

Sleep, slumb'ring eyes

Thomas Morley

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

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rest un- to my cares, My cares, the in- fants of my trou- bled brain;
free to sor- row's smart, Brought in sub- jec- tion by my wan- d'ring eye,
by these glist- 'ring stars, These glist- 'ring stars, the beau- ty of the sky,

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My cares, sur- pris'd, sur- pris'd with black des pair,
Whose trait- 'rous sight con- ceiv'd that to my heart
That 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.

Sleep, then, my eyes,
Sleep, then, my eyes,
Wake, then, my eyes,

sleep, then, my eyes. O sleep, and take your rest,
sleep, then, my eyes, dis- turb'd of qui- et rest,
wake, then, my eyes, true part- ners of un- rest,

To ban- ish sor- row, to ban- ish sor- row from a free- born breast.
To ban- ish sor- row, to ban- ish sor- row from my cap- tive breast.
For sor- row still, for sor- row still must har- bour in my breast.