

## I. Unquiet thoughts your civil slaughter stint

## Cantus



1. Un- qui- et thoughts your ci- vil slaugh- ter
2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not
3. Howshall I then gaze on my mis- tresse



stint, and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive heart: and  
 start, or put my tongue in du- rance for to die? When  
 eyes? My thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break. My



you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts to  
 as these eyes, the keys of mouth and hart, O- pen the locke where  
 tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts were



coine them words by art, Be still: for if you e- ver do the like, Ile  
 all my love doth lie; Ile seale them up with- in their lids for ever: So  
 free, and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the pas- sions of de- sire; Which



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

Altus



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill
2. But what can slay my thoughts they
3. Howshall I then gaze on my



slaugh- ter                    stint,                    and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive  
 may not                    start,                    or put my wrongs with- in for to  
 mis- tresse                    eyes?                    My thoughts must have some vent else hart will



hart, and you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, my tongue that makes  
 die? When as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, these eyes, the keyes  
 break. My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies, would rust as in



my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts to coine them words by  
 of mouth and hart, O- pen the locke where all my love doth  
 my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not



art, be still, be still for if you e- ver do the like, Ile  
 lie; Ile seale them up with- in with- in their lids for- ever: So  
 speake. Speake then, and tell the, and tell pas- sions of de- sire; Which



cut the string, ile cut the string that makes the ham- mer strike be strike.  
 thoughts, so thoughts and looks and words shall die, to- gether. So thoughts and words,  
 turns mine eies, which turns mine eies, to floods my thoughts to fire. Which turns

## Tenor



1. Un- qui- et thoughts,
2. But what can slay
3. How shall I then



your ci- vill slaught- er stint, and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive  
my thoughts they may not start, or put my tongue in du- rance for to  
gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My thoughts must have som vent: else hart will



hart: and you my tongue, and you my tongue, that makes my mouth a  
die? When as these eyes, when as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and  
break. My tongue would rust, my tongue would rust, as in my mouth it



mint, and stamps my thoughts, my thoughts to coine, to coine them words by  
hart, O- pen the locke, the locke where all, where all my love doth  
lies, If eyes and thoughts, and thoughts were free, were free and that not



art, be still: for if you e- ver do the like, Ile cut the  
lie; Ile seale them up with- in their lids for e- ver: So thoughts, and  
speake. Speake then, and tell the pas- sions of de- sire; Which turns mine



string, Ile cut the string that makes the ham- mer strike. be strike.  
words, so thoughts and words, and looks shall die to- gether. Ile gether.  
eies, which turns mine eies, to floods, my thoghts to fire. Speak fire.

Bassus



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci-
2. But what can slay my thoughts
3. Howshall I then gaze on



will slaugh- ter stint, and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart, a pen- sive  
 they may not start, or put my tongue in du- rance for to die? rance for to  
 my mis- tresse eyes? My thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break, else hart will



hart, and you my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, to coine them  
 die? When as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart, O- pen the  
 break. My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and



words by art, be still: for if you do the like, Ile cut the  
 locke where all my love doth lie; Ile seale them up with- in their  
 thoughts were free, and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the pas- sions

1.	2.
----	----



string, Ile cut the string the string that makes the ham- mer strike. strike.  
 lids for ever: So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die to- gether. gether.  
 of de- sire; Which turns mine eies to floods, my thoghts to fire. fire.