Slumber, my darling, thy moth-er is near, Guard-ing thy dreams from all ter-ror and fear,
Slum-ber, 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— Slum-ber, thy moth-er will guard thee to-night,
Sweet visions attend thy sleep, Fond-est, dear-est to me, While others their
Thy pillow shall sacred be From all outward alarms; Thou, thou are the
rev-els keep, I will watch over thee. Slumber, my darling, the birds are at rest, The
world to me In thine in-no-cent charms. Slumber, my darling, the birds are at rest, The
wan-der-ing dews by the flow’rs are car-essed, Slumber, my darling, I’ll wrap thee up warm, And
wan-der-ing dews by the flow’rs are car-essed, Slumber, my darling, I’ll wrap thee up warm, And
pray that the an-gels will shield thee from harm.

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