

Come, heavy Sleep

Steven Watson

Voice

Come, hea - vy Sleep, the im - age of true death; And close up these
Come, sha - dow of my end, and shape of rest, Al - lied to Death,

Lute

⑦=F

Voice

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

Voice

breath, And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh swoll'n cries:
breast, Whose wak - ing fan - cies do my mind af - fright.

Lute

Voice

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

Lute

