

Dear Little One  
Traditional

Dear little One! how sweet Thou art,  
Thine eyes so bright they shine,  
So bright they almost seem to speak  
When Mary's looks meet Thine.  
How faint and feeble is Thy cry,  
Like plaint of harmless dove,  
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep  
Of sorrow and of love.

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleep'st,  
Thou wakest when she calls;  
Thou art content upon her lap,  
Or in the rugged stalls.  
Simplest of Babes! with what a grace,  
Thou dost Thy mother's will,  
Thine infant fashions all betray  
The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,  
And smoothes Thy little cheek,  
Thou lookest up into his face  
So helpless and so meek.  
Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,  
A thing of smiles and tears;  
Yet Thou art God, and Heav'n and earth  
Adore Thee with their fears.