

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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pleasures which I once admir'd, With sad remembrance of my dain'd when it doth look at kings; And love, low-placed, base and work of Sisyphus you prove, Whose end is this: to know you whom dear lovers oft have talk'd, How do you now a place, a

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fall, my fall I dread. To birds, to trees, to earth impart - I apt, and apt to change. Therepov'r doth take from him his ber- strive, you strive in vain. Hope and desire, which now your id- ols place of mourning prove? Wan-stead, my mistress saith this is - the

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this, For she less secret and as senseless is. ty; Her want of worth makes him in cradle die. be, You needs must lose and feel despair with me. doom: Thou art love's child-bed, nursery and tomb.