

**Two Awakenings and a Double Lullaby**

**[1] The Salutation**

These little Limbs,  
These Eyes and Hands which here I find,  
These rosy Cheeks wherewith my Life begins;  
Where have ye been? Behind  
What Curtain were ye from me hid so long!  
Where was, in what Abyss, my speaking Tongue?

When silent I  
So many thousand thousand Years  
Beneath the Dust did in a Chaos lie,  
How could I Smiles, or Tears,  
Or Lips, or Hands, or Eyes, or Ears perceive?  
Welcome ye Treasures which I now receive.

I that so long  
Was Nothing from Eternity,  
Did little think such Joys as Ear and Tongue  
To celebrate or see:  
Such Sounds to hear, such Hands to feel, such Feet,  
Beneath the Skies, on such a Ground to meet.

New burnish'd Joys!  
Which finest Gold and Pearl excell!  
Such sacred Treasures are the Limbs of Boys  
In which a Soul doth dwell:  
Their organizéd Joints and azure Veins  
More Wealth include than all the World contains.

From Dust I rise  
And out of Nothing now awake;  
These brighter Regions which salute mine Eyes  
A Gift from God I take:  
The Earth, the Seas, the Light, the lofty Skies,  
The Sun and Stars are mine; if these I prize.

Long time before  
I in my mother's Womb was born,  
A God, preparing, did this glorious store,  
The World, for me adorn.  
Into this Eden so divine and fair,  
So wide and bright, I come His son and Heir.

A Stranger here,  
Strange things doth meet, strange Glory see,  
Strange Treasures lodged in this fair World appear,  
Strange all and New to me:  
But that they mine should be who Nothing was,  
That Strangest is of all; yet brought to pass.

*Thomas Traherne (1636-1674)*

**[3] Double Lullaby**

When at night I go to sleep,  
Fourteen angels watch do keep;  
Two my head are guarding,  
Two my feet are guiding,  
Two are on my right hand,  
Two are on my left hand,  
Two who warmly cover,  
Two who o'er me hover,  
Two to whom 'tis given  
To guide my steps to heaven.

*Evening Prayer from Hansel and Gretel  
by Engelbert Humperdinck (1854-1921)*

**Adelheid Wette (1858-1916)**

All night, all day,  
Angels watching over me, my Lord.  
All night, all day,  
Angels watching over me.

Sun is a-setting in the West,  
Angels watching over me, my Lord.  
Sleep my child, take your rest;  
Angels watching over me.

All night, all day,  
Angels watching over me, my Lord.  
All night, all day,  
Angels watching over me.

When I lay me down to sleep,  
Angels watching over me, my Lord.  
Pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
Angels watching over me.

*American Traditional Spiritual*