

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:

9
Heav'n-ly bless-ings with-out num-ber, gent-ly fall-ir
When his birth-place was a sta-ble and his soft
'Tis thy moth-er sits be-side thee, and her arr

17
How much bet-ter thou'rt he Son of God could be;
Oh, to tell the won-drou-ry his foes a-bused their King;
May'st thou learn to know and him and serve him all thy days;

25
he de-scend-ed, and be-came a child like thee.
The Lord of glo-ry, makes me an-gry sing.
for-ev-er near him, tell his love ar

