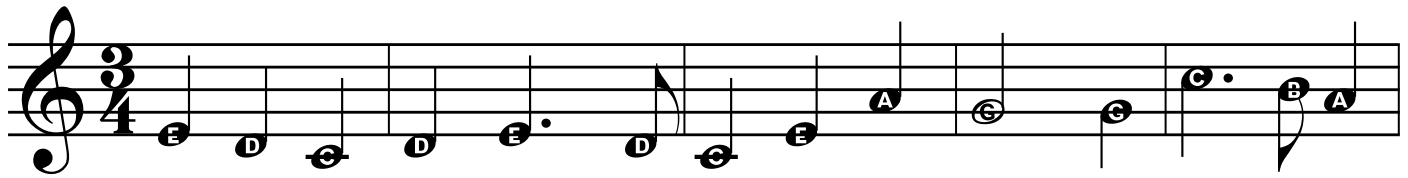


Slumber My Darling

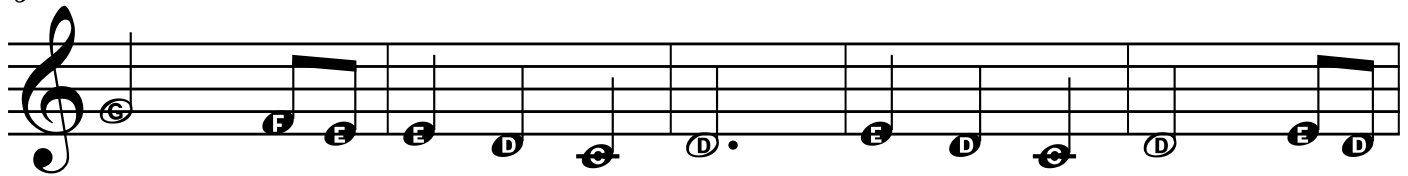
Stephen Foster

American




Slum-ber, my dar - ling, thy moth - er is here, guard - ing thy
Slum-ber, my dar - ling, the birds are at rest. The wan - der - ing

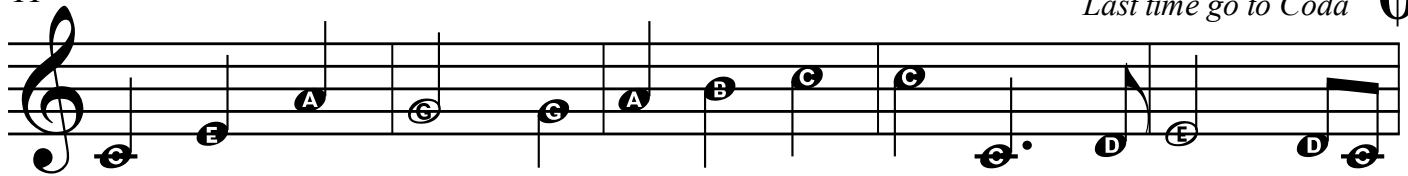
6



dreams from all ter - ror and fear. Sun - light has past and the
dews by the flow'rs are car - essed. Slum - ber, my dar - ling, I'll

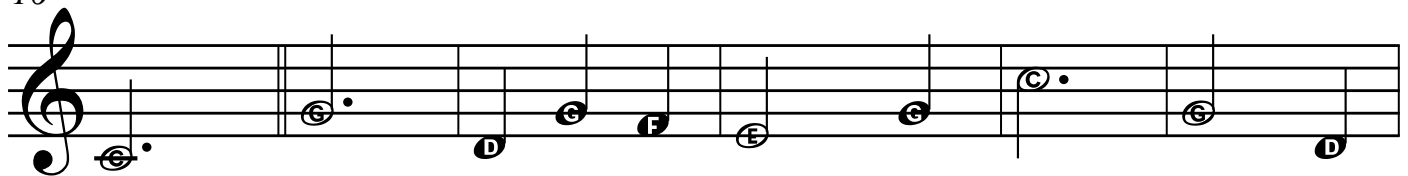
11

Last time go to Coda 

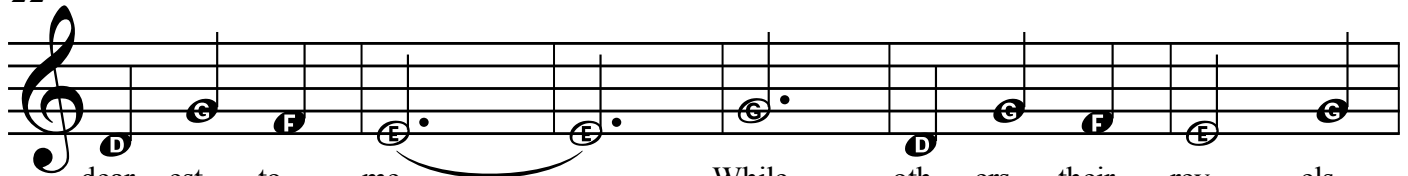


twi - light has gone. Slum - ber, my dar - ling, the night's com - ing
wrap thee up warm, and pray that the ang - els will shield thee from

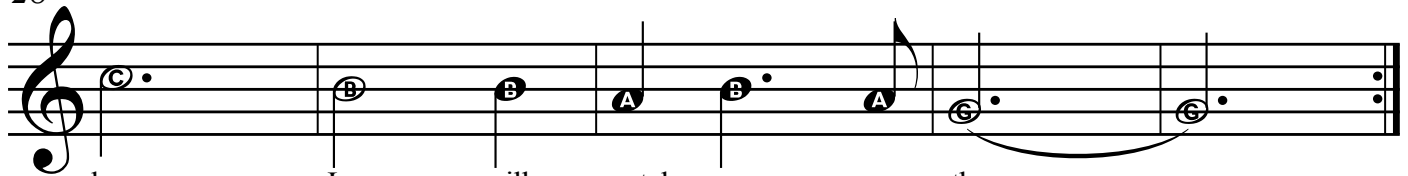
16



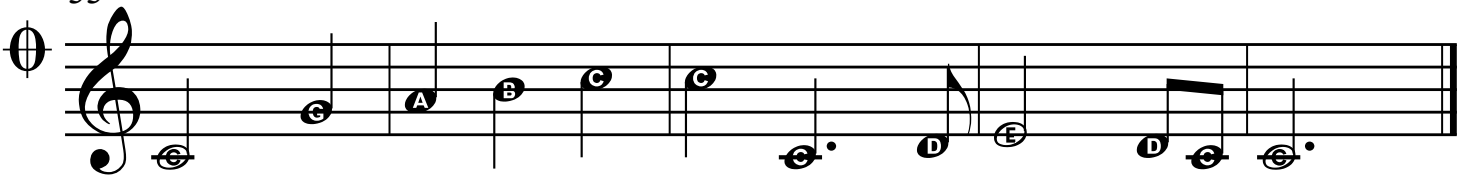
22 on. Sweet vis - ions at - tend thy sleep, fond - est,



28 dear - est to me. While oth - ers their rev - els



33 keep, I will watch o - ver thee.



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