Locke up, faire lids

1. Lock up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart,
   Preserve those beams, this age’s only light,
   Preserve those beams, this age’s only light, To her sweet sense, sweet sleep, some ease impart,
   To her sweet sense, sweet sleep, some ease impart,

2. And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,
   Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart:
   Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart: O harbour all her parts in easy full plight,
   O harbour all her parts in easy full plight, Her

3. But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart,
   In this rare subject from thy common right:
   In this rare subject from thy common right: But
   But

4. And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,
   Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart:
   Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart: O harbour all her parts in easy full plight,
   O harbour all her parts in easy full plight, Her

5. But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart,
   In this rare subject from thy common right:
   In this rare subject from thy common right: But
   But

6. And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,
   Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart:
   Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart: O harbour all her parts in easy full plight,
   O harbour all her parts in easy full plight, Her

7. But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart,
   In this rare subject from thy common right:
   In this rare subject from thy common right: But
   But

8. And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,
   Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart:
   Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart: O harbour all her parts in easy full plight,
   O harbour all her parts in easy full plight, Her

9. But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart,
   In this rare subject from thy common right:
   In this rare subject from thy common right: But
   But

10. And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,
    Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart:
    Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart: O harbour all her parts in easy full plight,
    O harbour all her parts in easy full plight, Her

11. But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart,
    In this rare subject from thy common right:
    In this rare subject from thy common right: But
    But

12. And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,
    Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart:
    Her light, where love did forge his fairest dart: O harbour all her parts in easy full plight,
    O harbour all her parts in easy full plight, Her
Source: No. 13 in Private Musicke, 1620
Transposed up a tone. Note values halved. Spelling modernised.
In the source, the first quatrain is underlaid to the music of the top voice and just the line "her sense too weak to bear her spirit's might" to the lower three voices; the remainder of the text is printed separately.
Text: Sir Philip Sidney, from The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, Book III (c. 1580)