Sleep, wayword thoughts

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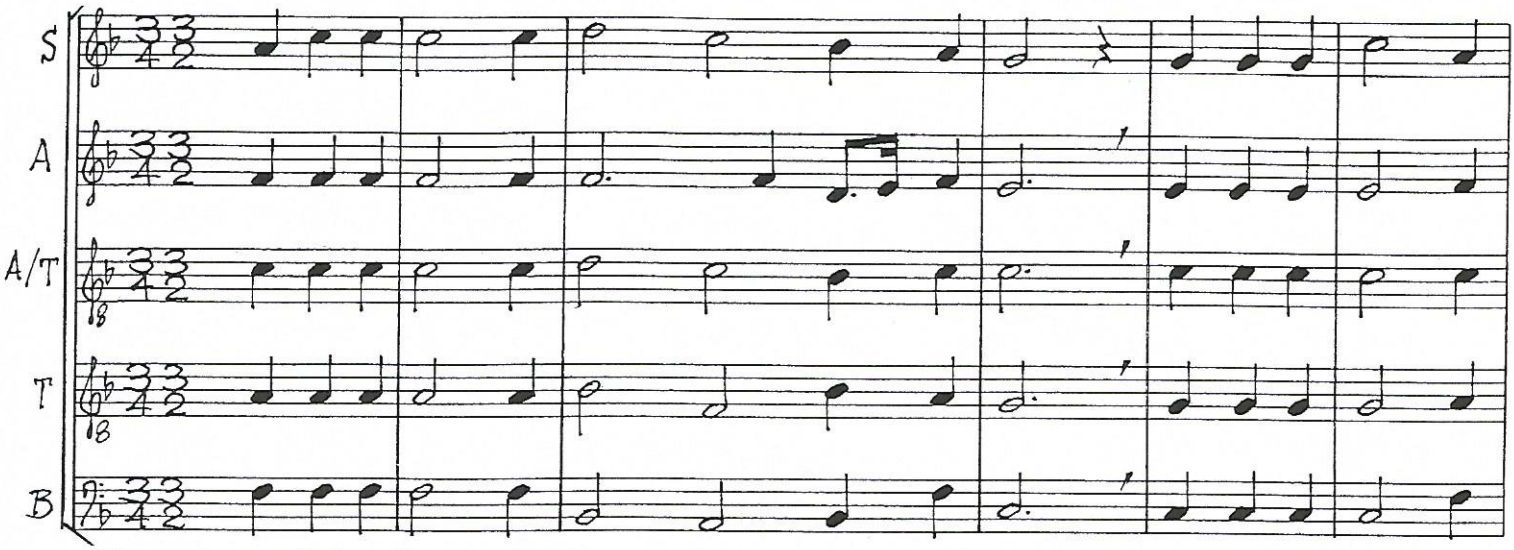
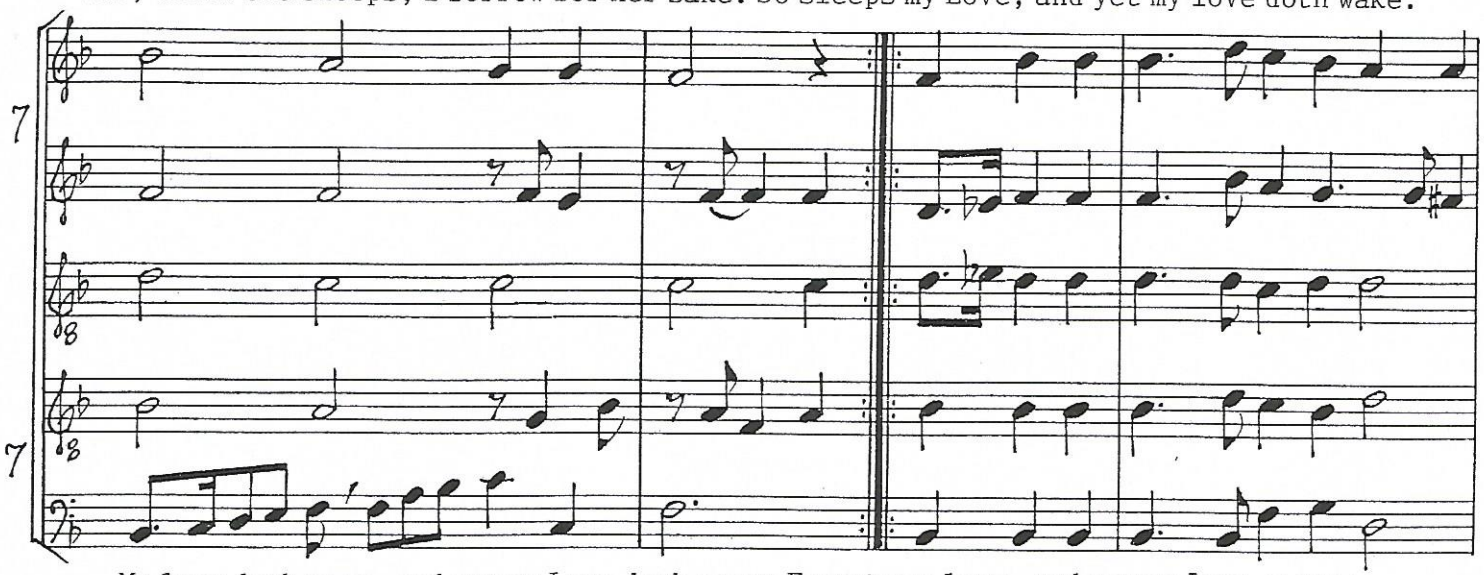
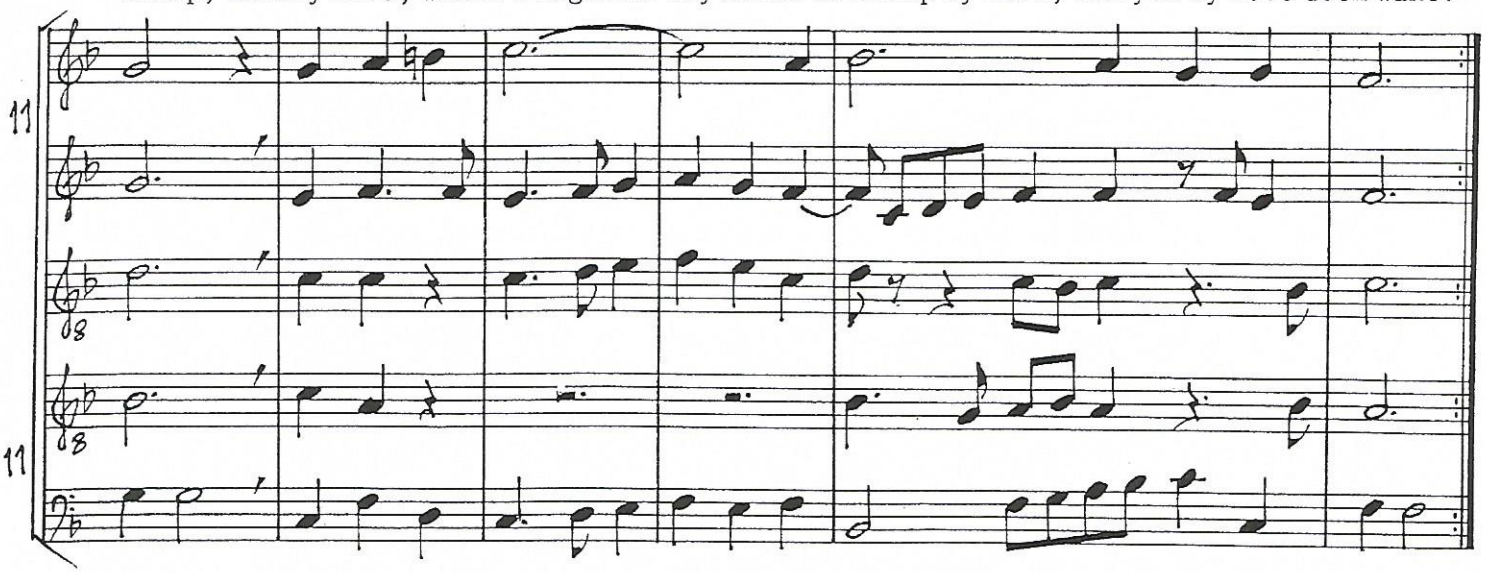
John Dowland (1562 - 1626)



Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my Love be with my love diseas'd.
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move, But pine you with my longings long displeas'd.
Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake: So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.



My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest: Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure:
Peace in my Love, and yet my love oppress'd: Impatient, yet of perfect temp'rature.
Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake: So sleep my Love, and yet my love doth wake.