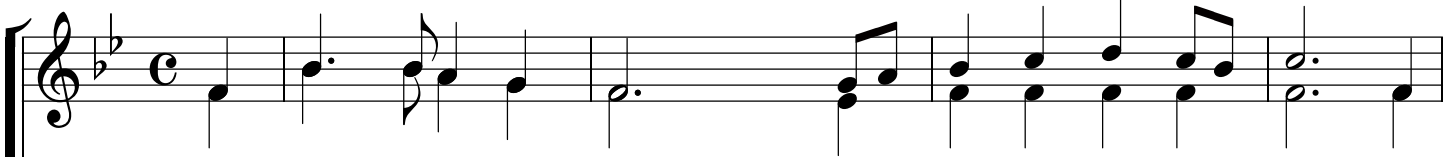


Hail, Progeny divine

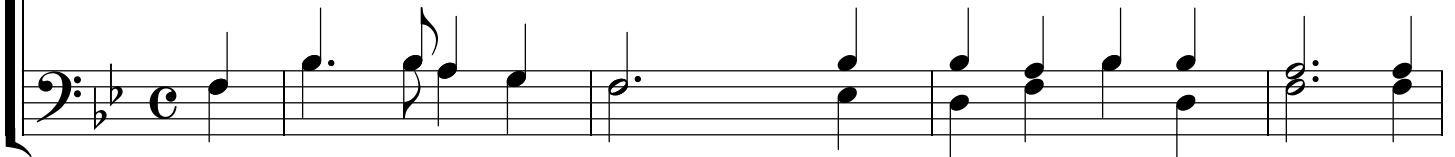
ARTHUR'S SEAT, 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

Sir John Goss (1800-1880)



1. Hail, Pro - ge - ny di - vine; Hail Vir - gin's wond - rous Son! Who
2. Ye prin - ces, dis - ap - pear, And boast your crowns no more; Lay
3. With Beth - lem's shep - herds mild, The an - gels bow their head; And,
4. Thi - ther, my soul, re - pair, And hum - ble hom - age pay, To



1. for that hum - ble shrine Did'st quit th' Al - migh - ty's throne: The in - fant Lord our
2. down your scep - ters here, And in the dust ad - ore: Where Je - sus dwells, the
3. round the Sa - cred Child, Their guar - dian wings they spread: They knew, that where their
4. thy Re - deem - er fair, As on his na - tal day: I kiss thy feet, And,



1. voi - ces sing, And be the King of Grace ad - ored.
2. man - ger bare, In lus - tre far your pomp ex - cels.
3. So - vereign lies, In low dis - guise, Heaven's court is there.
4. Lord, would be A Child like thee, Whom thus I greet.

