight; Stick to the tents that

Sa - - - fold; All hell doth at his pres - ence quake,
for - a - shield; His bat - tering shot are bab - ish cries,
bro - ken wall; The crib his trench, hay - stalks his stakes;
he hath pight. With - in his crib is sur - est ward;

Though he him - self for cold do shake; For in this weak
His ar - rows looks of weep - ing eyes, His mar - tial en -
Of shep - herds he his mus - ter makes; And thus, as sure
This lit - tle Babe will be thy Guard. If thou wilt foil

un - arm - ed wise The gates of hell he will sur - prise.
signs Cold and Need, And fee - ble Flesh his war - rior's steed.
his foe to wound, The an - gels' trumps a - lar - um sound.
thy foes with joy, The flit not from this heav'n - ly Boy.