

XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Bassus.

John Dowland

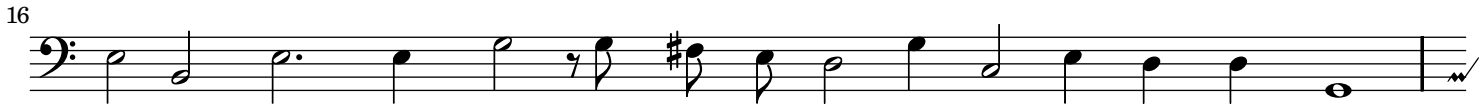


1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And

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



close up these my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth stop my
lied to death, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these re- bels



vi- tall breath, And tears, and tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries:
in my breast, Whose wak- whose wak- ing fan- cies doe my mind af- fright.



Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing dies, that liv- ing
O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my last, come ere my



dies, that liv- ing dies till thou, till thou on me, on me be stoule.
last, come ere my last sleeps comes, sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.