Hush, my babe

Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)



2. Soft and easy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Sav-iour 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. May'st 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.

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