

Hush, my babe

Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed, Heav'n - ly bless - ings

with - out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head. How much bet - ter throu'rt at - tend - ed Than the

Son of God could be, When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee!

2. Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Sav-iour lay:
When His birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.
Oh, to tell the wondrous story,
How his foes abused their King;
How they killed the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may seem so hard:
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him,
Love and serve Him all thy days;
Then to dwell forever near Him,
Tell His love and sing His praise.