


Sleep, slumb'ring eyes

Thomas Morley
(1557-1602)


Tenor



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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,

Lute





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





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pris'd, sur - pris'd with black des - pair, Doth the as - ser - tion of my hopes re - strain.
sight con - ceiv'd that to my heart For which I wail, I sob, I sigh, I die.
sky which 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,



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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.

