

To Lauren Florek, for the faith in yourself that I admire so.

About My Dreams

Hilda Conkling

Rachel C. Singh

$\text{♩} = 76$

come recitativo *mp*

Now the flowers are all fol - ded And the dark is go-ing

4

8

rest. When I am slee - ping I

a tempo

mf

mp

cantabile

mp

12

sweeping

mf

find my pil-low full of dreams.

They are all new

mf

16

dreams: No one told them to me Be-fore I camethrough the

19

f

cloud. They re - mem-ber the sky, my lit-tle

23

dreams, They have wings, they are quick, they are sweet.

27

32

Help me tell my dreams To the o - ther chil-dren, So that their

34

bread may taste whi - ter, So that the milk they drink May

4

37

make them think of mea - dows In the sky of

40

stars. Help me give bread to the o - ther

43

chil - dren So that their dreams may come back: So they will re -

46

mem - ber what they knew Be-fore they came through the

49

cloud. Let me hold their lit - tle hands through the

52

dark, The lone - ly chil - dren, The

55

ba - bies that have no mo-thers a - ny more. Dear

58

f God, let me hold up my sil-ver cup For them to

6

62

drink, And tell them the sweet - ness

67

Of my dreams.

72

molto ritard. al fin