Rest a while, you cruel cares, be not more severe than love,

beauty kills and beauty spares, and sweet smiles sad sighs remove:

Philis, fair queen of my delight, come grant me love in love's de-
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.

Edited by Chandra Maeder, www.DolceFarCanto.com