

Come Heavy Sleep

Gérard Lesne

Come heavy sleep, the image of true death
And close up these my - my weary weeping eyes
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath
And tears my heart with sorrows sight swoll'n cries
Come heavy sleep you're and old friend to me
Take my hand, lead me to those places I've never been
Where all fear and sadness are not real
And live's so much pleasure
I'll be by your side, please don't take me away
Let me feel this delight till eternity wakes me up
Never be in solitude again
And no dark tomorrow...

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