Weep you no more, sad fountains
Voice
Sleep is a reconciling,

What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains

rest that Peace begets.
Doth not the sun ris smil ing

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Moving forward

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

View not your weeping
Melt not in weeping

That now lies sleeping, while now lies sleeping,

Softly, Softly, now softly lies sleeping.

transcribed with minor edits by Robert Nottingham June 2004
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