

Rest Awhile You Cruel Cares

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

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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

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

Let this heaven - - - ly light I see,

Be as dark as hell to me.

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 reposess'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.