

Morpheus (L.M.)

William Billings (Music in Miniature, 1779)

Thomas Flatman (1674)

1. Sleep! down - y sleep! come close my eyes, Tir'd with be - hold - ing van - i - ties!

2. On your soft bos - om will I lie, For - get the world, and learn to die.

3. Let not the spir - its of the air, While I slum - ber, me en - nare;

4. Clouds and thick dark - ness are Thy throne. Thy won - der - ful pav - i - lion;

5. Thus, when the morn, in crim - son drest. Vis - its the cham - bers of the east.

9 Sweet slum - bers come and chase a - way The toils and foll - ies of the day:

O Is - rael's watch - ful Shep - herd, spread Thine an - gel tents a - round my bed

But save Thy sup - pliant, free from harmes, Clasp'd in Thine ev - er - last - ing arms.

O dart from thence a shin - ing ray. And then my mid - night shall be day.

My hymns of thank - ful praise shall rise Like in - cense at a sac - ri - fice.

The final line is unsettled: 'Like incense at the morning sacrifice' 'Like clouds of morning sacrifice'