

# Rest awhile you cruel cares

John Dowland (1563-1626)

$\text{♩} = 120$

1. Rest a-while      you cru - el   cares.      Be not more  
2. If I speak,      my words want weight      Am I mute,  
3. Never hour      of plea - sing rest      Shall re - vive

7  
se - vere than love.      Beauty kills      and beau - ty spares  
my heart doth break      If I sigh,      she fears de - ceit  
my dy - ing ghost      Till my soul      hath re - po - ssess'd

13  
And sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:      Lau - ra, fair  
Sor - row then for me must speak:      Cru - el un -  
The sweet hope which love hath lost:      Lau - ra re -

18  
queen of my de - light      Come grant me love      in love's de -  
kind, with fa - vour view      The wound that first      was made by  
deem the soul that dies      By fu - ry of      thy murdering

24  
spite      And if I ev - er fail to honour thee      Let this  
you:      And if my tor - ments fei - gned be  
eyes:      And if it pro - ve un - kind to thee

30  
hea - ven - ly light I see      Be as dark      as hell to me