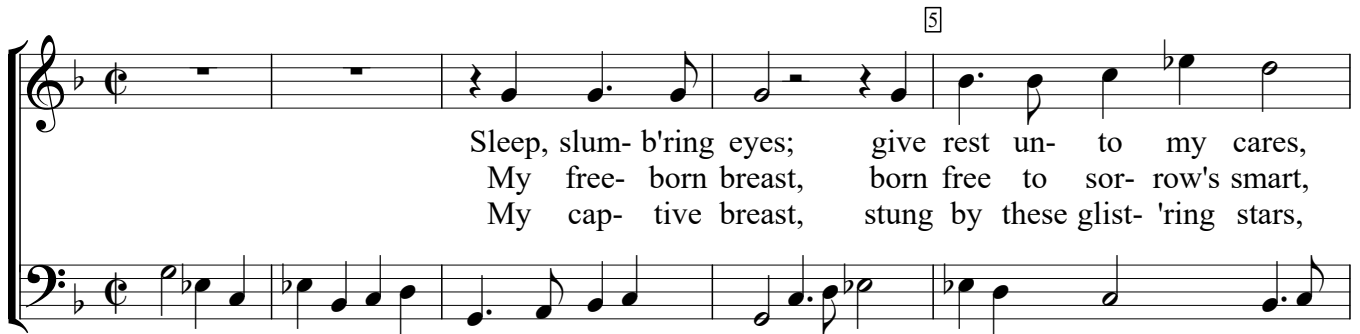


Sleep, slumb'ring eyes

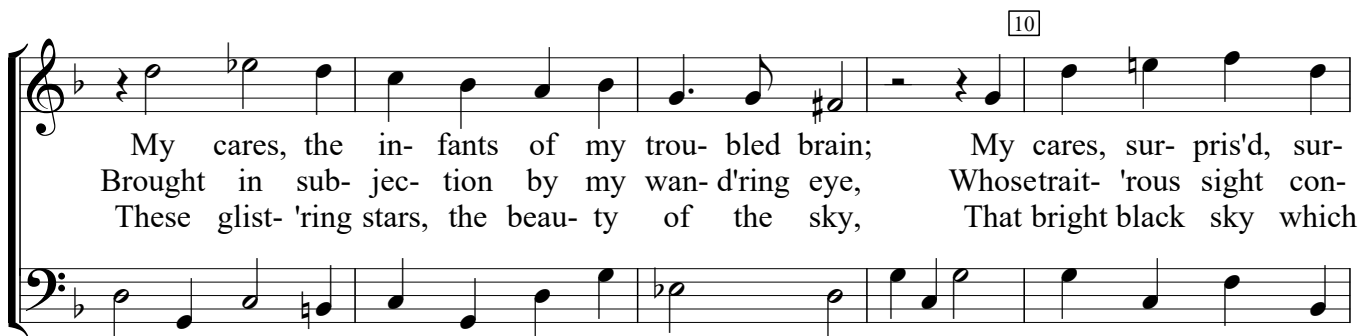
Thomas Morley

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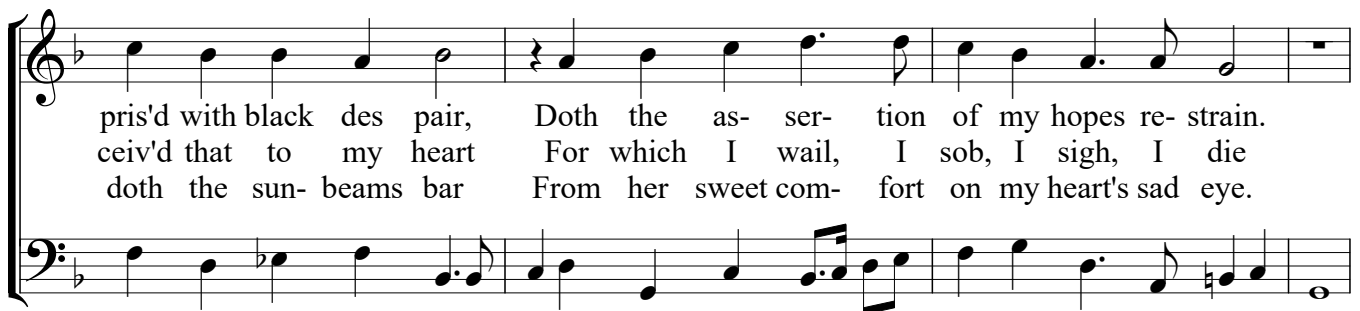


Sleep, slum- b'ring eyes; give rest un- to my cares,
My free- born breast, born free to sor- row's smart,
My cap- tive breast, stung by these glist- 'ring stars,

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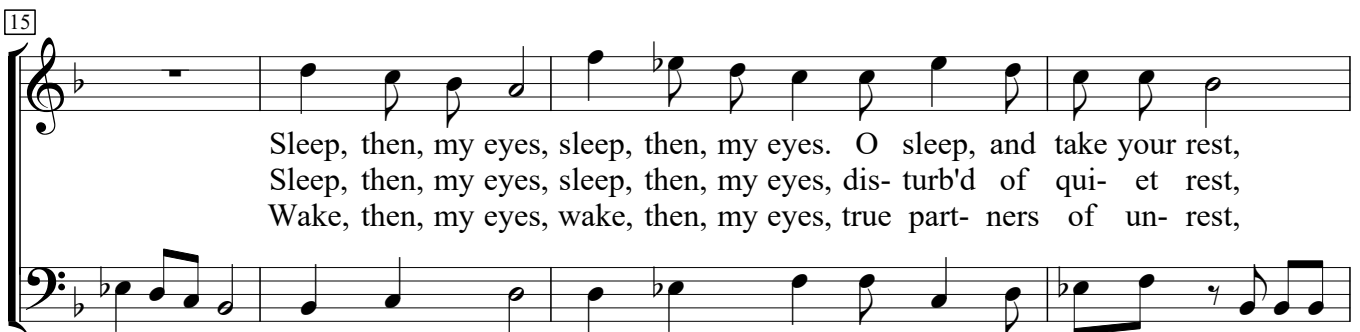


My cares, the in- fants of my trou- bled brain; My cares, sur- pris'd, sur-
Brought in sub- jec- tion by my wan- d'ring eye, Whosetrait- rous sight con-
These glist- 'ring stars, the beau- ty of the sky, That bright black sky which



pris'd with black des pair, Doth the as- ser- tion of my hopes re- strain.
ceiv'd that to my heart For which I wail, I sob, I sigh, I die
doth the sun- beams bar 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 take your rest,
Sleep, then, my eyes, sleep, then, my eyes, dis- turb'd of qui- et rest,
Wake, then, my eyes, wake, then, my eyes, true part- ners of un- rest,

20



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.