

XII. *Rest a while you cruel cares*

John Dowland

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Rest a while, you cru - el cares, be not more se - vere than love,

Rest a while, you cru - el cares, be not more se - vere than love,

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Rest a while, you cru - el cares, be not more se - vere than love,

8

beau-ty kills and beau-ty spares, and sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:

beau-ty kills and beau-ty spares, and sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:

8

beau-ty kills and beau-ty spares, and sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:

beau-ty kills and beau-ty spares, and sweet smiles sad sighs re - move:

16

Lau - ra, fair queen of my de - light, come grant me love in love's de -

Lau - ra, fair queen of my de - light, come grant me love in love's de -

8

Lau - ra, fair queen of my de - light, come grant me love in love's de -

Lau - ra, fair queen of my de - light, come grant me love in love's de -

23

spite, and if I e - ver fail to ho-nour thee: Let this

spite, and if I e - ver fail to _____ ho - nour thee: Let this

8 spite, and if I e - ver fail to ho - nour thee: Let this

spite, and if I e - ver fail to ho-nour thee: Let _____ this

29

hea - ven - ly light I see, be as dark as hell to me.

hea - ven - ly light I see, be as dark as hell to me.

8 heav'n - ly light I see, be as dark as _____ hell to me.

heav'n - ly light I see, be _____ as dark _____ as hell to me.

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.