

THE  
FIRST BOOKE OF  
SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

*1597 [1613]*

XX. Come heauy sleepe.

Come heauy sleepe the image of true death,  
And close vp these my weary weeping eies :  
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vitall breath,  
And tears my hart with sorrows sigh swoln cries :  
Come and posses my tired thoughts worne soule,  
That liuing dies till thou on me be stoule.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,  
Allied to death, child to his blackefac't night :  
Come thou and charme these rebels in my breast,  
Whose waking fancies doe my mind affright.  
O come sweet sleepe, come, or I die for euer :  
Come ere my last sleepe comes, or come neuer.