To Mrs. Marie E. Abbott,
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Slumber on Baby dear
A
Mother's Cradle Song,

English words by
H. C. Watson.

Italian words by
J. Debrin.

COMPOSED BY

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

(7½)

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WARREN.

A MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG.

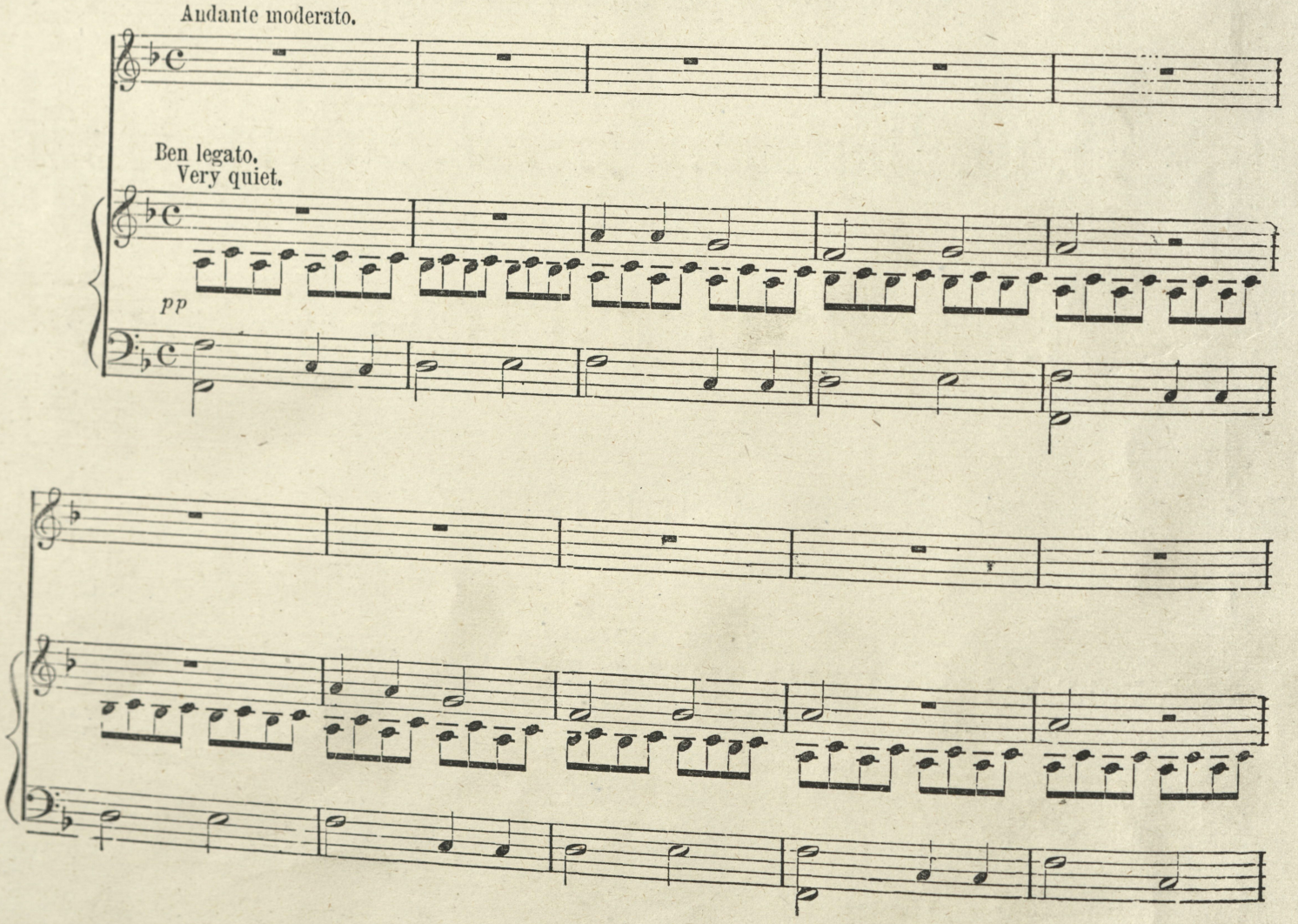
"SLUMBER ON, BABY DEAR."

(LA NINNARELLA.)

Italian words by DEBRIN.

English words by H. C. WATSON.

