

Tyrolean Cradle Song

The shadows are fall - ing, the ev'n - ings at

hand, to watch by the cra - dle, my Sav - iour, I

stand: A song I am sing - ing to lull Thee to

sleep, Oh, rest now from cry - ing: safe guard I will

keep. Oh _ sleep! Oh! _ rest, Thou, _ sweet - est _ and _



The shadows are falling, the ev'nings at hand,
To watch by the cradle, my Saviour, I stand:
A song I am singing to lull Thee to sleep,
Oh, rest now from crying: safe guard I will keep.

Oh sleep! Oh! rest, Thou, sweetest and blest.

Forget for a moment the sorrows of earth,
Man's burden of sin that Thou bearest from birth;
Forget the poor stable where Thou must,
If Thou dost accept it, no palace so blest!

Oh sleep! Oh! rest, Thou, sweetest and blest.

Thy glory gives grace to the manger and stall,
On me at Thy side may a benison fall:
Thus blest with Thy presence, 'tis here I would be,
Child Jesus, my Saviour, ne'er parted from Thee!

Oh sleep! Oh! rest, Thou, sweetest and blest.