

III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Cantus

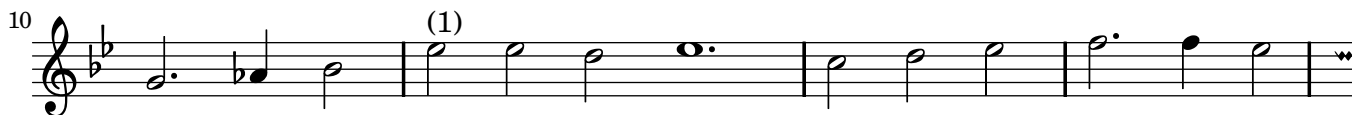
John Dowland



1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love.
2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary,
3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes,



Mount love un- to the Moone in cleer- est night, and say as
 If for mis- trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you
 And make the hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y



she doth in the hea- vens move, In earth so wanes and wax-
 al- ter, yet you do not varie, As she doth change, and yet
 sighes, dis- perse them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis- solve

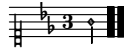


eth my de- light: and whis- per this but soft- ly in her
 re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in-
 them in- to raine Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no



earess, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.
 fect, And love is sweet- est sea- soned with sus- pect.
 more, Till Cyn- thia shine as she hath done be- fore.

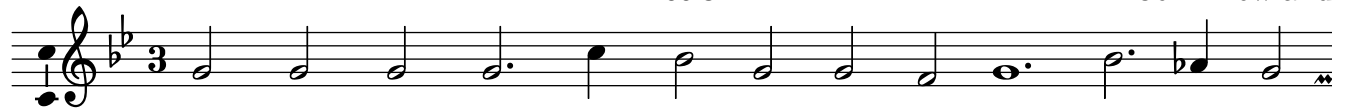
¹ It's hard to tell whether there was a barline here that got erased,
⁰ or just one that didn't come through the reproduction process very well.
⁰ There isn't an obvious reason not to have one.



III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Altus

John Dowland



1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love un-
2. And you my thoughts that some mis-trust do cary, If for If
3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make the



to the Moone, the Moone in cleer-est night, and say as she doth
 for mis-trust my mis-tresse do you blame, Say though you al-ter,
 hea-vens darke with her dis-daine, Or with thy teares dis-



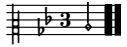
in the hea-vens move, In earth so wanes and wax-eth my
 yet you do not va-rie, As she doth change, and yet re-maine
 solve them in-to raine With wind-y sighes, dis-perse them in



de-light: and whis-per this, but soft-ly in her eares,
 the same: Dis-trust doth en-ter hearts, but not in-fect,
 the skies, Thoughts, hopes, and love re-turn to me no more



Hope oft doth hang the head, the head, and trust shead teares.
 And love is sweet-est sea-soned, sea-soned with sus-pect.
 Till Cyn-thia shine as she, as she hath done be-fore.



III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Tenor

John Dowland



1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love
 2. And you my thoughts that some mis- trust do cary, If for
 3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make



un- to the Moone in cleer- est night, and say as she doth in
 mis- trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you al- ter, yet
 the hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y sighes, dis- perse



the hea- vens move, In earth so wanes so wanes and wax- eth my de-
 you do not varie, As she doth change, and yes, and yet re- maine the
 them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis- solve, dis- solve them in- to



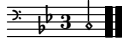
light: and whis- per this, and whis- per this, but soft- ly in her
 same: Dis- trust, dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in-
 raine Thoughts, hopes, and love, thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no



eares, soft- ly in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.
 fect, but not in- fect, And love is sweet- est sea- soned with sus- pect.
 more, to me no more, Till Cyn- thia shine as she hath done be- fore.

¹Original has C half note

²Original is a quarter note.



III. My thoughts are wingd with hopes

Bassus

John Dowland



1. My thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with love. Mount love un-

2. And you my thoughts that some mis- trust do cary, If for mis-

3. If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes, And make the



to the Moone in cleer- est night, and say as

trust my mis- tresse do you blame, Say though you

hea- vens darke with her dis- daine, With wind- y



she doth in the hea- vens moove, In earth so wanes and wax-

al- ter, yet you do not varie, As she doth change, and yet

sighes, dis- perse them in the skies, Or with thy teares dis- solve



eth my de- light: And whis- per this but soft- ly in her

re- maine the same: Dis- trust doth en- ter hearts, but not in-

them in- to raine Thoughts, hopes, and love re- turn to me no



eares, her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust and Trust shead teares.

fect, in- fect, And love is sweet- est sea- soned, sea- soned with sus- pect.

more, no more, Till Cyn- thia shine as she hath done, hath done be- fore.