

# IX. Goe nightly cares,

Altus.

John Dowland



Goe night- ly cares,  
False world fare- well

Goe night- ly cares, the  
False world fare- well, the



e- nem- y to rest,  
e- nem- y to rest,

For- beare, for- beare a while to vexe my griev- ed  
Now do, now do thy worst, I doe not weigh thy



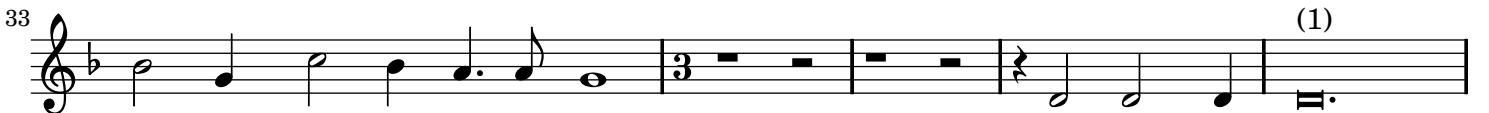
sprite, So long, so long your weight, so long, so long, your weight hath  
spight: Free from, free from thy cares, free from, free from thy cares, I live



lyne u- pon my brest,  
for e- ver blest,

That loe I live,  
En- joy- ing peace,

that loe I live, that loe I  
En- joy- ing peace, En- joy- ing



live of life be-reav- ed quite,  
peace, and heaven- ly true de- light.

O give me time  
De- light, whom woes



to draw my wear- y breath,  
nor sor- rowes shall a- mate

Or let me dye, as I de-  
nor feares or teares dis- turbe her



sire the death.  
hap- py state.

Wel- come sweete death,  
And thus I leave,

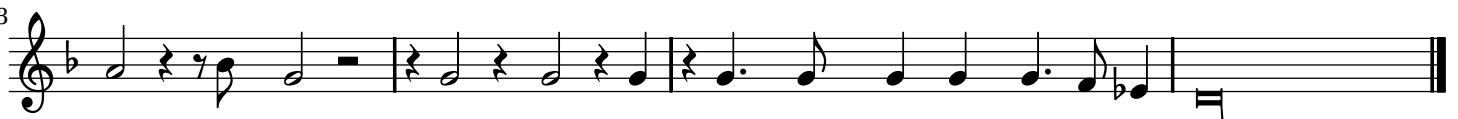
Wel- come sweete death,  
And thus I leave,



wel- come sweete death  
And thus I leave

sweet death wel- come, Oh life, no  
And thus I leave thy hopes, thy

63



life, A hell, Then thus, and thus I bid the world fare- well.  
joyes un-true, and thus, and thus vaine world a- gaine a- due.