Come heavy sleep, the image of true death: and close up these my wea-ry weeping eyes, whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath, and tears my heart with sorrow’s sigh-swoll’n

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XX. Come heavy sleep

John Dowland
Come shadow of my end: and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child to this 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, my last sleep comes, or come thou never.