



I said to my soul, be still, and let the d  
As, in a theatre, the lights are extinguished  
with the  
And we know that the hills and the trees  
are a  
And you see behind every face the mental en  
Leo  
So the darkness shall be the light, and  
W

So ... it  
the mother of loneliness  
Sleep falls like  
it fills the heart of man  
it moves like  
and walks like night and  
flows gently