

THE
THIRD AND
LAST BOOKE
OF SONGS OR
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

XV. Weepe you no more sad fountaines.

Weepe you no more sad fountaines,
What need you flowe so fast,
Looke how the snowie mountaines,
Heau'ns sunne doth gently waste.
But my sunnes heau'nly eyes
View not your weeping.
That nowe lie sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

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