

Come, Heavy Sleep

Nº20 aus "The First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597"

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John Dowland

Gitarre
Capo 3.Bund
③ = fis

Come, hea - - - vy Sleep the im - age of true

Death; And close - up - - - these - - - my wea - - - -

ry weep - ing eyes: Whose spring of tears doth stop my

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

CIV CII

9
Come and pos-sess my tir-ed thought-worn soul,

9
C I C II

11
That liv-ing dies, that liv-ing dies, that liv-ing dies, till

11
IV

13
thou on me be stole.

13

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.