

L'ame Immortelle "Silver Rain"

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Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes
Brother to death, sweetly thy self dispose
On this afflicted prince, fall like a cloud
In gentle show're, give nothing that is loud

Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain,
Into this princes gently, oh gently slide,
And kiss him into slumber like a bride.

On this afflicted prince, fall like a cloud
In gentle show're, give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night

Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain,
Into this princes gently, oh gently slide,
And kiss him into slumber like a bride.

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