

### 13. Locke up faire lids the treasure of my heart

Words by Sir Philip Sydney (1554-1586), first published in *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* (1590)

Cantus  
(Descant)

The musical score is written in a single system with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It begins with a descant in the bass clef. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some accidentals (sharps and naturals). The lyrics are aligned with the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score is divided into measures, with measure numbers 6, 12, and 18 indicated. There are two endings at the end of the piece, marked with '1.' and '2.' above the notes.

Locke up faire lids the treas - ure of my heart,  
And while, O sleepe, thou clos - est up her sight,  
But yet, o dreame, if thou wilt not de - part,

6  
Pre - serve those beames, this ag - e's one - ly light,  
Her light, where love did forge his fair - est dart:  
In this rare sub - ject from thy com - mon right:

12  
1. To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe, some ease im - part,  
2. O har - bour all her parts in ease - full plight,  
3a. But wilt thy selfe in such a seat de - light,  
3b. Kisse her from me, and say un - to her sprite,

18  
1. Her sence \_\_\_ too weake to beare her spir - it's might. might.  
Let no \_\_\_ strange dreame make her faire bod - y start. start.  
Then take \_\_\_ my shape and play a Lov - er's part. part.  
Till her \_\_\_ eyes shine, I live in dark - est night. night.

2. Her sence \_\_\_ too weake to beare her spir - it's might. might.  
Let no \_\_\_ strange dreame make her faire bod - y start. start.  
Then take \_\_\_ my shape and play a Lov - er's part. part.  
Till her \_\_\_ eyes shine, I live in dark - est night. night.

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Cantus  
(Treble)

Locke up faire lids the treas - ure of my heart,  
 And while, O sleepe, thou clos - est up her sight,  
 But yet, o dreame, if thou wilt not de - part,

6  
 Pre - serve those beames, this ag - e's one - ly light,  
 Her light, where love did forge his fair - est dart:  
 In this rare sub - ject from thy com - mon right:

12  
 1. To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe, some ease im - part,  
 2. O har - bour all her parts in ease - full plight,  
 3a. But wilt thy selfe in such a seat de - light,  
 3b. Kisse her from me, and say un - to her sprite,

18  
 Her sence \_\_\_ too weake to beare her spir - it's might. might.  
 Let no \_\_\_ strange dreame make her faire bod - y start. start.  
 Then take \_\_\_ my shape and play a Lov - er's part. part.  
 Till her \_\_\_ eyes shine, I live in dark - est night. night.



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Contra-Tenor  
(Treble or Tenor)



7



16



1. Her sence too weake to beare her spir-it's might. might.  
2. Let no strange dreame make her faire bod - y start. start.  
3a. Then take my shape and play a Lov-er's part. part.  
3b. Till her eyes shine, I live in dark-est night. night.

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Tenor  
(Tenor)



8



17



1. Her sence too weake to beare her spir - it's might. might.  
2. Let no strange dreame make her faire bod - y start. start.  
3a. Then take my shape and play a Lov - er's part. part.  
3b. Till her eyes shine, I live in dark - est night. night.

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Bassus  
(Bass)



8



17



- |     |      |       |         |        |      |      |       |             |        |        |
|-----|------|-------|---------|--------|------|------|-------|-------------|--------|--------|
| 1.  | Her  | sence | too     | weake  | to   | bear | her   | spir - it's | might. | might. |
| 2.  | Let  | no    | strange | dream  | make | her  | faire | bod - y     | start. | start. |
| 3a. | Then | take  | my      | shape  | and  | play | a     | Lov - er's  | part.  | part.  |
| 3b. | Till | her   | eyes    | shine, | I    | live | in    | dark - est  | night. | night. |