Music by L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



Slum - ber on, Ba - by, dear, Do not hear thy mo'her's sigh, Breath'd for
Bar - col - lar don - do - lar Nel - la cul - la ti fa - rò Dor-mi a l-

p

him far a - way, Whilst she sings thy lul - la - by! Slum-ber
-fin mi-o bam - bin Il tu-o son - no io ve - glie - rò Bar - col -

on Ba - by, dear, Do not hear thy mother's sigh, Breath'd for
lar don - do - lar Nel - la cul - la ti fa - rò Dor - mi al-

him far a - way, Whilst she sings thy lul - la - by! Slum - ber
fin mio bam - bin Il tuo son - no io ve - glie - ro L'au - ra

on, o'er thy sleep, Lov - ing eyes will watch with care, In thy
pur fià gen - til Nè ti sve - gli il suo ru - mor Por - ga a

dreams, may thou see God's own an - gels hov' - ring here;.... Slum - ber
tè dal pen - sil I pro - fu - mi d'og - ni fior..... Bar - col -

on, may sweet sleep Soft - ly on thine eye - lids lie, While I
lar don - do lar Nel - la cul - la ti fa - rò Dor - mi an -

watch, chaunt - ing low, Thy sweet sooth - ing lul - la - by.
cor mio te - sor Il tuo son - no io ve - glie - rò.

Slum - ber on, hap - py child, May life's
Eg - li è qui e i tuoi di L'An - giol

p

storms pass gen - tle by, When this voice, hush'd and still, No more
tuo cus - to - di - rà Al tuo cor il Sig - nor L'in no -

sings thy lul - la - by! Slum - ber on, hap - py child, May life's
cen - za ser - be - rà E - gli è qui e i tuoi di L'An - giol

storms pass gen - tle by, When this voice, hush'd and still, No more
tuo cus - to - di - rà Al tuo cor il Sig - nor L'in no -

sings thy lul - la - by! In this heart, torn with
cen - za ser - be - rà Mai cru - del si fe il

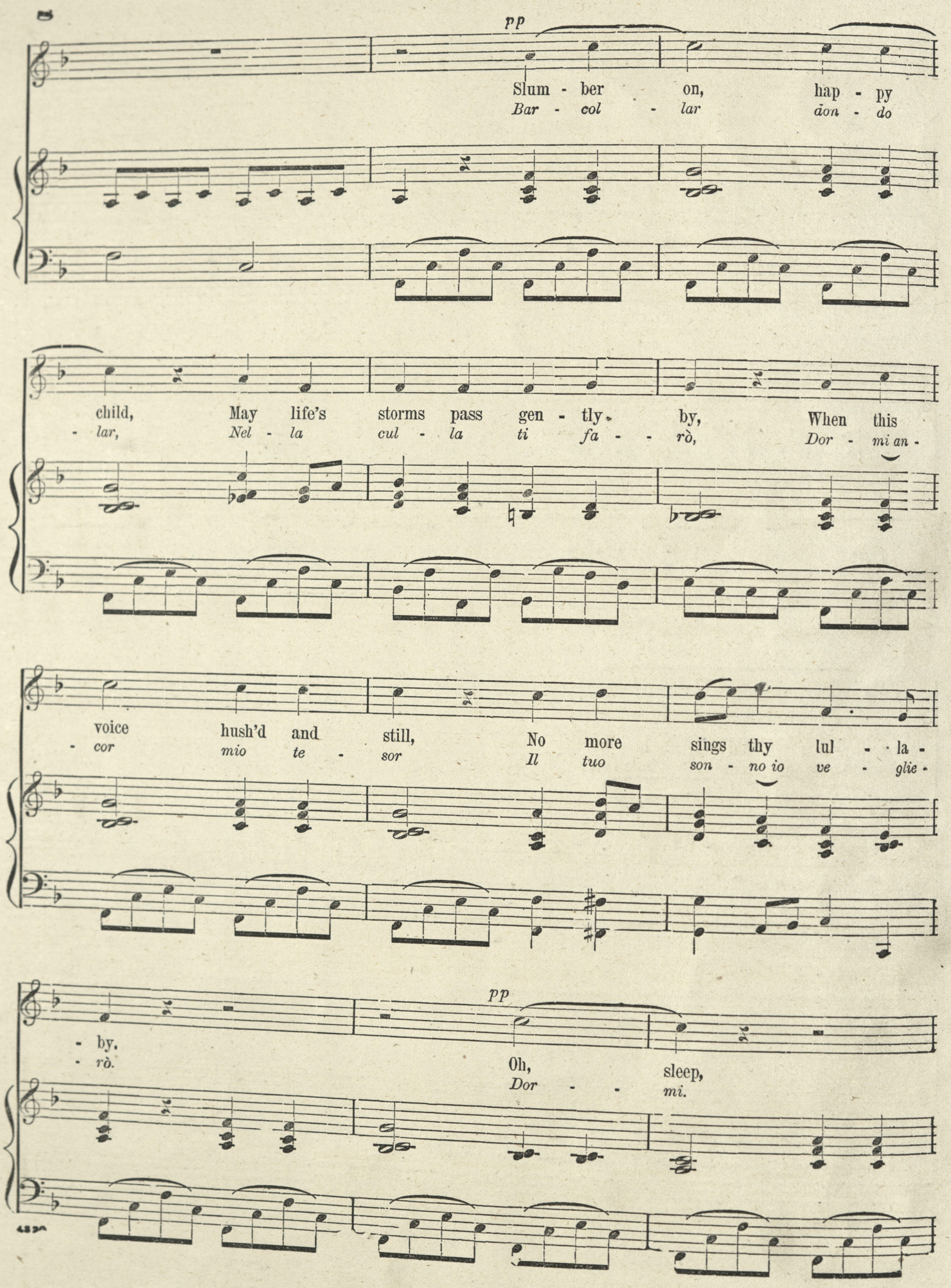
grief, Lies a doat - ing love for thee,— Fa - ther, come, bless our
Ciel D'u - na ma - dre al sup - pli - car Lie - ti in - siem noi vi -

