

# Come, heavy sleepe

from The First Book of Songs

John Dowland 1562-1626

Come, hea - - - vy sleepe, the i - mage of true death,  
 Come, shape of rest, and sha - dow of my end,

Come, hea - - - vy of sleepe, the i - mage of true death,  
 Come, shape of rest, and sha - dow of my end,

Come, hea - - - vy sleepe, hea - - - vy sleepe, the i - - - mage of true death,  
 Come, shape of rest, of rest, and sha - - - dow of my end,

Come, hea - - - vy of sleepe, the i - mage of true death,  
 Come, shape of rest, and sha - dow of my end,

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and close up these my wea - - - ry weep - ing eyes,  
 al - lied to death, child to his joy - - - less black - fac'd night;

and close up these my wea - ry wea - ry weep - ing eyes,  
 al - - - lied to death, child to his joy - less black - fac'd night;

and close up these my wea - ry my wea - ry weep - ing eyes,  
 al - lied to death, child to his joy - less black - fac'd night;

and close up these my wea - ry my wea - ry weep - ing eyes, whose spring of  
 al - - - lied to death, child to his joy - less black - fac'd night; come thou, and

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whose spring of tears doth stop my vi - - - tal breath  
 come thou, and charme these re - bels in my breast,

whose spring of tears doth stop my vi - tal breath  
 come thou, and charme these re - bels in my breast,

whose spring of tears doth stop my vi - tal breath and  
 come thou, and charme these re - bels in my breast, whose

tears charme doth stop my vi - tal breath and  
 these re - - - bels in my breast, my

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

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

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

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

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sess my tir - ed thought-worn soul, that liv - ing dies, that liv - ing  
 sleepe, come or I die for ever; come, ere my last, come ere my

sess my tir - ed thought-worn soul, that liv - ing dies, that  
 sleepe, come or I die for ever; come, ere my last, come

8 sess my tir - ed thought-worn soul, that liv - ing dies, that  
 sleepe, come or I die for ever; come, ere my last, come

sess my tir - ed thought-worn soul, that liv-ing dies, that liv-ing  
 sleepe, come or I die for ever; come, ere my last, come ere my

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dies, that liv-ing dies, till thou on me be stole.  
 last, come ere my last sleepe comes, or come thou never.

liv - ing dies, till thou on me on me be stole.  
 ere my last sleepe comes, or come or come thou never.

8 liv - ing dies, till thou on me on me be stole.  
 ere my last sleepe comes, or come or come thou never.

dies, that liv-ing dies, till thou till thou on me on me be stole.  
 last, come ere my last sleepe comes, my last sleepe comes, or come thou never.