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 upon thy mother's breast,

Thine angels watch around,

All bending low with folded wings

Before th'incarnate king of kings

In reverent awe profound.

2. Sleep, holy babe!

Thine angels watch around,

All bending low with folded wings

Before th'incarnate king of kings

In reverent awe profound.

2. Sleep, holy babe!

Thine angels watch around,

All bending low with folded wings

Before th'incarnate king of kings

In reverent awe profound.

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