

## I. Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint

*John Dowland (From The First Booke of songs or Ayres of foure parts, with Tableture for the Lute)*

## Cantus

Un - qui - et thoughts      your      ci - vil slaugh - ter  
 But      what can slay      my      thoughts      they may not  
 How      shall I thn      gaze      on      my      mis - tresse

stint,                      and wrap your wrongs      with - in      a      pen - sive heart:  
 start,                      or put my tongue      in du -      rance      for to die?  
 eyes?                      My thoughts must have      som vent:      else      hart will break.

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

and stamps my      thoughts      to      coine them words      by art,  
 O - pen the      locke      where      all my love      doth lie;  
 If eyes and      thoughts      were      free, and that      not speake.

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

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 thoughts to fire.      fire.

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Altus




Un - qui - et thoughts, your ci - vill slaugh - ter  
 But what can slay, my thoughts they may not start,  
 How shall I then gaze on my mis - tresse eyes?




stint, and wrap your wrongs with - in a pen - sive hart, and you my  
 or put my wrongs with - in for to die? When as these eyes,  
 My thoughts must else hart will break. My tongue would




tongue that makes my mouth a mint,  
 the keyes of in mouth and hart,  
 rust as in my mouth it lies,




my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, and  
 pen the locke where all my love doth Ile  
 If eyes and thoughts were free, and that Speake



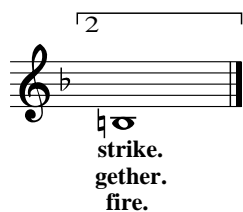
stamps my thoughts to coine them words by art, be  
 seale them up with - in their lids for - ever: So  
 then, and tell the pas - sions of de - sire; Which



still, be still for if you e - ver do the like, Ile  
 thoughts, so thoughts, and words shall die, shall die to - gether. So  
 turns, which turns mine eies to floods my thoghts to fire. Which



cut the string, ile cut the string that makes the ham - mer strike be  
 thoughts and words, so thoughts and words and looks shall die to - gether. So  
 turns mine eies, which turns mine eies, to floods, my thoghts to fire. Which



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*John Dowland (From The First Booke of songs or Ayres of foure parts, with Tableture for the Lute)*

Tenor

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

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

8 tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my thoughts, my thoughts to coine, to  
the keyes of mouth and hart, O - pen the locke, the locke where all, where  
as in my mouth it lies, If eyes and thoughts, and thoughts were free, were

8 coine them words by art, be  
all my love doth lie; Ile  
free and that not speake. Speake

8 still: for if you e - ver do the like, Ile cut the string, Ile  
seale them up with - in their lids for e - ver: So thoughts, and words, so  
then, and tell the pas - sions of de - sire; Which turns mine eies, which

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


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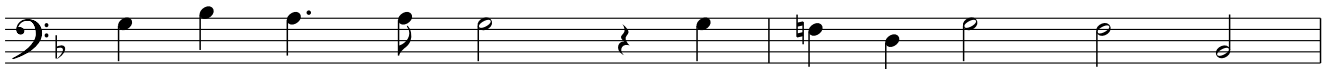
Bassus




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



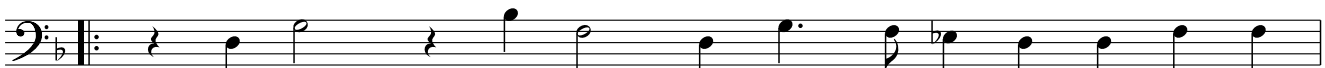
stint, and wrap your wrongs with - in a pen - sive hart, a pen - sive  
 start, or put my tongue in du - rance for die? rance for to  
 eyes? My thoughts must have som vent: else hart will break, else hart will




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,



to coine them words by art,  
 O - pen the locke where all  
 If eyes and thoughts were free,



be still: for if you do the like, Ile cut the  
 my love doth lie; Ile seale them up with - in their  
 and that not speake. Speake then, and tell the pas - sions



string, Ile cut the string the string that makes the ham - mer strike.  
 lids for ever: So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die to - gether.  
 of de - sire; Which turns mine eies to floods, my thoughts to fire.

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strike.  
 gether.  
 fire.