

## 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