O Sweet woods, the delight of solitariness

#10 from The Second Book of Songs or Ayres

John Dowland

Cantus: O Sweet woods, the de - light of so - li - ta-ri-ness, O how

Altus: O Sweet woods, the de-light of so - li - ta-ri-ness, O how

Tenor: O Sweet woods, the de - light of so - li - ta-ri-ness, O how much

Bassus: O how much do I

Cantus (m. 6): much do I love your so-li - ta - ri - ness.
From fame's de - sire, from
Ex - per-ience which re-
You men that give false
You woods, in you the

Altus (m. 6): much do I love your so-li - ta - ri - ness.
From fame's de - sire, from
Ex - per-ience which re-
You men that give false
You woods, in you the

Tenor (m. 6): do I love your so-li-ta-ri - ness.
From fame's de - sire, from
Ex - per-ience which re-
You men that give false
You woods, in you the

Bassus (m. 6): love your so - li - ta - ri - ness.
From fame's de - sire, from
Ex - per-ience which re-
You men that give false
You woods, in you the

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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

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

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

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

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Her - mit's life I led, And those false
heart from love es - trange, Love is dis-
ne - ver shall ob - tain, The end - less
hearts did yield to Love, You woods in

- mit's life I led, I led, And those, and those
from love es - trange, es - trange, Love is, Love is dis-
- ver shall ob - tain, ob - tain, The end - less, end - less
did yield to Love, to Love, You woods, you woods

Her - mit's life I led, I led, And
heart from love es - trange, es - trange, Love
ne - ver shall ob - tain, ob - tain, The
hearts did yield to Love, to Love, You

Her - mit's life I led, I led, And those false
heart from love es - trange, es - trange, Love is dis-
ne - ver shall ob - tain, ob - tain, The end - less
hearts did yield to Love, to Love, You woods in

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(Soprano)
- plea - sures which I once ad - mired, With sad re - mem-
- dained when it doth look at Kings, And love, lo, pla-
- work of Sisy-phus you pro - cure, Whose end is this:
- whom dear lo - vers oft have talked, How do you now

(Alto)
- false plea - sures which I once ad - mired, With sad re - mem-
- dain - ed when it doth look at Kings, And love, lo, pla-
- work of Si - sy - phus you pro - cure, Whose end is this:
- in whom dear lo - vers oft have talked, How do you now

(Tenor)
- those false plea - sures which I once ad - mired, With sad re - mem-brance
- is dis-dained when it doth look at Kings, And love, lo, pla - ced
- end - less work of Sisy-phus you pro - cure, Whose end is this: to
- woods in whom dear lo - vers oft have talked, How do you now a

(Bass)
- plea - sures which I once ad - mired, With sad re - mem-
- dain - ed when it doth look at Kings, And love, lo, pla-
- work of Si - sy - phus you pro - cure, Whose end is this:
- whom dear lo - vers oft have talked, How do you now

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(Soprano)
- brance of my fall, my fall I dread, To
- ced base and apt, and apt to change: Their
- to know you strive, you strive in vain, Hope
- a place of mourn - ing, mourn - ing prove, Wan-

(Alto)
- brance of my fall, my fall I dread, To birds,
- ced base and apt, and apt to change: Their power
- to know you strive, you strive in vain, Hope and
- a place of mourn-ing, of mourn-ing prove, Wan - stead,

(Tenor)
- of my fall, my fall I dread, To birds,
- base and apt, and apt to change: Their power
- know you strive, you strive in vain, Hope and
- place of mourn - ing, mourn - ing prove, Wan - stead,

(Bass)
- brance of my fall, my fall I dread, To birds,
- ced base and apt, and apt to change: Their power
- to know you strive, you strive in vain, Hope and
- a place of mourn - - ing, mourn-ing prove, Wan - stead,

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birds, to trees, to earth, im part I this, For
power doth take from him his li - ber - ty, Her
and de - sire which now your I - dols be, Your
- stead, My Mis - tress' faith, this is the doom, Thou

to trees, to earth, to earth im part I this, For
doth take from him, from him his li - ber - ty, Her
de - sire which now, which now your I - dols be, Your
My Mis - tress' faith, of faith, this is the doom, Thou

to trees, to earth, to earth im part I this, For
doth take from him, from him his li - ber - ty, Her
de - sire which now, which now your I - dols be, Your
My Mis - tress' faith, of faith this is the doom, Thou

to trees, to earth, to earth im part I this, For
doth take from him, from him his li - ber - ty, Her
de - sire which now, which now your I - dols be, Your
My Mis - tress' faith, of faith this is the doom, Thou

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she less sec - ret, and as sense - less is.
want of worth make him in cra - dle die.
needs must loose and feel des - pair with me.
art love's Child - bed, Nur - ser - y and Tomb.

she less sec - ret, and as sense - less is.
want of worth make him in cra - dle die.
needs must loose and feel des - pair with me.
art love's Child - bed, Nur - ser - y and Tomb.

she less sec - ret, and as sense - less sense - less is.
want of worth make him in cra - dle, cra - dle die.
needs must loose and feel des - pair, des - pair with me.
art love's Child - bed, Nur - ser - y, Nur - ser - y and Tomb.

she less sec - ret, and as sense - less is. To
want of worth make him in cra - dle die. Their
needs must loose and feel des - pair with me. Hope
art love's Child - bed, Nur - ser - y and Tomb. Wan-

1.

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2. *D.C. al Fine*

To is.
Their die.
Hope me.
Wan- Tomb.

2. *D.C. al Fine*

To birds is.
Their power die.
Hope and me.
Wan - stead Tomb.

2. *D.C. al Fine*

To birds is.
Their power die.
Hope and me.
Wan - stead Tomb.

2. *D.C. al Fine*

birds is.
power die.
and me.
- stead Tomb.