

# Come, heavy sleep

Robert Johnson

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Come, hea- vy sleep, thou im- age of true death, And close up those my  
Come, shape of rest and sha- dow of my end, Al- lied to death, child

wea- ry weep- ing eyes, Whose spring of tears do stop my vi- tal  
to his black- fac'd night: Come thou and charm these re- bels in my

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breath, And tears my heart with sor- row's sigh- swoll'n cries.  
breast, Whose wak- ing fan- cies do my mind af- fright.

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Come and pos- sess my tir- ed, thought- worn soul, - That  
O come, sweet sleep; come, or I die for ev- er: Come

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