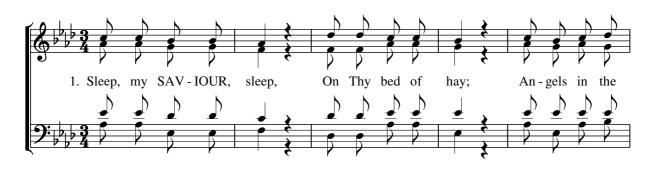
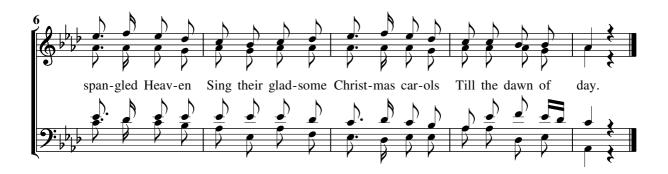
Sleep, my Saviour, sleep

Anonymous (arr. R. F. Smith)





- Sleep, my SAVIOUR, sleep,
 On Thy bed of hay,
 Ere the mourning Angel cometh
 To the moon-lit olive garden,
 Wiping tears away.
- 3. Sleep, my SAVIOUR, sleep, Sweet on Mary's breast; Now the shepherds kneel adoring, Now the mother's heart is joyous, Take a happy rest.
- 4. Sleep, my SAVIOUR, sleep,
 Sweet on Mary's breast,
 Crucified, with wounds and bruises
 Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured,
 One day Thou wilt rest.

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