

John Dowland

A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

9. Goe nightly cares, the enemy to rest.

Goe nightly cares, the enemy to rest
Forbeare a while to vexe my griued sprite,
So long your weight hath lyne vpon my breast,
That loe I liue of life bereaued quite,
O giue me time to draw my weary breath,
Or let me dye, as I desire the death.
Welcome sweete death, Oh life, A hell,
Then thus, and thus I bid the world farewell.

False world farewell the enemy to rest,
Now doe thy worst, I doe not weigh thy spight :
Free from thy cares I liue for euer blest,
Enioying peace and heauenly true delight.
Delight, whom woes nor sorrowes shall amate,
Nor feares or teares disturbe her happy state.
And thus I leaue thy hopes, thy ioyes vntrue,
And thus, and thus vaine world againe adue.