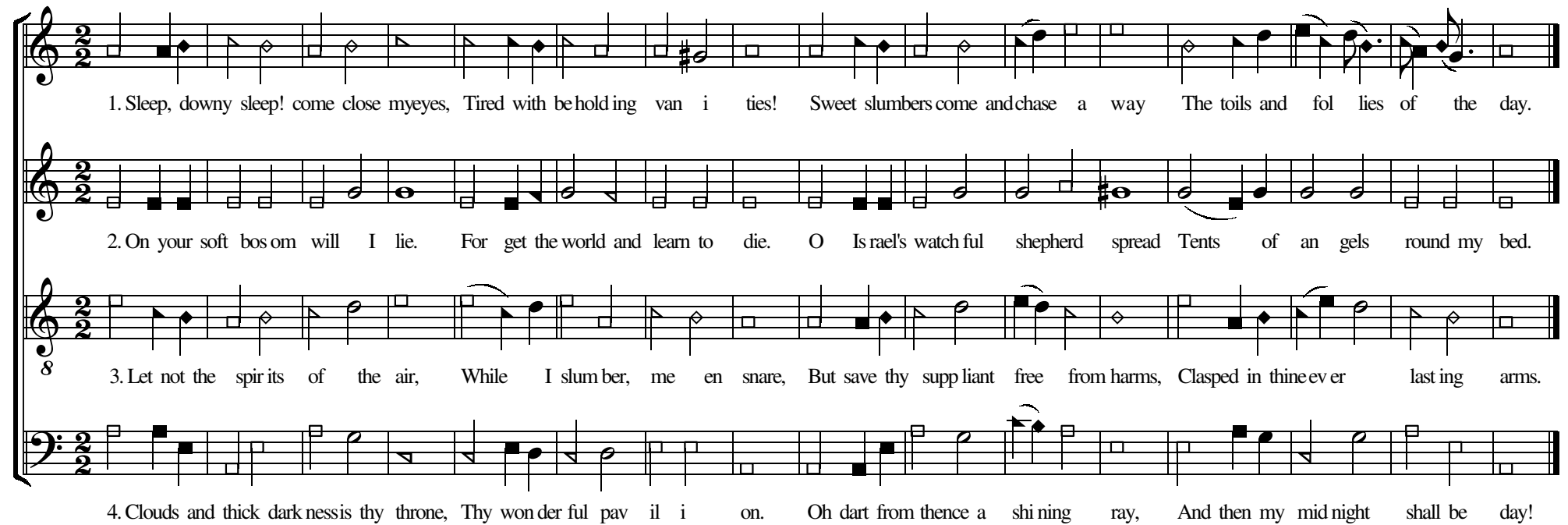


Morpheus. L.M.



1. Sleep, downy sleep! come close myeyes, Tired with behold ing van i ties! Sweet slumbers come and chase a way The toils and fol lies of the day.

2. On your soft bos om will I lie. For get the world and learn to die. O Is rael's watch ful shepherd spread Tents of an gels round my bed.

8 3. Let not the spir its of the air, While I slum ber, me en snare, But save thy supp liant free from harms, Clapsed in thine ev er last ing arms.

4. Clouds and thick dark ness is thy throne, Thy won der ful pav il i on. Oh dart from thence a shi ning ray, And then my mid night shall be day!