

Watt's Cradle Carol

scored for SATB choir and organ

Words by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music by Philip Le Bas



Watt's "Cradle Hymn" (1706)

1. Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly 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 or payment;
All thy wants are well supplied.
2. How much better thou'rt 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.

3. Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?
Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my song may sound too hard
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
4. See the kindly shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother nigh.
See the lovely Babe addressing;
Lovely Infant! how he smiled!
When he wept, his mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.
5. Lo! he slumbers in a 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.

Watts' Cradle Carol

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Gently $\text{♩} = 70$ *Sopranos:*

Gently $\text{♩} = 70$ *p* 1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber; ho - ly an-gels

6 guard thy bed. Hea-v'nly bles-sings with-out num-ber gen - tly fal-ling on thy head.

11 Sleep my babe; thy food and rai-ment, house and home thy friends pro- vide: all with-out thy

16 care or pay-ment, all thy wants are well sup-plied.

mf

21

SATB:

p

2. How much bet-ter thou'rt at - tend-ed, than the Son of God could be, when from hea - ven

26

he de - scend-ed and be-came a child like thee! Soft and ea-sy is thy cra - dle,

31

coarse and hard thy Sa - viour lay, when his birth place was a sta - ble

35

and his soft - est bed was hay.

*All in unison:**Forcefully*

39

ff

3. Was there no - thing but a man - ger cur - sed sin - ners could af - ford

43

to re - ceive the heav'n - ly stran - ger? Did they thus af - front their Lord?

*Solo soprano:*47 *Very gently*

p Soft! my child; I did not chide thee, though my song might sound too hard: 'tis thy mo-ther

pp subito

52

sits be-side thee, and her arms shall be thy guard.

Tenors: *P* aah aah aah

Basses: aah

mp

Smoothly and expressively

57 *mf* Sopranos:

4. See the kind-ly shep-herds round him, tell - ing won - ders from the sky!

Altos:

pp

mmm *mmm*

61

Where they sought him, there they found him, with his Vir - gen Mo - ther nigh.

mmm *mmm* aah

65 *f*

See the lov - ely Babe ad - dres - sing: lov - ely In - fant, how he smiled!

See the lov - ly_ Babe ad - dres - sing: lov - ely In - fant, how he smiled!

69 *mf* *p*

When he wept, the mo - ther's bles - sing soothed and hushed the Ho - ly Child. *p*

mmm hushed the Ho - ly Child. *p*

pp *mp* *pp*

mp

73 *Slower* $\text{♩} = 62$ *very distantly* Sopranos: *pp* 7
 Altos: *ah* *ah*
 Tenors only: *simply* *pp* 5. Lo! he slum-bers in his man-ger, where the horn-ed

$\text{♩} = 62$ *Slower*
p *ppp*

78 *ah* *ah*
 ox - en fed; peace, my dar-ling, here's no dan-ger, here's no ox a - near thy bed.

83 *ah* *ah* *ah*
 May'st thou live to know and fear him, trust and love him all thy days; then go dwell for

