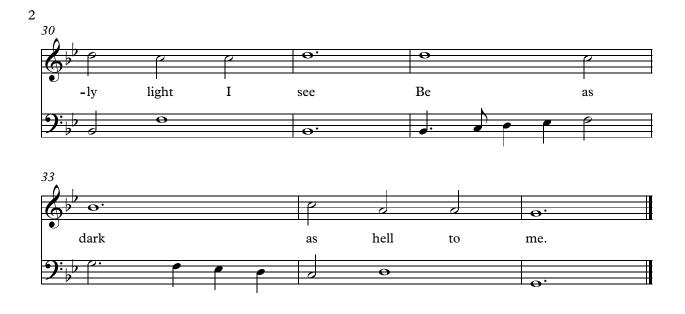
Rest Awhile You Cruel Cares

John Dowland





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 feigned be, Let this heav'nly light I see Be as dark as hell to me.

Never hour of pleasing rest Shall revive my dying ghost, Till my soul hath repossess'd The sweet hope which love hath lost. Laura, redeem the soul that dies By fury of thy murd'ring eyes: And if it prove unkind to thee, Let this heav'nly light I see Be as dark as hell to me.