

Christmas Lullaby

Doc Watson

Hush my babe, lie still and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently stealing on thy head.
How much better art thou attended
Than the son of God could beWhen from Heaven he descended
And became a child like thee
Soft and easy is thy cradle
Coarse and hard the Savior lay
When his birthplace was a stableAnd his softest bed was hay
Hush my babe lie still and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently stealing on thy head.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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