

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

Come heavy sleepe

John Dowland

Cantus

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

Altus

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

Tenor

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

Bassus

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

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And close up these my wear- y weep- ing  
Al- lied to death, child to his blacke- fact

And close up these my wear- y, wear- y weep- ing  
Al- lied to death, child to his, to his blacke- fact

And close up these my wear- y, my wear- y weep- ing  
Al- lied to death, child to his, child to his blacke- fact

And close up these my wear- y weep- ing  
Al- lied to death, child to his blacke- fact

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eies: Whosespring of tears doth stop my vi- tall breath,  
 night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my breast,

eies: Whosespring of tears doth stop my vi- tall breath,  
 night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my breast,

eies: Whose spring of tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And  
 night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my breast, Whose

eies: Whosespring of tears doth stop my vi- tall breath, And  
 night: Come thou and charme these re- bels in my breast, Whose

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And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po-  
 Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O comesweet

And tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Come and po-  
 Whose wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O comesweet

tears my hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po-  
 wa- king fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O comesweet

tears, and tearsmy hart with sor- rows sigh swoln cries: Com and po-  
 wak- whose wak- ing fan- cies doe my mind af- fright. O comesweet

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sses my tired thoughts worne soule, That living dies, that living  
sleepe; come, or I die for ever: Come ere my last, come ere my

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

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sses my tired thoughts worne soule, That living dies, that living  
sleepe; come, or I die for ever: Come ere my last, come ere my

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dies, that living dies till thou on me be  
last, come ere my last sleeps comes, or come never.

living dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.  
ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come never.

living dies till thou on me, on me be stoule.  
ere my last sleeps comes, or come, or come never.

dies, that living dies till thou, till thou on me, on me be stoule.  
last, come ere my last sleeps comes, sleeps comes, or come, or come never.