XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Cantus.

John Dowland

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

    love bee with my love dis- easd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-
   with my long- ings long dis- pleasd.
   an- guish of my flesh de- sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-
browes, neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires, 
   love, and yet my love se- cure: Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I
   yet of per- fect tem- pera- ture.

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

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

Let not my love bee with my love dis-easd.
But pine you with my long-ings long dis-pleasd.
The hid-den an-guish of my flesh de-sires
Be-tweene her browes, neere Cu-pids clo-sed fires,
Feare in my love, and yet my love se-cure:
Im-patient, yet of per-fect tem-pera-ture.

Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-row for her sake: So sleeps my
Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-ing for her sake: So sleeps my
Sleepe, dain-ty love, while I sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my

love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

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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- tweeene 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. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor- row for her
my long-ings long dis- pleasd. Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh- ing for her
guish of my flesh de- sires Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh- ing for her
neere Cu- pids clo- sed fires, and yet my love se- cure: Sleepe, dain- ty love, while I sigh for thy
of per- fect tem- pe- ra- ture.

sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet and yet my love doth wake.
sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.
XIII. Sleep, waiward thoughts

Bassus.  
John Dowland

1. Sleep wai-ward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my love bee with my love diseasd. Thus, while she sleeps, I sor-row for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger move: But pine you-ing for her sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

2. But O the fury of my rest-lesse feare The hid-den love, and yet my love secure: Sleepe, dain-ty love, while I sigh for thy sake: So sleeps my love, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

The glo- ries and the beauties that ap-peare, Be-tweene her love beas, neere Cupids closed fires, th

3. My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest: Feare in my love to bee, and my long-ings long displeasd. Thus while she sleeps, moves sigh-browes, neere Cupids clo-sed fires,

Peace in my love, and yet my love op-prest: Im-patient, yet of per-fect tem-pera-ture.