



## XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. Rest a while you cru- ell cares, Be not more se- vere then
2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Ne- ver houre of pleas- ing rest Shall re- vive my dy- ing



love. Beau- tie kils and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-  
brea- ke, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must  
ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath



move: Lau- ra, faire queene of my de- light, Come grant me  
speake: Cru- ell, un- kind, with fa- vour view The wound that  
lost: Lau- ra re- deeme the soule that dies, By fu- rie



love in loves de- spite, And if I e- ver faile to ho- nor thee:  
first was made by you: And if my tor- ments fay- ned be,  
of thy mur- dering eyes: And if it prove un- kinde to thee,



1-3. Let this hea- ven- ly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.

<sup>0</sup>Rest is editorial



## XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Altus.

John Dowland



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 2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth  
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<sup>0</sup> Key signature change is actually at start of line, not at start of phrase in original



## XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Tenor.

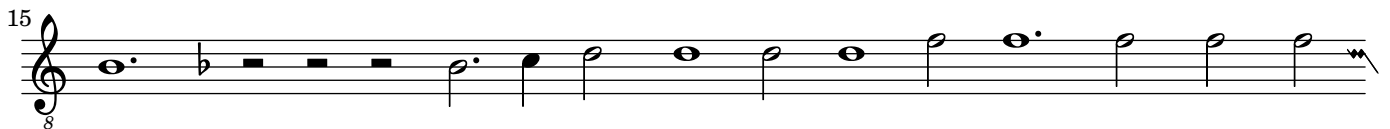
John Dowland



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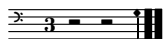
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 of thy mur- derring eyes: And if it prove un- kinde to thee,



1-3. Let this hea- v'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.



## XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. Rest a while you cru- ell cares, Be not more se- vere then  
 2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth  
 3. Ne- ver houre of pleas- ing rest Shall re- vive my dy- ing



love. Beau- tie kills and beau- tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-  
 breake, If I sigh, she feares de- ceit, Sor- row then for me must  
 ghost, Till my soule has re- pos- sest, The sweet hope which love hath



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1-3. Let this hea- v'nly light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.