

5 Let us like these good shepherds, then employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
 From His poor manger to His bitter cross ;
 Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
 To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song ;
 He, that was born upon this joyful day,
 Around us all His glory shall display :
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
 Of angels and of angel-men the King.

Hush, My Babe

ISAAC WATTS

J. J. ROUSSBAU

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed,
 2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay :
 3. Hush, my child, I did not obide thee, Though my song may seem so hard :

Heav'n-ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.
 When His birth - place was a sta - ble, And his soft - est bed was hay.
 'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.

How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be,
 Oh, to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How his foes a - bused their King ;
 May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days ;

When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee !
 How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
 Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.