

Sting "Come, heavy sleep - First Booke of Songes, 1597, no20"

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Come heavy sleepe the image of true death;
And close up these my weary weeping eyes:
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vitall breath,
And tears my hart with sorrows sigh swoln cries:
Come and posses my tired thoughts worn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me be stoule.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,

Allied to death, child to his blackfac'd 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 ever:
Come ere my last sleepe comes, or come never.

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