

St Ita's Lullaby

This simple Christmas carol has a text by the Irish poet James Harpur
St Ita's Lullaby

Hush my sweet Jesus, hush my little lamb
The lamps in Killeedy are flickering to life
Footsteps are failing, the sun's easing down,
Sink into sleep, sleep my little lamb.

Hush my sweet Jesus, hush my little lamb
Streams hug their beds between mossy banks
The straw in the barns is fragrant and warm
Sink into sleep, sleep my little lamb.

Hush my sweet Jesus, hush my little lamb
The wind falls asleep on dark ancient oaks
The moon's dissolving and the night is calm
Sink into sleep, sleep my little lamb.

Hush my sweet Jesus, hush my little lamb
Dream of the angels that drift to the ground
A snowfall of stars until the new dawn.
Sink into sleep, sleep my little lamb.

Hush my sweet Jesus, hush my little lamb
Hush, hush, hush ...