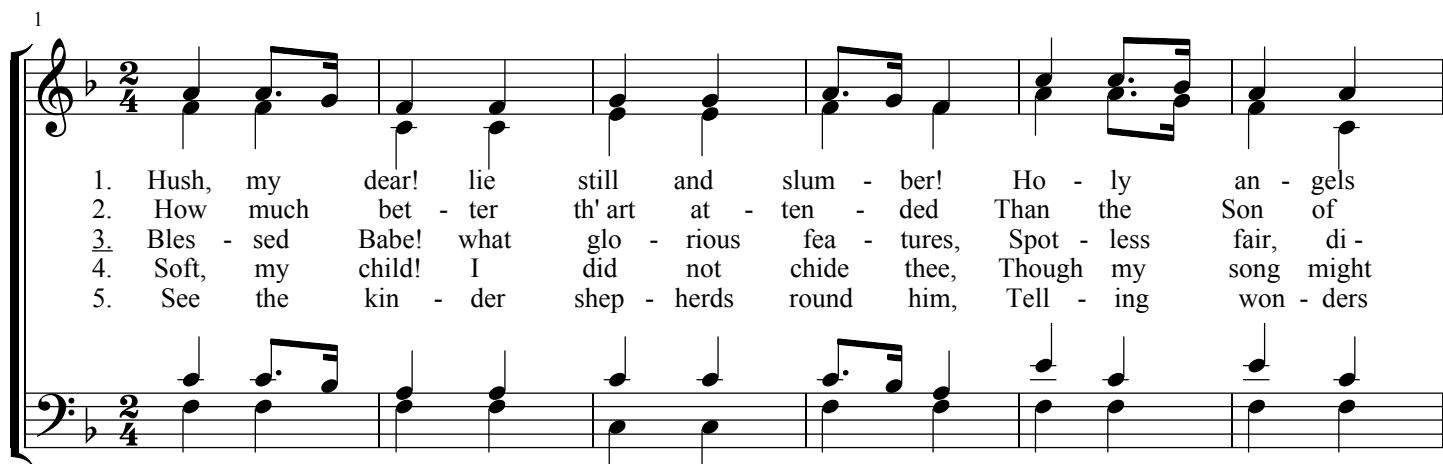


Watts's Cradle Hymn

Isaac Watts (1674-1746)

John-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)

1



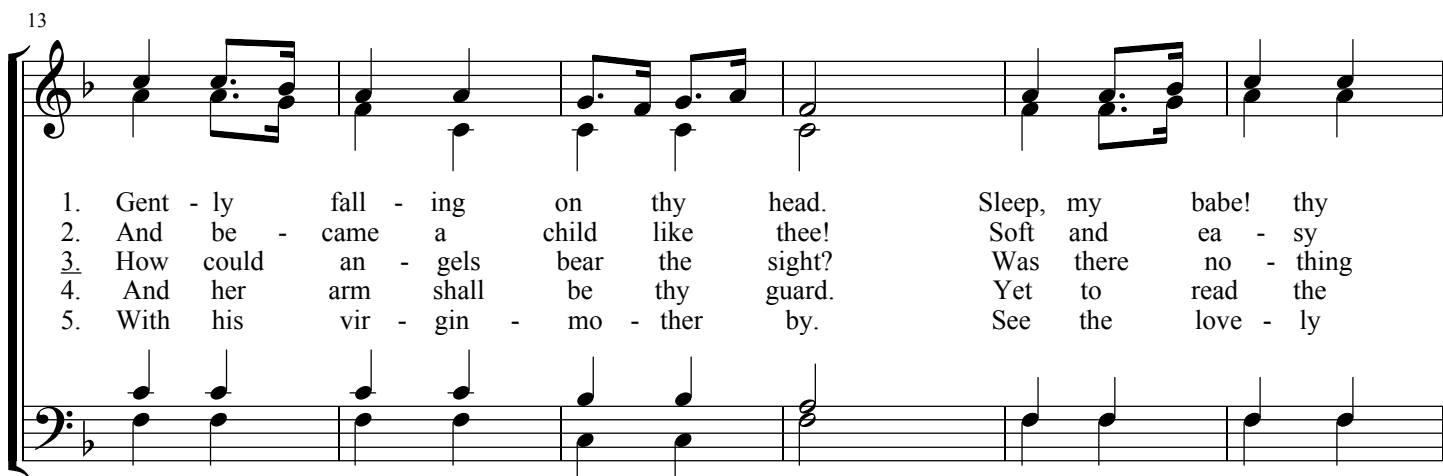
1. Hush, my dear! lie still and slum - ber! Ho - ly an - gels
2. How much bet - ter th' art at - ten - ded Than the Son of
3. Bles - sed Babe! what glo - rious fea - tures, Spot - less fair, di -
4. Soft, my child! I did not chide thee, Though my song might
5. See the kin - der shep - herds round him, Tell - ing won - ders

7



1. guard thy bed! Heaven - ly bless - ings with - out num - ber,
2. God could be, When from hea - ven he des - cen - ded
3. vine - ly bright! Must he dwell with bru - tal crea - tures?
4. sound to hard; 'Tis thy mo - ther sits be - side thee,
5. from the sky! Where they sought him, there they found him;

13



1. Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head. Sleep, my babe! thy
2. And be - came a child like thee! Soft and ea - sy
3. How could an - gels bear the sight? Was there no - thing
4. And her arm shall be thy guard. Yet to read the
5. With his vir - gin - mo - ther by. See the love - ly

1. food and rai - ment, House and home, thy friends pro - vide; All with -
 2. is thy cra - dle; Coarse and hard thy Sa - viour lay, When his
 3. but a man - ger Cur - sed - sin - ners could af - ford, To re -
 4. shame - ful sto - ry, How the world re - ceived their King, How they
 5. Babe a - dress - ing; Love - ly In - fant, how he smiled! When he

1. out thy care or pay - ment, All thy wants are well sup - plied.
 2. birth - place was a sta - ble, And his soft - est bed was hay.
 3. ceive the heaven - ly Stran - ger? Did they thus af - front the Lord?
 4. served the Lord of Glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
 5. wept, his mo - ther's bless - ing Soothed and hushed the ho - ly Child.

6. Lo! he slumbers in a manger,
 Where the hornèd oxen fed!
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
 There's no ox a-near thy bed.
 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans and endless crying,
 That they blest Redeemer came.
7. May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days,
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face and sing his praise.
 I could give thee thousand kisses!
 Hoping what I most desire,
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joys aspire.