

# O solitude (Am)

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

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

15

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

20 25

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

30 35

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

40 45

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

45

50

O heav'n's! What content is mine, To see these trees, which have ap-

g b r e r a r a e d r a e f d a r a a e

r e a e r e e e e r r e a r e

55

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

r a r r r b r a r r d a r r a r d

a a a d d r a d r d a r d r r a r d

a e r e r r e a r e a e e

60

65

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

r r b r r e r b r a a

d d r d a r d r d r b r a a r

r e r r e a r e a e

70

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

d r e r a d r d r a d r a r d r d r a d r

r d e r e e a d a d r a a a d r d r a d r

r e e r r e a r e e r e a

75

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

r r f p r a r d a r d r a d r

d d a r r d r a d r r a d r

r e a r e a e r e e

80

85

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

90

95

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

100

105

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,

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

135

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

140

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

145

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

155

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

165