

Mary's Lullaby

Jane Siberry

See the child that Mary bore
On her lap so softly sleeping
In a stable cold and poor
Ox and ass their vigil keeping

Sing lullaby, sing lullaby
My own dear son, my child
Lullaby, sing lullaby
Lullaby, my little baby

Flights of angels 'round His head
Sing Him joyful hymns of greeting
Peace on earth, goodwill to men
Each to each the song repeating

Shepherds kneeling by His bed
Offer homage without measure
Wise men, by a bright star led
Bring Him gifts of richest treasure