

# 6. Rest, sweet nymphs

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Basso

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

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- sem- ble your true loves. Lul- la,  
 sires long live still joy and nev- er moan. Lul- la,

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,

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.