

# Come, Heavy Sleep

N°20 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:

C II  
C IV C II

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

9  
CI CII

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.