

---

# IN THAT POOR STABLE

---

Words  
19th Century, translated from the French

Music arranged by  
Charles Gounod

SATB

**Cantate Domino**  
E D I T I O N

## **Terms of Use**

This digital score engraving artwork is copywrite owned and the electronic publication is the intellectual property of the owner of Cantate Domino web site and is not in the Public Domain. It is only authorised to be obtained only from the web sites listed below.

**This score is authorised to be downloaded from the web sites listed on this page only:**

- [www.cantatedomino.org](http://www.cantatedomino.org)

No other web site is authorised to host/provide this file/music.

**This score is licenced to you without cost. You are licenced to :**

- Uncommercially print the score for the purpose of concert/worship performance, study, and personal use.
- Distribute the score without charge to your choir and musicians for performance.

**You may not :**

- Distribute/upload the score to other web sites, sharing sites, cloud based storage or any similar destination or repository.
- Remove copyright notices.
- Remove logo.
- Remove cover pages.
- Edit for redistribution.
- Republish or create any derivative from this artwork.
- Sell or make profit from this publication.
- Hotlink to the file on the web site. (You may only link to the web page for the file).

# In that poor stable

(Bethlehem)

Translated from the French, 19th Century

French Melody arranged by Charles Gounod.

In that poor sta - ble how char - ming Je - sus lies, words are not  
See here God's power in weak - ness for - ti - fies this in - fant  
Though far from know - ing the babe's di - vi - ni - ty, mine eyes are  
No more af - flic - tion! for God en - dures our pains; in cru - ci -

a - ble to fa - thom his em - prise! No pa - lace of a  
hour of Love's ep - iph - an - ies! Our foe is now dis -  
grow - ing to see his ma - je - sty; for lo! the new born  
fix - ion the Son vic - tor - ious reigns. For us the suf - ferer

king can show so rare a thing in hi - sto - ry or  
spoiled the wiles of hell are foiled; on earth there grows a  
child up - on me sweet - ly smiled the gift of faith be -  
brings sal - va - tion in his wings; to win our souls' af -

fa - ble as that of which we sing in that poor sta - ble.  
flow - er pure, un - de - filed, un - soiled see here God's pow - er!  
stow - ing; thus I my Lord des - cry, though far from know - ing.  
fec - tion could he, the King of kings, know more af - flic - tion?