O Hush Thee, My Babie

for SATB a Cappella

Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)
Edited by Stuart McIntosh

Sir Walter Scott

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glen from the towers which we see, They are all belonging to
glen from the towers which we see, They are all belonging to
glen from the towers which we see, They are all belonging to
glen from the towers which we see, They are all belonging to
glen from the towers which we see, They are all belonging to

thee, they are all belonging, dear babe, to thee.
thee, they are all belonging, dear babe, to thee. O hush thee, my
thee, they are all belonging, dear babe, to thee. O hush thee, my
thee, they are all belonging, dear babe, to thee. O hush thee, my
thee, they are all belonging, to thee. O hush thee, O hush thee, my
O hush thee, my babe.

Of fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows; It calls but the

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows; It calls but the
warders that guard thy repose, that guard thy repose. Their bows would be
warders that guard thy repose, that guard thy repose. Their bows would be
warders that guard thy repose, that guard thy repose. Their bows would be
warders that guard thy repose, that guard thy repose. Their bows would be
warders that guard thy repose, that guard thy repose. Their bows would be
warders that guard thy repose, that guard thy repose. Their bows would be

bended, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe man draws near to thy
bended, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe man draws
bended, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe man draws
bended, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe man draws
bended, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe man draws
bended, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe man draws
bed, ere the step of a foe man draws near to thy bed.

near, ere the step of a foe man draws near to thy bed. O hush thee, my

near, ere the step of a foe man draws near. O hush thee, O hush thee, my

O hush thee, my babie.

babie, O hush thee, my babie, O hush thee, my babie.

babie, O hush thee, my babie, O hush thee my babie.

babie, O hush thee, my babie, O hush thee my babie.
O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum, by trumpet and drum. Then hush thee, my...
darling, take rest while you may. For strife comes with manhood, and

while you may. For strife comes with manhood, and

For strife comes with manhood, and

waiking with day, for strife comes with manhood, and waiking with
dim.

waiking with day, for strife comes with manhood, and waiking with
dim.

waiking with day, for strife comes with manhood, and waiking with
dim.

waiking with day, for strife comes with manhood, and waiking with
dim.
king with day.  
O hush...  
king with day.  
O hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my

king with day.  
O hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my

day.  
O hush thee, O hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my

thee, O hush...  
thee, O hush...  
thee, O hush...  
thee, O hush...

ba-bee, O hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my

ba-bee, O hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my

ba-bee, O hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my

ba-bee, O hush thee, my babe, O hush thee, my
hush thee, O hush thee, my baby!

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O hush thee, my baby!

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O hush thee, O hush thee, my baby!