

Unquiet Thoughts

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas

Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint
And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart.
And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint,
And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art.

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start
Or put my tongue in dura-ance for to die.
When as these the keys of mouth and heart,
Open the lock where all my love doth lie.

How shall I then gaze on my mistress eyes?
My thought must have some vent: else my heart will break.
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies.
If eyes and thoughts were free and that not speak.