XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

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

up  these  my wear-
y weep-
ing eies:  Whose spring of
to  death,  child  to  his blacke-

fact night:  Come thou and
tears  doth  stop  my  vi-
tal 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:  Com  and  po-
ses  my  tir-
ed  thoughts  meine  soul,  That  liv-

fright.  O  come  sweet  sleepe  come,  or  I  die  for  e-

ver:  Come  ere  my
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
John Dowland

Altus

XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death

1. Come heav- y 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

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

cries: Come and po- sses my tir- ed thoughts worn 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. Come heavy sleepe, the image of true death
   And close up my sleepe, of true death
   Come heavy sleepe, the image of true death
   And close up my sleepe, of true death

2. Come shadow of, shadow of my end, and shape of rest, All lied close my the custodes mensural of true death, rest, doth come Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath, And tears my hart with sorrows sigh swoln cries: rebels in my breast, Whose waking fancies doe my mind afright.

Com and posses my tired thoughts worne soule, That living O come sweet sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my dies, that living dies till thou on me, on me be stoule. last, Come ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come never.

That living
XX. Come heavy sleepe the image of true death  

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

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 charm

these re-

bels in my

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

s ses my tir-

ed thoughts borne soule, That liv-

ing dies, that liv-

ing sleepe come, or I die for ever: Come ere my last, come ere my

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.