

# Die Verbannten Kinder Evas, Unquiet Thoughts

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.