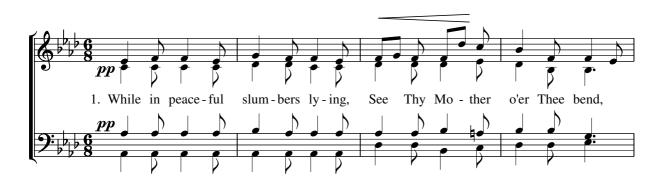
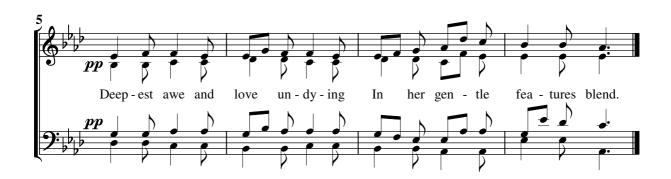
While in peaceful slumbers lying

H. T. Tiltman





- 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 Glows 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,
 Softy, 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)