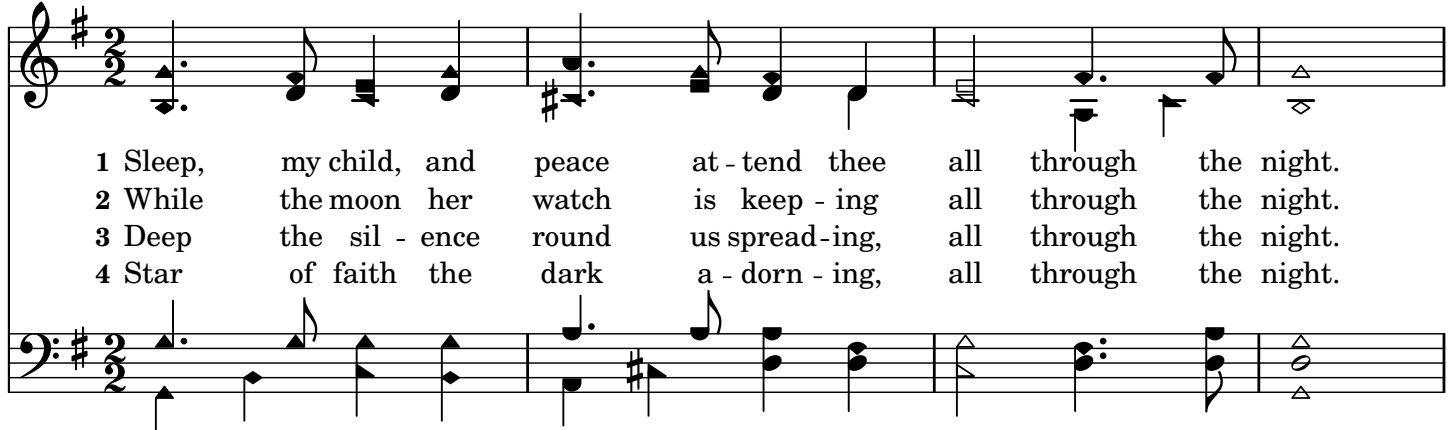


# All through the night

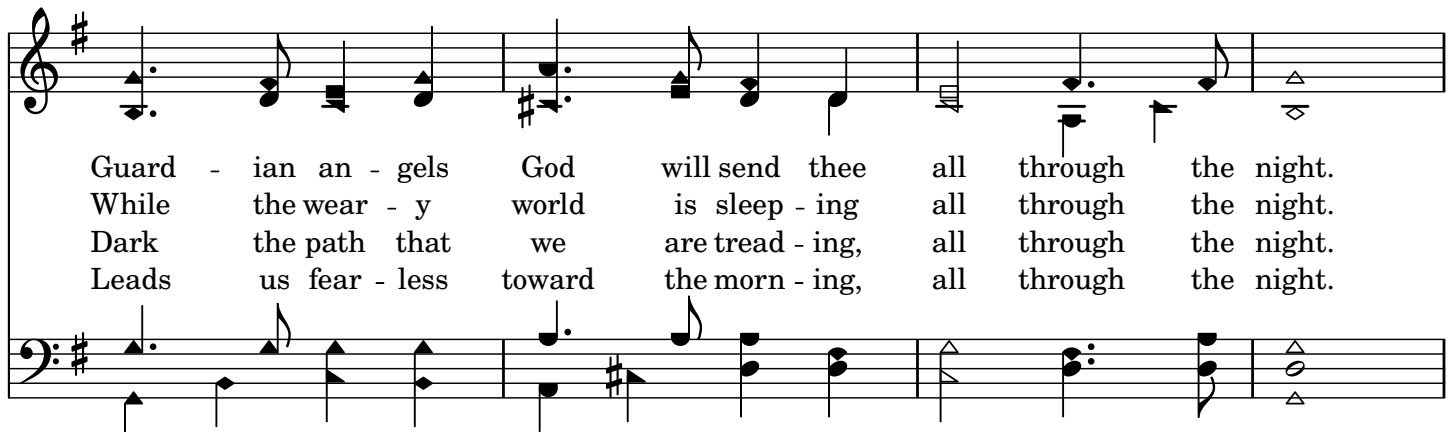
Text: Harold Boulton, 1884

Music: Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards, 1784

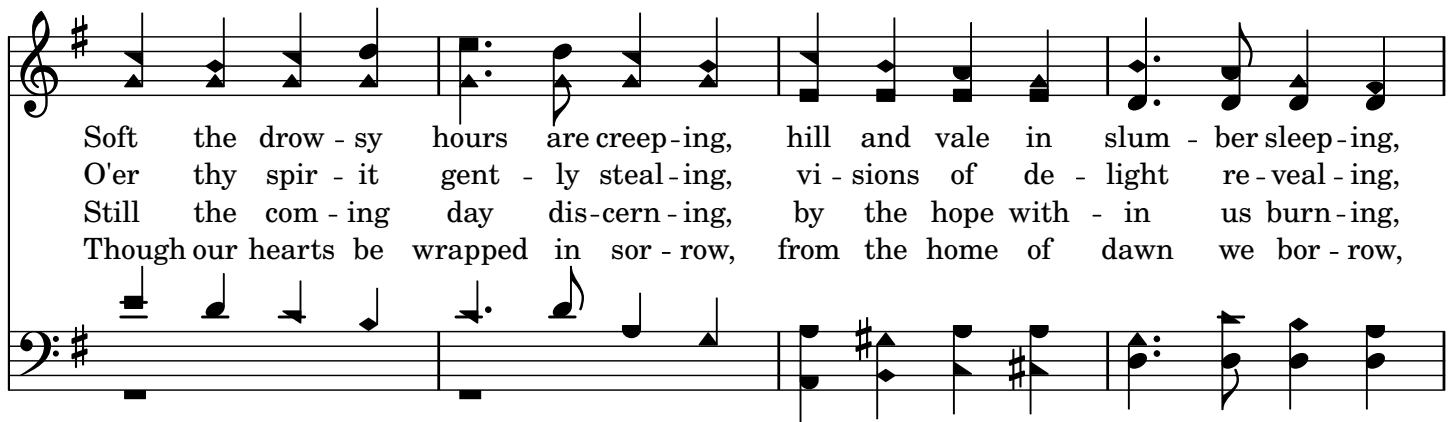
AR HYD Y NOS 12.12.8.8.12



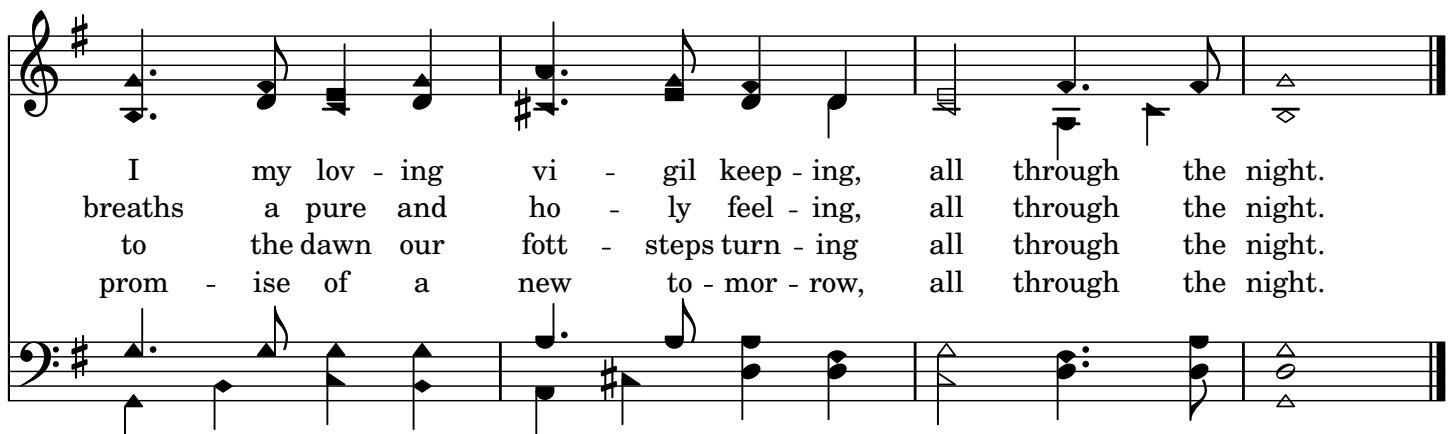
1 Sleep, my child, and peace at - tend thee all through the night.  
2 While the moon her watch is keep - ing all through the night.  
3 Deep the sil - ence round us spread - ing, all through the night.  
4 Star of faith the dark a - dorn - ing, all through the night.



Guard - ian an - gels God will send thee all through the night.  
While the wear - y world is sleep - ing all through the night.  
Dark the path that we are tread - ing, all through the night.  
Leads us fear - less toward the morn - ing, all through the night.



Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, hill and vale in slum - ber sleep - ing,  
O'er thy spir - it gent - ly steal - ing, vi - sions of de - light re - veal - ing,  
Still the com - ing day dis - cern - ing, by the hope with - in us burn - ing,  
Though our hearts be wrapped in sor - row, from the home of dawn we bor - row,



I my lov - ing vi - gil keep - ing, all through the night.  
breaths a pure and ho - ly feel - ing, all through the night.  
to the dawn our fott - steps turn - ing all through the night.  
prom - ise of a new to - mor - row, all through the night.