

# Come, heavy sleep

Robert Johnson

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Come, hea- vy sleep, thou im- age of true death, And  
Come, shape of rest and sha- dow of my end, Al-

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close up those my wea- ry weep- ing eyes, Whose  
lie to death, child to his black- fac'd night: Come

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spring of tears do stop my vi- tal breath, And tears my  
thou and charm these re- bels in my breast, Whose wak- ing

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heart with sor- row's sigh- mind swoll'n cries.  
fan- cies do my mind af- fright.

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Come and possess my tired, thought-worn soul, -  
 O come, sweet sleep; come, or I die for ever:

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That liv- ing, liv- ing dies, that  
 Come ere my last sleep comes, my

liv- ing, liv- ing dies, that liv- ing, liv- ing dies; Till  
 last - sleep - comes, my last - sleep - comes, or

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thou on me be stol'n, on me be stol'n. - -  
 come, or come or come or come - ne- ver.