

Cradle Hymn

♩ = 72



Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed.
How much bet - ter art thou ten - ded Than the Son of God could be
Soft and eas - y is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard the Sav - iour lay

5



Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gent - ly steal - ing on thy head.
When from heav - ven He de - scend - ed And be - came a child like thee.
When His birth - place was a sta - ble And His soft - est bed was hay.