

20. COME, HEAVY SLEEP

VOICE

Come, hea - vy Sleep the im-age of true Death; And close up

LUTE

— these my wea - - ry weeping eyes: Whose spring of tears doth stop my

vi - tal breath, And tears my heart with Sor - row's sigh-swoll'n cries:

Come and pos-sess my tir - ed thought-worn — soul, That liv - ing dies, that liv - ing

dies, that liv - ing dies, till thou — on me be stole.

1

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-swoll'n cries:
 Come and possess my tired thought-worn soul,
 That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

2

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
 Allied to Death, child to his 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 sleep comes, or come never.