child, Sweet - ly slumb' - ring on my knee;..... Slum - ber
vrem Niun da me ti può scos - tar..... .. Bar - col -

on, may sweet sleep Soft - ly on thine eye - lids
lar don - do - lar Nel - la cul - la ti fa -

lie, While I watch, chaunt - ing low, Thy sweet
rò Dor - mi an - cor mio te - sor Il tuo

sooth - ing lul - la - by.
son - no io ve - glie - ro.


pp
Slum - ber on, hap - py
Bar - col - lar don - do
child, May life's storms pass gen - tly by, When this
- lar, Nel - la cul - la ti fa - - rò, Dor - mi an -
voice hush'd and still, No more sings thy lul - la -
- cor mio te - sor Il tuo son - no io ve - glie -
- by.
- rò.
pp
Oh, sleep,
Dor - - mi.

pp

oh, sleep
an - - - cor

pp

my
Dor - -

pp

child,
mi,

oh, sleep!
Dor - - mi.

rit.

Rall. pp

ppp

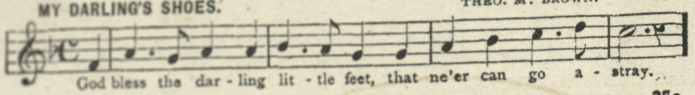
No. 14.

POPULAR BALLADS

PUBLISHED BY

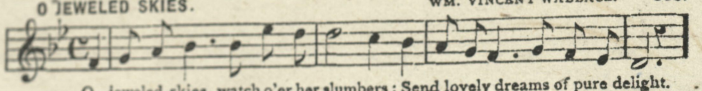
WM. HALL & SON, 751 BROADWAY, N.Y.

MY DARLING'S SHOES. THEO. M. BROWN. 40c.



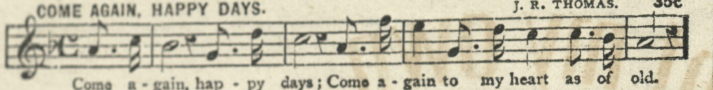
God bless the dar - ling lit - tle feet, that ne'er can go a - stray.

O JEWELED SKIES. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 35c.



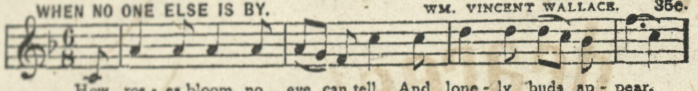
O jeweled skies, watch o'er her slumbers; Send lovely dreams of pure delight.

COME AGAIN, HAPPY DAYS. J. R. THOMAS. 35c



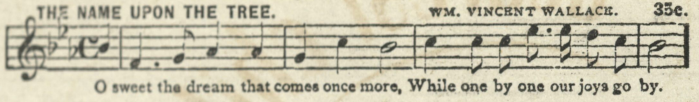
Come a - gain, hap - py days; Come a - gain to my heart as of old.

