



## XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close

2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied



9 up these my wear-y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of

to death, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and



15 tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln

charme these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af-



21 cries: Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing

fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for e- ver: Come ere my



27 dies, that liv- ing dies, that liv- ing dies till thou on me be stoule.

last, come ere my last, come ere my last sleeps comes, or come ne- ver



## XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Altus

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And

2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al-



close up these my wear- y, wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of

lied to death, child to his, to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and



tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln

charm these re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af-



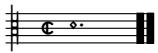
cries: Come and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing

fright. O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my



dies, That liv- ing dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.

last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.



## XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Com hea- vy sleepe, hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close up

2. Come sha- dow of, sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied to



these my wear- y, my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth  
death, child to his, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these



stop my vi- tall breath, And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries:  
re- bels in my breast, Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af- fright.



Com and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing  
O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my



dies, that liv- ing dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.  
last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.



## XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Come hea- vy sleepe the i- mage of true death And close up

2. Come sha- dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al- lied to

10



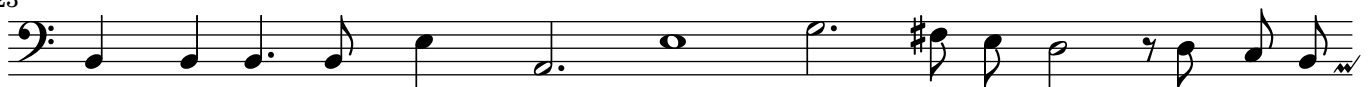
these my wear- y weep- ing eies: Whose spring of tears doth stop my vi- tall  
death, child to his blacke- fact night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my

17



breath, And tears, and tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po-  
breast, Whose wak- whose wak- ing fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O come sweet

23



sses my tir- ed thoughts worne soule, That liv- ing dies, that liv- ing  
sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my last, come ere my

28



dies, that liv- ing dies till thou, till thou on me, on me be stoule.  
last, come ere my last sleeps comes, sleeps comes, or come, or come ne- ver.