

Sting

"Weep you no more, sad fountains - Third Booke of Songes, 1603, no15"

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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.

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