

O sweet woods! (O ihr süßen Wälder! [Einsamkeit])

Text: Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586)

John Dowland (* 1563; † 1626)

Aus 'The second book of songs or ayres' [1600], No. 10.

1 (♩ = 69)

Sopran
[Canto]

[1.- 5.] O sweet woods, the de-light of so-li-ta-ri-ness!

Alt
[Alto]

[1.- 5.] O sweet woods, sweet— woods! The de-light of so-li-ta-ri-ness!

Tenor
[Tenore]

[1.- 5.] O sweet woods! The de-light of so-li-ta-ri-ness!

Bass
[Basso]

[1.- 5.] O

5

Fine

S. O how much do I love your so - li - ta - ri - ness!

A. O how much do I love your so li - ta - ri - ness!

T. O how m ri - ness!

B. how much ri - ness!

musicalion
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9

S.

1. From fame's de - sire, from love's de - light re tired,
 2. Ex - pe - ri - ence which re - pen - tance just brings,
 3. You men that give false wor - ship un - to love,
 4. You woods, in you the fai - rest Nymphs have walked:

A.

1. From fame's de - sire, from love's de - light re tired,
 2. Ex - pe - ri - ence which re - pen - tance just brings,
 3. You men that give false wor - ship un - to love,
 4. You woods, in you the fai - rest Nymphs have walked:

T.

1. From fame's de - sire, from love's de - light re tired,
 2. Ex - pe - ri - ence which re - pen - tance just brings,
 3. You men that give false wor - ship un - to love,
 4. You woods, in you the fai - rest Nymphs have walked:

B.

1. From fame's de - sire, from love's de - light re tired,
 2. Ex - pe - ri - ence which re - pen - tance just brings,
 3. You men that give false wor - ship un - to love,
 4. You woods, in you the fai - rest Nymphs have walked:

13

S. in these sad groves an her - mit's life I led:
doth bid me, now, my heart from love es - trange!
 and seek that which you ne - ver shall ob - tain;
Nymphs at whose sights all hearts did yield to love.

A. in these sad groves an her - mit's life I led, I led:
doth bid me, now, my heart from love es - trange, es - trange!
 and seek that which you ne - ver shall ob - tain, ob - tain;
Nymphs at whose sights all hearts did yield to love, to love.

T. in these sad groves an her - mit's life I led, I
doth bid me, now, my heart from love es - trange, es -
 and seek that which you ne - ver shall ob - tain, ob -
Nymphs at whose sights all hearts did yield to love, to

B. in these sad groves an her - mit's life I led, I led,
doth bid me, now, my heart from love es - trange, es - trange!
 and seek that which you ne - ver shall ob - tain, ob - tain;
Nymphs at whose sights all hearts did yield to love, to love.

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17

S. and those false plea - sures, which I once ad - mired,
Love is dis - dained when it doth look at Kings;
 the end - less work of Si - sy - phus you prove,
You woods, in whom dear lo - vers oft have talked,

A. and those, and those false plea - sures, which I once ad - mired,
Love is, love is dis - dained when it doth look at Kings;
 the end - the end - less work of Si - sy - phus you prove,
You woods, you woods, in whom dear lo - vers oft have talked,

T. led: and those false plea - sures, which I once ad - mired,
trange! Love is dis - dained when it doth look at Kings;
 tain; the end - less work of Si - sy - phus you prove,
love. You woods, in whom dear lo - vers oft have talked,

B. and those false plea - sures, which I once ad - mired,
Love is dis - dained when it doth look at Kings;
 the end - less work of Si - sy - phus you prove,
You woods, in whom dear lo - vers oft have talked,

21

S. with sad re - mem - brance of my fall, my fall, I
and love low pla - ced base and apt, and apt to
whose end is this to know you strive, you strive in
how do you know a place of prove, of mour - ning

A. with sad re - mem - brance of my fall, my fall I
and love low pla - ced base and apt, and apt to
whose end ist this to know you strive, you strive in
how do you know a place of prove, of mour - ning

T. with sad re - mem - brance of my fall, my fall, I
and love low pla - ced base and apt, and apt to
whose end is this to know you strive, you strive in
how do you know a place of prove, of mour - ning

B. with sad re - mem - brance of my fall, my fall, I
and love low pla - ced base and apt, and apt to
whose end is this to know you strive, you strive in
how do you know a place of prove, of mour - ning

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25

S. dread. change. vain. prove? To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from

A. dread. change. vain. prove? To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from

T. dread. change. vain. prove? To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from
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B. dread. change. vain. prove? To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from
To birds, There power doth take from him, from

29

S. earth im - part I this; for she less se - cret,
 him his li - ber ty, here want of worth makes
 now your i - dols be, you needs must lose, and
 saith this is the doom. Thou art love's child - bed,

A. earth im - part I this; for she less se - cret,
 him his li - ber ty, here want of worth makes
 now your i - dols be, you needs must lose, and
 saith this is the doom. Thou art love's child - bed,

T. earth, im - part I this; for she less se - cret, and
 him his li - ber ty, here want of worth makes him
 now your i - dols be, you needs must lose, and feel
 saith this is the doom. Thou art love's child - bed, nur -

B. earth, im - part I this; for she less se - cret,
 him his li - ber ty, here want of worth makes
 now your i - dols be, you needs must lose, and
 saith this is the doom. Thou art love's child - bed,

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35

S. and as sense - less is. To is.
 him in cra - dle die. There die.
 feel de - spair with me. Hope me.
 nur - ser y, and tomb. Wan - tomb.

