

The Divine Lullaby

Eugene Field (1850-1895)

"ROCKWELL GREEN," 6.8.8.8.4

John L. Speller

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1. I hear thy voice, dear Lord; I hear it by the storm-y sea When win-ter nights are black and wild, And
2. I hear thy voice, dear Lord, In sing-ing winds, in fall-ing snow, The cur-few chimes, the mid-night bell. "Sleep
3. I hear thy voice, dear Lord, Ay, tho' the sing-ing winds be stilled, Tho' hushed the tu-mult of the deep, My
4. Speak on, speak on, dear Lord, And when at last dread night is near, With doubts and fears and terrors wild, Oh

7

1. when, af-fright, I call to thee; It calms my fears and whis-pers me, "Sleep well, my child."
2. well, my child," it mur - murs low; "The guard-ian an - gels come and go; "Sleep well, my child."
3. faint-ing heart with an - guish chilled By thy as - sur - ing tone is thrilled: "Sleep well, my child."
4. let my soul ex - pir - ing hear On - ly these words of heaven-ly cheer, "Sleep well, my child."