

Weep You No More, Sad Fountains

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *Seymour Barab* (1921–) [Am], from *Airs and Fancies*, #3; *Geoffrey Bush* (1920–1998), from *Five Spring Songs*, #4 [Br]; *Rebecca Clarke* (1886–1979) [Br]; *Bernard van Dieren* (1887–1936) [Dutch]; *John Dowland* (1562–1626) [Br]; *John Edmunds* (1913–1986) [Am]; *John Linton Gardner* (1917–) [Br], from *Hebdomade*, op. 150, #3; *Ivor Gurney* (1890–1937) [Br], *Tears*, from *Five Elizabethan Songs (The Elizas)*, #2; *Gustav Holst* (1874–1934) [Br], *Weep you no more*, op. 16, #3; *Ernest John Moeran* (1894–1950), R. 20 [Br]; *Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry* (1848–1918) [Br], *Weep you no more*, from the collection *English Lyrics, Fourth Set*, #4; *Roger Quilter* (1877–1953) [Br], *Weep you no more*, from *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics*, op. 12, #1

Weep **you** **no** **more,** **sad** **fountains;**
[wɪp ju no:ʊ mɔː sæd 'fa:ʊn.tɪ(ə)nz]

What **need** **you** **(ye)** **flow** **so** **fast?**
[wʌt nid ju ji flo:ʊ so:ʊ fæst]
(RP) [fast]

Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's (Heav'ns) sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly (heav'nly) eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets.
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even (eve / e'en / ev'n) he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

