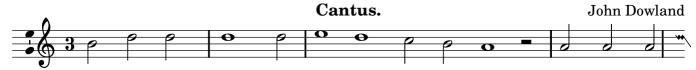


XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts



- 1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- ger move: But pine you The hid- den
- But0 the fury of rest-lesse feare my The glo- ries and the beau-ties that ap-peare,
 - My love doth love doth rest: and yet Feare in rage, my my and yet Peace in love, my love op- prest: Impa- tient, my



bee with my love love dis- easd. my long-ings with long dis-pleasd. guish of flesh de- sires my anbrowes, neere Cupids clo- sed fires, love se- cure: yet love, and my per- fect tem-pera-ture. yet of

Thus, while she sleeps, Ι sor-

my

Be-tweene her

Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-

Sleepe, dain- ty love, while Ι



row for her sake: So sleeps my my love doth wake. love, and yet ing for her sake: my love doth wake. So sleeps my and love, yet my love doth wake. sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, and yet

3#*

XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts



²dot is missing in original



XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Tenor.

John Dowland

- 1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my love Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- ger move: But pine you with
- 2. But O the fu- ry of my rest-lesse feare The hid- den an-The glo- ries and the beau-ties that ap- peare, Be- tweene her browes,
- 3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest: Feare in my love, Peace in my love, and yet my love op- prest: Im- pa- tient, yet



bee with my love dis- easd.

my long-ings long dis- pleasd.

guish of my flesh de- sires

neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires,

and yet my love se- cure:

of per- fect tem-pe- ra- ture.

Thus, while she sleeps, I sor- row for her

Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-ing for her

Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I sigh for thy



sake: So sleeps my love,

So sleeps my love,

sake:

sake: So sleeps my love,

So sleeps my love, and yet and yet

So sleeps my love, and yet and yet

So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet

my love doth wake.

my love doth wake.

my love doth wake.

`` 3 ♦

XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Bassus. John Dowland 1. Sleep wai- ward thoughts, and rest with my love: Let not you my But pine you Touch not proud hands, lest you an- ger move: her But0 the rest-lesse feare The hid-den fury of my The glo- ries and the beau-ties that ap-peare, Be-tweene her and yet love doth rest: My love doth Feare in rage, my my Peace in and yet my love, love op- prest: Impa- tient, my 0 O love dis- easd. love bee with Thus, while she sleeps, Ι my sorlong dis-pleasd. with my longings flesh de- sires guish of Thus while she sleeps, moves sighanmy browes, neere Cupids clo- sed fires, Sleepe, dain- ty love, while Ι love, and yet my love se- cure: of yet fect tem-pera-ture. per-13

row for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake. ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake. sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.