

## Rest, Sweet Nymphs

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *Francis Pilkington* (1560–1638) [Br], *Rest Sweet Nymphs*, from *The First Booke of Songs or Ayres*;  
*Peter Warlock* (1894–1930) [Br], *Rest, Sweet Nymphs*

<b>Rest</b>	<b>sweet</b>	<b>Nymphs</b>	<b>let</b>	<b>goulden</b>	<b>sleepe,</b>
<i>Rest</i>	<i>sweet</i>	<i>Nymphs</i>	<i>let</i>	<i>golden</i>	<i>sleep,</i>
[rɛst	swit	nɪmpfs	lɛt	'go:ʊl.dən	slɪp] <sup>1</sup>

<b>Charme</b>	<b>your</b>	<b>star</b>	<b>brighter</b>	<b>eies,</b>
<i>Charm</i>	<i>your</i>	<i>star</i>	<i>brighter</i>	<i>eyes,</i>
[tʃɑɹm	jɔɹ	stɑɹ	'bra:rt.ɚ	a:ɪz]

Whiles my Lute the watch doth keep  
With pleasing simpathies,  
Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby,  
Sleepe sweetly, sleepe sweetly,  
Let nothing affright ye,  
In calme contentments lie.

Dreame faire virgins of delight  
And blest Elizian groves:  
Whiles the wandring shades of night  
Resemble your true loves:  
Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby,  
Your kisses, your blisses  
Send them by your wishes,  
Although they be not nigh.

Thus deare damzelle I do give  
Good night and so am gone:  
With your hartes desires long live,  
Still joy, and never mone...

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

*Thank you!*



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<sup>1</sup> The IPA transcription is in Mid-Atlantic pronunciation.