

# O solitude

transposé une 3<sup>e</sup> min ↓

Z. 406. Musique d'Henry Purcell (1659-1695) composée en 1684-85 sur un texte de Catherine Philips, grande poétesse anglaise du XVII<sup>ème</sup>, et qui traduit ici une élégie de l'auteur français De St-Amant.

Very slow

O so - li tude, my sweet ——— est

choice, O so - li - tude, O so - li tude, my

sweet ——— est, sweet - est choice: Pla - ces de - vo - ted — to the

night, re - mote from tu - mult and from noise, How ye my rest

— less thoughts de - light! O so - li - tude, O

so - li tude, my sweet est, sweet - est choice.

heav'ns, what con - tent is mine, To see those trees which have ap -

35

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

40

day as fresh and green, to look to - day as fresh and green, As when their beauties first were

45

seen. O, O, how a - gree - a - ble a

50

sight, These hang - ing - moun - tains do - ap - pear, Which th'un hap - py would - in

55

- vite To finish all their sorrows here, When their hard, their hard

60

fate makes them endure Such woes, such woes as on

+

65

ly death can cure. O! O!

70

how I so li-tude adore! O! O!

75

how I so li - tude a - dore ! That e - le ment of

80

no blest wit, Where I have learnt, where I have learnt A - pol - lo's lore With

85

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

90+

love am grown, With what thy fan - cy, thy fan - cy does - pur - sue; But when I

95

think up on my own, I hate it, I hate it, for \_\_\_ that \_ rea - son

100

too, be - cause it needs must hin - der me From see - ing, from see - ing, and \_

105

\_\_\_ from \_\_\_ ser - ving thee. O so - li - tude!

110

O! \_\_\_ how I so \_\_\_ li - tude a - dore!

O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
Places devoted to the night,  
Remote from tumult and from noise,  
How ye my restless thoughts delight!  
O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
O heav'ns! what content is mine  
To see these trees, which have appear'd  
From the nativity of time,  
And which all ages have rever'd,  
To look today as fresh and green  
As when their beauties first were seen.  
O, how agreeable a sight  
These hanging mountains do appear,  
Which th' unhappy would invite  
To finish all their sorrows here,  
When their hard fate makes them endure  
Such woes as only death can cure.  
O, how I solitude adore!  
That element of noblest wit,  
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,  
Without the pains to study it.  
For thy sake I in love am grown  
With what thy fancy does pursue;  
But when I think upon my own,  
I hate it for that reason too,  
Because it needs must hinder me  
From seeing and from serving thee.  
O solitude, O how I solitude adore!

Ah, solitude, de mes choix le plus exquis!  
Vous, endroits consacrés à la nuit  
Loin du tumulte et du vacarme,  
Quels délices y trouvent mes pensées agitées.  
Ah, solitude, le plus exquis de mes choix!  
Ciel! Combien je suis heureux  
De voir ces arbres, surgis  
Dès la nativité des temps  
Et vénérés dans tous les siècles,  
Aussi frais et verts aujourd'hui  
Qu'au premier jour de leur beauté.  
Ah, quel plaisir de voir  
Ces montagnes suspendues,  
Alors que les malheureux voudraient qu'elles viennent  
Mettre fin à toutes les douleurs qu'ils souffrent ici-bas,  
Quand leur destin les oblige à supporter  
Des malheurs tels que la mort seule y porte remède.  
Ah, à quel point j'adore la solitude!  
Cet aspect de l'intelligence la plus sublime  
Où j'ai appris les leçons d'Apollon  
Sans les efforts de l'apprentissage.  
A cause de toi je suis tombé amoureux  
De tout ce que poursuit ta fantaisie.  
Mais quand je pense à la mienne propre  
Je la hais pour la simple raison  
Qu'elle m'empêche inévitablement  
De te voir et de te servir.  
Ah, solitude! combien j'adore la solitude!