

Werkraum "Nocturne"

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Welcome sweete death...

Goe nightly cares, the enemy to rest,
Forbeare a while to vexe my grieved sprite,
So long your weight hath lyne upon my breast,
that loe I live of life bereaved quite,
O give me time to draw my weary breath,
Or let me dye, as I desire the death.
Welcome sweete death, oh life, no 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 live for ever blest,
Enjoying peace and heavenly true delight.
Delight, whom woes nor sorrowes shall amate,
nor feares or teares disturbe her happy state.
And thus I leave thy hopes, thy joyes untrue,
and thus, and thus vaine world againe adue.

Submitter's comments:Â

The text is from "Goe nightly cares" by John Dowland.

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