

Edward Caswall
(1814 - 1878)

Sleep, holy babe.

Edgar Pettman
(1866 - 1943)

arr D G M

S.
A1. 1. Sleep, ho - ly babe, u - pon thy mo ther's breast ! Great Lord of earth and sea and

A2. 1. Sleep, sleep, ho - ly babe, u - pon thy mo-ther'sbreast. Great Lord of earth and sea and

Men

Reh only

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sky. How sweet it is to see thee lie

sky. How sweet it is to see thee lie u - pon thy

13

u - pon thy mo - ther's breast, u - pon thy mo - ther's breast.

mo - ther's breast, u - pon thy mo - ther's breast, thy mo - ther's breast.

2. Sleep. holy babe !
Thine angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings
Before th'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 then to lengthened pains awake
That death alone shall close.

