Come heavy sleep

John Dowland

Soprano

Come heavy sleep, the image of true death:

and close up these my weary weeping eyes,

whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath, and tears my heart with sorrow's sigh-swollen cries: Come and possess my tire-d heart-worn soul, that living

Alto

Come heavy sleep, the image of true death:

and close up these my weary, weary weeping eyes,

whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath, and tears my heart with sorrow's sigh-swollen cries: Come and possess my tire-d heart-worn soul, that living

Tenor

Come heavy sleep, heavy sleep, the image of true death:

and close up these my weary, weary weeping eyes,

whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath, and tears my heart with sorrow's sigh-swollen cries: Come and possess my tire-d heart-worn soul, that living

Bass

Come heavy sleep, the image of true death:

and close up these my weary weeping eyes, whose spring of

whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath, and tears my heart with sorrow's sigh-swollen cries: Come and possess my tire-d heart-worn soul, that living
dies, that living dies, till thou dies, on me be
stole. Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
alied to death, child to his black-fac'd night:
alied to death, child to his black-fac'd night:
alied to death, child to his black-fac'd night:
alied to death, child to his black-fac'd night:
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast whose waking fancies do
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast, whose waking fancies do
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast, whose waking fancies do
charm these rebels in my breast, whose wake, whose waking fancies do
my mind af-fright. O come sweet sleep, come or I die for e-ver, come ere my

last, come ere my last, come ere my last

comes or come ne-ver.

comes, my last sleep comes, or come ne-ver.