

# O solitude (Gm)

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

♩ = 66

5 10

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-mo-te 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

15 20 25 30 35 40 45

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 70

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

75 80

O, O, how a- gree- a- ble a sight These chang- ing

85 90

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

95 100



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,

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

BII - -

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

BII - -

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