

# Rest, sweet Nymphs

Francis Pilkington  
(1562 - 1638)

Rest, sweet nymphs, let golden sleep charm your star-bright-er eyes, Whiles my lute the watch doth  
 Dream fair vir-gins of de-light and blest E-ly-sian groves, Whiles the wan-dring shades of  
 Thus, dear dam-sels, I do give good night, and so am gone. With your hearts' des-ires long

Rest, sweet nymphs let golden sleep charm your star bright-er eyes, Whiles my lute the watch doth  
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 Thus, dear dam-sels, I do give go-od night, and so am gone. With your hearts' des-ires long

keep, With pleas-ing sym-pa-thies. Lul-la lul-la by, lul-la lul-la-by! Sleep sweet-ly, sleep  
 night re-sem-ble your true loves. Lul-la lul-la by, lul-la lul-la-by! Your kis-ses, your  
 live, Still joy and ne-ver moan. Lul-la lul-la by, lul-la lul-la-by! Hath pleased you and

keep, With pleas-ing sym-pa-thies. Lul-la lul-la by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by! Sleep sweet-ly, sleep  
 night re-sem-ble your true loves. Lul-la lul-la by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by! Your kis-ses, your  
 live, Still joy and ne-ver moan. Lul-la lul-la by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by! Hath pleased you and

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 night re-sem-ble your true loves. Lul-la lul-la by, lul-la by, lul-la-by! Your kis-ses, your  
 live, Still joy and ne-ver moan. Lul-la lul-la by, lul-la by, lul-la-by! Hath pleased you and

keep, With pleas-ing sym-pa-thies. Lul-la lul-la-by, lul-la-by! Sleep sweet-ly, sleep  
 night re-sem-ble your true loves. Lul-la lul-la-by, lul-la-by! Your kis-ses, your  
 live, Still joy and ne-ver moan. Lul-la lul-la-by, lul-la-by! Hath pleased you and

sweet-ly, Let no-thing af-fright ye. In calm con-tent-ments lie. Lul-la lul-la lie.  
 blis-ses Send them by your wis-hes, Al- through they be not nigh. Lul-la lul-la nigh.  
 eased you And slum-ber sweet seized you. And now to bed I hie. Lul-la lul-la hie.

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 blis-ses Send them by your wis-hes, Al- through they be not nigh. nigh.  
 eased you And slum-ber sweet seized you. And now to bed I hie. hie.