

# O solitude

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

8

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

15

Detailed description: This system contains the first 15 measures of the piece. It features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the lute tablature is on a six-line staff below. The lyrics are 'O sol-i-tude, my sweet-est choice! O'. Measure numbers 8 and 15 are indicated in boxes.

8

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

20 25

Detailed description: This system contains measures 16 to 25. The melody continues with the lyrics 'sol-i-tude O sol-i-tude my sweet-est sweet-est choice!'. Measure numbers 20 and 25 are indicated in boxes.

8

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

30 35

Detailed description: This system contains measures 26 to 35. The melody continues with the lyrics 'Pla-ces de-vo-ted to the sight Re-mote from tu-mult and from'. Measure numbers 30 and 35 are indicated in boxes.

8

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

40

Detailed description: This system contains measures 36 to 40. The melody continues with the lyrics 'noise, How ye my rest-less thoughts de-light! O sol-'. Measure number 40 is indicated in a box.

8

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

Detailed description: This system contains the final measures of the piece. The melody concludes with the lyrics 'i-tude, O sol-i-tude, my sweet-est, sweet-est choice!'. Measure number 8 is indicated in a box.

45

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

50

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

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

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

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