P.3.1



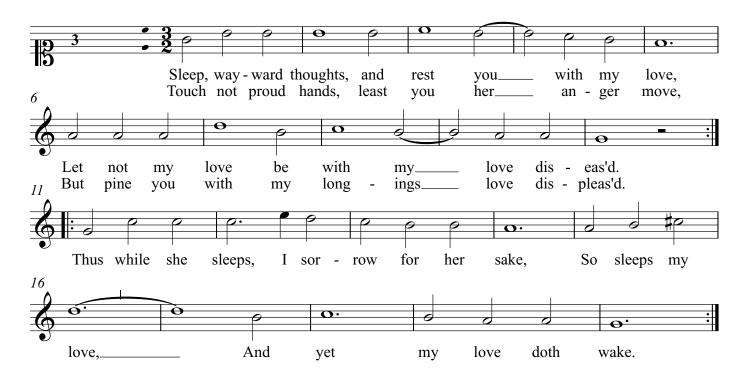


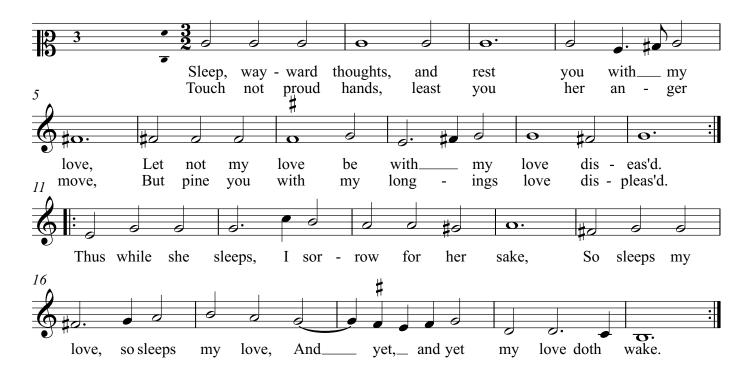
But O the fury of my restless fear,
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires,
The glories and the beauties, that appear,
Between her brows near Cupid's closed fires.
Thus, while she sleeps moves sighing for her sake,
So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

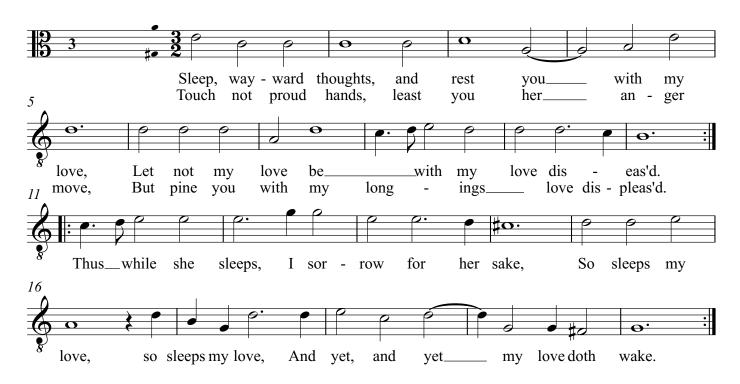
My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest, Fear in my love, and yet my love secure, Peace in my love, and yet my love opprest, Impatient yet of perfect temperature.

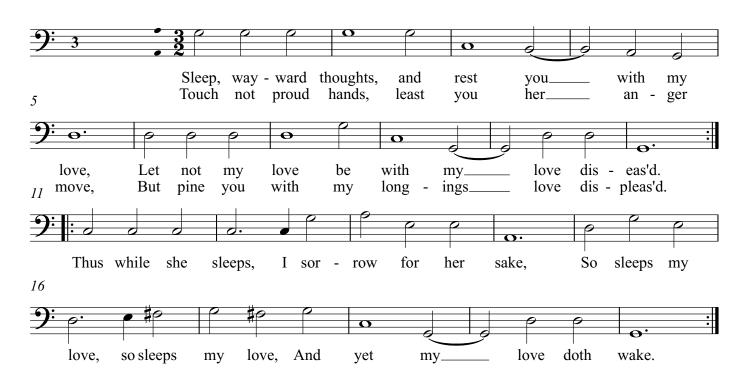
Sleep, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake, So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

P.3.1

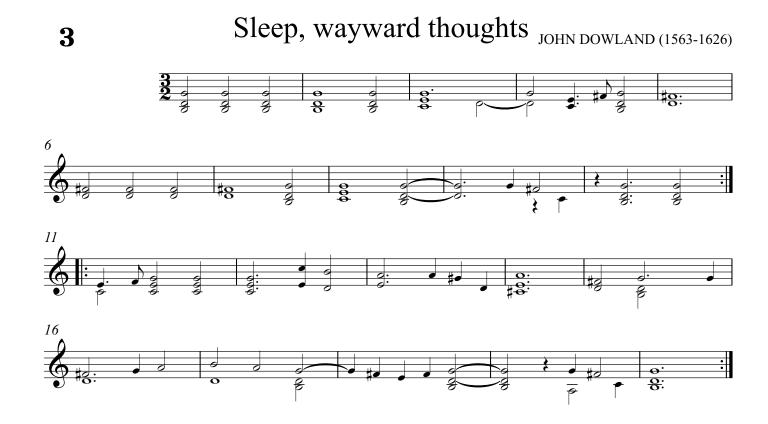












Sleep, wayward thoughts JOHN DOWLAND (1563-1626) 3 LUTE scription) 5 8 11 16

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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 opprest, Impatient yet of perfect temperature. So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.