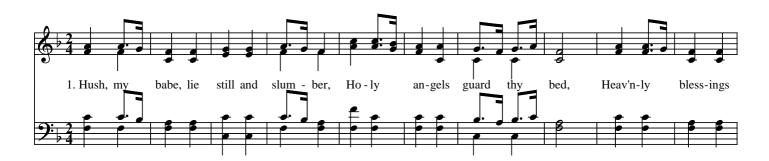
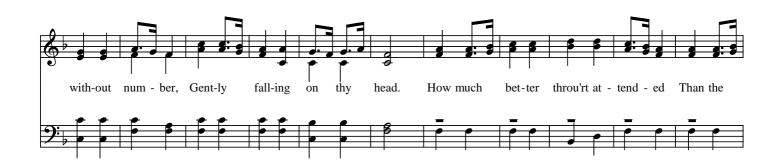
Hush, my babe

Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)







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.