Voice

Come, heavy Sleep

Come, shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
And close up these Al - lied to Death,

Lute

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my wea - ry weep - ing eyes: Whose spring of tears doth stop my vit - al
child to his black fac'd Night: Come thou and charm these reb - els in my

Lute

7

breath, And tears breast, Whose wak - ing fanc - ies do my mind af - fright.

Voice

Come and pos - sess my O come sweet Sleep; come

Lute
tir-ed thought worn soul, or I die for-ev-er
That liv-ing dies
Come ere my last
That liv-

Voice

Lute

ing dies
my last sleep comes
Till thou on
or come_

Voice

Lute

me be-stole.
ver

Voice

Lute