1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
   Holy angels guard thy bed;
   Heavenly blessings without number
   Gently falling on thy head.

   Lullaby, lullaby, peace, my baby, lullaby.

2. Soft and easy is thy cradle,
   Course and hard thy Saviour lay,
   When His birthplace was a stable,
   And His softest bed was hay.

   Lullaby, lullaby, peace, my baby, lullaby.

3. See the kinder shepherds round Him,
   Telling wonders from the sky;
   Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
   With His Virgin Mother by.

   Lullaby, lullaby, peace, my baby, lullaby.

4. See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
   Lovely Infant, how he smiled!
   When He wept the Mother's blessing
   Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

   Lullaby, lullaby, peace, my baby, lullaby.

5. Lo, he slumbers in His manger,
   Where the horned oxen fed;
   Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
   Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

   Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, my baby, lullaby.

(from Isaac Watts, Divine Songs, 1729, A Cradle Hymn, st. 1, 4, 9, 10, 11; refrain added by DBD)

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