

A Song on a Ground, the Words by Madam Phillips.

O H So-li-tude! my swee- test Choice! Oh

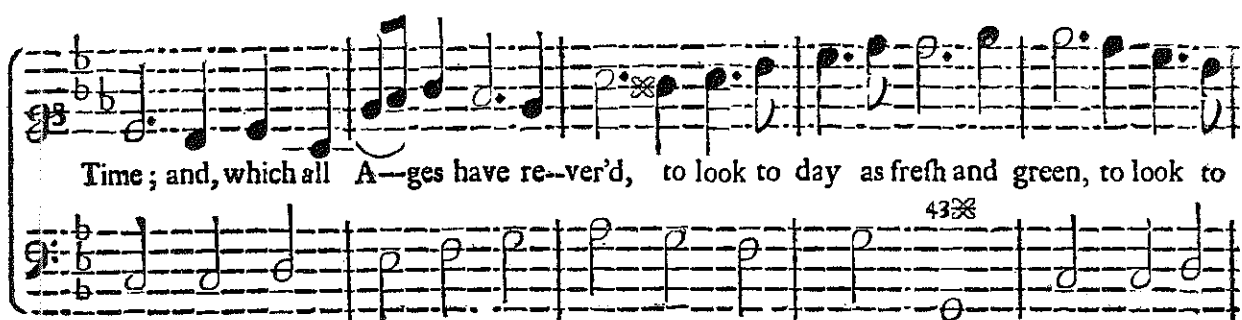
So-li-tude! Oh So-li-tude! my swee- test, sweetest Choice!

Places de-vo-ted to the Night, re-mo-re from Tumult, and from Noise, how ye my

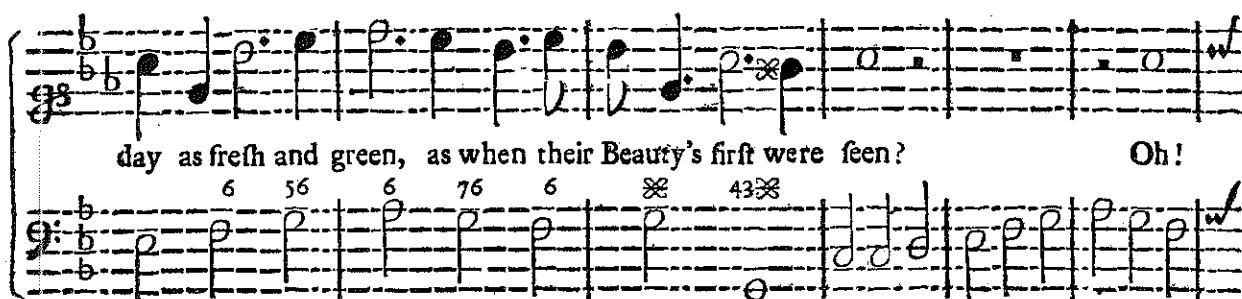
Rest- less Thoughts de-light! Oh So-li-tude! Oh So-li-

-tude! my swee- test, sweetest Choice! Oh Heavens! what Con-

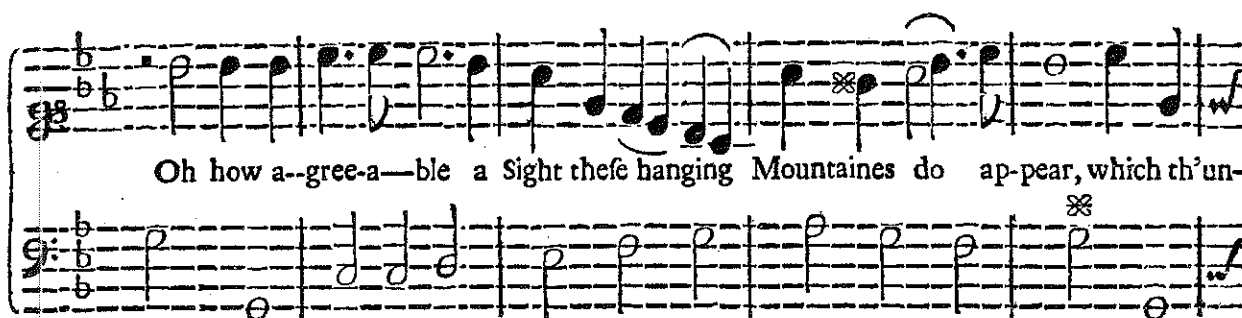
tent is mine, to see those Trees, which have appear'd, from the Na-ti-vi-ty of



