Weep you no more, sad fountains

Cantus
Sleep is a reconciling, A rest that -

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

so fast? Look - how the snowy mountains

peace begets. Doth - not the sun rise smiling

Heav'n's sun doth gently waste. But my sun's heav'nly rest.

When fair at e'en he sets. Rest you then, rest sad

eyes, View not your weeping

eyes, Melt not in weeping
That now lies sleeping, that now lies sleeping, Soft-

While she lies sleeping, while she lies sleeping, Soft-

20 -

That now lies sleeping, that now lies sleeping, Soft-

While she lies sleeping, while she lies sleeping, Soft-

25 -

That now lies sleeping, that now lies sleeping, Soft-

While she lies sleeping, while she lies sleeping, Soft-