

Sleep, Holy Babe

1. Sleep, ho - ly Babe, up - on Thy Moth - er's breast;
 2. Sleep, ho - ly Babe, Thine an - gels watch a - round,
 3. Sleep, ho - ly Babe, While I with Ma - ry gaze
 4. Sleep, ho - ly Babe, Oh, snatch Thy brief re - pose;
 5. Then must those hands which now so small I see,

the Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
 all bend - ing low with fold - ed wings
 in joy up - on that Face a - while,
 too quick - ly will Thy slum - ber break,
 those feet so love - ly and di - vine,

how sweet it is to see Thee lie
 be - fore the In - car - nate King of Kings—
 up - on The be - a - tif - ic smile
 and Thou to length - ened pains a - wake,
 that flesh so de - li - cate - ly fine,

in such a place of rest!
 in rev - erent awe pro - found.
 which there di - vine - ly plays.
 which death a - lone shall close!
 be pierced and rent for me!

Tune: COVENTRY CAROL
 (alt. JJR)

Text: *Sleep, Holy Babe* Father
 Edward Caswall (1850)

Arranged and engraved by
 James J. Richardson.

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Verses 6-9

6. Then must that brow its thorn - y crown re - ceive;
 7. O La - dy blest! to Thee I sup - pliant cry;
 8. O Je - su, Lord! By Thy sweet child-hood's years,
 9. So may I sing im - mort - al praise to Thee,

that cheek which now so rose - - ate glows
 for - give the wrong that I have done,
 blot out from their ter - rif - - ic page
 Who, once a Babe of hu - - man birth,

be drenched with blood, and marred with blows,
 in caus - ing by my sins Thy Son,
 my sins of youth and la - ter age,
 now reign - est Lord of heav'n and earth,

that I there - by may live!
 up - on the Cross to die!
 in these my con - trite tears!
 through all e - - ter - ni - - ty!

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