

XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Cantus.

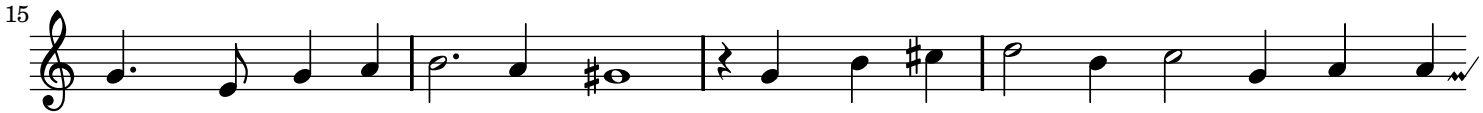
John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close
2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied



up these my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of
to death, child 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: Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing
fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for e- ver: Come ere my



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