Rest Sweet Nymphs

Cantus

Francis Pilkington (1565 - 1638)

Rest, sweet nymphs, let gold-en sleep
Char-m your star bright-er

Dream, fair vir-gins, of de-light
And blest E-ly-sian

Thus, dear dam-sels, I do give 'Good night', and so am

eyes, While my lute the watch doth keep
With pleasing sym-pa-groves, While the wandering shades of night

gone: With your hearts' de-sires long live, Still joy, and ne-ver

thies. Lul-la, lul-la-by.
loves. Lul-la, lul-la-by.
moan. Lul-la, lul-la-by.

Sleep sweet-ly, sleep sweet-ly, Let no-thing af-fright ye,
Your kiss-es, your bliss-es, Send them by your wish-es,
Hath pleased you and eased you, And sweet slumber seized you,

In calm con-tent-ments lie. Lul-la lie.
Al-though they be not nigh. Lul-la nigh.
And now to bed I hie. Lul-la hie.
Rest Sweet Nymphs

Altus  

Francis Pilkington (1565 - 1638)

Rest, sweet nymphs, let gold-en sleep
Charm your star brighter
Dream, fair vir-gins, of de-light
And blest E-ly-sian
Thus, dear dam-sels, I do give 'Good night', and so am

eyes, While my lute the watch doth keep
With pleasing sym-pa-groves,
While the wandring shades of night
Re-sem-ble your true
gone:

With your hearts' de-sires long live,
Still joy, and ne-ver


Sleep sweet-ly, sleep sweet-ly,
Let no-thing af-fright ye,
Your kiss-es, your bliss-es,
Send them by your wish-es,
Hath pleased you and eased you,
And sweet slumber seized you,

In calm con-tent - ments lie. Lul-la lie.
Al-though they be not nigh. Lul-la nigh.
And now to bed I hie. Lul-la hie.
Rest Sweet Nymphs

Tenor

Francis Pilkington (1565 - 1638)

Rest, sweet nymphs, let golden sleep
Charm your star brighter

Dream, fair virgins, of delight
And blest Elysian

Thus, dear damsels, I do give 'Good night', and so am

eyes,
While my lute the watch doth keep
With pleasing sym-pa-groves,
While the wandering shades of night
Re-semble your true
gone:
With your hearts' desires long live,
Still joy, and never

Lul - la, lul - la - by.
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

loves.
Lul - la, lul - la - by.
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

moan.
Lul - la, lul - la - by.
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

Sleep sweet - ly, sleep sweet - ly,
Let no - thing af - fright ye,
Your kisses, your bliss - es,
Send them by your wish - es,
Hath pleased you and eased you,
And sweet slumber seized you,

1.
In calm con - tent - ments lie.
Lul - la lie.

Although they be not nigh.
Lul - la nigh.

And now to bed I hie.
Lul - la hie.

Rest Sweet Nymphs

Bassus  
Francis Pilkington (1565 - 1638)

Rest, sweet nymphs, let gold-en sleep  Charm your star brighter
Dream, fair vir-gins, of de-light  And blest E-ly-sian
Thus, dear dam-sels, I do give 'Good night', and so am

eyes,  While my lute the watch doth keep With pleasing sym-pa-
groves,  While the wandring shades of night Re-sem-ble your true
gone:  With your hearts' de-sires long live, Still joy, and ne-ver

thies.  Lul-la, lul-laby. Lul-la-by, Sleep sweet-ly, sleep
loves.  Lul-la, lul-laby. Lul-la-by, Your kiss-es, your
moan.  Lul-la, lul-laby. Lul-la-by, Hath pleased you and

sweet-ly, Let no-thing af-fright ye, In calm contentments lie. lie.
bliss-es, Send them by your wish-es, Although they be not nigh. nigh.
eased you, And sweet slumber seized you, And now to bed I hie. hie.