XII. Rest a while, you cruel cares

1. Rest a while you cruel cares,  Be not more severe then
2. If I speake, my words want wait,  Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Never hour of pleasing rest  Shall revive my dying love.

4. Beauty kills and beauty spares  And sweet smiles sad sighs re-breake,
5. If I sigh, she fears deceit,  Sorrows then for me must
6. Till my soul has possessed,  The sweet hope which love hath

7. Move:  Laura, faire queene of my delight,  Come grant me
8. Speake:  Cruell, unkind, with favourable view  The wound that
9. Lost:  Laura redeem the soul that dies,  By furie

10. Love in loves despite,  And if I ever fail to honor thee:
11. First was made by you:  And if my torments fayed be,
12. Of thy murdering eyes:  And if it prove unkinde to thee,

1-3. Let this heavenly light I see,  Bee as darke as hell to me.
XII. Rest a while, you cruel cares

Altus.  

John Dowland

1. Rest a while you cruel cares,  Be not more severe then
2. If I speake, my words want wait,  Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Never hour of pleasing rest  Shall revive my dying

love.  Beau-tie kils and beau-tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re-
breake,  If I sigh, she fears deceit, Sor-row then for me must
ghost,  Till my soul has repossett, 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 soul that dies, By fu-rie

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

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

0 Key signature change is actually at start of line, not at start of phrase in original
XII. Rest a while, you cruell cares

John Dowland

1. Rest a while you cruell cares, Be not more severe then
2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Neveroure of pleasing rest Shall revive my dying love.

Till my soule has restest, The sweet hope which love hath

move: Laura, faire queene of my delight, Come grant me speake:

Cruell, unkind, with favour view The wound that lost:

Laura redeeme the soule that dies, By furie

love in loves despite, And if I everfaile to honor thee:

first was made by you: And if my torments fayned be,

of thy murdering eyes: And if it prove unkinde to thee,

1-3. Let this heav'ny light I see, Bee as darke as hell to me.
XII. Rest a while, you cruel cares

Bassus.

1. Rest a while you cruel cares, Be not more severe then
2. If I speake, my words want wait, Am I mute, my heart doth
3. Never houre of pleasing rest Shall revive my dy ing

love. Beau tie kils and beau tie spares And sweet smiles sad sighes re breake,
If I sigh, she feares deceit, Sor row then for me must ghost,
Till my soule has possession, The sweet hope which love hath

move: Laura, faire queene of my delight, Come grant me speake:
Cru ell, unkind, with favour view The wound that lost:
Laura redeeme the soule that dies, By furie

love in loves despite, And if I ever faile to hon nor thee:
first was made by you: And if my torments fay ned be,
of thy murdering eyes: And if it prove unkinde to thee,

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