A. — and as sense - less is. To birds, is.
 — him in cra - dle die. There power die.
 — feel de - spair with me. Hope and me.
 — nur - ser y, and tomb. Thou art tomb.

T. as sense - less, sense - less is. To birds, is.
 in cra - dle, cra - dle die. There power die.
 de - spair, de - spair with me. Hope and me.
 ser - y, nur - ser y, and tomb. Thou art tomb.

B. and as sense - less is. To birds, is.
 him in cra - dle die. There power die.
 feel de - spair with me. Hope and me.
 nur - ser y, and tomb. Thou art tomb.

D.C. al Fine

5.

1.]

O sweet woods! The delight of solitariness!
O how much do I love your solitariness!
From Fame's desire,
from Love's delight retired,
In these sad groves an hermit's life I lead:
And those false pleasures, which I once admired,
With sad remembrance of my fall, I dread.
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this;
For she less secret, and as senseless is.

2.]

O sweet woods! the delight of solitariness!
O how much do I love your solitariness!
Experience which repentance only brings,
Doth bid me, now, my heart from Love estrange!
Love is disdained when it doth look at Kings;
And Love low placed base and apt to change.
There Power doth take from him his liberty,
Here Want of Worth makes him in needle die

3.]

O sweet woods! the delight
O how much do I love your
You men that give false worst;
And seek that which you never shall obtain;
The endless work of Sisypheus you prove,
Whose end is this, to know you strive in vain.
Hope and Desire, which now your idols be,
You needs must lose, and feel Despair with me.

4.]

O sweet woods! the delight of solitariness!
O how much do I love your solitariness!
You woods, in you the fairest Nymphs have walked:
Nymphs at whose sights all hearts did yield to love.
You woods, in whom dear lovers oft have talked,
How do you now a place of mourning prove?
Wanstead! my Mistress saith this is the doom.
Thou art love's child-bed, nursery, and tomb.

5.]

O sweet woods! the delight of solitariness!
O how much do I love your solitariness!

1.]

O ihr süßen Wälder! Die Freude der Einsamkeit!
O wie so sehr liebe ich eure Einsamkeit!
Vom Ruhmesstreben,
von den Freuden der Liebe entzogen,
führe ich in diesen betrübten Hainen ein Einsiedlerleben:
Und jene falschen Freuden, die ich einst schätzte,
fürchte ich mit trauriger Erinnerung an meinen Untergang.
Den Vögeln, den Bäumen, der Erde gebe ich dies weiter;
denn es ist weniger geheimnisvoll wie sinnlos.

2.]

O ihr süßen Wälder! Die Freude der Einsamkeit!
O wie so sehr liebe ich eure Einsamkeit!
Die Erfahrung, die nur Reue bringt,
gebietet mir jetzt, mein Herz von Liebe zu lösen!
Die Liebe wird verachtet, wenn sie auf Könige blickt;
und diese Liebe ist niedrig und wankelmütig.
Dort nimmt ihm die Macht seine Freiheit,
hier blickt ihn der Wertemangel in der Wiege sterben.

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der Einsamkeit!

samkeit!

falsch einschätzt

und nach dem strebt, was ihr niemals erreichen werdet;
ihr stellt euch dar als das endlose Werk des Sisypheus,
dessen Ende es ist, zu erkennen, dass ihr umsonst strebt.
Hoffnung und Sehnsucht, die nun eure Götzen sind,
müsst ihr verlieren und mit mir die Verzweiflung fühlen.

4.]

O ihr süßen Wälder! Die Freude der Einsamkeit!
O wie so sehr liebe ich eure Einsamkeit!
Ihr Wälder, in euch die schönsten Nymphen wandelten:
solche, bei deren Anblick alle Herzen der Liebe erlagen.
Ihr Wälder, in denen innig Liebende oft plauderten,
wie werdet ihr euch nun als ein Ort der Trauer bewähren?
Wälder v. Wanstead! Meine Herrin sagt, dies sei das Unheil.
Ihr seid der Liebe Kinderbett, Aufwuchsort und Grab.

5.]

O ihr süßen Wälder! Die Wonne der Einsamkeit!
O wie so sehr liebe ich eure Einsamkeit!

Typ: Digitale Noten zum Download

Titel: [O sweet woods! \(O ihr süßen Wälder! \[Einsamkeit\]\)](#)

Komponist: [John Dowland](#)

Epoche: Renaissance

Thema: Liebe

Reihe/Zyklus: Lieder (weltlich)

Schwierigkeit: Mittel

Instrumentierung Gruppe: Gemischter Chor a cappella

Arrangement: Chor>SATB

Instrumentierung: Gesang Chor>Alt-Stimmen = A(1), Gesang Chor>Bass-Stimmen = B (1), Gesang Chor>Sopran-Stimmen = S(1), Gesang Chor>Tenor-Stimmen = T(1)

Eine Generalabrechnung mit der Erfahrung einer unglücklichen Liebe beinhaltet der Song, vertont für 4-stimmigen gemischten Chor [SATB]; Text: Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586); aus 'The second book of Songs or Ayres' [1600], No. 10. Hinweis: Eine Textübersetzung in deutsche Sprache ist am Ende der Partitur platziert.