

# O Babe! In Manger Lying

W. C. Dix

*Tenderly*

♩=112



O Babe, in man-ger ly - ing, O Child, most fair to see, The



first fruits of the Gen - tiles By star were led to Thee; We



now with joy-ful wor - ship, Do haste to Bethl' - hem town, To



greet Thee with Thy Mo - ther, To greet Thee with Thy Mo - ther, To



greet Thee with Thy Mo-ther, And hum-bly there fall down.