

# 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.