

Unquiet Thoughts

John Dowland

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Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Un-qui-et thoughts, your ci-vil slaugh-ter stint, And
But what can stay my thoughts - they may not start, Or
How shall I then gaze on - my mis-tress' eyes? My

wrap your wrongs with-in a pen-sive heart: And
put my tongue in dur-ance for to die? When
thoughts must have some vent: else heart will break. My

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you: my tongue that makes my - mouth a mint, And stamps my
as these eyes, the keys of - mouth and heart, O- pen the
tongue would rust as in my - mouth it lies, If eyes and

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- thoughts to coin them words by art, Be still:
 - lock where all my love doth lie; I'll seal
 - thoughts were free, and that not speak, Speak then,

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- for if you ev- er do the like I'll cut the string, I'll
 - them up with- in their lids for ever: So thoughts and words, so
 - and tell the pas- sions of de- sire; Which turns mine eyes, which

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cut the string that makes the ham- mer strike. strike.
 thoughts and words and looks shall die to- gether. gether.
 turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire fire.