Katherine Philips

O solitude

A song upon a ground

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
ed. S J Pirttijarvi

O solitude, my sweetest

choice, O solitude, O solitude, my

sweetest, sweetest choice: Places devoted to the

night, Remote from tumult and from noise, How ye my rest

less thoughts delight! O solitude, O
so li - tude, my sweet - est, sweet - est choice. O

heav'ns, what con tent - is mine, To see those trees which have ap pear'd From the na-

ti vi - ty of time, And which all a ges have re ver'd To look to day as fresh and
green, to look to day as fresh and green, As when their beau ties first were seen.

O, O, how a gree - a - ble - a sight These hang ing
moun tains do ap pear Which th'un hap - py would in - vite To fi nish all their sor - rows
here, When their hard, their hard, their hard

fate makes them en-

dure Such woes, such woes as only death can cure.

O! O! how I soli-
tude a-dore! O! O! how I soli-
tude a-dore! That ele-
ment of no-
blest wit, Where

I have learnt, where I have learnt Apol- lo's lore With-out the pains, the pains to
study it. For thy sake I in love am grown, With what thy

fan-cy, thy fan-cy does pursue; But when I think up-on my own, I

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

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

O solitude! O solitude I adore!