

## This Little Babe

1. This lit - tle Babe so few days old Is come to  
 2. With tears He fights and wins the field, His ti - ny  
 3. His camp is pitch - ed in a stall, His bul - wark  
 4. My soul, with Christ join thou in fight; Stick to His

ri - fle Sa - tan's fold; All Hell doth at His pres - ence  
 breast stands for a shield; His bat - t'ring shot are bab - ish  
 but a bro - ken wall, The crib His trench, hay - stalks His  
 tents that He hath pight. With - in His crib is sur - est

quake, Though He Him - self for cold doth shake; For in this  
 cries, His ar - rows looks of weep - ing eyes, His mar - tial  
 stakes, Of shep - herds He His mus - ter makes; And thus, as  
 ward; This lit - tle Babe will be thy guard. If thou wilt

weak un - arm - ed wise The gates of Hell He will sur - prise.  
 en - signs cold and need, And fee - ble flesh His war - rior's steed.  
 sure His foe to wound, The an - gels' trumps the charge now sound.  
 foil thy foes with joy, Then flit not from this Heav'n - ly Boy!