

# Sting, Weep You No More, Sad Fountain

(John Dowland)

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heav'n's sun doth gently waste.  
But my sun's heav'nly eyes  
View not your weeping  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that Peace begets.  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at e'en he sets  
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,  
Melt not in weeping  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.