XII. Rest a while you cruel cares

John Dowland



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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.