

Frederick Delius - Slumber Song

**While infancy dreamed from heaven there teemed
An angel array with song and with
And when he awoke his fond mother caressed him
In joy that he smiled as the bright angels blessed him**

**To heaven was her prayer mid sorrow and care
Unrestful he slept, in sorrow he wept
A rustling was heard and again she caressed him
In joy that the hovering angels had blessed him**

**To manhood he grows, the tear again flows
No rest is in sleep, his grief is too deep
The angels desert not, still nearer they press him
And sing "Be at peace" as with slumber they bless him**