

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

60
which all a- ges have re- ver'd, To look to- day as fresh and green, To look to- day as

65 70
fresh and green As when their beau- ties first were seen. O,

75
O, how a- gree- a- ble a sight These hang- ing moun- tains do ap- pear,

80
Which th'un- hap- py would in- vite To fi- nish all their sor- rows here,

85 90
When their hard, their hard fate makes them en- dure such woes,

95 100
such woes as on- ly death can cure. O, O, how

105 110
I sol- i- tude a- dore! O, O, how I sol- i- tude a-

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120

dore! That el- e- ment of no- blest wit, Where I have learnt,

125

where I have learnt A- pol- lo's lore, With- out the pains, the pains

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135

to stu- dy it. For thy sake I in love am grown With what thy

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fan- cy, thy fan- cy does pur- sue; But when I think up- on my own, I hate

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150

it, I hate it for that rea- son too, Be- cause it needs must hin- der me

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From see- ing, from see- ing and from serv- ing thee. O sol-

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170

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