

O solitude

transposé une 3ce min ↓

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

Very slow

5

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

10 +

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

15

20

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

25

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

30

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

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 fi nish all their sor — rows here, When their hard, — their hard —

60

fate makes — them en - dure Such — woes, such woes as on —

+ 65

— ly death can — cure. O! O! —

70

how I so — li - tude — a - dore! 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!