

XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines,

Altus

John Dowland

1. Weepe, weepe you no more sad foun- taines, What
2. Sleepe, sleepe is a re- con- cil- ing, A
need, what need you flowe so fast, Looke how the snow- ie moun- taines,
rest, a rest that peace be- gets: Doth not the sunne rise smil- ing,
Heav'ns sunne doth gent- ly wast. But my sunnes, my sunnes heav'n- ly eyes
When faire at ev'n he sets, Rest you, rest you, then rest sad eyes,
View not your weep- ing. That now lie sleep- ing, that now ly sleep-
Melt not in weep- ing, While she lies sleep- ing, while she lies sleep-
ing, soft- ly soft- ly soft- ly that now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.
ing, soft- ly soft- ly soft- ly that now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.