Asleep

Verse by

Carter S. Cole

Music by

Charles Gilbert Spross

High Voice 6 Low Voice

The John Church Company

Cincinnati New York Chicago

Leipsic London

Our ship is delayed by the force of the gale,
And tossed by the billows and beaten by hail,
But peacefully dreaming, my darling, asleep
In a trundle-bed cot, is unmoved by the deep.

Sweetly sleep!
The hand of another will
Temper the storm;
The heart of a mother still
Shelters your form.

The years that shall follow, may bring you delight,
Or even a lover to guard you at night,
But only the love of a mother may last,
When fortune and friends are but dreams of the past.

Sweetly sleep!
The hand of another will
Temper the storm;
The heart of a mother still
Shelters your form.

—*Carter S. Cole*

High Voice

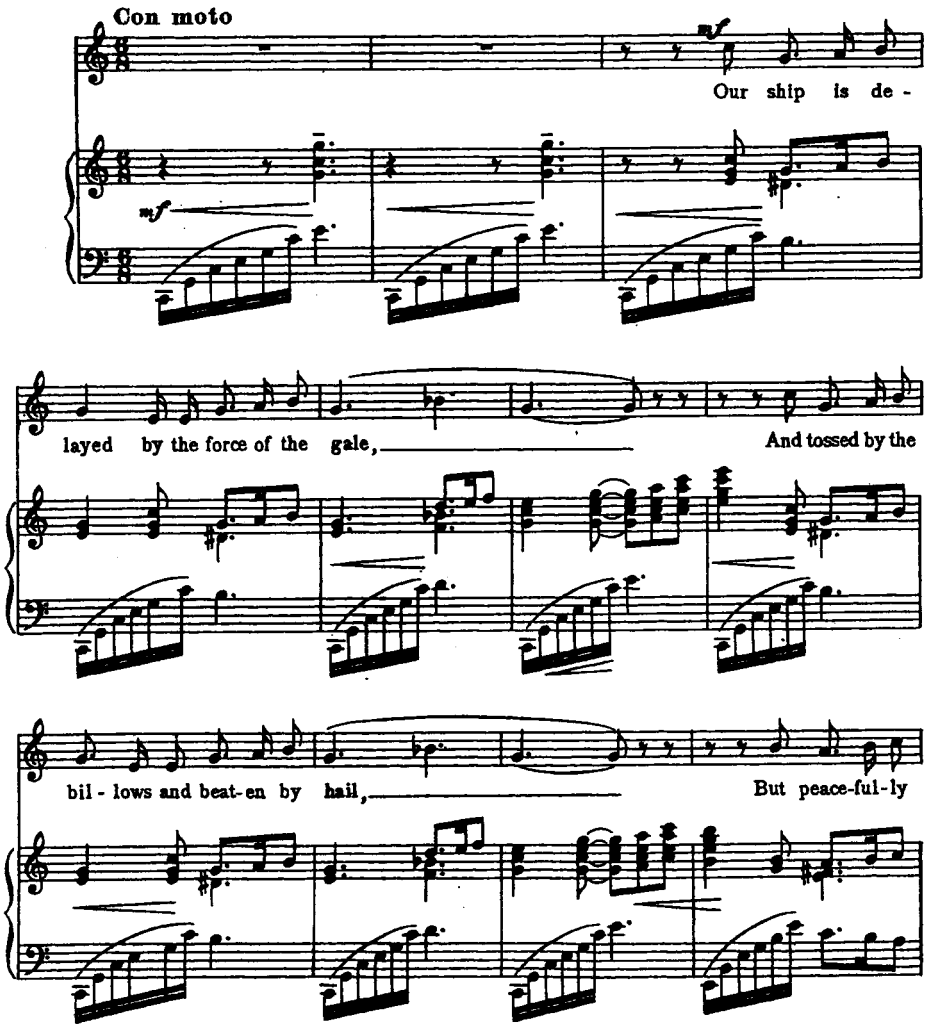
Low Voice

To Mr. Percy Hemus

Asleep

CARTER S. COLE

CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS



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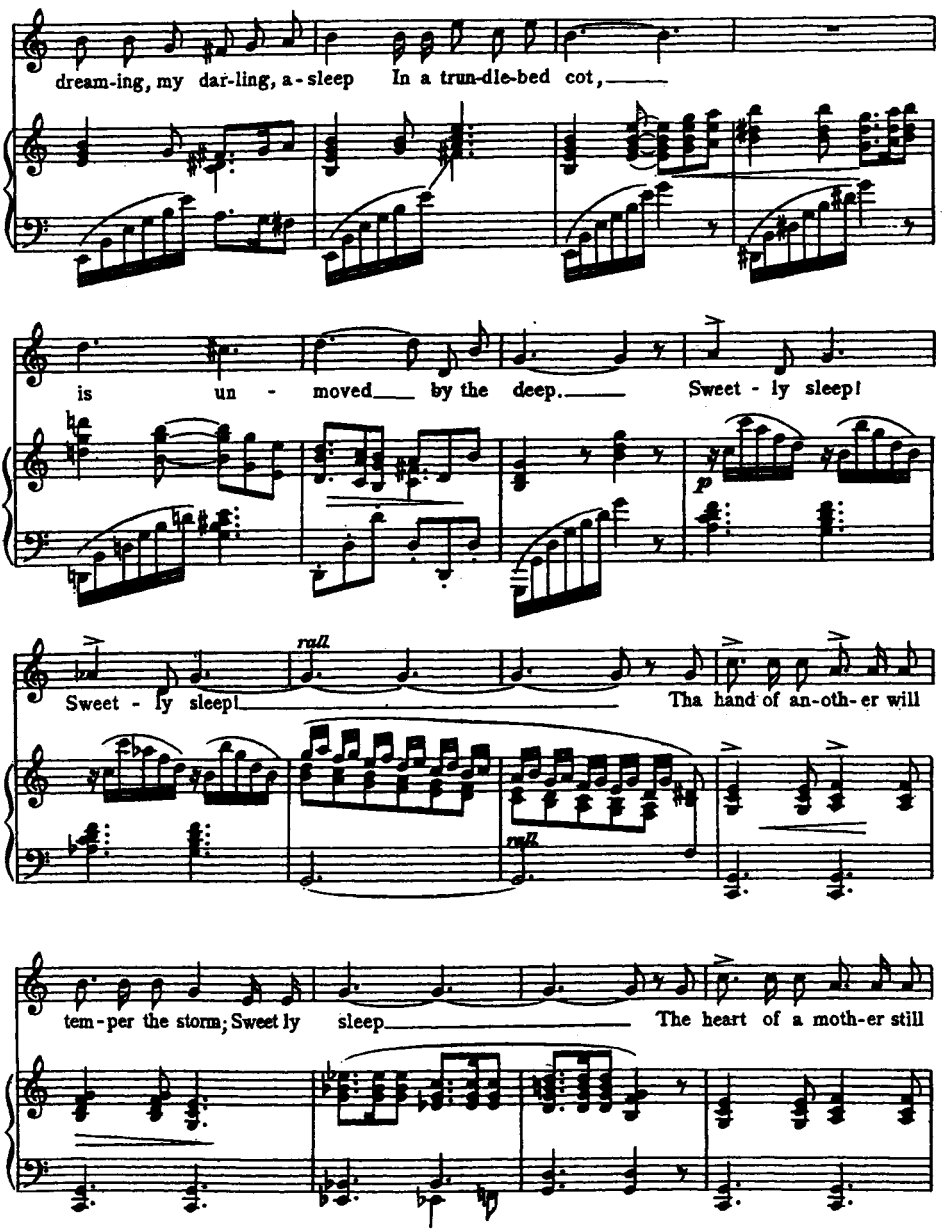
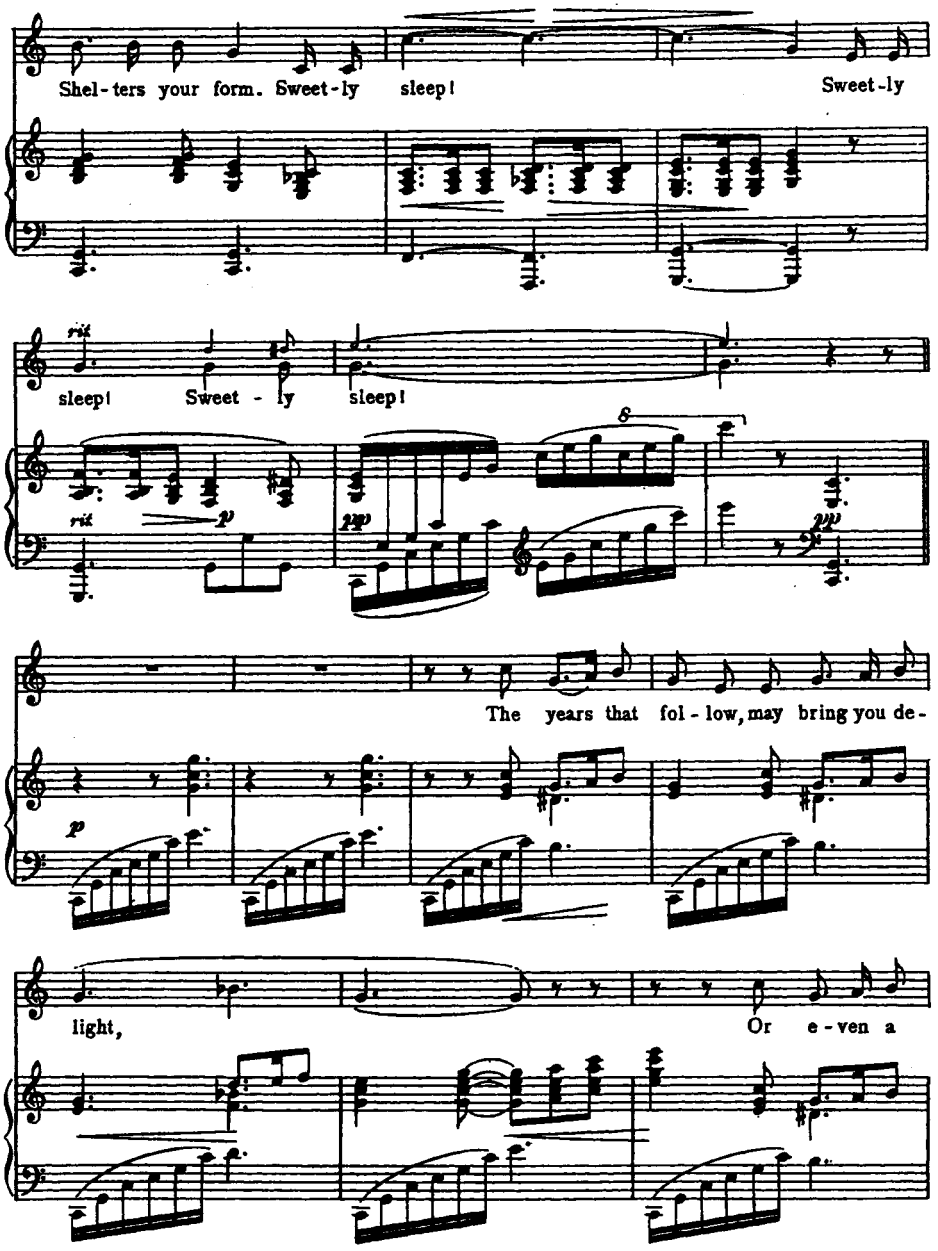
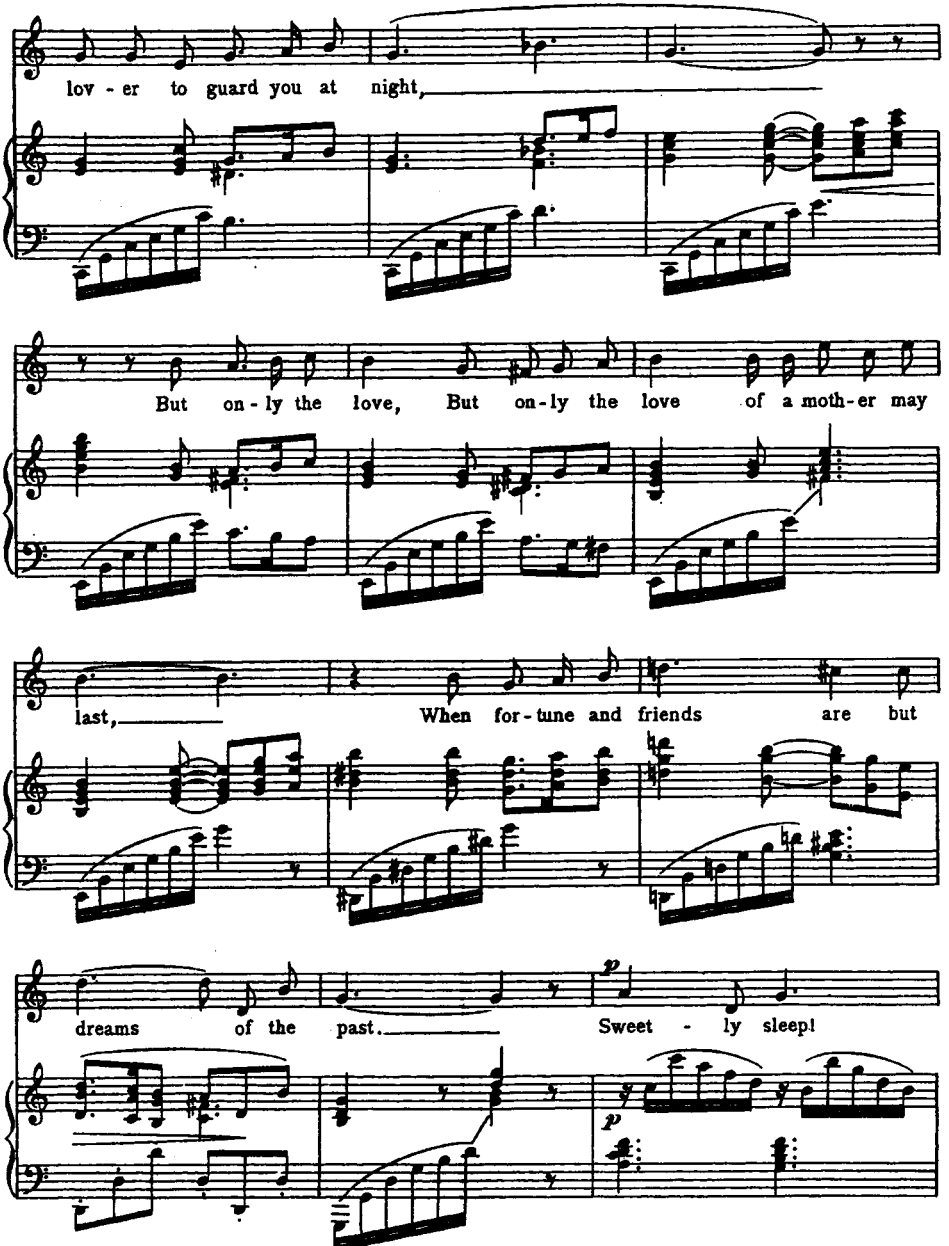
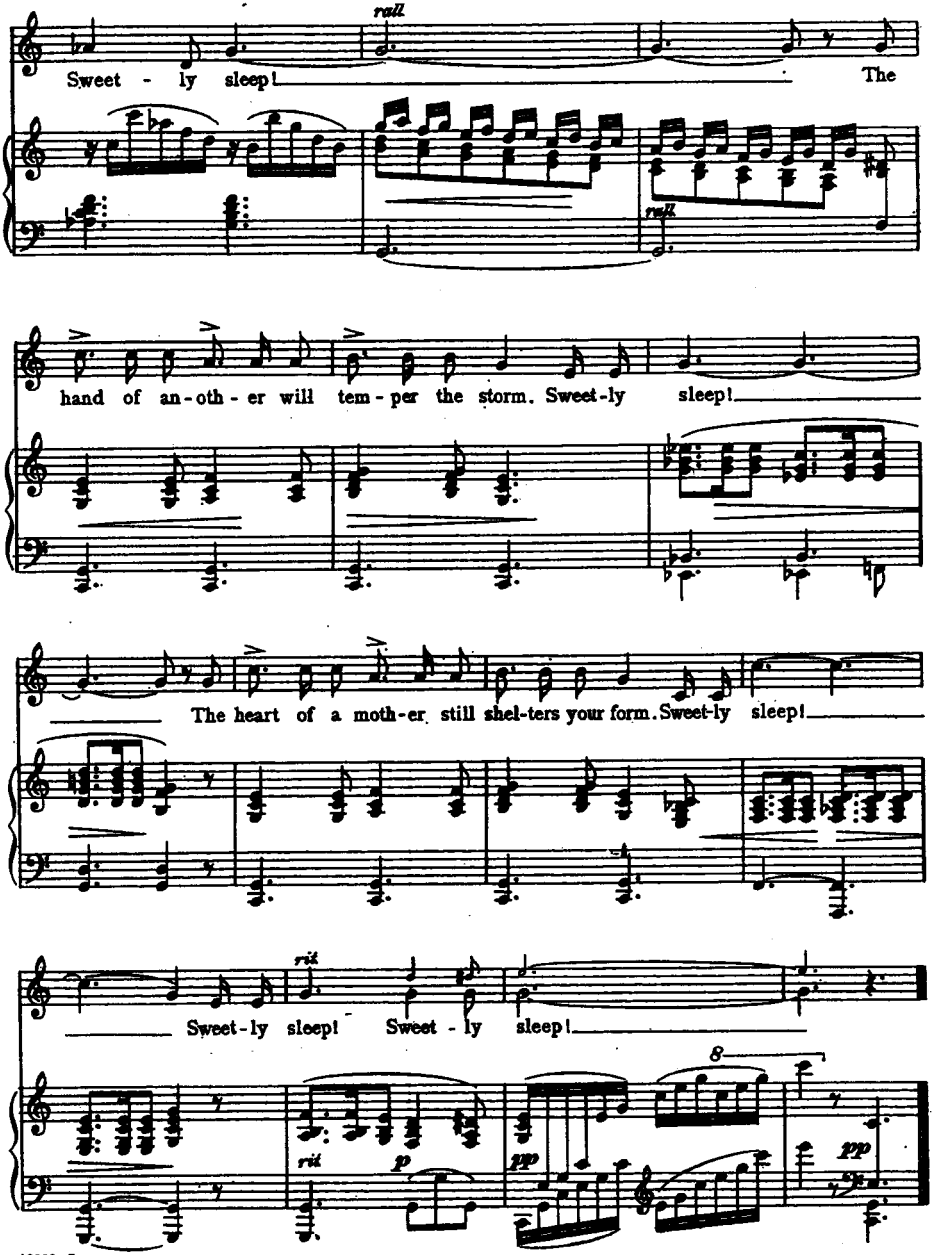

dream-ing, my dar-ling, a-sleep In a trun-dle-bed cot,
is un - moved by the deep. Sweet - ly sleep!
p
Sweet - ly sleep! rall
Tha hand of an-oth-er will
rall
tem-per the storm; Sweet ly sleep
The heart of a moth-er still


Shel-ters your form. Sweet-ly sleep! Sweet-ly
rit
sleep! Sweet - ly sleep!
rit
p
pp
8
pp
The years that fol - low, may bring you de-
p
light,
Or e - ven a


lov - er to guard you at night,
But on - ly the love, But on - ly the love of a moth - er may
last,
When for - tune and friends are but
dreams of the past.
Sweet - ly sleep!
p
p


rall
Sweet - ly sleep! The
rall
hand of an-oth-er will tem-per the storm. Sweet-ly sleep!
The heart of a moth-er still shel-ters your form. Sweet-ly sleep!
rit
Sweet-ly sleep! Sweet - ly sleep!
8
rit
p
pp
pp