

THE LAKE IS A - SLEEP THE BIRDS STOPPED SING-ING THE LAST RAYS

OF THE LIGHT ARE GONE IT WILL BE DARK A-MONG THE FOL-IAGE AND

NIGHT WILL PRO-MISE GOLD-EN DREAMS AND NIGHT WILL PRO - MISE

Gold - - - EN
GOLD - - EN DREAMS. THE LAKE IS A - SLEEP AND IN THE DARK-NESS

WE SEE THE MA-NY TWINK-LING STARS AND FLOW-ERS LOOK UP IN-NO-

** THE SLEEPING LAKE **

- CENT-LY AND FLOW-ERS WOR-SHIP TO THE SKY AND FLOW-ERS WOR-SHIP

TO THE SKY. THE LAKE IS A - SLEEP AND SO THE EARTH AND

NIGHT COMES TO US WITH ITS PEACE AND SO THE PEACE YOUR SOUL RE -

- QUIRES SHALL COME AT LAST SHALL COME AT LAST AND SO THE PEACE

COME AT LAST. SHALL COME AT LAST.