Weep You No More, Sad Fountains

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]
Set by Seymour Barab (1921-) [Am], from Airs and Fancies, #3; Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979) [Br]; Bernard van Dieren (1887-1936) [Dutch]; John Dowland (1562-1626) [Br]; John Edmunds (1913-1986) [Am]; John Linton Gardner (1917-) [Br], from Hebdomade, op. 150, #3; Ivor Gurney (1890-1937) [Br], Tears, from Five Elizabethan Songs (The Elizas), #2; Gustav Holst (1874-1934) [Br], Weep you no more, op. 16, #3; Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918) [Br], Weep you no more, from the collection English Lyrics, Fourth Set, #4; Roger Quilter (1877-1953) [Br], Weep you no more, from Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, op. 12, #1

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
[wip ju no:m more, sæd foun:tzn]¹

What need you (ye) flow so fast?
[wæt nid ju ji flo:u so:u fæst]

Look how the snowy mountains
[luk heu:nz 'snou:i 'ma:nt(ə)nz]

Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
['hev.ənz hev'ns san daθ 'dʒent.li weiz]

But my sun's heavenly eyes
[bʌt ma:i sanz 'hev.ən.li aiz]

View not your weeping,
[vju nat jæt 'wip.in]

That now lies sleeping,
[ðæt nəu la:ız 'slip.in]

Softly now, softly lies
['soft.li nəu 'soft.li la:ız]

Sleeping.
['slip.in]

Sleep is a reconciling,
[slip əz ə 'rek.ən.sa:liŋ]

A rest that peace begets.
[ə rest ðæt pis br.'getz]

¹ The IPA transcription is given in Mid-Atlantic pronunciation with British Received Pronunciation (RP) alternates.
Doth not the sun rise smiling
[ðʌθ nɔt ðʌ ˈsʌn rʌz ˈsməlɪŋ]

When fair at even (eve / e'ën / ev'n) he sets?
[ði ˈfɛər æt ˈi:vən ɪv ɪn ɪv ɪn ɪv ɪn ˈhɛ sɛts]

Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes,
[rest ju ðən rest sæd əiz]

Melt not in weeping
[melt nɔt ɪn ˈwɪp.ɪŋ]

While she lies sleeping,
[ˈma:ʃi ləi ˈslɪp.ɪŋ]

Softly now, softly lies
[ˈsoft.li nɔu ˈsoʊt.li ˈslɪp.ɪŋ]

Sleeping.
[ˈslɪp.ɪŋ]

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