

O solitude

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-

30 35

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

Handwritten notes: r b δ, b δ a, a δ r a, b a, a r, b a r, b h a, a, a a r δ, a, a a r δ

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

Handwritten notes: g f f h, b δ b a, b b a, b δ b, a, δ r, a r, δ r a, r r, b a δ, b δ b, a, δ r, a a r δ, a r

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

Handwritten notes: δ h, f h, r, r a, δ a b, δ b, b a a, a b, a, r, a r, δ r

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

Handwritten notes: b f, f e b, f a b δ, a b f, g f f, f δ a, a r, a a, r δ, a r, δ r

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

b a a d b a b a e f h i h f n o n o n l i h
 a r a a r d a r d r a r a

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

j h f d b a a b a a d b a
 a a r d a r d r a r a r a

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

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

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

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

100 105

can cure. O, O, how I sol-i-tude a-dore! O,

a b b f b a b e e f f j l l i h f e f f e d
 r f b a r d r a r a a r d a r d r a r
 a a a r d a a r d a a r d a r a r a

110 115

O, how I sol-i-tude a-dore! That el-e-ment of no-

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

120 125

blest wit, Where I have learnt, where I have learnt A-pol-lo's lore, With-out the

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

130

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

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

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!