


# A HYMNE ON THE NATIVITIE OF MY SAVIOUR

BEN JONSON (1573 – 1687)

JOSEPH GROOCCOCK



At a flowing, moderate pace

S  
A





1. I sing the birth, was borne to - night, The Au-thor both of Life, and  
2. The Sonne of God, th'E-ter - nal King, That did us all sal - va - tion  
4. What com-fort by him do we winne? Who made him-self the price of

T  
B

1. light; The An - gels so did sound — it, And like the  
2. bring. And freed the soule from dan - - ger; He whom the  
4. sinne, To make us heires of glo - - ry? To see this

1. ra - vish'd Shep - 'erds said, Who saw the light, and were a - fraid, Yet  
2. whole world could not take, The Word, which heaven, and earth did make, Was  
4. Babe, all in - no - cence; A Mar-tyr borne in our de - fence; Can

