

# O sweet woods!

John Dowland

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O sweetwoods! the de- light of so- li- ta- ri- ness, O how much do I love thy

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so- li- ta- ri- ness! From fame's de- sire, from love's de- light re- tired,  
Ex- per- ience, which re- pen- tance on- ly brings,  
You men that give false wor- ship un- to love,  
You woods, in you the fair- est nymphs have walked,

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In these sad groves - - an her- mit's life I led; And those false  
Doth bid me now - - my heart from love es- strange. Love is dis-  
And seek that which - - you nev- er shall ob- tain, The end- less  
Nymphs at whose sight - - all hearts did yield to love. You woods, in

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plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With sad re- mem- - brance of my  
 dain'd when it doth look at kings; And love, low- plac- - ed, base and  
 work of Si- sy- phus you prove, Whose end is this: - to know you  
 whom dear lov- ers oft have talk'd, How do you now - a place, a

Tablature: a a a d b a a a b a e d r b a b r a d r a

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fall, my fall I dread. To birds, to trees, to earth im- part - I this,  
 apt, and apt to change. Therew'r doth take from him his li- - ber- ty;  
 strive, you strive in vain. Hope and de- sire, which now your id- - ols be,  
 place of mourn- ing prove? Wan- stead, my mis- tress saith this is - the doom:

Tablature: a a b a d r b a a d r r r r a r d r a r r a a a a a a a a a a

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For she less se- cret and as sense- less is.  
 Her want of worth makes him in cra- dle die.  
 You needs must lose and feel des- pair with me.  
 Thou art love's child- bed, nur- ser- y and tomb.

Tablature: a r d r a h h f a d d r d h f h e f e a a a a a a a a a a