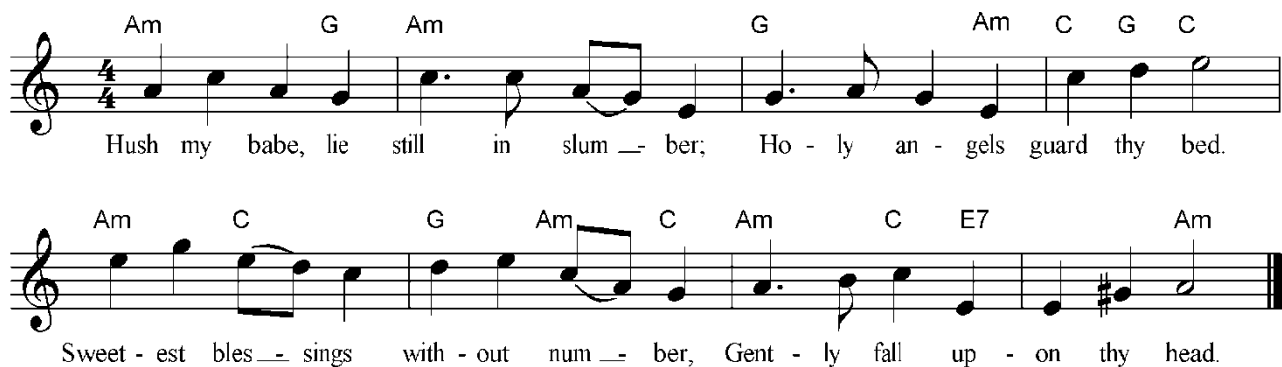


A cradle hymn / Hush my babe

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

A beautiful folk song from Kentucky.

Words by Isaac Watts. Arranged by Dany Rosevear.



Hush, my babe, lie still in slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.
Sweetest blessings without number
Gently fall upon thy head.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the shepherds gathered round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his Virgin Mother by.

See the heavenly babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in the manger,
Where the horned oxen fed,
Peace, my darling, there's no danger,
There's no oxen by thy bed.

Hush, my babe, lie still in slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.
Sweetest blessings without number
Gently fall upon thy head.

