

X. O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse

Cantus

John Dowland



1, after 4. O Sweet woods, the de-light of so-li-ta-ri-nesse, O how much doe I love your



so-li-ta-ri-nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re-
2. Ex- per-ience which re- pen-tance one- ly
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have



tir'd, In these sad groves an Her- mits life I led, And those false
brings, Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, Love is dis-
Love, And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob- taine, The end- lesse
walked, Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, You woods in



plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my
dained when it doth looke at Kings, And love loe plac- ed base and
worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure, Whose end is this to know you
whom deere lo- vers oft have talked, How doe you now a place of



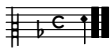
fall, my fall I dread, To birds, to trees, to earth, im- part I
apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take from him his li- ber-
strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire which now your I- dols
mourn- ing, mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis- tres faith this is the

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1. 2.

this, For shee lesse se- cret, and as sence-lesse is. To is.
 ty, Hir want of worth make him in cra- dell die. Ther die.
 bee, You needs must loose and feele dis-paire with mee. Hope mee.
 doome, Thou art loves Child- bed, Nur-ser- y, and Tombe. Wan-Tombe.

⁵ Original has a fermata, which does not appear in the other parts.



X. O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse

Altus.

John Dowland



1, after 4. O Sweet woods, the de-light of so-li-ta-ri-nesse, O how



much doe I love your so-li-ta-ri-nesse.

1. From fames de-sire, from
2. Ex-per-i-ence which re-
3. You men that give false
4. You woods in you the



loves de-light re-tir'd, In these sad groves an Her-mits life I
pen-tance one-ly brings, Doth bid mee now my hart from love es-
wor-ship un-to Love, And seeke that which you ne-ver shall ob-
fair-est Nimphs have walked, Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to



led, I led, And those, And those false plea-sures which I once ad-
trange, es-trange, Love is, Love is dis-dained when it doth looke at
taine, ob-taine, The end-lesse, end-lesse worke of Si-si-phas you pro-
Love, to Love, You woods, You woods in whom deere lo-vers oft have



mir'd, With sad re-mem-brance of my fall, my fall, I dread,
Kings, And love loe plac-ed base and apt, and apt to change:
cure, Whose end is this to know you strive, you strive in vaine,
talked, How doe you now a place of mourn-ing, of mourn-ing prove,



To birds, to trees, to earth, to earth, im-part I this, For
Ther power doth take from him, from him his li-ber-ty, Hir
Hope and de-sire which now, which now your I-dols bee, You
Wan-sted my Mis-tres faith, tres faith this is the doome, Thou



shee lesse se-cret, and as sence-lesse is. To birds, is.
want of worth make him in cra-dell die. ther power die.
needs must loose and feele dis-paire with mee. Hope and mee.
art loves Child-bed, Nur-ser-y, and Tombe. Wan-sted Tombe.

⁰The original has a Meter change to C— here only in this part.



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Tenor

John Dowland



1, after 4. O Sweet woods, the de- light of so- li- ta- ri- nesse, O how much doe I love your



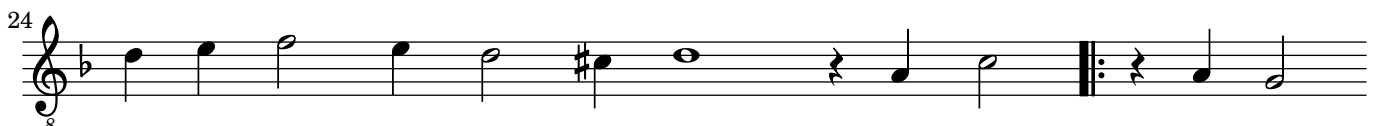
so- li- ta- ri- nesse.	1. From fames de- sire,	from loves de- light re-
	2. Ex- per- ience which	re- pen- tance one- ly
	3. You men that give	false wor- ship un- to
	4. You woods in you	the fair- est Nimphs have



tir'd,	In these sad groves an Her- mits life I led,	I led,	And
brings,	Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, es-	trange,	Love
Love,	And seeke that shich ou ne- ver shall ob- taine, ob-	taine,	The
walked,	Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, to	Love,	You



those false plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd,	With sad re- mem- brance
is dis- dained when it doth looke at Kings,	And love loe plac- ed
end- lesse worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure,	Whose end is this to
woods in whom deere lo- vers oft have talked,	How doe you now a



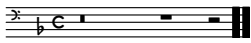
of my fall, my fall, I dread,	To birds,	to trees,
base and apt, and apt to change:	Ther power	doth take
know you strive, you strive in vaine,	Hope and	de- sire
place of mourn- ing, mourn- ing prove,	Wan- sted	my Mis-

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to earth, to earth, im- part I this, For shee lesse
 from him, from him his li- ber- ty, Hir want of
 which now, which now your I- dols bee, You needs must
 tres faith, of faith this is the doome, Thou art loves

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se- cret, and as sence- lesse, sence-lesse is. To birds, is.
 worth make him in cra- dell, cra- dell die. Ther power die.
 loose and feele dis- paire, dis- paire with mee. Hope and mee.
 Child- bed, Nur- ser- y, Nur- ser- y and Tombe. Wan- sted Tombe.



X. O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse

Basso.

John Dowland



1, after 4. O how much doe I love your so- li- ta- ri-



nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd,
2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly brings,
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to Love,
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have walked,



In these sad groves an Her- mits life I led, I led, And those false
 Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, es- trange, Love is dis-
 And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob- taine, ob- taine, The end- lesse
 Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, to Love, You woods in



plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my
 dain- ed when it doth looke at Kings, And love loe plac- ed base and
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 ty, Hir want of worth make him in cra- dell die. Ther power die.
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² facsimile looks like a half note but may be a misprinting rather than an error.