



Sleep, wayward thoughts

The Firste Booke of Songes, n^o 13

(1597)

John Dowland

(1563 ca. - 1626)

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Baixo

Sleep, way - ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her an - ger move,

Sleep, way - ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her an - ger move,

Sleep, way - ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her an - ger move,

Sleep, way - ward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her an - ger move,

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Let not my Love be with my love dis - eas'd.
But pine you with my lon - gings long dis - pleas'd.

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But pine you with my lon - gings long dis - pleas'd.

Let not my Love be with my love dis - eas'd.
But pine you with my lon - gings long dis - pleas'd.

Let not my Love be with my love dis - eas'd.
But pine you with my lon - gings long dis - pleas'd.

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Thus, while she sleeps, I sor - row for her sake: So sleeps my

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Love, _____ and yet my love doth wake.

Love, so sleeps my Love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

Love, so sleeps my Love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

Love, so sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restless fear!
 The hidden anguish of my flesh desires !
 The glories and the beauties that appear,
 Between her brows, near Cupid's closed fires,
 Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake:
 So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest:
 Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure:
 Peace in my Love, and yet my love oppress'd:
 Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
 Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake:
 So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.