

# Jesu, Son Most Sweet and Dear

## Mormon Tabernacle Choir

Jesu, son most sweet and dear,  
Mean the bed you lie on here,  
    And that afflicts me sore,  
For your cradle's like a bier,  
Ox and ass are with you here,  
    And I must weep therefore.  
Jesu, sweet one, show no wrath.  
    I have not the poorest cloth  
    To wrap you in its fold.  
Not a rag in which to wrap,  
Hold you safe upon my lap,  
And shield you from the cold.

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Lyrics submitted by Katherine Willson.

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