

Hush, My Babe

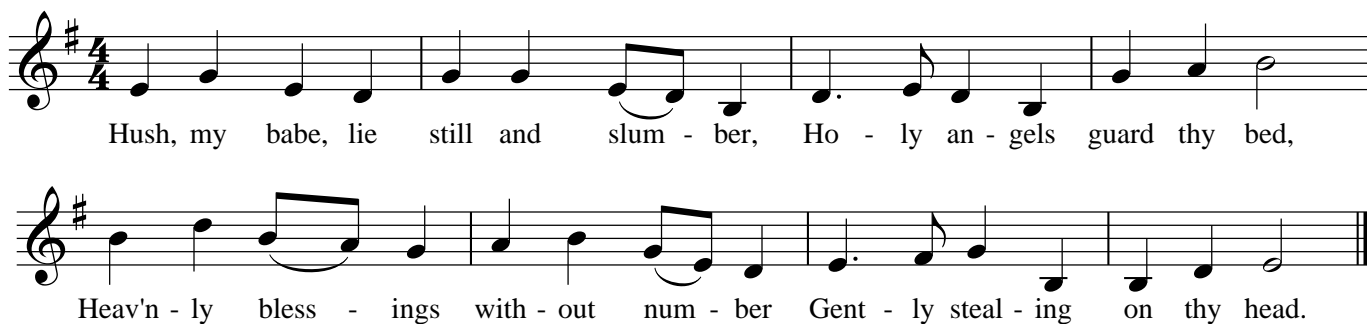
Words by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Source:

Thomas, Jean

Devil's Ditties

Chicago: W. Wilbur Hatfield, 1931



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 steal - ing on thy head.

2. How much better art thou attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended
And became a child like thee.
3. Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.