

O hush thee, my babie

Text: Walter Scott (1771–1832)
Musik: Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)

Moderato ♩ = 104

p

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight, thy mother a

p

6 *cresc.* *dim.* *p*

la - dy, both gen - tle and bright, both gen - tle and bright. The wood and

cresc. *dim.*

12

they are all be long - ing dear ba - bie, to glens from the we see, they are all be - long - ing to

cresc.

18 *f* *dim.* *pp stacc.*

they be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee. O hush thee, my be - long - ing to thee. O hush thee,

f *dim.* *pp stacc.*

24 *p*

O hush thee, my babie. ba - bie, O hush thee, my babie, O hush thee, my babie.

31 *f*

O — fear not the — bu - gle, though loud - ly it blows. It — calls but the

36 *cresc.* *dim.*

ward - ers that guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re - pose. Their bows would be —

that guard —

cresc. *dim.*

ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy

42 *cresc.*

bend - ed, their blades would be red, ere the step of a foe - man draws

48 *f* *dim.* *pp stacc.*

near, ere the step of foe - man draws near to thy bed. O — hush thee, my —

dim. *pp stacc.*

ere the foe - man draws near. O hush thee, O hush thee, my

54 *p*

ba - bie. O — hush thee, my — ba - bie, O — hush thee, my ba - bie.

ba - bie.

61 *p*

O — hush thee, my — ba - bie, the — time soon will come, when thy sleep shall be

66
 bro - ken by trum - pet and drum, by trum - pet and drum. Then hush thee, my —
 by trum - pet

72 *cresc.* dar - ling, take rest while you may, for strife comes with man - hood and wak - ing with
dim. for strife comes with man - hood and wak - ing with

78 day, for strife comes with man - hood, and - - ag h day. *pp*
 hood, *pp stacc.* wak - ing h day. O hush thee, O

84 hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie.
 hush thee, my babe, *dim.* O hush thee, my ba - - - bie!
rall. pp
 hush thee, my babe, *pp*

Ü: O sei still, mein Baby, dein Vater war ein Ritter, deine Mutter eine Lady, sowohl lieblich als auch schön.
 Die Wälder und die Täler, die wir von den Türmen sehen, sie alle gehören, mein Baby, zu dir.
 Fürchte nicht das Signhorn, obwohl es laut bläst. Es ruft nur die Wälder, die deine Ruhe bewachen.
 Ihre Bögen würden gebogen werden, ihre Klängen wären rot, ehe der Schritt eines Feindes deinem Bett naht.
 O sei still, mein Baby, bald wird die Zeit kommen, wenn dein Schlaf unterbrochen wird von Trompeten und Pauken.
 Dann sei still, mein Liebling, ruhe dich aus, solange du kannst, denn Kampf kommt mit dem Mannesalter, bei Tag das Erwachen.