

Watts's Cradle Hymn

Words by Isaac Watts (1674 - 1748)
American folk song

Arrangement:
Matthias Bretschneider

S

p

1. Hush! my dear, lie still and slum-ber;
2. How much bet-ter thou'rt in at-his slum-ten-man-ber;
3. Lo! he slum-bers in his man-ger,

A

p

p

Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed!
than where the Son of God o-could be fed;

p

Heav'n-ly bless-ings with-out num-ber
when from my dar-ling, here's no dan-ger,

p

gent-ly fall-ing on thy head.
and be no ox a-a- on child thy like thee!
here's no ox a-a- near thy bed.

pp

Sleep Soft May'st my and thou babe; ea-live thy sy to food is know and thy and rai-cra-fear ment, dle, him,

poco ritenuto

house coarse trust and and and home hard love thy thy him friends Sa-all pro-viour thy vide lay days : ;

p a tempo

all when then with-his go out birth-dwell thy place for care was e- or a ver pay sta near - ment, - ble him,

all and see thy his his wants sof-face are test and well bed sing sup-was his plied. hay. praise!