

O solitude (Gm)

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 25

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

30 35

ye my rest-less thoughts de-light! O sol-i-tude, O

a a

40 45

sol-i- tude, my sweet- est, sweet- est choice! O heav'n's! What

BII - - BIII

50

con- tent is mine, To see these trees, which have ap- pear'd From the na- ti- vi-

55 60

ty of time, And which all a- ges have re- ver'd, To look to- day as fresh and

65

green, To look to- day as fresh and green As when their beau- ties first were seen.

70 75

O, O, how agreeable a sight These hanging

1 b a b 4 e a a b a b a a a 1 b a 4 1 b a 3 1 b

2 r 3 d 2 r 1 b a 2 r 2 d 1 r a r b d b a 1 b 1 r 4 e 3 d 1 b

2 r 3 d a 2 r

a

80

moun- tains do ap- pear, Which th'unhap- py would in- vite To fi- nish

3 d 1 b 1 b a a a a a d b a a a d a b a a 4 d 1 b a

o e 2 r a r b r a a a r d a 2 r

a

85 90

all their sor- rows here, When their hard, their hard fate makes them en-

2 r a 1 b a a 1 b a 1 b b 4 d 2 r b b a a a e

3 d 2 r 4 f a r a r a 2 r 3 d 1 r a r

a

95 100

dure such woes, such woes as on- ly death can cure. O,

a d b a 1 b a BIII a e a b a b a r d a e a a b d a a

a a 2 r d a r d r a r e b e b b d a a

a a 2 r d a r d r a r a a r d a r d r

a

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

sol-i-tude a-dore! That el-e-ment of 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 love am grown

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

145 a 150

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

BII - -

145 155 160

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

BII - -

160 165 170

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

165 170