

# Cradle

(German lyrics: Martin Luther; Music and translation:  
Alan Humm)

Take note, my heart, and look that way.  
What's that within the manger laid?  
Who is that lovely little babe?  
It is dear Jesus, in the hay.

O Lord, you have created all,  
So how have you become so small?  
And now you're on the dry grass laid  
From which an ox and donkey ate!

{ bridge: }

And were the world ten times its size  
All clad with gold, and jewels that shine  
It still would be absurdly poor  
A narrow cradle for you, Lord

{ break }

So dearest Jesus, noble guest,  
Make for yourself a pure, soft bed,  
And rest enshrined within my heart  
So, you and I will never part.

And you and I will never part.

{ Coda }