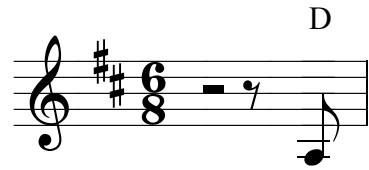


Heaven's Young Son, Slumber (Schlaf wohl, du Himmelsknabe du)

Swiss folk tune; original German words by C.F.D. Schubart, ca.1786;

English translation by Ziggy Harpdust, 2010

(Tonicization analysis and autoharp melody playing chords by Ziggy Harpdust, 2010)



1. Sleep
2. And
3. You'll
4. Thus

1

A⁷ D A⁷ D A⁷ D A⁷ D

well, you boy from skies' de- scent, sleep well, you sweet - est child! The
 Mar - y, with a moth - er's eye, put gent ly the cov- ers on you. And
 soon grow up, your blood then flows, from Gol- go- tha's cross it will lave; man's
 man - y ba - bies will fall a - sleep in moth - er's lap se - cure, but,

5

A⁷ D A⁷ D E⁷ B⁷ E B⁷ E⁷ B⁷ E A A⁷

an - gels, greet - ing your ad- vent, fan heav- en- ly breeze so mild. We
 watch good Jo - seph anx - ious - ly try to hold back his breath from you, too! The
 ha - tred caus - es you death throes, and then you will rest in the grave. Keep
 grown up, they will have to weep, tor - ment - ed and wor - ried and poor. Oh,

9

D G D A⁷ D⁷ G D⁷ A⁷ D A⁷

low - ly shep - herds, poor and shy, we sing a love - ly lull - a - by.
 sheep and lambs stop bleat - ing wild, fall si - lent with you, heav - en's child.
 al - ways closed the lit - tle eye, you need the sweet rest, hush - a - by!
 Je - sus Child, with all your grace help them their lot to calm - ly em - brace!

13

D A⁷ D A⁷ D A⁷ D

1. - 4. Slum - ber, slum - ber, heav - en's young son, slum - ber!