

Sleep, slumb'ring eyes

Thomas Morley

Vocal

8 Sleep, slum-b'ring eyes; give rest un-
My free - born breast, born free to
My cap - tive breast, stung by these

Lute

6
2 to my cares, My cares, the in - fants of my trou - bled brain;
sor-row's smart, Brought in sub - jec - tion by my wan-d'ring eye,
glist-'ring stars, These glist - 'ring stars, the beau-ty of the sky,

11
8 My cares, sur - pris'd, sur - pris'd with black des - pair, Doth the as -
Whose trait - rous sight con - ceiv'd that to my heart For which I
That bright black sky which doth the sun-beams bar From her sweet

15
2 ser - tion of my hopes re-strain. Sleep, then, my eyes,
wail, I sob, I sigh, I die Sleep, then, my eyes,
com - fort on my heart's sad eye. Wake, then, my eyes,

20
8 sleep, then, my eyes. O sleep, and take your rest, To ban-ish sor-
sleep, then, my eyes. dis - turb'd of qui - et rest, To ban-ish sor-
wake, then, my eyes. true part - ners of un - rest, For sor-row still,

23
3 row, to ban-ish sor-row from a free born breast.
- row, to ban-ish sor-row, from my cap-tive breast.
for sor-row still must har-bour in my breast.