

## 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

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