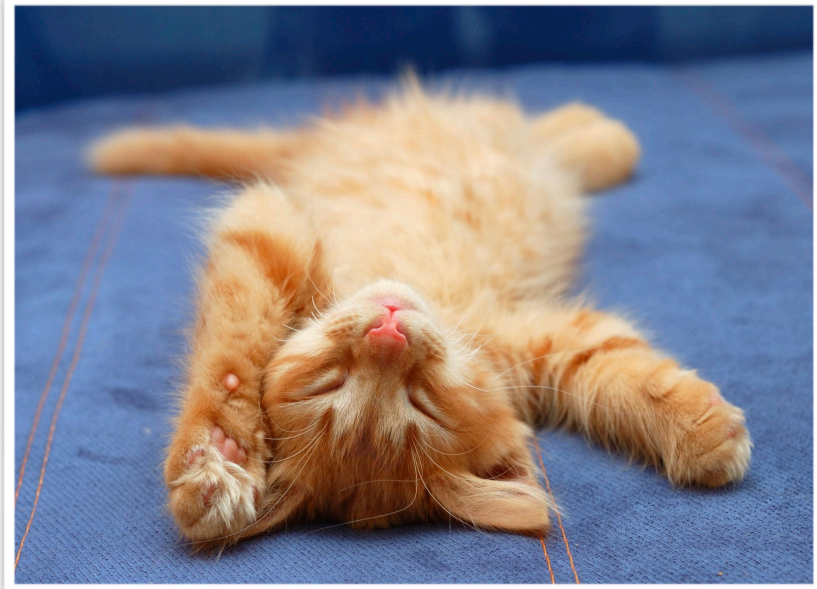
Watt's Cradle Hymn

Amerikanisches Traditional
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Arr.: Philip Douvier

Oboen



1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
Sleep, my babe! Thy Food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide,
All without thy care or payment;
All thy wants are well supplied.

2. How much better thou'rt 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.

3. Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?
Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my song may sound too hard
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

4. See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.
See the lovely Babe adressing:
Lovely Infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, his mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

5. Lo! he slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed
Peace, my darling! here's no danger
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.
May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him, all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

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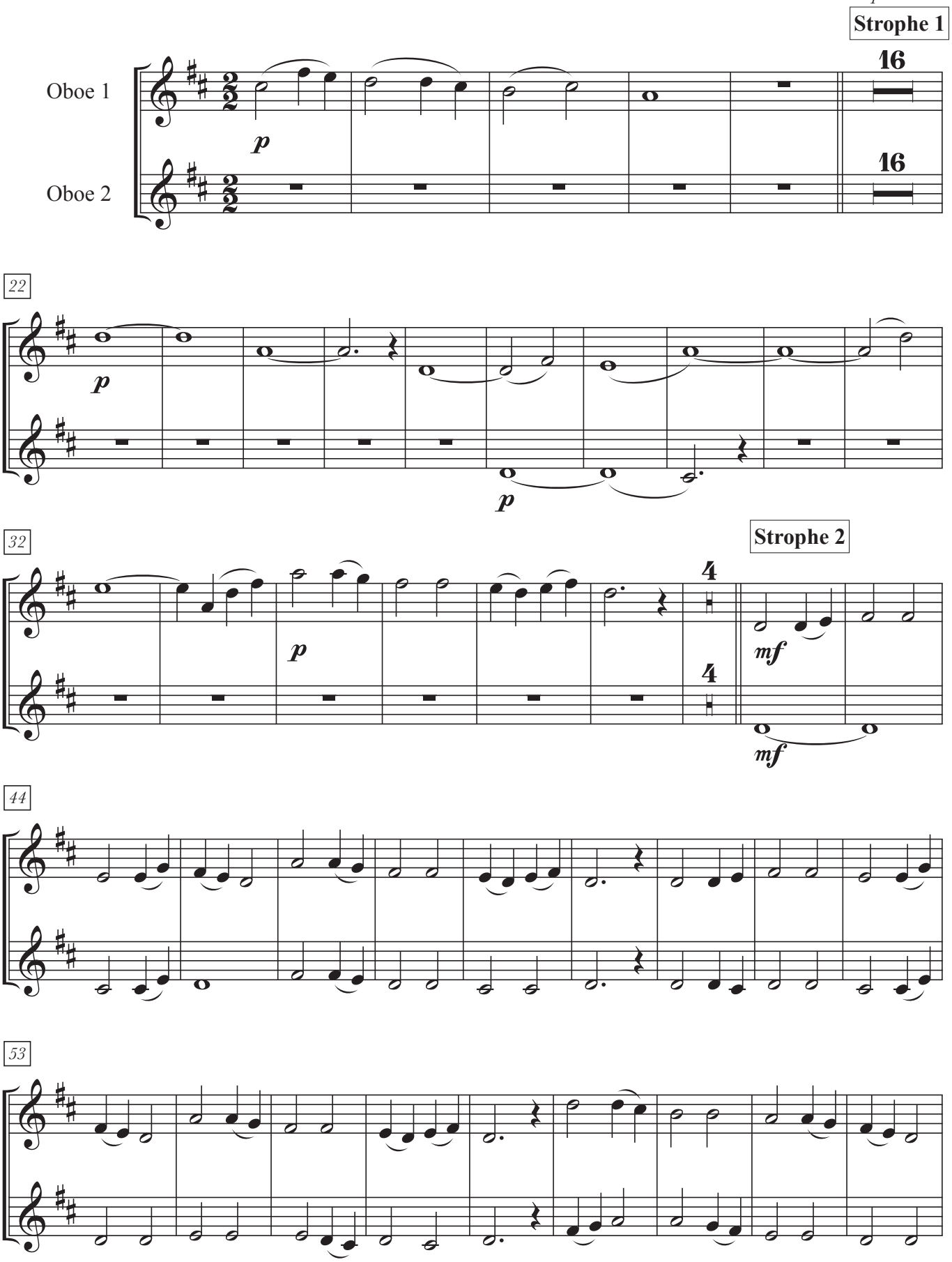

