

XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Altus

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And

2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al-



close up these my wear- y, wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of

lied to death, child to his, to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and



tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln

charme these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af-



cries: Come and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing

fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my



dies, That liv- ing dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.

last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.