

# 10 Weepe You No More

John Dowland  
(The Third and Last Booke of Songs and Ayres — 1603)

1. Weepe you no more sad foun - taines, What

③ - F#

need you flowe so fast, Look how the snow - ie

moun - taines, Heav'ns sunne doch gent - ly waste.

But my sunnes heav'n - ly eyes. View

not your weep - ing. VII. III. That

nowe lies sleep - ing, that nowe lies sleep - ing, Soft -

ly, soft - ly, now soft - ly, lies sleep - ing.

2. Sleepe is a reconciling,  
 A rest that peace begets:  
 Doth not the sunne rise smiling,  
 When faire at ev'n he sets,  
 Rest you, then rest sad eyes,  
 Melt not in weeping,  
 While she lies sleeping  
 Softy, now softy lies  
 Sleeping.