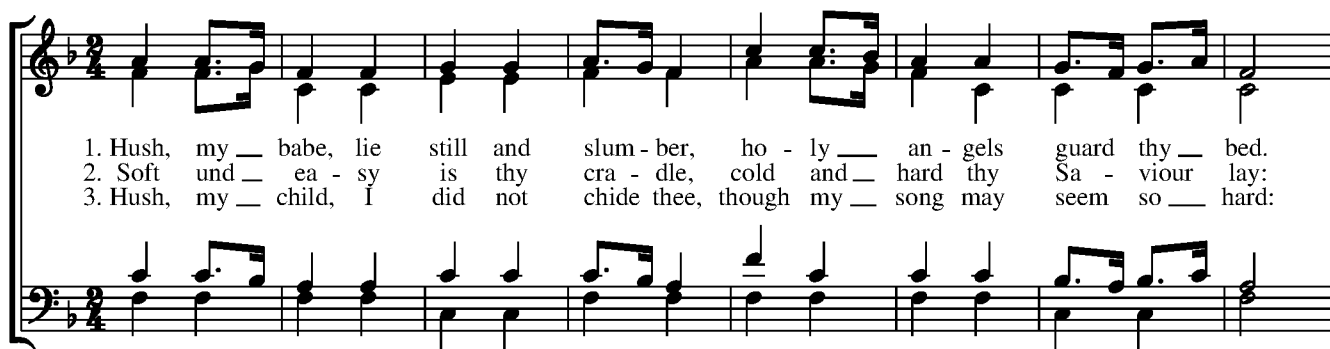
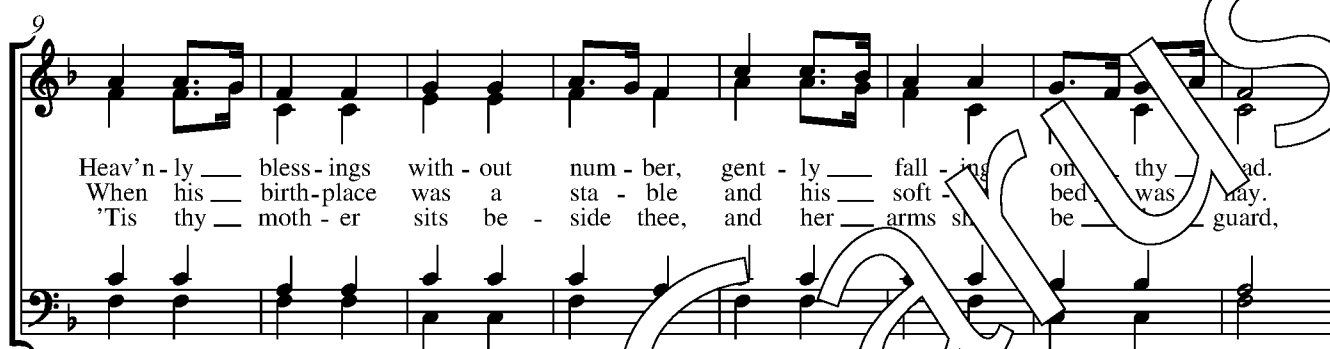


# Hush, my babe

Text: Isaac Watts (1674–1748) 1715  
Musik: Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778)  
aus der Oper „Le Devin du Village“ 1752



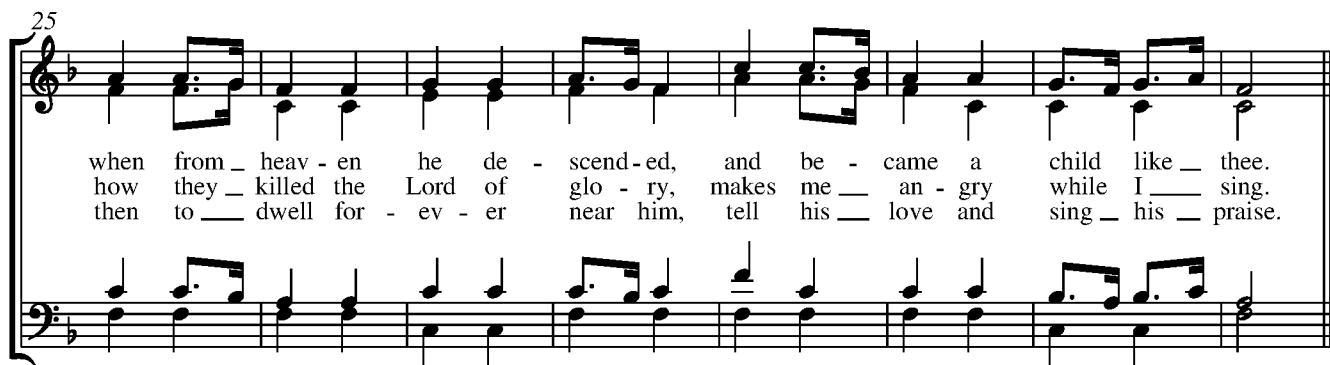
1. Hush, my — babe, lie still and slum - ber, ho - ly — an - gels guard thy — bed.  
2. Soft und — ea - sy is thy cra - dle, cold and — hard thy Sa - viour lay:  
3. Hush, my — child, I did not chide thee, though my — song may seem so — hard:



Heav'n - ly — bless - ings with - out num - ber, gent - ly — fall - ing on thy — head.  
When his — birth - place was a sta - ble and his — soft bed, was — may.  
'Tis thy — moth - er sits be - side thee, and her — arms sh be — guard,



ter t at - tend - ed, than the — Son of God could be;  
drous sto - ry, how his — foes a - bused their King;  
st thou — and fear him, love and — serve him all thy days;



when from — heav - en he de - scend - ed, and be - came a child like — thee.  
how they — killed the Lord of glo - ry, makes me — an - gry while I — sing.  
then to — dwell for - ev - er near him, tell his — love and sing — his — praise.