



Ome heavy sleepe the image of true death;

Γ Β Β Β Β | Β. Β Β Β Γ Β Β Γ.

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And close vp these my weary weeping eies: whose spring of tears doth stop my

Γ Β Β Β Β Β. Β Β Β Β Γ. Β Β. Β Β Γ Β

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

vital breath, and tears my hart with sorrows sigh swoln cries: com & posses my tired thoughts

Γ Β | Γ Β Γ Β Β. Β | Γ. Β Β Β. Β Β

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

worne soule, that liuing dies, ii. till thou on me be stoule.

Β. Β Γ. Β Γ Β Γ Β Β Β Γ Γ Β Γ Γ Β Β |

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

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.