

Carpenter's Lullaby

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I consider Saint Joseph the special patron of all those forced to leave their native lands because of war, persecution and poverty.

—Pope Francis, *Patris Corde*

Sleep, child, in this manger rude and small
The world will quickly claim you
Soon you will grow tall

From my workshop I have saved
Adze, auger, awl, and blade
Beneath your pillow and your pall

Herod's assassins will not find you
I vowed to guard you in this stall
Papa knows your future, but has Mary told me all?

Forget the madness
Chaos, sadness
In the city, in the wild
For this night you are my child

The road goes on from here
I cannot tell you where
Papa must know what's best
But miles to go before you rest

Baby, close your eyes I pray
Please don't look on me that way!
Is it you who'll save the day?

Sleep, child, in this manger small.
The world will quickly claim you.
No assassin, no betrayal
Joseph guards you in this stall