

XX.

CANTVS.



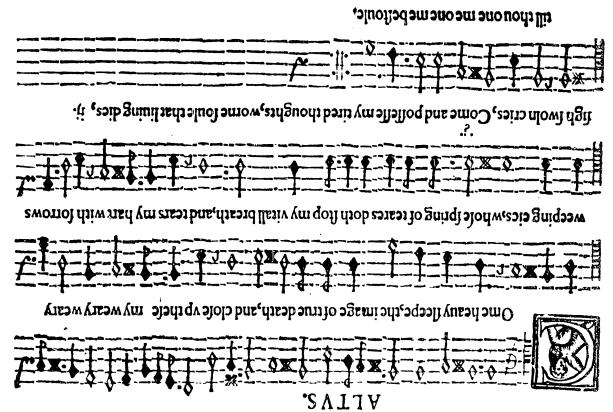
Ome heauy sleepe, y Image of true death!

And clofe vp thefe my weary weeping eyes, whose fpring of teares doth ftop my

vitall breath, And teares my hart with forrows figh fwoln cries. Com & poffes my tired thoghts,

worne foule, that liuing dies, ij. ij. till thou one me beffoule.

Come shadow of my end and fhape of reft,
 Alid to death, child to this black faft night,
 Come thou and charme thefe rebels in my brest,
 Whofe waking fancies doth my mind affright.
 O come fweet fleep, come or I die for euer,
 Come ere my laft fleep, come or come neuer.



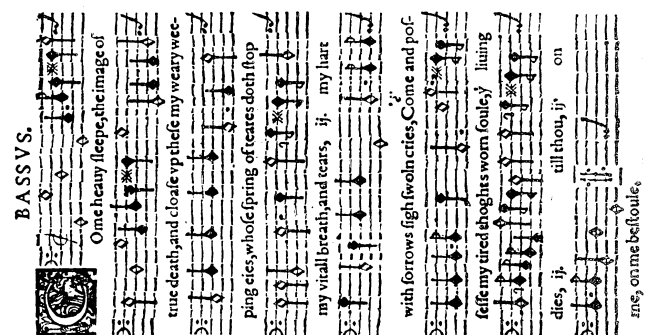
Ome heauy fleep, the image of true death, and clofe vp thefe my weary

weeping eyes, whose fpring of teares doth ftop my vitall breath, and teares my hart with forrows

figh fwoln cries, Come and poffes my tired thoghts, worne foule that liuing dies, ij.

till thou one me beffoule.

ALTUS.



Ome heauy fleep, the image of true death, and clofe vp thefe my weary weeping eyes, whose fpring of teares doth ftop my vitall breath, and teares, ij. my hart with forrows figh fwoln cries, Come and poffes my tired thoghts worne foule, y liuing dies, ij. till thou, ij. on me, on me beffoule.



Ome heauy fleep, heauy fleep, the image of true death, and clofe vp thefe, my weary, ij. weeping eyes, whose fpring of teares doth ftop my vitall breath, & teares my hart with forrows, figh fwoln cries, come and poffes my tired thoghts worne foule, that liuing dies ij. till thou one me one me beffoule.

TENOR.