

SLEEP, HOLY BABE

1. 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.

2. Sleep, Holy Babe! Thine angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before Th' incarnate King of Kings,
In rev'rent 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.

Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

Sleep, Holy Babe

A Christmas Carol

Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

Alexander Campkin

Slow and Tenderly (♩ = c. 72)

Trebles

p dolce e molto legato

1. Sleep, ho - ly
4. Sleep, ho - ly

mf

p

6

mf

Babe! up - on Thy mo - ther's breast; Great Lord of earth and
Babe! Ah! take Thy brief re - pose, Too quick - ly will Thy

mf

11

f *mp* *pp poco cresc.*

sea and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee
slum - bers break, And Thou to length - ened pains a -

f *mp* *pp poco cresc.*