

# 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 -

C

CT

T

B

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.

1. Her sence too weake to beare her spir - it's might. might.  
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.

1. Her sence too weake to beare her spir - it's might. might.  
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.