

Rest Awhile You Cruel Cares

N°12 aus "The First Booke of Songs or Ayres, 1597"

Edition: Thomas Königs (2004)

John Dowland

Gitarre
Capo 3.Bund
③ = fis

Rest a - while you cru - el cares, Be not

more se - vere than love. Beau - ty kills and beau - ty

spares, And sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:

Lau - ra, fair queen of my de - light, Come grant me love in

CIII

22

love's de - spite, And if I ev - er fail to hon - our thee,

28

Let this heaven - - - ly light I see,

28

CIII

32

Be as dark as hell to me.

32

1
Rest awhile, you cruel cares,
Be not more severe than love.
Beauty kills and beauty spares,
And sweet smiles sad sighs remove:
Laura, fair queen of my delight,
Come grant me love in love's despite,
And if I fail ever to honour thee,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me.

3
Never hour of pleasing rest
Shall revive my dying gost,
Till my soul hath repossess'd
The sweet hope which love hath lost:
Laura redeem the soul that dies,
By fury of thy murdering eyes:
And if it prove unkind to thee,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me.

2
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 heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me.