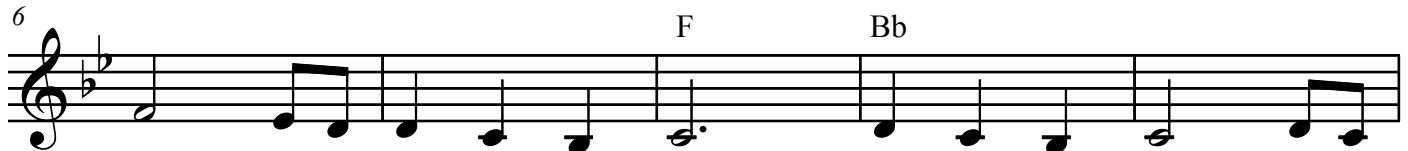


# Slumber My Darling

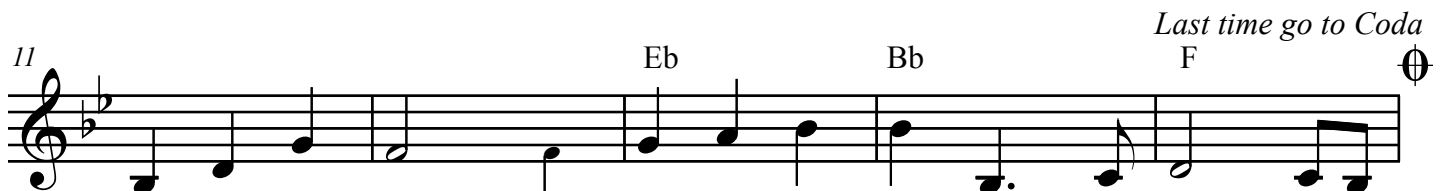
Stephen Foster  
American



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



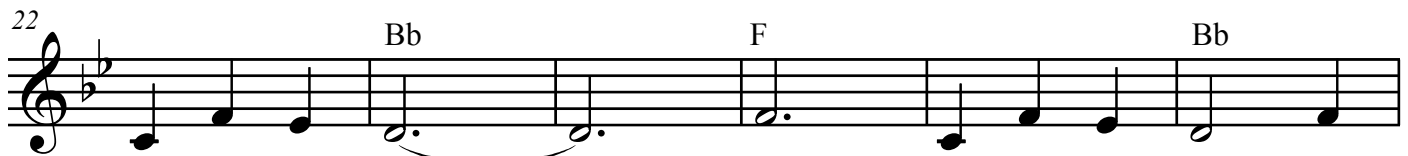
dreams from all ter - ror and fear. Sun - light has past and the  
dews by the flow'rs are car - essed. Slum - ber, my dar - ling, I'll



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 keep thee from



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



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



keep, I will watch o - ver thee.



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