

# Come, heavy sleep

John Dowland

Come, hea- vy sleep, the im- age of true  
Come, shape of rest, and sha- dow of my

a e r a a a a a a a a a a a

r r

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

death; And close up these my  
end, Al- lied to death, child

e e

r r

a a

wea- ry weep- ing eyes: whose spring of tears doth stop my  
to his black- fac't night: Come thou and charm these re- bels

a e r a e

r r

e a e

vi- tal breath, and tears my  
in my breast, Whose wak- ing

a e g r a a r r b e

r r

e e

heart with sor-row's sigh-swoll'n cries:  
 fan-cies do my mind af-fright. Come, and pos-  
 O come, sweet

Figured bass: a e r e a f e a a, b b b, b b b, e e e

15  
 sess my tir-ed thoughts-worn soul,  
 sleep; come, or I die for ev-ver:

Figured bass: b b b b, r r r r, e e e e, BII - - - - -

that liv-ing dies, that liv-ing dies, that liv-ing dies till  
 Come ere my last sleep comes, my last sleep comes, my last sleep

Figured bass: a a 2r a e e r a, 2r r b e e r a, 1r r b 3e r e r a e, r

20  
 thou on me be  
 comes, or come stole.  
 or never.

Figured bass: a a 2r a e a, a a e a, 2r r b e e r a, 1r r b 3e r e r a, r e r e a