

Sting

"A Cradle Song"

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Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head.
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet Sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet Sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smil'd.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace,
Sweet babe once like thee,
Maker lay and wept for me.

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small,
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

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