

6. Rest, sweet nymphs

Francis Pilkington

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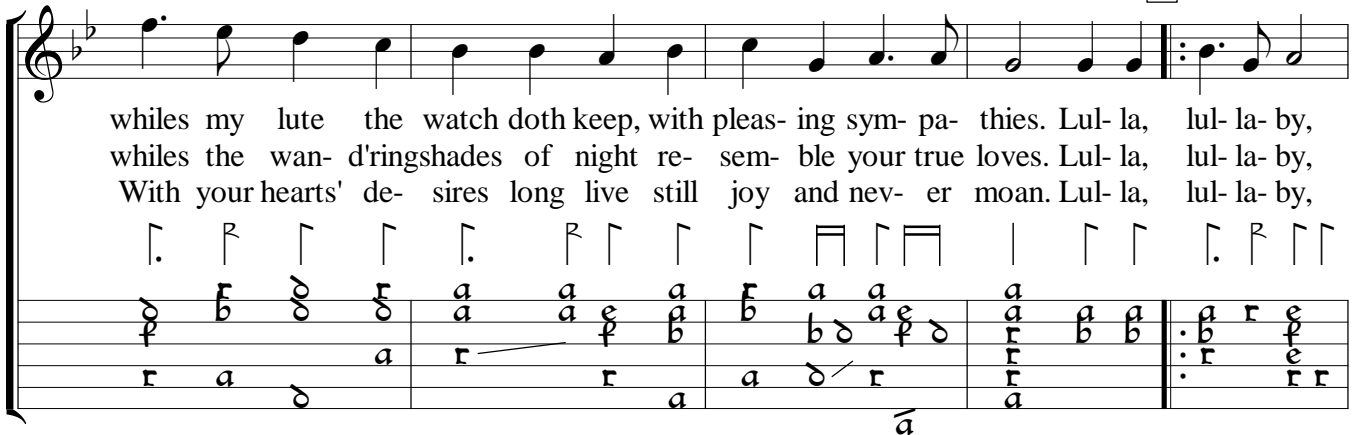
Canto



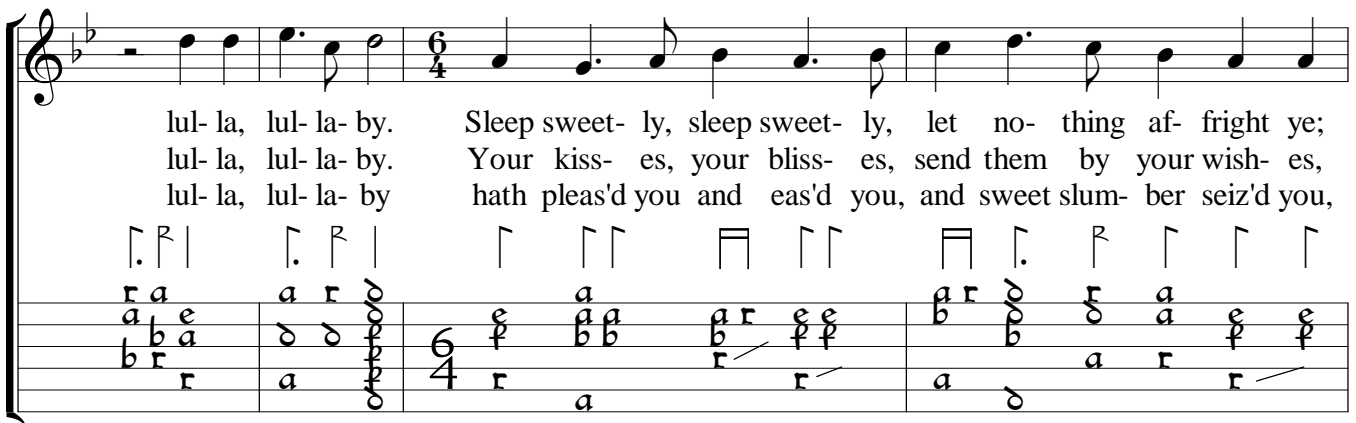
Rest, sweet nymphs; let golden sleep charm your star bright-er eyes,
 Dream, fair vir-gins of de-light, and bless'd E-ly-sian groves,
 Thus, dear dam-sels, I do give good-night, and so am gone.

Lute

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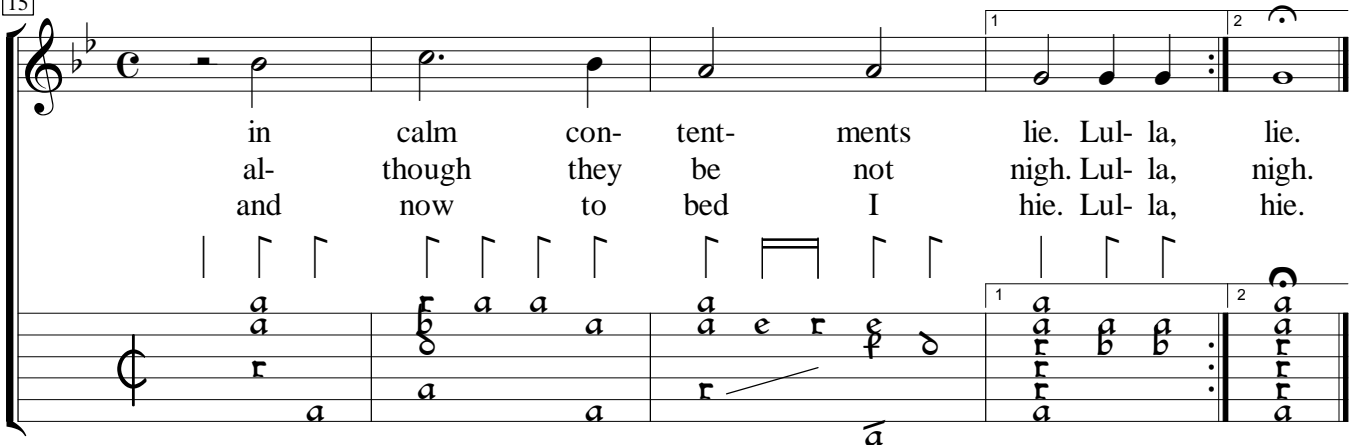


whiles my lute the watch doth keep, with pleas-ing sym-pa-thies. Lul-la, lul-la-by,
 whiles the wan-d'ringshades of night re-semb-le your true loves. Lul-la, lul-la-by,
 With your hearts' de-sires long live still joy and nev-er moan. Lul-la, lul-la-by,



lul-la, lul-la-by. Sleep sweet-ly, sleep sweet-ly, let no-thing af-fright ye;
 lul-la, lul-la-by. Your kiss-es, your bliss-es, send them by your wish-es,
 lul-la, lul-la-by hath pleas'd you and eas'd you, and sweet slum-ber seiz'd you,

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in calm con-tent-ments lie. Lul-la, lie.
 al-though they be not nigh. Lul-la, nigh.
 and now to bed I hie. Lul-la, hie.