

THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

1597 [1613]

XII. Rest a while you cruell cares.

Rest a while you cruell cares,
Be not more seuerer then loue.
Beautie kils and beautie spares,
And sweet smiles sad sighes remoue :
Laura, faire queene of my delight,
Come grant me loue in loues despite,
And if I euer faile to honor thee :
 Let this heauenly light I see,
 Bee as darke as hell to me.

If I speake, my words want wait,
Am I mute, my heart doth breake,
If I sigh, she fears deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speake :
Cruell, vnkind, with fauour view
The wound that first was made by you :
And if my torments fayned be,
 Let this heauenly light I see
 Be as darke as hell to mee.

Neuer houre of pleasing rest
Shall reuiue my dying ghost,
Till my soule hath repossess,
The sweet hope which loue hath lost :
Laura redeeme the soule that dies,
By furie of thy murdering eyes :
And if it proue vnkinde to thee,
 Let this heauenly light I see
 Be as darke as hell to mee.