

25. Sleep, angry beauty

Thomas Campion

Sleep, an- gry Beau- ty, sleep, and
My words have charm'd her, for se-
fear not me. For
cure she sleeps, Though
who a sleep-ing
guilt- y much of

5

li- on dares pro-voke? It shall suf- fice me here to sit and see Those
wrong done to my love. And in her slum-ber, see, she close-eyed weeps. Dreams

10

lip shut up that nev- er kind- ly spokeWhat sight can more con- tent a - -
oft- en more than wak- ing pas- sions movePlead, Sleep, my cause, and make her - -

15

lov- er's mind Than beau ty seem- ing harm- less, if not kind?
soft like thee, That she in peace may wake, and pi- ty me.