

XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Com hea- vy sleepe, hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true
2. Come sha- dow of, sha- dow of my end, and shape of



death And close up these my wear- y, my wear- y weep- ing eies:
rest, Al- lied to death, child to his, child to his blacke- fact night:



Whose spring of tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor-
Come thou and charme these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe



rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule,
my mind af- fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever:



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