WHEN NO ONE ELSE IS BY. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 35c.



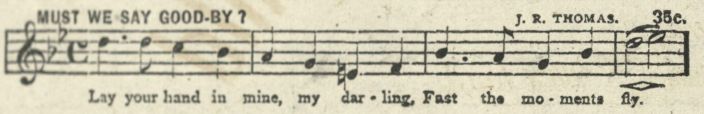
How ros - es bloom no eye can tell, And lone - ly buds ap - pear.

THE NAME UPON THE TREE. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 35c.



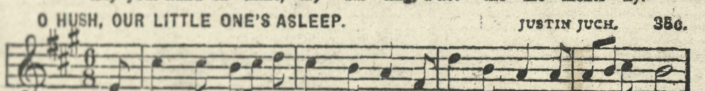
O sweet the dream that comes once more, While one by one our joys go by.

MUST WE SAY GOOD-BY? J. R. THOMAS. 35c.



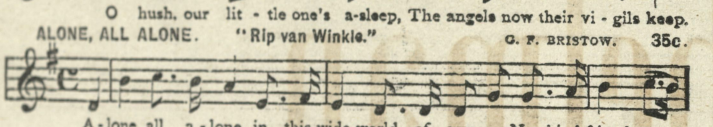
Lay your hand in mine, my dar - ling, Fast the mo - ments fly.

O HUSH, OUR LITTLE ONE'S ASLEEP. JUSTIN JUCH. 35c.



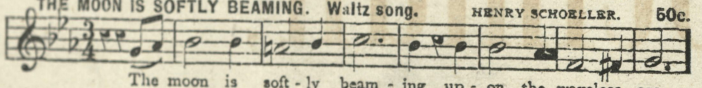
O hush, our lit - tle one's a-sleep, The angels now their vi - gils keep.

ALONE, ALL ALONE. "Rip van Winkle." G. F. BRISTOW. 35c.



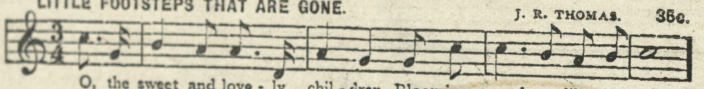
A - lone, all a - lone in this wide world of sorrow, No kind friend to—

THE MOON IS SOFTLY BEAMING. Waltz song. HENRY SCHOELLER. 50c.



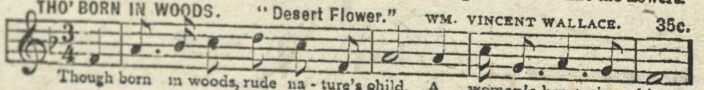
The moon is soft - ly beam - ing up - on the waveless sea.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS THAT ARE GONE. J. R. THOMAS. 35c.



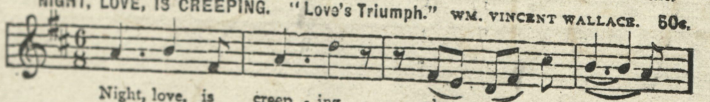
O, the sweet and love - ly chil - dren, Blooming round us like the flowers.

THO' BORN IN WOODS. "Desert Flower." WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 35c.



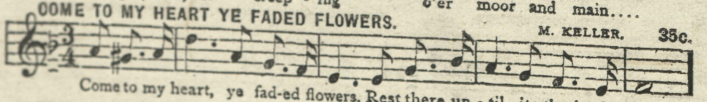
Though born in woods, rude na - ture's child, A woman's heart is thine.

NIGHT, LOVE, IS CREEPING. "Love's Triumph." WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.



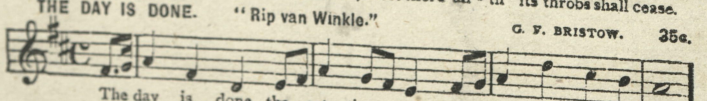
Night, love, is creep - ing o'er moor and main....

COME TO MY HEART YE FADED FLOWERS. M. KELLER. 35c.



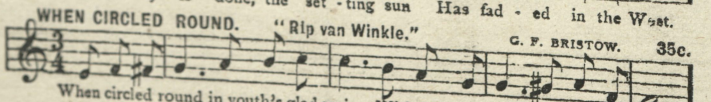
Come to my heart, ye fad-ed flowers, Rest there un - til its throbs shall cease.

THE DAY IS DONE. "Rip van Winkle." G. F. BRISTOW. 35c.



