

Rest awhile, you cruel cares

John Dowland

Rest a- while, you cru- el cares, Be not
If I speak, my words want weight, Am I
Nev- er hour of pleas- ing rest Shall re-

more se- vere than love. Beau- ty kills
mute, my heart doth break, If I sigh,
vive my dy- ing ghost, Till my soul

and beau- ty spares, And sweet smiles sad sighs re-
she fears de- ceit, Sor- rows then for me must
hath re- pos- sess'd The sweet hope which love hath

move: Lau- ra, fair queen of my de-
speak: Cru- el, un- kind, with fav- our
lost: Lau- ra, re- deem the soul that

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light, view dies, Come The By grant wound fu- ry me that love in first was of thy love's des-made by mur- d'ring

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pite, you: eyes: And And And if if if I my it ev- tor- er prove un- fail to hon- or feign- ed - to - kind - to -

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thee, be, thee, Let this heav'n- ly light I see,

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be as dark as hell to me.