The Virgin's Slumber Song

BRO. CHRISTOPHER POWELL, O. P.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye:
I sing no song, Little Babe,
Hush-a-bye.

(Though you are of David's clan,
In no splendor do You lie—
Poor and naked shall You die!)
Hush-a-Baby-bye.

Lull-a-bye, lull-a-bye.
Give of your straw, humble beasts,
For His bed.
Little Son, born but an hour,
Stars and planets, ages old,
In Your tiny hands You hold.)
Lull-a-Baby-bye.

Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye.

(My Creator and my God,
Yet my Son!
The day shall come when You must toil.
Sleep, my Son—my God—and rest
Pressed against this humble breast.)
Rock-a-Baby-bye.