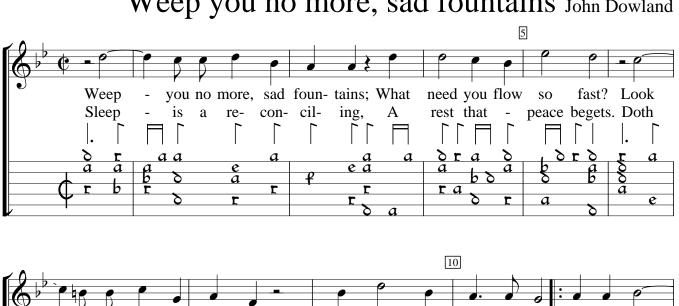
Weep you no more, sad fountains John Dowland



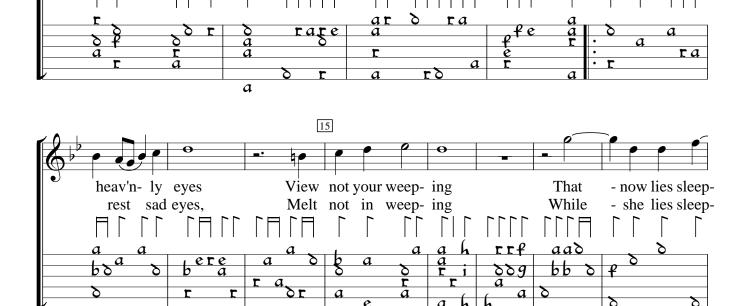
Heav'ns sun

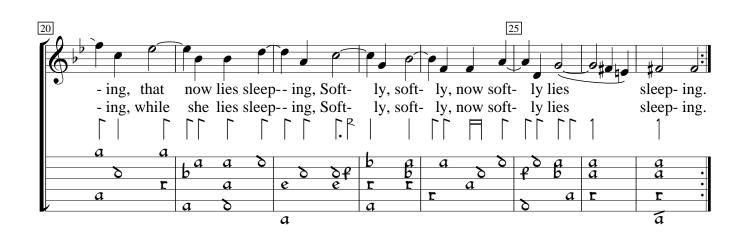
When fair

at

doth gent- ly waste But my sun's

e'en he sets.. Rest you then,





a

- how the snow- y moun-tains

- not the sun rise smil- ing