

# O solitude (Cm)

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

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

15

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

20

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

25

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

35

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

40

45

50

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

55

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

60

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

65

70

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

75

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

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 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 study it. For thy sake I in love

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

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

135 140

am grown With what thy fancy, thy fancy does pursue; But when I think upon my

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

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

145 150

own, I hate it, I hate it for that reason too, Because it needs must

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

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

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

155 160

hinder me From seeing, from seeing and from serving thee. O

f g a b d a b a d d a b b d d b a b a

a a r d a r g r a r h r b b b a r d a r d r

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

165 170

solitude, O how I solitude adore!

b a r e f b d a h e f e f f a e

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

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