



- 2 Savious, earth is cold and dreary, And the Angels' song Finds no echo 'mid the tumult Of her strife and wrong. Hail, sweet Jesus! ever blest, Born to give the weary rest.
- 3 In the arms of Mary, Mother,
  Thou art lowly laid,
  God Incarnate, by Thee only
  Could man's debt be paid.
  Hail, sweet Jesus! ever blest,
  Cradled on Thy Mother's breast.
- 4 Grant, dear Lord, that by Thy meekness,
  And humility,
  We, despite our human weakness,
  May grow like to Thee.
  Hail, sweet Jesus! ever blest,
  Dwell with us, an honoured Guest.

Parish Choir, No. 1006-8.