Weep you no more, sad fountains

On the syllabus for the ABRSM Grade 8 singing, list A, 2005

John Dowland
(1563 - 1626)

Freely, guided by the words

Weep you no more, sad fountains;

Sleep is a reconciling,

What need you flow so fast?

Look how the snowy mountains

rest that Peace begets.

Doth not the sun rise smiling

Heav'n's sun doth gently waste.

When fair at e'en he sets

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Moving forward

But my sun's heavily eyes
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,

View not your weeping
Melt not in weeping

That now lies sleeping, that now lies sleeping,
While now she lies sleeping, while she lies sleeping,

Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.
Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.