O sweet woods, the de-light of soli-ta-ri-ness, O how much do I love your soli-ta-ri-ness.

From fame’s de-sire, from Ex-per-i-ence which re-
You men that give false
You woods, in you the

O sweet woods, the de-light of soli-ta-ri-ness, O how

From fame’s de-sire, from Ex-per-i-ence which re-
You men that give false
You woods, in you the

James Gibb editions

O sweet woods - Dowland
love's de-light re-tired, In these sad groves an
pen-tance on-ly brings, Doth bid me now my
wor-ship un-to love, And seek that which you
fair-est nymphs have walked, Nymphs at whose sight all

hermit's life I led, And those false plea-sures
heart from love es-trange, Love is dis-dained when
ne-ver shall ob-tain, The end-less work of
hearts did yield to love, You woods in whom dear

mit's life I led, I led, And those, and those false plea-sures which
from love es-trange, es-trange, Love is, love is dis-dain-ed when it
ver shall ob-tain, ob-tain, The end-less, end-less work of Si-sy-
did yield to love, to love, You woods, you woods in whom dear lo-

hermit's life I led, I led, And those false plea-sures
heart from love es-trange, es-trange, Love is dis-dained when
ne-ver shall ob-tain, ob-tain, The end-less work of Si-
hearts did yield to love, to love, You woods in whom dear
which I once ad - mired, With sad re - mem - brance of my
It doth look at kings, And love, lo, pla - ced base and
Sisy-phus you pro - cure, Whose end is this: to know you
lo - vers oft have talked, How do you now a place of

I once ad - mired, With sad re - mem - brance of my
doth look at_ kings, And love, lo, pla - ced base and
phus you pro - cure, Whose end is this: to know you
vers oft have_ talked, How do you now a place of

which I once ad - mired, With sad re - mem - brance of my fall,
it doth look at kings, And love, lo, pla - ced base and apt,
sisy-phus you pro - cure, Whose end is this: to know you
lo - vers oft have talked, How do you now a place of

fall, my fall I dread, To birds, to
apt, and apt to change: Their power doth
strive, you strive in vain, Hope and de -
mourn - ing, mourn - ing prove, Wan - stead, my

fall, my fall I dread, To birds, to
apt, and apt to change: Their power doth take
strive, you strive in vain, Hope and de - sire
mourn - ing, of mourn - ing prove, Wan - stead, My Mis -

fall, my fall I dread, To birds, to
trees,
apt, and apt to change: Their power doth take
you strive in vain, Hope and de - sire
ing, of mourning prove, Wan - stead, my mis -

James Gibb editions 3
O sweet woods - Dowland
trees, to earth, impart I this, For she less take from him his liberty, Her want of sire which now your idols be, Your needs must mis-tress' faith, this is the doom, Thou art love's

O sweet woods - Dowland