

Locke up faire lids the treasure of my heart

Private Musicke. Or the First Booke of Ayres and Dialogues, 1620, No. 13.

Words by Sir Philip Sydney (1554-1586), first published in *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* (1590)

Martin Peerson (c.1571-c.1651)

Cantus

Contra-Tenor

Tenor

Bassus

Locke up faire lids the treas-ure of my heart, Pre -
And while, O sleepe, thou clos-est up her sight, Her
But yet, o dreame, if thou wilt not de-part, In

C

CT

T

B

serve those beames, this ag-e's one-ly light, 1. To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe, some
light, where love did forge his fair-est dart: 2. O har-bour all her parts in
this rare sub-ject from thy com-mon right: 3a. But wilt thy selfe in such a
3b. Kisse her from me, and say un-

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ease im-part, Her sence too weake to beare her spir-it's might. might.
ease-full plight, Let no strange dreame make her faire bod-y start. start.
seat de-light, Then take my shape and play a Lov-er's part. part.
to her sprite, Till her eyes shine, I live in dark-est night. night.

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2. Let no strange dreame make her faire bod-y start. start.
3a. Then take my shape and play a Lov-er's part. part.
3b. Till her eyes shine, I live in dark-est night. night.

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