

O solitude (Am)

1st and last stanzas of a poem by Katherine Phillips Henry Purcell

O sol-i-tude, my sweet-est choice!

O sol-i-tude O sol-i-tude my sweet-est sweet-est

choice! Pla-ces de-vo-ted to the sight Re-mote from tu-mult and from

noise, How ye my rest-less thoughts de-light! O sol-

i-tude, O sol-i-tude, my sweet-est, sweet-est choice!

O heav'ns! What con-tent is mine, To see these trees, which have ap-

pear'd From the na-ti-vi-ty of time, And which all a-ges have re-ver'd, To

look to-day as fresh and green, To look to-day as fresh and green As

when their beau- ties first were seen. O, O, how a-

75 *a*

gree- a- ble a sight These hang- ing moun- tains do ap- pear, Which th'un-

80 *a*

hap- py would in- vite To fi- nish all their sor- rows here, When their hard, their hard

85 *a*

fate makes them en- dure such woes, such woes as on- ly death

90 *a* 95

can cure. O, O, how I sol- i- tude a- dore! O,

110

115

O, how I sol- i- tude a- dore! That el- e- ment of

120

125

no- blest wit, Where I have learnt, where I have learnt A- pol- lo's lore,

130

With- out the pains, the pains to stu- dy it. For thy sake I in

135 140

love am grown With what thy fan- cy, thy fan- cy does pur- sue; But when I think up-

145

145 150

on my own, I hate it, I hate it for that rea- son too, Be- cause it

155

155 160

needs must hin- der me From see- ing, from see- ing and from serv- ing thee.

165

165 170

O sol- i- tude, O how I sol- i- tude a- dore!

170