

Cradle Song was written in 2007 for the Master Chorale of Tampa Bay, Richard Zielinski, conductor.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heav'nly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care and payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou art 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 thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling; here's no danger;
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days:
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

duration: c. 4:00