Rest, sweet Nymphs

Francis Pilkington

(1562 - 1638)

Rest, sweet
Dream fair
Thus, dear
nymphs, let gold-
vir-gins of de-
dam-sels, I do
sleep charm
golden
give good
light and
your star-bright-
ly, and so am
eyes, groves,
whiles my lute the
watch doth
shades of

Rest, sweet
Dream fair
Thus, dear
nymphs, let gold-
vir-gins of de-
dam-sels, I do
sleep charm
golden
give good night,
and so am
eyes, groves,
whiles my lute the
watch doth
shades of

keep, With pleasing
night re-
Syl-pha-thes. Lul-
ne-
by, lul-
by, lul-
by! Sleep sweet-
skis ses, your

keep, With pleasing
night re-
Syl-pha-thes. Lul-
ne-
by, lul-
by, lul-
by! Sleep sweet-
skis ses, your

keep, With pleasing
night re-
Syl-pha-thes. Lul-
ne-
by, lul-
by, lul-
by! Sleep sweet-
skis ses, your

sweet ly, Let
blish ses Send
cased you And
no thing af
fright ye. In
calm con-
content-
lie. Lul-
lie.

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Edited by Chandra Maeder, www.DokeFarCanto.com