

# Sleep, slumb'ring eyes

Thomas Morley

Sleep, slum- b'ring  
My free- born  
My cap- tive

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eyes; give rest un- to my cares, My cares, the  
breast, born free to sor- row's smart, Brought in sub-  
breast, stung by these glist- 'ring stars, These glist- 'ring

in- fants of my trou- bled brain; My  
jec- tion by my wan- d'ring eye, Whose  
stars, the beau- ty of the sky, That

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cares, sur- pris'd, sur- pris'd with black des pair,  
trait- 'rous sight con- ceiv'd that to my heart  
bright black sky which doth the sun- beams bar

Doth the as- ser- tion of my hopes re- strain.  
 For which I wail, I sob, I sigh, I die  
 From her sweet com- fort on my heart's sad eye.

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Sleep, then, my eyes, sleep, then, my eyes. O sleep, and  
 Sleep, then, my eyes, sleep, then, my eyes, dis- turb'd of  
 Wake, then, my eyes, wake, then, my eyes, true part- ners

take your rest, To ban- ish sor- row, to ban- ish  
 quiet rest, To ban- ish sor- row, to ban- ish  
 of un- rest, For sor- row still, for sor- row

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sor- row from a free- born breast.  
 sor- row from my free- cap- tive breast.  
 still must har- bour in my breast.