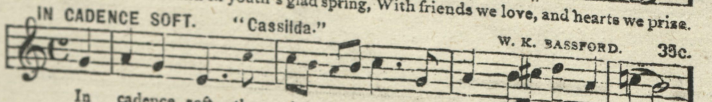
The day is done, the set - ting sun Has fad - ed in the West.

WHEN CIRCLED ROUND. "Rip van Winkle." G. F. BRISTOW. 35c.



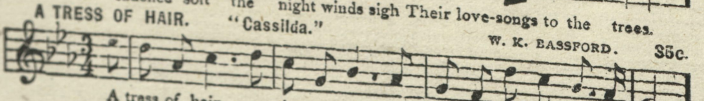
When circled round in youth's glad spring, With friends we love, and hearts we prize.

IN CADENCE SOFT. "Cassilda." W. K. BASSFORD. 35c.



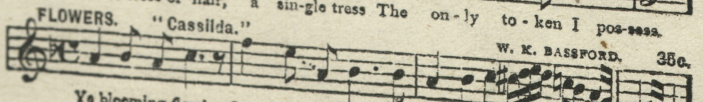
In cadence soft the night winds sigh Their love-songs to the trees.

A TRESS OF HAIR. "Cassilda." W. K. BASSFORD. 35c.



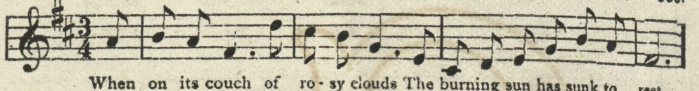
A tress of hair, a sin-gle tress The on - ly to - ken I pos-sess.

FLOWERS. "Cassilda." W. K. BASSFORD. 35c.



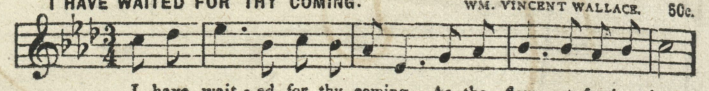
Ye blooming flow'rs, Love's symbols fair, To me ye e'er..... are showing.

GOOD NIGHT, AND PLEASANT DREAMS. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.



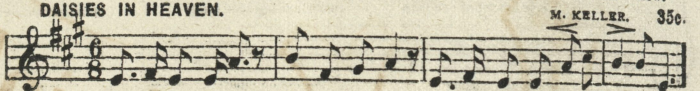
When on its couch of ro - sy clouds The burning sun has sunk to rest.

I HAVE WAITED FOR THY COMING. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.



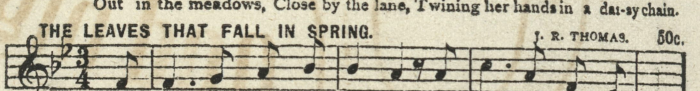
I have wait - ed for thy coming, As the flow - ret for the dew.

DAISIES IN HEAVEN. M. KELLER. 35c.



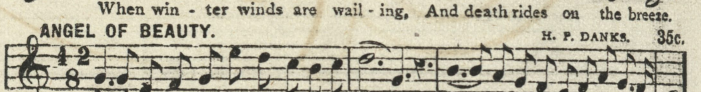
Out in the meadows, Close by the lane, Twining her hands in a dai-sy chain.

THE LEAVES THAT FALL IN SPRING. J. R. THOMAS. 50c.



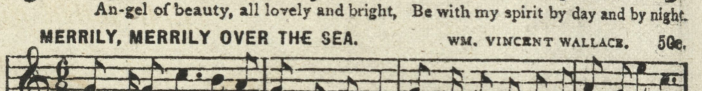
When win - ter winds are wail - ing, And death rides on the breeze.

ANGEL OF BEAUTY. H. P. DANKS. 35c.



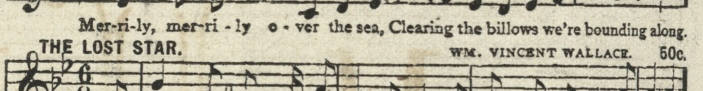
An-gel of beauty, all lovely and bright, Be with my spirit by day and by night.

MERRILY, MERRILY OVER THE SEA. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.



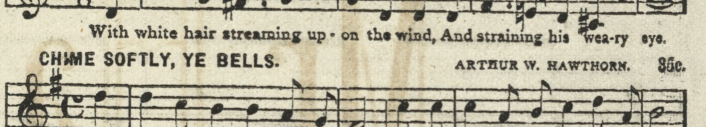
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri - ly o - ver the sea, Clearing the billows we're bounding along.

