

XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines,

Cantus

John Dowland

1. Weepe you no more sad foun- taines, What need you flowe so fast,
2. Sleepe is a re- con- cil- ing, A rest that peace be- gets:

6
Looke how the snow- ie moun- taines, Heav'ns sunne doth gent- ly wast.
Doth not the sunne rise smil- ing, When faire at ev'n he sets,

11
But my sunnes heav'n- ly eyes View not your weep- ing. That nowe
Rest you, then rest sad eyes, Melt not in weep- ing, While she

lie sleep- ing, sleep- ing, soft- ly, soft- ly sleep- ing Now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.
lies sleep- ing, sleep- ing, soft- ly, soft- ly sleep- ing Now soft- ly lies sleep- ing.