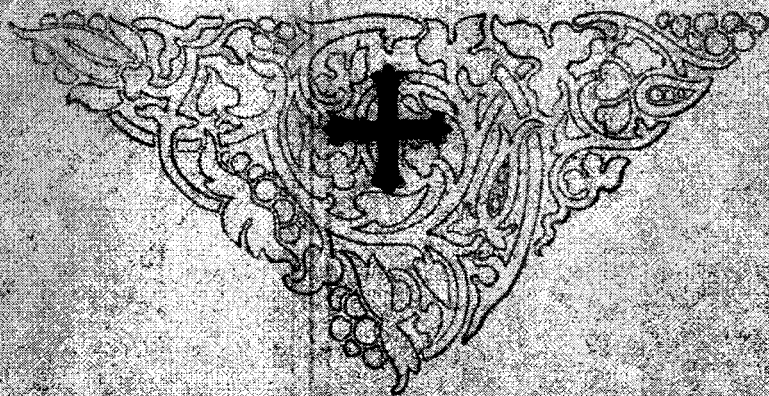


Breathe Your Soft Prayer To Christ The Child



A Song by

C. B. Hawley

High Voice

6

Low Voice

The John Church Company

Chicago New York Chicago Leipzig London

You little children, in whose eyes undimmed the light of heaven glows,
Whose dreams are bright from Paradise,
Whose souls are whiter than the snows,
From holy lips and undefiled,
Breathe your soft prayer to Christ the Child.

And you whose thinning locks are spreant with unreturning Autumn's rhyme,
Whose heads like wind-worn trees are bent
Beneath the savage storms of time,
Past the dim goal where shadows bide,
Pray Christ the Child to be your guide.

O saving hands! O Christ that hears a mortal mother's lullabies,
That feels our agony and tears,
Whose bosom trembles with our sighs
Give us pure hearts and undefiled;
Make us like Thee, O Christ the Child.



High Voice



Low Voice

3

Breathe your soft prayer to Christ the Child

Words from The New York Sun by permission

C. B. HAWLEY

Andante

You lit - tle chil - dren, in whose eyes un -

dimmed the light of heav - en glows _____ Whose dreams are bright from

9/12/19 C.W. Hager gift.

Par - a - dise Whose souls are whit - er than the snows.

From ho - ly lips and un - de - filed, Breathe your soft prayer to

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And you, whose thin - ning locks are

sprent with un - re - turn - ing Au - tumn's rhyme, Whose

heads like wind-worn trees are bent be - neath the sav - age storms of

time Past the dim goal where shad - ows bide ——— Pray

Christ the Child to be your guide

p *rit. dim.* *a tempo* *p*

O sav - ing

pp *mf*

hands! O Christ that hears a mor-tal moth-ers lul-la - by, That

feels our ag-o-ny and tears, Whose bos-om trem-bles with our

p

sighs, Give us pure hearts and un-de-filed,

Make us like Thee, O Christ the Child,

Make us like Thee, Make us like

Thee, O Christ the Child.