THE LOST STAR. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.



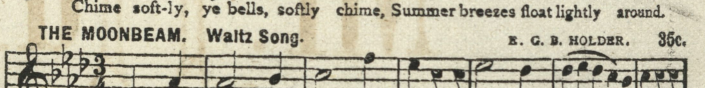
With white hair streaming up - on the wind, And straining his wea-ry eye.

CHIME SOFTLY, YE BELLS. ARTHUR W. HAWTHORN. 35c.



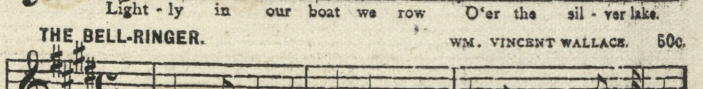
Chime soft-ly, ye bells, softly chime, Summer breezes float lightly around.

THE MOONBEAM. Waltz Song. E. G. B. HOLDER. 35c.



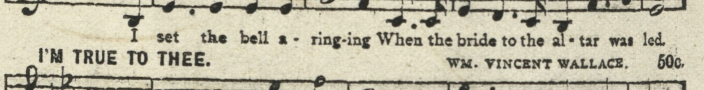
Light - ly in our boat we row O'er the sil - ver lake.

THE BELL-RINGER. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.



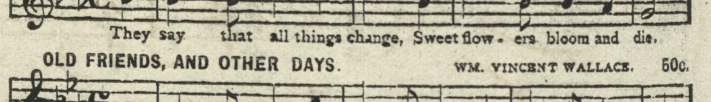
I set the bell a - ring-ing When the bride to the al - tar was led.

I'M TRUE TO THEE. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.



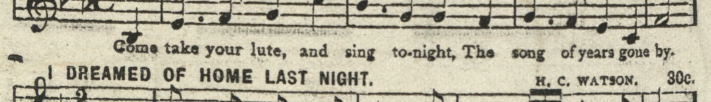
They say that all things change, Sweet flow - ers bloom and die.

OLD FRIENDS, AND OTHER DAYS. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.



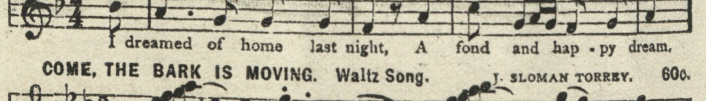
Come take your lute, and sing to-night, The song of years gone by.

I DREAMED OF HOME LAST NIGHT. H. C. WATSON. 30c.



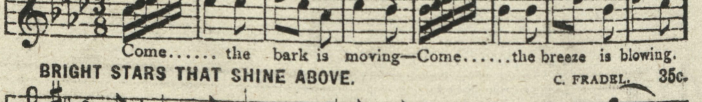
I dreamed of home last night, A fond and hap - py dream.

COME, THE BARK IS MOVING. Waltz Song. J. SLOMAN TORREY. 60c.



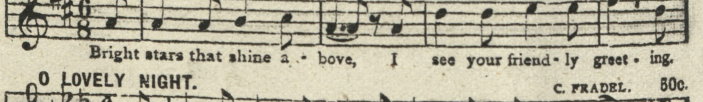
Come..... the bark is moving—Come.....the breeze is blowing.

BRIGHT STARS THAT SHINE ABOVE. C. FRADEL. 35c.



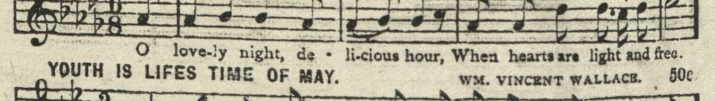
Bright stars that shine a - bove, I see your friend - ly greet - ing.

O LOVELY NIGHT. C. FRADEL. 50c.



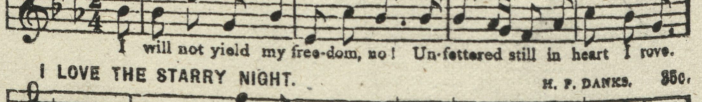
O love-ly night, de - li-cious hour, When hearts are light and free.

YOUTH IS LIFES TIME OF MAY. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c



I will not yield my free-dom, no! Un-fettered still in heart I rove.

I LOVE THE STARRY NIGHT. H. P. DANKS. 35c.



I love the starry summer night, When all the world doth seem.

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