



Holy Night (Correggio)

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# DOMINICANA

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## *The Virgin's Slumber Song*

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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.