

Rest a while you cruel cares

John Dowland
(1562 - 1622)

Rest a while, you cru - el cares, be not more se - vere than love,
Rest a while, you cru - el cares, be not more se - vere than love,
8 Rest a while, you cru - el cares, be not more se - vere than love,
Rest a while, you cru - el cares, be not more se - vere than love,

4
beau-ty kills and beau-ty spares, and sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:
beau-ty kills and beau-ty spares, and sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:
8 beau-ty kills and beau-ty spares, and sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:
beau-ty kills and beau-ty spares, and sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:

8
Phil - lis, fair queen of my de - light, come grant me love in love's de -
Phil - lis, fair queen of my de - light, come grant me love in love's de -
8 Phil - lis, fair queen of my de - light, come grant me love in love's de -
Phil - lis, fair queen of my de - light, come grant me love in love's de -

John Dowland: Rest a while you cruel cares

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spite, and if I e - ver fail to ho-nour thee: Let this
 spite, and if I e - ver fail to ho - nour thee: Let this
 8 spite, and if I e - ver fail to ho - nour thee: Let this
 spite, and if I e - ver fail to ho-nour thee: Let this

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heav'n - ly light I see, be as dark as hell to me.
 heavn' - ly light I see, be as dark as hell to me.
 8 heav'n - ly light I see, be as dark as hell to me.
 heav'n - ly 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 ever feigned be,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me.

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