

A Song of Sleep.

(Mezzo-Soprano, or Baritone.)

Sleep! for
"Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."
(Spenser)

Words and Music by
LORD HENRY SOMERSET.

Slowly, dreamily, and with great expression. **pp**

Sleep, dar-ling, sleep, the

pp *both lead* *marcato il basso*

day - light Dies down in the crim-son west: All na-ture folds her

pp

pin - ions, And sinks to qui - et rest.

rall. **pp**

cresc.
What though the world is — cru — el, Cru — el for you and

p me? Sleep! and that great — con — so — ler Shall
rall.
p *pp* *p* *rall.*

rall. set your spir — it free. Ah yes! I know the
pp
pp
both *Red* * *Red* *

an — guish That tears and rends your heart, How that from all life's
pp
Red *

glad - ness You live far, far a - part. There is a God of —

rall. *pp* *cresc.*

rall. *pp* *cresc.*

pit - y And, Love, 'tis He knows best;

p *rall.* *pp*

Leave all to His com - pas - sion, And rest, my dear one,

p *rall.* *rall.* *rall.*

rest!

pp una corda