

Sleep, angry beauty

Thomas Campion

Sleep, an- gry Beau- ty, sleep, and fear not me. For who a sleep- ing
My words have charm'd her, for se- cure she sleeps, Though guilt- y much of

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li- on dares pro- voke? It shall suf- fice me here to sit and see Those
wrong done to my love. And in her slum- ber, see, she close- eyed weeps. Dreams

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lip shut up that nev- er kind- ly spoke. What sight can more con- tent a - -
oft- en more than wak- ing pas- sions move. Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her - -

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lov- er's mind Than beau ty seem- ing harm- less, if not kind?
soft like thee, That she in peace may wake, and pi- ty me.

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