DREAMY SLUMBER-TIME

Words by
H.C. WEAWer

Music by
D.H. HAWTHORNE

Very Slow—with expression.

When the twilight shadows

softly come and go, Bringing back fond memories of days of long ago,

How in childish fancy, once again I hear, Just a song at twilight, A

CHORUS

song to me so dear. When the nightingale is singing, and calling to its mate,

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This Composition may also be had for you Talking Machine or Player Piano.
Love, you'll find me waiting beside the rustic gate, Then I know you'll tell me, and say that you'll be mine, While the birds are cooing, in dreamy slumber-time.

CODA

Slumber-time is calling, Calling us to rest, Telling of the love days, the days we loved the best; While the falling embers shed their radiant glow, Brings to me a picture, a dream of long ago.

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When mother sang hush-a-bye, baby to me,
'Twas just an old fashioned sweet melody,
Angels in heaven ne'er sang such a strain,
I'd give the world just to hear it again. Hush-a-bye, Hush-a-bye

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