



Sleep, my saviour, sleep on thy bed of hay. Angels in the star lit heaven Sing their gladsome Christmas carols Till the break of day Sleep, my saviour, sleep On thy bed of hay. Ere the mourning angel cometh To the moonlit olive garden Wiping tears away. Sleep, my saviour, sleep Sweet on Mary's breast. Now the shepherds kneel adoring; Now the mother's heart is joyous; Take a happy rest.

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