

# Sleep My Child & Peace Attend Thee

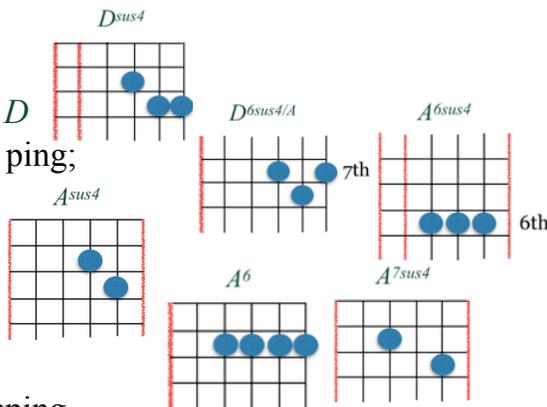
Lyrics by John Ceiriog Hughes; traditional Welsh tune contributed by Edward Jones; translation to English by Sir Harold Boulton; lyric adjustments in this Lochinvar version by Rick Larson

FIRST and LAST

*D G E A*  
 Sleep my child and peace attend thee,  
*G A<sup>7</sup> D*  
 All through the night.

*G E<sup>7</sup> A*  
 Guardian angels God will send thee,  
*G A<sup>7</sup> D*  
 All through the night.

*D<sup>sus4</sup> D G A*  
 Soft the drowsy,  
*D<sup>6sus4/A</sup> A<sup>6sus4</sup> D<sup>sus4</sup> D*  
 Hours are cree - ping;  
*G D A A<sup>sus4</sup>*  
 Hill and vale in,  
*A<sup>6</sup> A A<sup>7sus4</sup> A<sup>7</sup>*  
 Slumber sleep - ing.  
*D G E A*  
 I my loving vigil keeping,  
*G A<sup>7</sup> D*  
 All through the night.



*D G E A*  
 While the moon her watch is keeping,  
*G A<sup>7</sup> D*  
 All through the night.  
*G E<sup>7</sup> A*  
 While the weary world is sleeping,  
*G A<sup>7</sup> D*  
 All through the night.

*D<sup>sus4</sup> D G A*  
 O'er thy spirit,  
*D<sup>6sus4/A</sup> A<sup>6sus4</sup> D<sup>sus4</sup> D*  
 Gen - - tly steal - ing,  
*G D A A<sup>sus4</sup> A<sup>6</sup> A A<sup>7sus4</sup> A<sup>7</sup>*  
 Visions of de - - light reveal - - ing;  
*D G E A*  
 Breathes a pure and holy feeling,  
*G A<sup>7</sup> D*  
 All through the night.

*D G E A*  
 Though I roam a minstrel lonely,  
*G A<sup>7</sup> D*  
 All through the night.  
*G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>*  
 My true harp shall praise sing only,  
*G A<sup>7</sup> D*  
 All through the night.

*D<sup>sus4</sup> D G*  
 Your young dreams,  
*A D<sup>6sus4/A</sup> A<sup>6sus4</sup> D<sup>sus4</sup> D*  
 As sweet as clo - - ver;  
*G D A A<sup>sus4</sup> A<sup>6</sup> A A<sup>7sus4</sup> A<sup>7</sup>*  
 O'er them all my love does ho - - ver.  
*D G E A*  
 Dear grand child, a sleepy rover,  
*G A<sup>7</sup> D*  
 All through the night.

Repeat the FIRST and LAST

# History

This enchanting Welsh lullaby was originally titled "Ar Hyd y Nos" by John Ceiriog Hughes (1832-1887). It is sung to a tune first recorded in the *Musical and Poetical relics of the Welsh Bards* by Edward Jones around 1774.



John Ceiriog  
Hughes



Edward Jones,  
Bardd y Brenin

Mr. Jones was an exceptional harp player. He moved from Wales to London in the 1770's where he taught and performed harp music. His talent soon had him tutoring wealthy families and he ultimately moved into the St. James Palace as the official harpist for the Prince of Wales.

<http://daibach-welldigger.blogspot.com>, [lullaby-link.com](http://lullaby-link.com), [makingmusicfun.net](http://makingmusicfun.net) & Wikipedia

There are many other authors who have contributed modifications to the lyrics. Those mentioned include J. Mark Sugars, Carl G. Hardback, A. G. Prys-Jones, John Jones with a translation by Thomas Oliphant, Sir Bryn Terfel, and in our time Peter, Paul and Mary who refashioned the poetry to suit their "Peter, Paul and Mommy" project. Grandparents.com ([grandparents.com](http://grandparents.com)) encourages this a bit with their recommendation that those of us who are grandparents, "Sing this lullaby to your grandbabies, and watch them drift off to sleep."

Taking this advice to heart, Rick Larson made adjustments to the lyrics printed here as the Lochinvar version and dedicated them to his grand children. Rick's grandfather Olof Larson called all of his grand children Lochinvar until they were old enough to present a personality that separated them from the pack. He would then call them by their given names.

Grandpa Olof thought highly of the name Lochinvar and thus thought it an honor for each of his new grand children to wear it for a while.

He was fond of quoting, and often mis-quoting Sir Walter Scott's poem *Young Lochinvar*:

"O young Lochinvar is come out of the west, Through all the wide Border his steed was the best; And save his good broadsword he weapons had none, He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone. So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."



Grampa Olof with one of his grand children, Jim.