

HUSH, MY BABE.

Isaac Watts.

J. J. Rousseau.

FINE.

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed,
D.C.—When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee.
 2. Soft and eas - y is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay;
D.C.— How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
 3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Tho' my song may seem so hard;
D.C.— Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.

Heav'n - 'ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gen - tly fall - ing on thy head.
 When His birth - place was a sta - ble, And His soft - est bed was hay.
 'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.

D.C.
 How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be,
 O to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How His foes a - bus'd their King;
 May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;