

Hush, My Dear

"Isaac Watts, 1715.

Music: Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 1752.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thourt attended,
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Savior 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.

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.
Mayst 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.