

Weep you no more, sad fountains

Anonymous, 16th century

Frederick Septimus Kelly

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p

con pedale

espress.

Weep you no more, — sad foun - tains; What you need flow — so fast? Look how the snow - y moun - tains Heaven's sun doth gent - ly waste! But

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my sun's heavenly eyes view not your wee - ping that now lies sleep - ing

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soft - ly, now soft - ly lies sleep - ing.

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Sleep is a re - con - cil - ing, A rest that peace be -

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gets: Doth not the sun - rise smi - ling When

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fair at ev - en he sets? Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!

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Melt not in weep-ing while she___ lies sleep - ing soft - ly, now soft - ly lies sleep - ing.

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