

# Come, heavy sleep

Robert Johnson

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Come, hea- vy sleep, thou im- age of true death, And  
Come, shape of rest and sha- dow of my end, Al-

a

r e e r e a a a r d a a r b r

r e a e a a r e r a

5

close up those my wea- ry weep- ing eyes, Whose  
lied to death, child to his black- fac'd night: Come

r r | | | | r r |

e r e r a a r e r r

r b r a b a e r e

a r a

10

spring of tears do stop my vi- tal breath, And tears my  
thou and charm these re- bels in my breast, Whose wak- ing

r r | | | | r r | | r |

r e r e r e r a e r a g e a

e d e e r a e r a e r a

r a

heart with sor- row's sigh- swoll'n cries.  
fan- cies do my mind af- fright.

| | | | | | |

e r e r e g e e

r e r r e a e r

a a

Come and possess my tired, thought-worn soul, -  
O come, sweet sleep; come, or I die for ever:

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

liv- ing, liv- ing dies, that liv- ing, liv- ing dies; Till  
last - sleep - comes, my last - sleep - comes, or

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thou on me be stol'n, on me be stol'n. - -  
come, or come or come or come - ne- ver.