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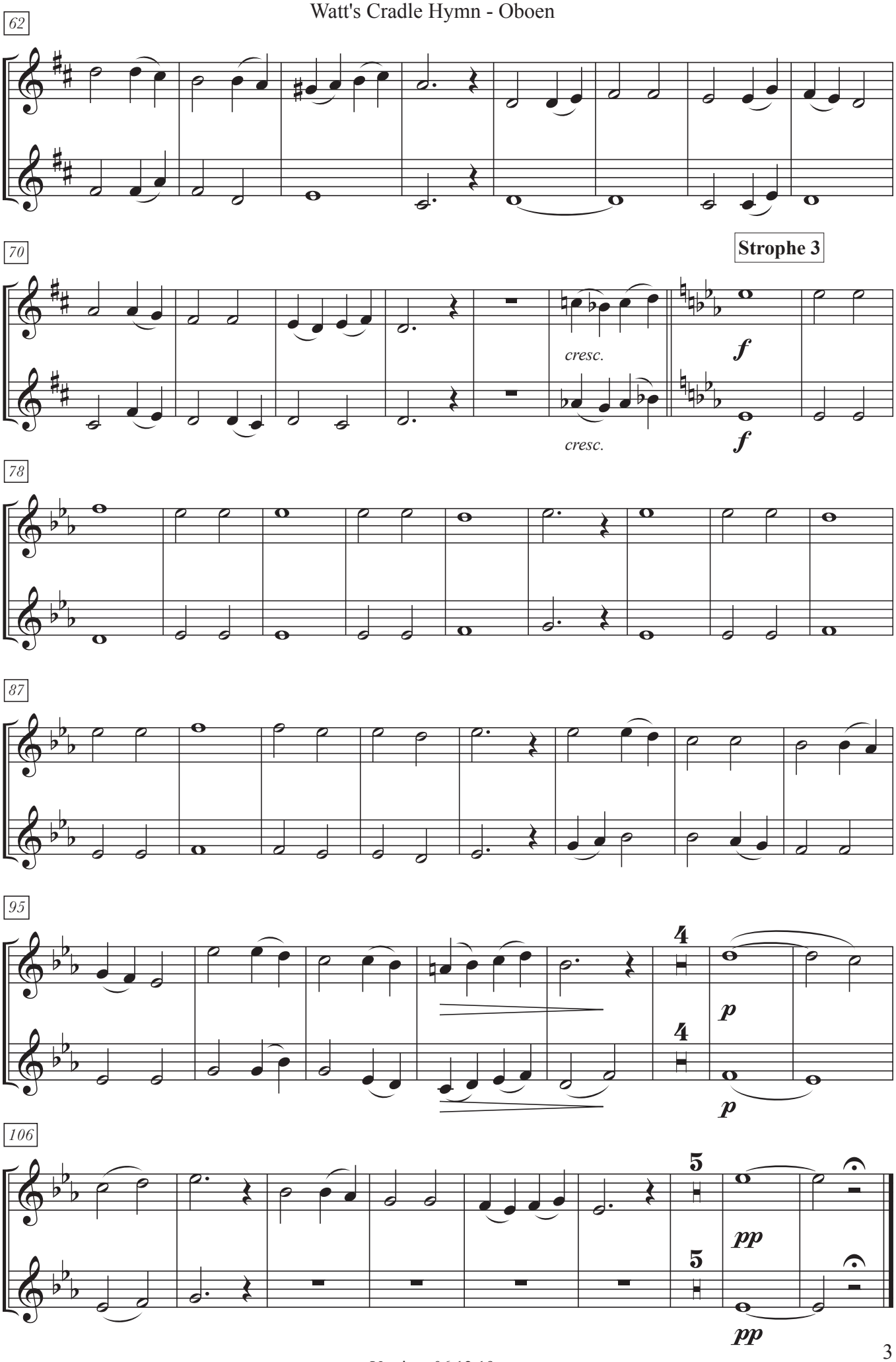
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