

While in peaceful slumbers lying

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1. While in peace-ful slum-bers ly-ing, See Thy Mo-ther o'er Thee bend,

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Deep-est awe and love un-dy-ing In her gen-tle fea-tures blend.

2. Rest Thee, Holy Babe, reposing
On the blessed Virgin's knee,
Though without the night is closing,
There can be no night near Thee.
3. For around Thy lowly manger
Glow a radiance all divine,
Angels guarding Thee from danger,
With increased brightness shine.
4. As a sacred circle forming,
Each with outspread silver wing,
In the dark and early morning,
Softly, reverently, they sing:—
5. Hush'd our songs of exultation,
Hymns and praise alike must cease,
Lo, we watch in adoration,
Christ, our Messenger of Peace.
6. "There He lies so calmy sleeping,
And as yet untouched by care;
Rest Thee, Babe, our guard we're keeping,
We Thy parents' vigil share."

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)