

# Come heauy sleepe

from The First Booke of Songes or Ayres, 1597

John Dowland (1563-1626)

G G D(no3rd) G C Em G C#dim D G

Come hea - uy sleepe, the Im - age of true death: And close

Come hea - uy sleepe, the Im - age of true death: And

C C G Am G G C D Am Em Am

close vp these my wea - ry weep - ing eyes, whose spring of tears doth stop my

close vp these my wea - ry weep - ing eyes, whose spring of tears doth stop my

Em B E G C#dim D G C Em D(no3rd) G

vi - tall breath, And tears my hart with sor - rows sigh swoln crys:

vi - tall breath, And tears And tears my hart with sor - rows sigh swoln crys:

B B E Am E G C#dim D G

Com & pos - sesse my ti - red thoughts, worne soule, that liu - ing dies, that liu - ing

Com & pos - sesse my ti - red thoughts, worne soule, that liu - ing dies, that

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Com & pos - sesse my ti - red thoughts, worne soule, that liu - ing dies, that liu - ing

Am Dm E G G D G D(no3rd) G

dies, that liu - ing dies, till thou one me be stoule.

liu - ing dies, till thou one me, one me be stoule.

liu - ing dies, till thou one me, one me be - stoule.

dies, that liu - ing dies, till thou till thou one me, one me be - stoule.

Come shadow of my end and shape of rest,  
 Alied to death, child to his black facd night,  
 Come thou and charme these rebels in my brest,  
 Whose waking fancies doth my mind affright.  
 O come sweet sleep, come or I die for euer,  
 Come ere my last sleepe comes, or come neuer.