

## **Eric Whitacre**

### **"Sleep"**

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The evening hangs beneath the moon  
A silver thread on darken dune  
With closing eyes, and resting head  
I know that sleep is coming soon  
Upon my pillow, safe in bed  
A thousand pictures fill my head  
I can not sleep my minds aflight and yet my limbs  
seem made of lead  
If there are noises, in the night  
A frightening shadow, flickering light  
As I surrender unto sleep  
Where clouds of dream, give second sight  
What dreams may come both dark and deep,  
Of flying wings and soring leap  
As I surrender unto sleep (x3)  
Unto sleep  
Sleep (x10)

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