

Rest Awhile You Cruel Cares

John Dowland

Rest awhile, you cruel cares
Be not more severe than love.
Beauty kills and beauty spares,
And sweet smiles sad sighs remove:
Laura, fair queen of my delight,
Come grant me love in love's despite,
And if I fail ever to honour thee,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me.

If I speak, my words want weight,
Am I mute, my heart doth break,
If I sigh, she fears deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speak:
Cruel unkind, with favour view
The wound that first was made by you:
And if my torments feigned be,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me.

Never hour of pleasing rest
Shall revive my dying gost,
Till my soul hath repossess'd
The sweet hope which love hath lost:
Laura redeem the soul that dies,
By fury of thy murdering eyes:
And if it prove unkind to thee,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me