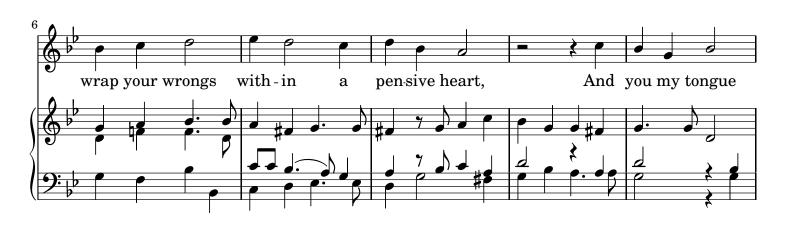
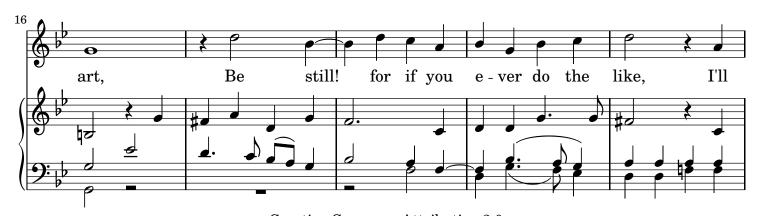
Unquiet Thoughts









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Verse 3

How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes? My thoughts must have some vent, else heart will break; My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies If eyes and thoughts were free and that not speak: Speak then, and tell the passions of desire Which turn mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire!