

XIII. Sleep wayward thoughts

John Dowland

Cantus  
 Sleep way - ward thoughts, and rest you with my love, let not my love be  
 Touch not proud hands, least you her an - ger move, but pine you with my

Altus  
 Sleep way - ward thoughts, and rest you with my love, let not my love be  
 Touch not proud hands, least you her an - ger move, but pine you with my

Tenor  
 8 Sleep way - ward thoughts, and rest you with my love, let not my love be  
 Touch not proud hands, least you her an - ger move, but pine you with my

Bassus  
 Sleep way - ward thoughts, and rest you with my love, let not my love be  
 Touch not proud hands, least you her an - ger move, but pine you with my

with my love dis - eas'd. Thus while she sleeps I sor - row for her sake,  
 lon - gings long dis - pleas'd.

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 lon - gings long dis - pleas'd.

8 with my love dis - eas'd. Thus while she sleeps I sor - row for her sake,  
 lon - gings long dis - pleas'd.

with my love dis - eas'd. Thus while she sleeps I sor - row for her sake,  
 lon - gings long dis - pleas'd.

so sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

so sleeps my love, so sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

8 so sleeps my love, so sleeps my love, and yet, and yet my love doth wake.

so sleeps my love, so sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

But on the fury of my restless fear,  
 The hidden anguish of my flesh desires,  
 The glories and the beauties that appear,  
 Between her brows near Cupids closed fires  
 Thus while she sleeps moves sighing for her sake  
 So sleeps my love and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest,  
 Fear in my love, and yet my love secure,  
 Peace in my love, and yet my love oppress'd,  
 Impatient yet of perfect temperature,  
 Sleep dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake,  
 So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.