Weep you no more, sad fountains

Anon., 16th century

Freely, guided by the words

Voice

Weep you no more, sad fountains; What
Sleep is a reconciling, A

Piano

need you flow so fast? Look how the snowy mountains
rest that Peace begets. Doth not the sun rise smiling

Heav'n's sun doth gently waste. When fair at e'en he sets

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Moving forward

But my sun's heavenly eyes
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,

View not your weeping
Melt not in weeping

That while now she

lies sleeping, that now lies sleeping, softly,
lies sleeping, while she lies sleeping, softly,

rall.............................

Softly, now softly lies sleeping.
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

transcribed with minor edits by Robert Nottingham June 2004
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