

In Paradise reposing

In Paradise reposing,
by life's eternal well,
the tender lambs of Jesus
in greenest pastures dwell.

There palms and tiny crownlets
aglow with brightest gem,
bedeck the baby martyrs
who died in Bethlehem.

With them the rose-wreathed army
of children undefiled,
who passed through mortal torments
for love of Christ the Child;

with them in peace unending,
with them in joyous mirth,
are all the stainless infants
which since have gone from earth.

The angels, once their guardians,
their fellows now in grace,
with them in love adoring,
see God the Father's face.

The lullaby to hush them
in that eternal rest,
is sweet angelic singing,
their nurse God's Mother blest.

O Jesus, loving Shepherd,
who tenderly dost bear
thy lambs in thine own bosom,
bring us to join them there.