

# Sleep (Stopping By Woods)

[Eric Whitacre](#)

The evening hangs beneath the moon

    A silver thread on darkened dune

    With closing eyes and resting head

I know that sleep is coming soonUpon my pillow, safe in bed

    A thousand pictures fill my head

    I cannot sleep my minds a flight

And yet my limbs seem made of leadIf there are noises in the night

    A frightening shadow, flickering light

Then I surrender unto sleepWhere clouds of dreams give second sightWhat dreams may come both dark and  
    deepOf flying wings and soaring leapAs I surrender unto sleep

    As I surrender unto sleep

Songwriters

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    patents pending.

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