Go nightly cares,

Go nightly cares, the enemy to rest,

Forbear, forbear a while to vex my grieved sprite,

So long, so long your weight, so long, so long your weight hath lain upon my

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I.17.3: minim
II.26.1: the 17th-century form *lyne* (lyne in the source) may be preferred.
III.52.5: A
III.64.1: c#

Lute.68.1-3: d' c' B

II, Lute: ts ⊗₃   II, III, Lute: ts C
III: ts C₂

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,
that loe I live of life bereaved quite,
So long your weight hath lyne upon my breast,
Forbeare a while to vexe my grieved sprite,
That loe I live of life bereaved quite,
So long your weight hath lyne upon my breast,
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