



# I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Un- qui- et thoughts          your ci- vil slaugh- ter stint,          and  
2. But what can slay          my thoughts they may not start,          or  
3. How shall I then          gaze on my mis- tresse eyes?          My



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



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



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

1. | 2.



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.



# I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Altus

John Dowland



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



stint, and wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive  
 start, or put my wrongs with- in for to  
 eyes? My thoughts must have some vent else hart will



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



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



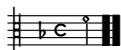
coine them words by art, be still, be still for  
 all my love doth lie Ile seale, ile seal them  
 free, and that not speake. Speake then, speake then and



if you e- ver do the like, Ile cut the string, ile  
 up with- in their lids for- ever: So thoughts and looks, so  
 tell the pas- sions of de- sire Which turns mine eies, which

22

cut the string that makes the hammer strike be strike.  
 thoughts and looks and words shall die, together. He gether.  
 turns mine eyes, to floods my thoughts to fire. Speak fire.



## I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Tenor

John Dowland



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill slaught- er stint, and
2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or
3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My



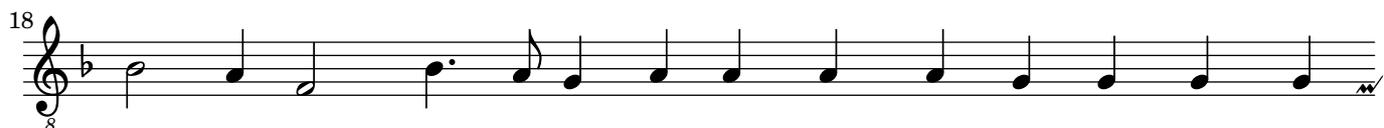
wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart: and you my tongue, and  
put my tongue in du- rance for to die? When as these eyes, when  
thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break. My tongue would rust, my



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



thoughts to coine, to coine them words by art, be still: for if you  
locke where all, where all my love doth lie Ile seale them up with-  
thoughts were free, were free and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the



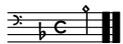
e- ver do the like, Ile cut the string, Ile cut the  
in their lids for e- ver: So thoughts, and words, so thoughts and  
pas- sions of de- sire Which turns mine eies, which turns mine

22

8

1 2

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



# I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

Bassus

John Dowland



1. Un- qui- et thoughts, your ci- vill slaugh- ter stint, and  
 2. But what can slay my thoughts they may not start, or  
 3. How shall I then gaze on my mis- tresse eyes? My



wrap your wrongs with- in a pen- sive hart, a pen- sive  
 put my tongue in du- rance for to die? rance for to  
 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.