

XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines,

Tenor

John Dowland

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

8 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, view not your weep-
Rest you, then rest sad eyes, Melt not, melt not in weep-

16 ing. That now lie sleep- ing, sleep- ing, that now ly sleep- ing
ing, While she lies sleep- ing, sleep- ing, that now ly sleep- ing

22 soft- ly soft- ly Now soft- ly lie sleep- ing.
soft- ly soft- ly Now soft- ly lie sleep- ing.