

# THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

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*1597 [1613]*

## I. Vnquiet thoughts

Vnquiet thoughts your ciuill slaughter stint,  
And wrap your wrongs within a pensiue heart :  
And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint,  
And stamps my thoughts ti coine them words by art,  
Be still : for if you euer do the like,  
I'll cut the string, that makes the hammer strike.

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start,  
Or put my tongue in durance for to die ?  
When as these eyes, the keyes of mouth and hart,  
Open the locke where all my loue doth lie;  
I'll seale them vp within their lids for euer :  
So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die together.

How shall I then gaze on my mistresse eyes ?  
My thoghts must haue som vent : else hart wil break.  
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,  
If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speake.  
Speake then, and tell the passions of desire;  
Which turns mine eies to floods, my thoughts to fire.