

Slumber My Darling

Text by Stephen Collins Foster

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
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Voice and Piano

Adagio

Slum-ber, my dar-ling, thy moth - er is near, Guard-ing thy dreams from all ter-ror and fear,
Slumb-er, my dar-ling, till morn's blush-ing ray Brings to the world the glad tid-ings of day;

Sun-light has pass'd and the twi-light has gone, Slum-ber, my dar-ling, the night's com-ing on.
Fill the dark void with thy dream-y de-light- Slumb-er, thy moth-er will guard thee to-night,

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Sweet visions at-tend thy sleep, Fond-est, dear-est to me, While oth-ers their
Thy pil-low shall sa-cred be From all out-ward a-larms; Thou, thou are the


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rev-els keep, I will watch o-ver thee. Slum-ber, my dar-ling, the birds are at rest, The
world to me In thine in-no-cent charms. Slum-ber, my dar-ling, the birds are at rest, The

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wan-der-ing dew's by the flow'rs are car-essed, Slum-ber, my dar-ling, I'll wrap thee up warm, And
wan-der-ing dew's by the flow'rs are car-essed, Slum-ber, my dar-ling, I'll wrap thee up warm, And

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pray that the an-gels will shield thee from harm.
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