

Come, heavy sleep

Robert Johnson

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

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close up those my wea- ry weep- ing eyes, Whose spring of tears do
lied to death, child to his black- fac'd night: Come thou and charm these

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stop my vi- tal breath, And tears my heart with sor- row's sigh-
re- bels in my breast, Whose wak- ing fan- cies do my mind

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swoll'n cries. Come and pos- sess my
af- fright. O come, sweet sleep; come,

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tir- ed, thought- worn soul, - That
 or I die for ev- er: Come

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

liv- ing, liv- ing dies; Till thou on me be
 last - sleep - comes, or come, or come or

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