

# 6. Rest, sweet nymphs

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Rest, sweet nymphs; let golden sleep charm  
 Dream, fair virgins of de-light, and  
 Thus, dear dam-sels, I do give good-

Basso

Lute

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your star bright-er eyes, whiles my lute the  
 bless'd E-ly-sian groves, whiles the wan-d'ring  
 night, and so am gone. With your hearts' de-

watch doth keep, with pleas-ing sym-pa-thies. Lul-la,  
 shades of night re-semb-ble your true loves. Lul-la,  
 sires long live still joy and nev-er moan. Lul-la,

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lul- la- by, lul- la, lul- la- by.  
 lul- la- by, lul- la, lul- la- by.  
 lul- la- by, lul- la, lul- la- by

Sleep sweet-ly, sleep sweet-ly, let no-thing af-fright ye;  
 Your kiss-es, your bliss-es, send them by your wish-es,  
 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.