

Sleep!)

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Little Jesus

Low lay Jes-us in the hay, (Sleep, Ba-by, meet-est Sav-ior, Je-sus, Friend we love Thee
 to of-fer, Make it now a love crib for

WHAT LOVELY INFANT CAN THIS BE.

1. What love-ly In-fant can this be, That in the lit-tle crib I see? So sweetly on the
 2. Who is that La-dy kneeling by, And gas-ing on so ten-der-ly! Oh! that is Ma-ry,
 3. What man is that who seems to smile, And look so bliss-ful all the while? 'Tis ho-ly Jo-seph
 4. What makes the crib so bright and clear? What voices sing so sweetly here? Ah! see behind the
 5. Who are shepherds, crooked sticks and hands so brown? The shepherds from the
 crook-ed sticks and hands so brown? The shepherds from the
 the Ho-ly Child, The lit-tle bo-dy
 rhted up from thee, Hail, Holy Babe! Cre-

SWEET, HOLY CHILD

1. Je-su, teach me how to pray,
 2. Let me not be rude or wild,
 work: or when I play,
 or blest, Moth-er

must have come from Pa-ra-dise.
 full of joy her ho-ly breast.
 In-fant makes him hap-py too.
 lit-tle an-gels look-ing in.
 it-tle an-gels woke them up.

You Dear Little Children

chil-dren, oh, come one and all, Draw near to the
 e crib of that sta-ble so drear, And see by the
 ts, chil-dren, on rough straw and hay, While Ma-ry and
 e shep-herds, a-dor-ing in love, And lift up you
 a sweet-est, Thou heav-en-ly Child, What all dost thou
 -turn, shall we chil-dren give Thee, Who wast e'er the
 r hearts as an of-fer-ing poor: We give them up

The Birthday of a King.

what our heav-en-ly Babe, wrapp'd in
 ly shep-herds in
 ed An-gels, who
 An-gels, who do
 as Th
 an

choir (alto solo)
 2. Was on hum-ble birth-day
 In the lit-tle

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