Kate Winslet, Weep You No More Sad Fountains

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.

But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?

Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.