Hush, My Babe, Lie Still and Slumber

Kentucky Carol

Isaac Watts

Tenderly

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,

2. Hush my babe, lie still in slumber
   Holy angels guard thy bed
   Sweetest blessings without number
   Gently fall upon thy head.

3. Hush, my babe, lie still in slumber,
   Cold and hard thy saviour lay
   When his birthplace was a stable
   And his softest bed was clay.