

Arranged for Recorders

X. O sweet woods

John Dowland

S
O sweet woods the de-light of so-li-ta-ri-nesse, O how

A
O sweet woods sweet woods the de-light of So-li-ta-ri-nesse, O how

T
O sweet woods the de-light of so-li-ta-ri-nesse, O how much

B
O how much doe I

Lute

T
d c f d a c c c a d c a c f f e c e f c c c c

A
f f a f e a b c e d c

B
f e b c e c a c

6 8
much doe I love your so-li-ta-ri-nesse. From fames de-sire from loves de-light re-tir'd,

6
much doe I love your so-li-ta-ri-nesse. From fames de-sire, from loves de-light re-tyrde,

6
doe I love your so-li-ta-ri-nesse. From Fames de-sire, from loves de light re-tyrde,

6
love your so-li-ta-ri-nesse. From fames de-sire, from loves de light re-tirde,

6
a a a d a c c c a c c c a c d d c a c d c a c
a b f e f f e f e f d d b f f d b a c a c e e
c
a c

27 8

To birds, to trees, to earth, im - part I this, For

27 to birds, to trees, to earth, to earth im - part I this, for

27 to birds, to trees, to earth, to earth im - part I this, for

birds, to trees, to earth, to earth im - part I this, For

27 8

27

d c
a a d
d c d
e c c
a a a
a c d
a c d
c a
c c e
e e e
a c d c a
a c
c c
d d e
c c c

34 8

shee lesse se - cret, and as sence - lesse is. is.

34 shee lesse sec - ret and as sence - lesse is. is.

34 shee lesse se - cret and as sence - lesse sence - lesse is. is.

34 shee lesse se - cret and as sence - lesse is. to is.

34 8

34

c c a
d d d c d c a c a
f e e
e c c e
c c c
1. 2.
e f
e f
c c c
c c a

Experience which repentance onely brings,
Doth bid mee now my hart from love estrange,
Love is disdained when it doth looke at Kings,
And love loe placed base and apt to change:
Ther power doth take from him his liberty,
Hir want of worth makes him in cradell die.

O sweet woods, &c.
O how much, &c.

You men that give false worship unto Love,
And seeke that which you never shall obtaine,
The endless worke of Sisiphus you procure,
Whose end is this to know you strive in vaine,

Hope and desire which now your Idols bee,
You needs must loose and feele dispaire with mee.
O sweet woods, &c.
O how much, &c.

You woods in you the fairest Nimphs have walked,
Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love,
You woods in whom deere lovers oft have talked,
How doe you now a place of mourning prove,
Wansted my Mistres faith this is the doome,
Thou art loves Childbed, Nursery, and Tombe.

O sweet woods, &c.
O how much, etc.