

# Sleepe wayward thoughts

from The First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597

John Dowland (1563-1626)

G G C G Am G D D D G

Sleep, way - ward Touch not proud thoughts, and hands, lest rest you her with my an - ger loue, moue, Let not my pine you loue, be with my

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C G D(no3rd) G C C G Am E(no3rd) A

with my long - ings loue dis - pleasd. Thus wile she sleeps I sor - row for her sake,

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with my long - ings loue dis - pleasd. Thus wile she sleeps I sor - row for her sake,

D G C<sup>#dim</sup> D G D G C G D(no3rd) G

So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

So sleeps my loue, So sleeps my loue, and yet and yet my loue doth wake.

So sleeps my loue, So sleeps my loue, and yet and yet my loue doth wake.

So sleeps my loue, So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

But o the fury of my restles feare,  
 The hidden anguish of my flesh desires,  
 The glories andthe beauties that appeare,  
 Between her browes neere Cupids closed fires,  
 Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for hir sake:  
 So sleeps my loue and yet my loue doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my loue doth rest,  
 Feare in my loue, and yet my loue secure,  
 Peace in my loue, and yet my love opprest,  
 Impatient, yet of perfect temprature.  
 Sleep dainty loue, while I sigh for thy sake,  
 So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.