

# Die Verbannten Kinder Evas, Mistrust

My thoughts are wingd'd with hopes, my hopes with love.  
Mount love under the moons's night... the moon in clearest night.  
And say as she doth in the heavens move,  
In earth so wanes my delight, so wanes and waxeth delight.

And you-u my thoughts, that my mistrust do carry.  
If for mistrust my mistress do you blame.  
Say though you alter, yet you do not vary,  
As she doth change and yet remain the same.

If she for this, with clouds do mask her eyes.  
And make the heavens dark with her disdain.  
With windy sights, disperse them in the skies,  
Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain.