

1. Lock up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart,
2. And while, O sleep, thou clorest up her sight,
3. But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not de-part,

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1. Lock up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart,
2. And while, O sleep, thou clorest up her sight,
3. But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not de-part,

Pre-serve those beams, this a-ge's on-ly light, To
Her light, where love did forge his fair-est dart: O
In this rare sub-ject from thy com-mon right: But

heart, Pre-serve those beams, this a-ge's on-ly light, To
sight, Her light, where love did forge his fair-est dart: O
part, In this rare sub-ject from thy com-mon right: But

heart, Pre-serve those beams, this a-ge's on-ly light, To
sight, Her light, where love did forge his fair-est dart: O
part, In this rare sub-ject from thy com-mon right: But

Pre-serve those beams, this a-ge's on-ly light, To
Her light, where love did forge his fair-est dart: O
In this rare sub-ject from thy com-mon right: But

To her sweet sense, sweet sleep, some ease im-part,
O har-bour all her parts in ease-ful plight,
But wilt thy-self in such a feat de-light,

her sweet sense, sweet sleep, sweet sleep, some ease im-part, Her
har-bour all her parts, her parts in ease-ful plight, Let
wilt thy-self in such, in such a feat de-light, Then

her sweet sense, sweet sleep, sweet sleep, some ease im-part, Her
har-bour all her parts, her parts in ease-ful plight, Let
wilt thy-self in such, in such a feat de-light, Then

her sweet sense, sweet sleep, some ease im-part, Her
har-bour all her parts in ease-ful plight, Let
wilt thy-self in such a feat de-light, Then

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Her sense too weak to bear her spi- rit's might. might.
 Let no strange dream make her fair bo- dy start. start.
 Then take my shape and play a lo- ver's part: (to Coda)

sense too weak, too weak to bear her spi- rit's might. To might.
 no strange dream, strange dream make her fair bo- dy start. O start.
 take my shape, my shape and play a lo- ver's part. But (to Coda)

8 Her sense too weak to bear her spi- rit's might. To might.
 Let no strange dream make her fair bo- dy start. O start.
 Then take my shape and play a lo- ver's part: But (to Coda)

sense too weak to bear her spi- rit's might. To might.
 no strange dream make her fair bo- dy start. O start.
 take my shape and play a lo- ver's part. But (to Coda)

25 \oplus Coda

part: Kiss her from me, and say un- to her sprite,
 part: Kiss her from me, from me, and say un- to her sprite, Till
 part: Kiss her from me, from me, and say un- to her sprite,
 part: Kiss her from me, and say un- to her sprite, Till

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Till her eyes shine, I live in dar- kest night. night.
 her eyes shine, I live, I live in dar- kest night. Kiss night.
 Till her eyes shine, I live in dar- kest night. Kiss night.
 her eyes shine, I live in dar- kest night. Kiss night.

Source: No. 13 in *Private Musicke*, 1620

Transposed up a tone. Note values halved. Spelling modernised.

In the source, the first quatrain is underlaid to the music of the top voice and just the line "her sense too weak to bear her spirit's might" to the lower three voices; the remainder of the text is printed separately.

Text: Sir Philip Sidney, from *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, Book III (c. 1580)