

Appendix to “Justise Must Take Plase”: Three African Americans Speak of Religion in Eighteenth-Century New England

As Phillis was undergoing her period of soul distress leading to her conversion, she gained comfort from Isaac Watts's “Cradle Hymn.” Watts was beloved throughout the Anglo-American Protestant world for his tuneful hymns with uplifting messages. Though the title of this collection indicates that Watts intended these verses for children, they were also popular among adults.

Isaac Watts, *Divine Songs Attempted in Easy Language for the Use of Children*,
12th ed. (Philadelphia, 1750).

[39] THE CRADLE HYMN

I.

Hush, my dear, lay down and slumber,
Holy Angels guard thy Bed;
Heav'nly Blessings without Number,
Gently falling on thy Head.

II.

Sleep, my Babe, thy Food and Raiment,
House and Home, thy Friends provide;
All without thy Care or Payment,
All thy Wants are well supply'd.

III.

How much better thou art tended,
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven he descended,
And became a Child like thee.

V.

Soft and easy is thy Cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his Birth-Place was a Stable,
And his softest Bed was Hay.

V.

Blessed Babe! what glorious Features!
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal Creatures?
How could Angels bear the Sight?

VI.

[40] Was there nothing but a Manger
Cursed Sinners could afford,
To receive this heav'nly Stranger?
Must they thus affront their Lord?

VII.

Soft, my Dear, I did not chide thee,
Tho' my Song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy Mother sits beside thee,
And her Arms shall be thy Guard.

VIII.

Yet to read the shameful Story,
How the Jews abus'd their King;
How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing

IX.

See the lovely Babe a dressing;
Lovely Infant, how he smil'd;
When he wept, his Mother, blessing,
Hush'd and sooth'd the holy Child

X.

See the kinder Shepherds round him,
Telling Wonders from the Sky;
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his Virgin-Mother by.

XI.

[41] 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.

XII.

'Twas to save my Child from Dying,
Save my Dear from burning Flames,
Bitter Sighs, and endless Crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

XIII.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy Days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his Face, and sing his Praise.

XIV.

I could give thee thousand Kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a Mother's fondest Wishes
Can to greater Joys aspire.