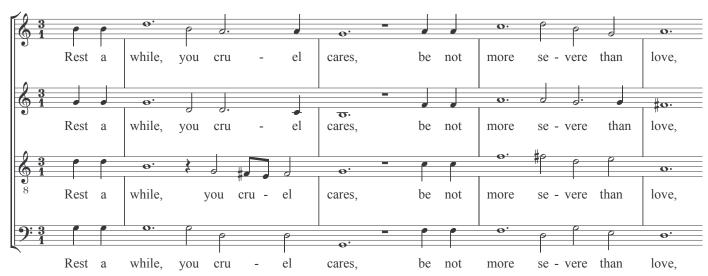
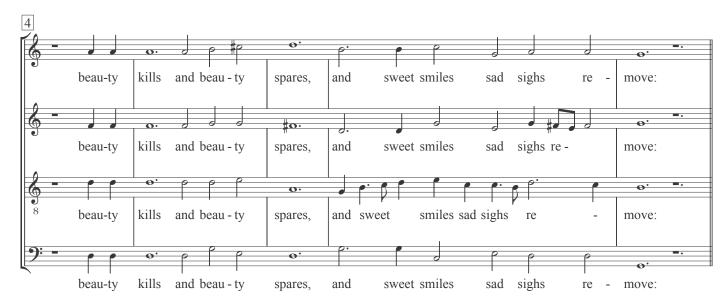
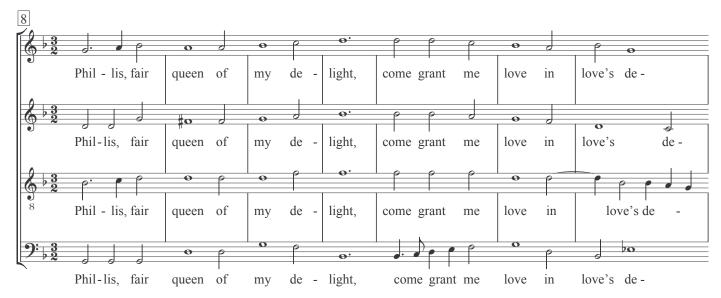
Rest a while you cruel cares

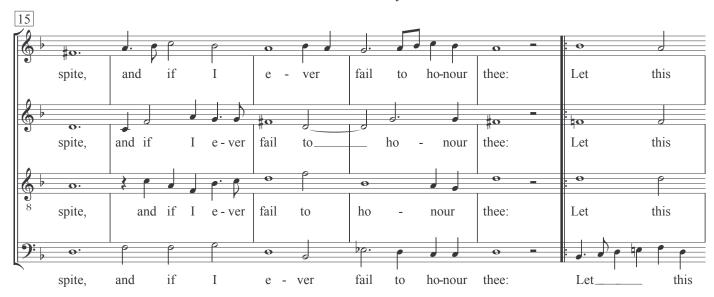
John Dowland (1562 - 1622)

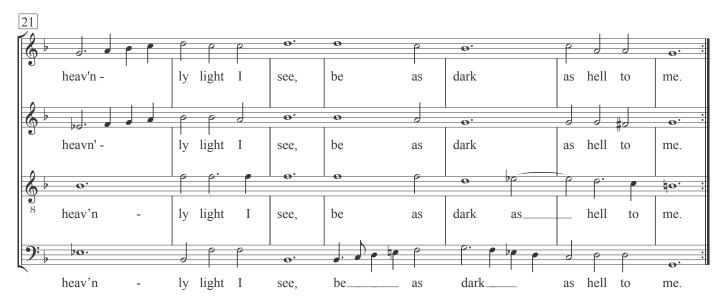






John Dowland: Rest a while you cruel cares





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.