

Sleep, Holy Babe

E. Caswell

Arthur Fred Musgrave Custance (1866 - 1926)

con molta espressione

p Sleep, Ho - ly Babe, Up - on Thy Moth - er's breast. *mf* Great

p Lord of earth and sea and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In *f*

9 such a place of rest. *ritard.* In such a place of rest. *p*

2. Sleep! Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.
3. Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there Divinely plays.
4. Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That Death alone shall close.

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