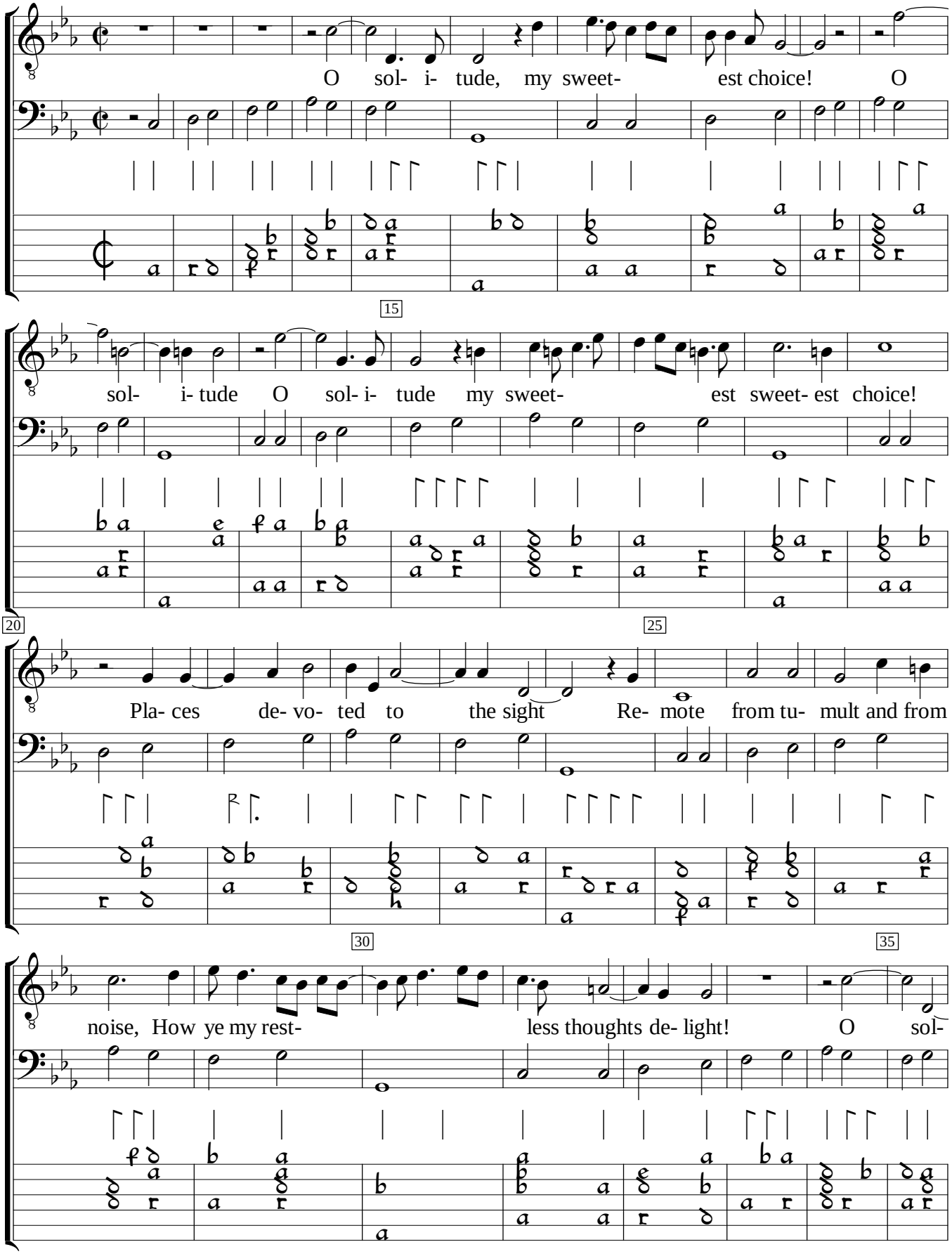
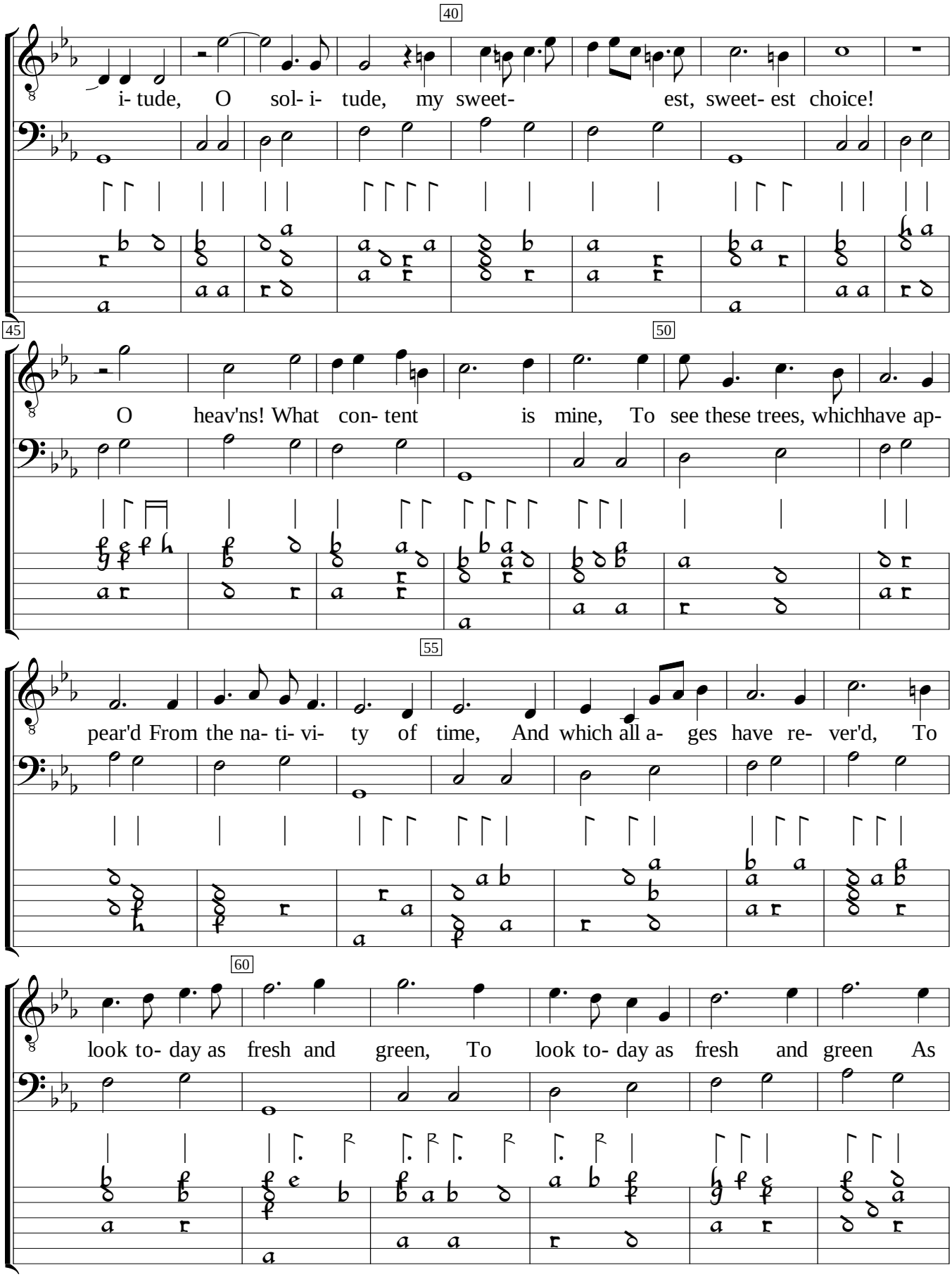
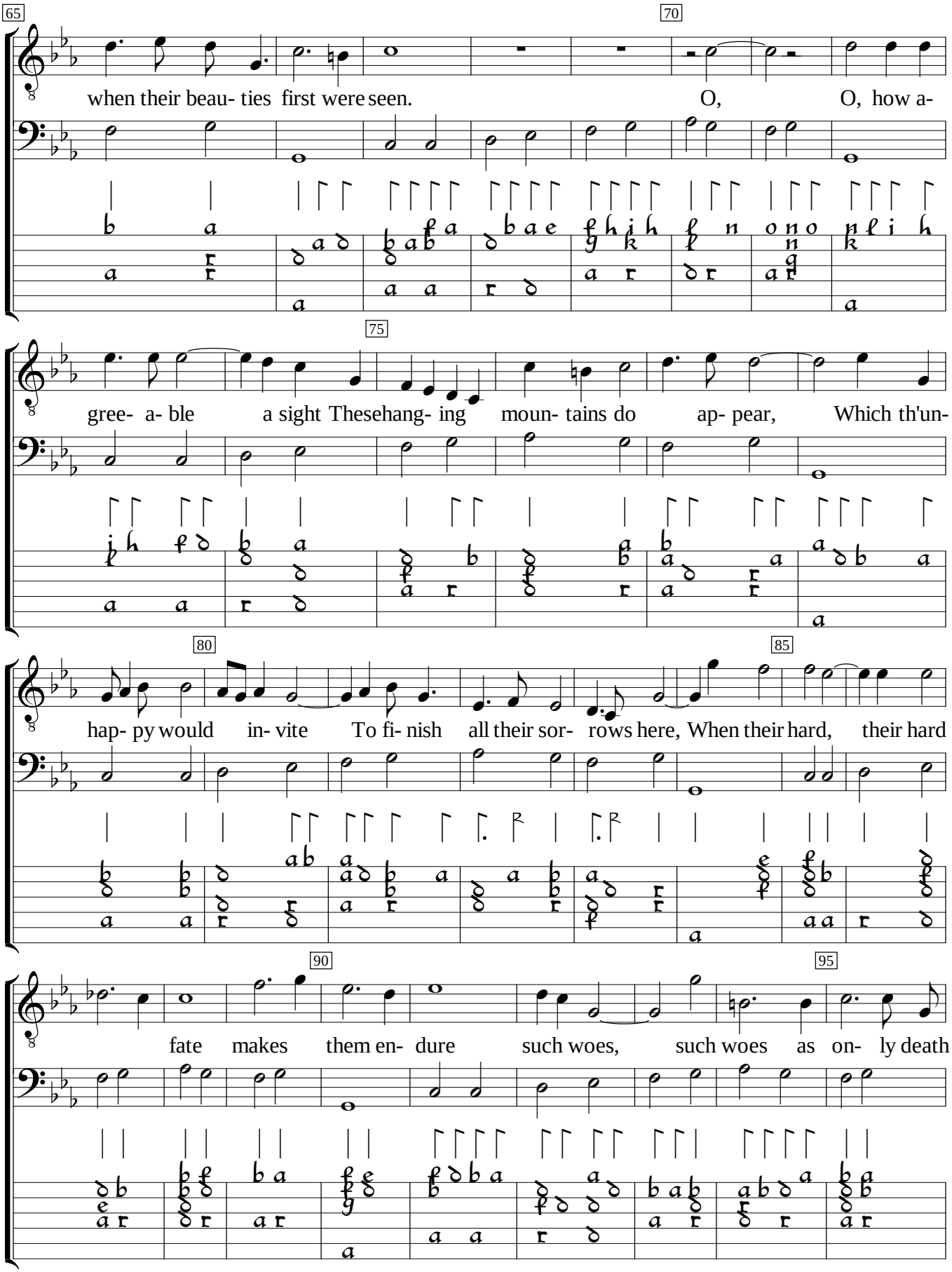
O solitude (Cm)

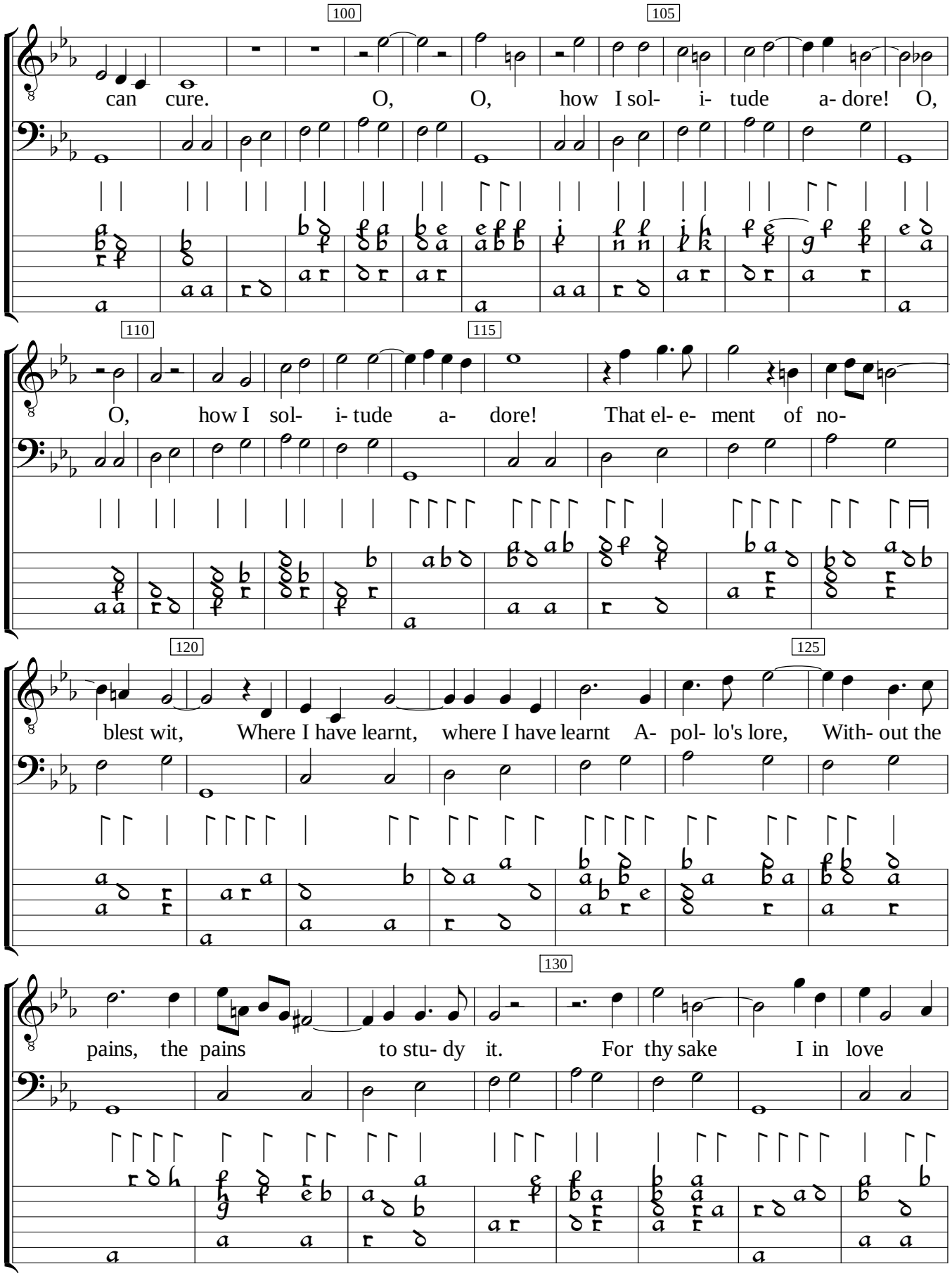
1st and last stanzas of a poem by Katherine Phillips Henry Purcell

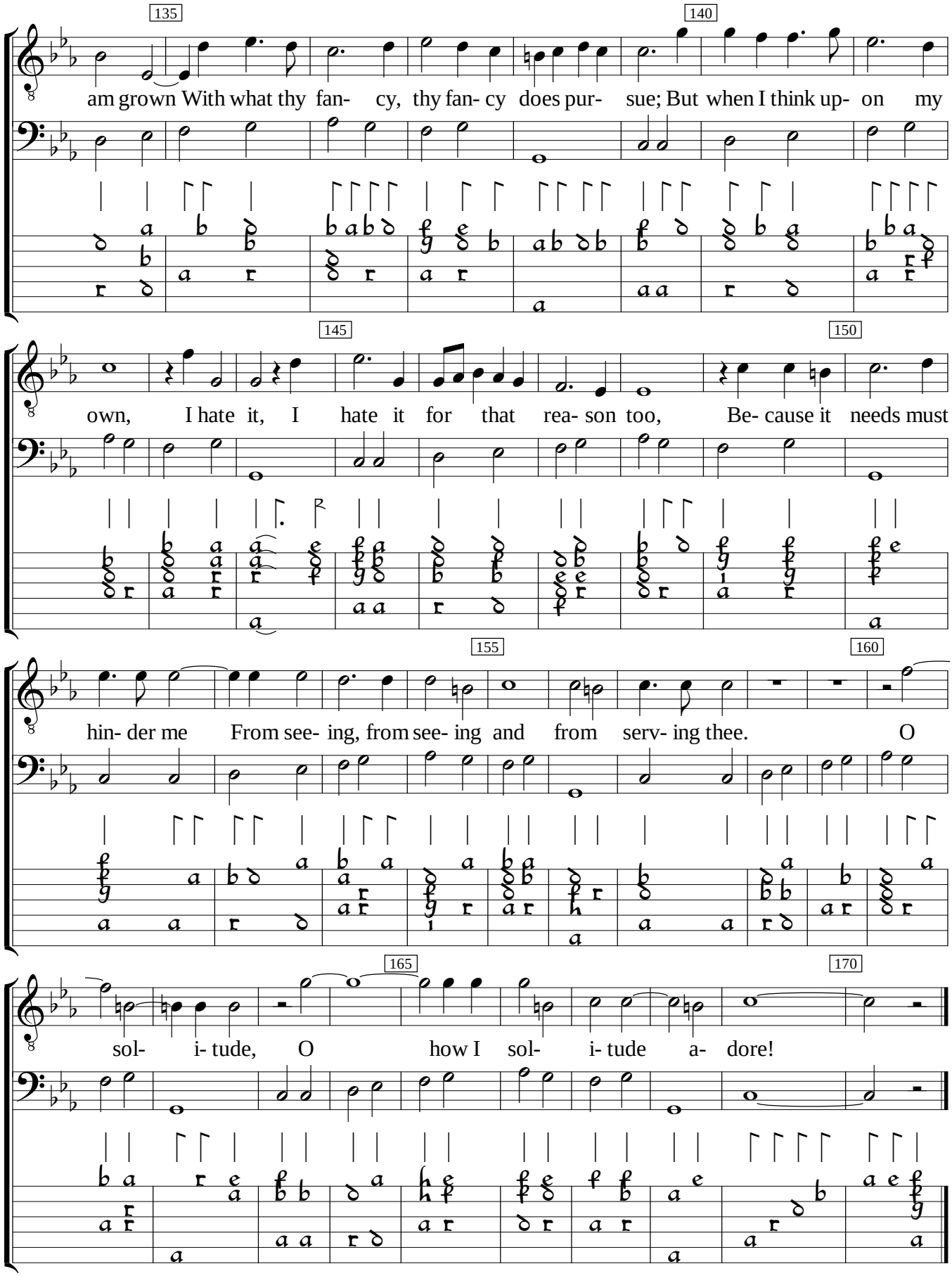


Z406 (1687), %2. Encoded and edited by Sarge Gerbode.


40
i- tude, O sol- i- tude, my sweet- est, sweet- est choice!
45
O heav'ns! What con- tent is mine, To see these trees, whichhave ap-
50
pear'd From the na- ti- vi- ty of time, And which all a- ges have re- ver'd, To
55
look to- day as fresh and green, To look to- day as fresh and green As
60


65
when their beau- ties first were seen.
70
O, O, how a-
75
gree- a- ble a sight Thesehang- ing moun- tains do ap- pear, Which th'un-
80
hap- py would in- vite To fi- nish all their sor- rows here, When their hard, their hard
85
90
fate makes them en- dure such woes, such woes as on- ly death
95


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 no-
120
125
blest wit, Where I have learnt, where I have learnt A- pol- lo's lore, With- out the
130
pains, the pains to stu- dy it. For thy sake I in love


135
140
am grown With what thy fan- cy, thy fan- cy does pur- sue; But when I think up- on my
145
150
own, I hate it, I hate it for that rea- son too, Be- cause it needs must
155
160
hin- der me From see- ing, from see- ing and from serv- ing thee. O
165
170
sol- i- tude, O how I sol- i- tude a- dore!