

Sleep, holy Babe,  
upon Thy mother's breast;  
great Lord of earth and sea and sky,  
how sweet it is to see Thee lie  
in such a place of rest.

Sleep, holy Babe;  
Thine angels watch around,  
all bending low, with folded wings,  
before th' incarnate King of kings,  
in reverent awe profound.

Sleep, holy Babe,  
while I with Mary gaze  
in joy upon that face awhile,  
upon the loving infant smile,  
which there divinely plays.

Sleep, holy Babe,  
ah, take Thy brief repose,  
too quickly will Thy slumbers break,  
and Thou to lengthen'd pains awake,  
that death alone shall close.

O lady blest,  
sweet Virgin, hear my cry;  
forgive the wrong that I have done  
to thee, in causing thy dear Son  
upon the cross to die.