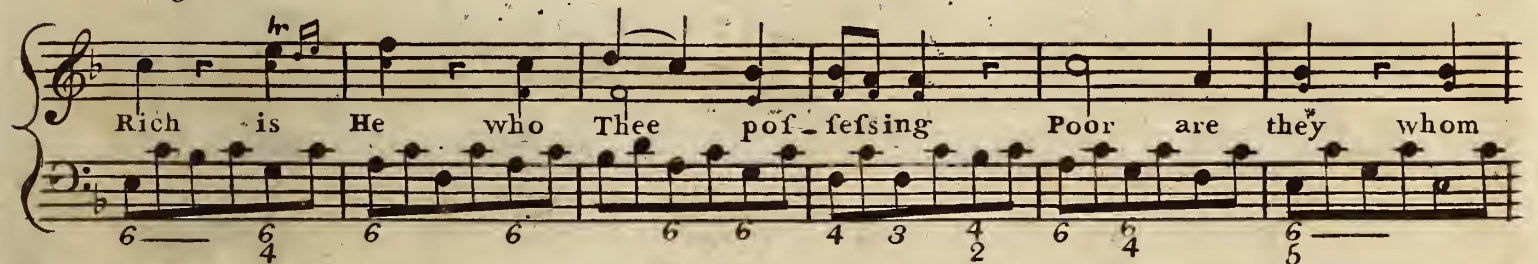
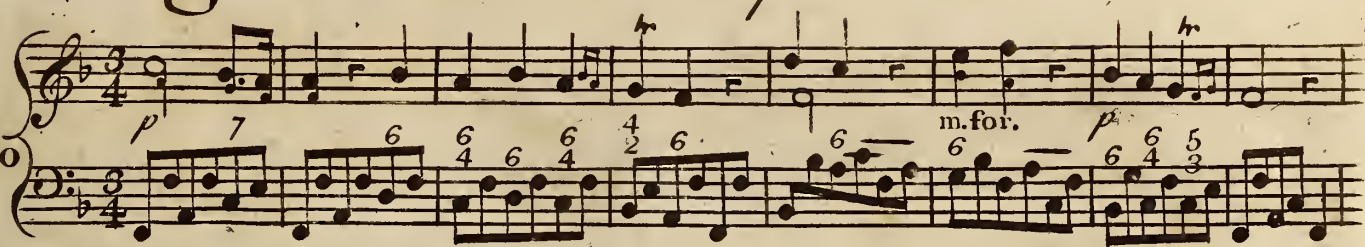


Song VIII *To Sleep*

E. Miller

61

Largo
Affettuosso



2

Princes on their Couch reclining,
Oft implore thy soothing Aid;
Thou, their fondest with deriding,
Smooths the Bed by Sorrow made.

3

Come then softest, sweetest Charmer,
Hush each anxious Care to rest;
Let no noisy, rude Intruder,
More disturb this throbbing Breast.