

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 be?
When 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 stable
And 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
Gently stealing on thy head