

Sweet Child Divine

Jesse Brett, before 1917.

Arthur Brown.

Sweet Child divine, of lowly grace,
Thy mother guard is keeping;
And angels pass with reverent pace
Where Thou art calmly sleeping,
Where Thou art calmly sleeping.
O life divinely shown!
O love made known for all to own!
Sweet Babe, we haste to bring
All praise and service holy.

All lowly is Thy manger throne,
Yet Thou art truly reigning,
Receiving gifts from all Thine own,
A lost world's love regaining,
A lost world's love regaining.
So high and low shall meet
In union sweet about Thy feet,
Blest Child of heav'nly grace,
Thy tenderness adoring.

O Son of Mary, Son divine!
Oh, rest Thee, let her fold Thee
To that full heart, whose life is Thine,
Ere ruder hands shall hold Thee,
Ere ruder hands shall hold Thee.
Swift years are hasting by,
A cross stands high, and Thou wilt die:
Love, love, alway for men,
O Jesu, Son of Mary!

But now we greet Thee, infant King,
With offerings rich and holy;
The treasures of our life we bring,
O Son of Mary lowly.
Glad angels hover nigh,
To waft on high their lullaby,
To waft on high their lullaby.
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,
And Son of God most holy.