

XX. *Come heavy sleep*

John Dowland

Cantus  
Come hea - vy sleep, the i-mage of true death: and close

Altus  
Come hea - vy sleep, the i-mage of true death: and \_\_\_\_\_

Tenor  
8 Come hea-vy sleep, hea-vy sleep, the i - mage of true death: and close up

Bassus  
Come hea - vy sleep, the i-mage of true death: and

5  
up \_\_\_\_\_ these my wea - ry wee-ping eyes, whose spring of

close up these my wea-ry, wea - ry wee-ping eyes, whose spring of

8 these my wea - ry, wea - ry wee - ping eyes, whose

close \_\_\_\_\_ up these my wea-ry wee - ping eyes, whose spring of tears doth

8  
tears doth stop my vi - tal breath, and tears my heart with sor - row's sigh-swoll'n

tears doth stop my vi - tal breath, and tears my heart with sor - row's sigh-swoll'n

8 spring of tears doth stop my vi-tal breath, and tears my heart with sor - row's sigh-swoll'n

stop my vi - tal breath, and tears, and tears my heart with sor - row's sigh-swoll'n

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cries: Come and pos - sess my ti - red thoughts, worn — soul, that li - ving

cries: Come and pos - sess my ti - red thoughts, worn soul, that li - ving

<sup>8</sup> cries: Come and pos - sess my ti - red thoughts, worn — soul, that li - ving

cries: Come and pos - sess my ti - red thoughts, worn soul, that li - ving

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dies, that li - ving dies, that li - ving dies, till thou — on me be stole.

dies, that li - ving dies, till thou on me, on me be stole.

<sup>8</sup> dies, that li - ving dies, till thou on — me, on me be stole.

dies, that li - ving dies, that li - ving dies, till thou, till thou on me, on me be stole.

Come shadow of my end: and shape of rest,  
 Allied to death, child to this black-fac'd night,  
 Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,  
 Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.  
 O come sweet sleep, come or I die for ever,  
 Come ere my last, my last sleep comes, or come thou never.