

Sleep, slumb'ring eyes

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Sleep, slum- b'ring
My free- born
My cap- tive

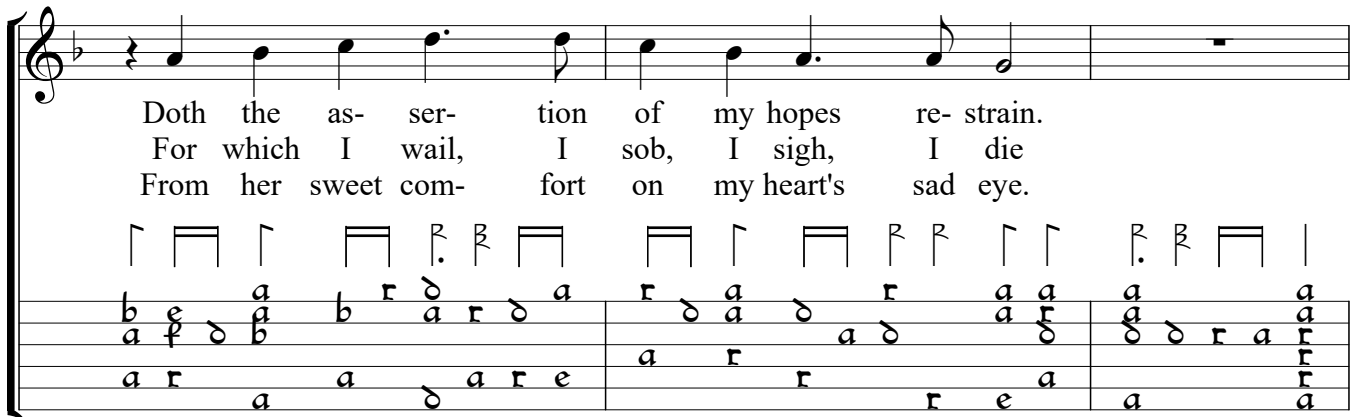
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eyes; give rest un- to my cares, My cares, the
breast, born free to sor- row's smart, Brought in sub-
breast, stung by these glist- 'ring stars, These glist- 'ring

in- fants of my trou- bled brain; My
jec- tion by my wan- d'ring eye, Whose
stars, the beau- ty of the sky, That

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cares, sur- pris'd, sur- pris'd with black des pair,
trait- 'rous sight con- ceiv'd that to my heart
bright black sky which doth the sun- beams bar



Doth the as-ser-tion of my hopes re-strain.
 For which I wail, I sob, I sigh, I die
 From her sweet com-fort on my heart's sad eye.

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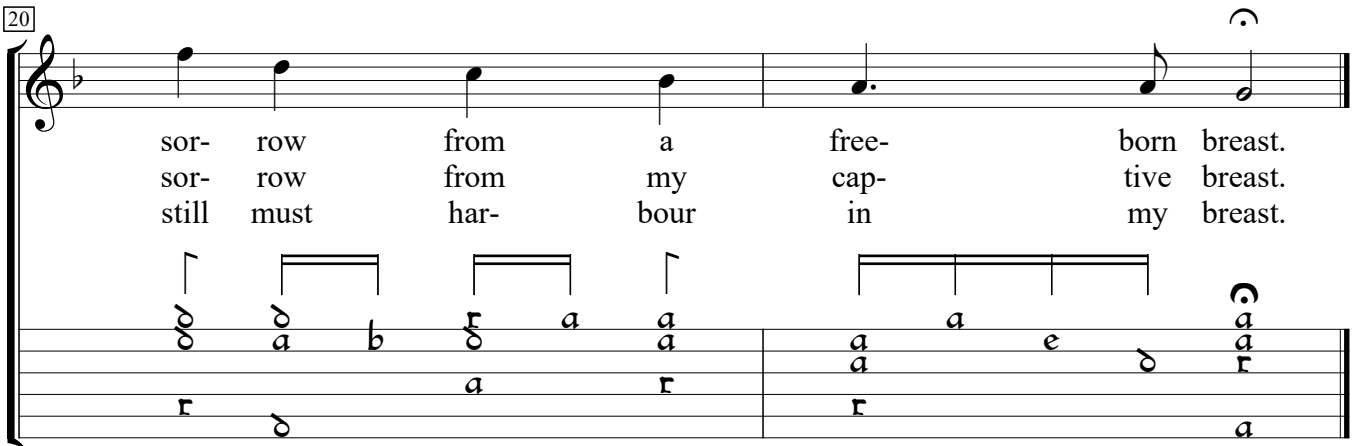


Sleep, then, my eyes, sleep, then, my eyes. O sleep, and
 Sleep, then, my eyes, sleep, then, my eyes, dis-turb'd of
 Wake, then, my eyes, wake, then, my eyes, true part-ners



take your rest, To ban-ish sor-row, to ban-ish
 quiet rest, To ban-ish sor-row, to ban-ish
 of un-rest, For sor-row still, for sor-row

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sor-row from a free-born breast.
 sor-row from my cap-tive breast.
 still must har-bour in my breast.