

# O sweet woods!

John Dowland

5

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

10

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,

15

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

20

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

25

30

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 liber-  
 strive, you strive in vain. Hope and desire, which now your idols  
 place of mourning prove? Wan-stead, my mistress saith this is - the

35

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.