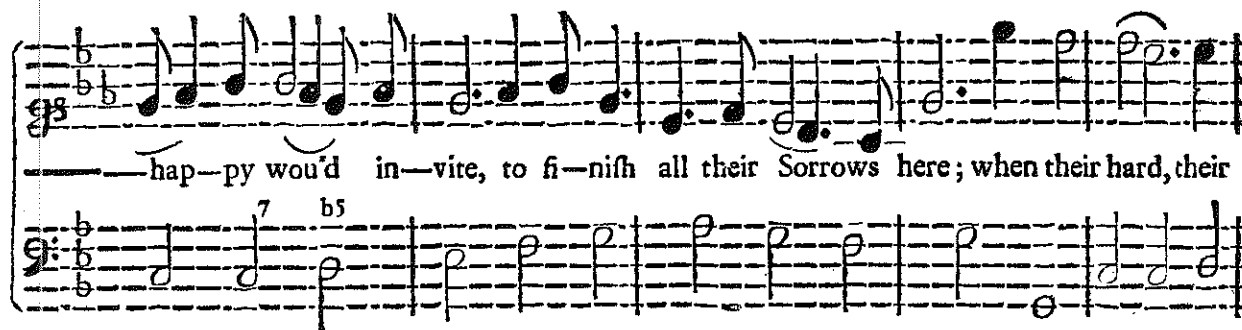
Time; and, which all A—ges have re-ver'd, to look to day as fresh and green, to look to



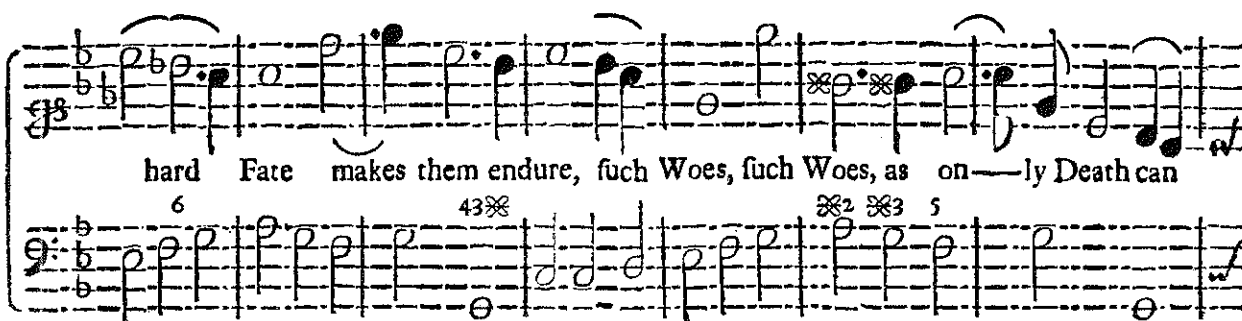
day as fresh and green, as when their Beauty's first were seen? Oh!



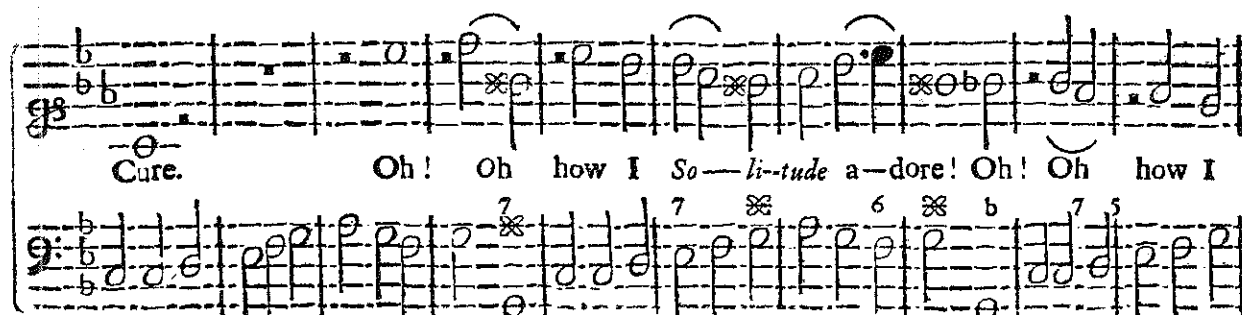
Oh how a-gree-a—ble a Sight these hanging Mountaines do ap-pear, which th'un-



—hap—py wou'd in—vite, to fi—nish all their Sorrows here; when their hard, their



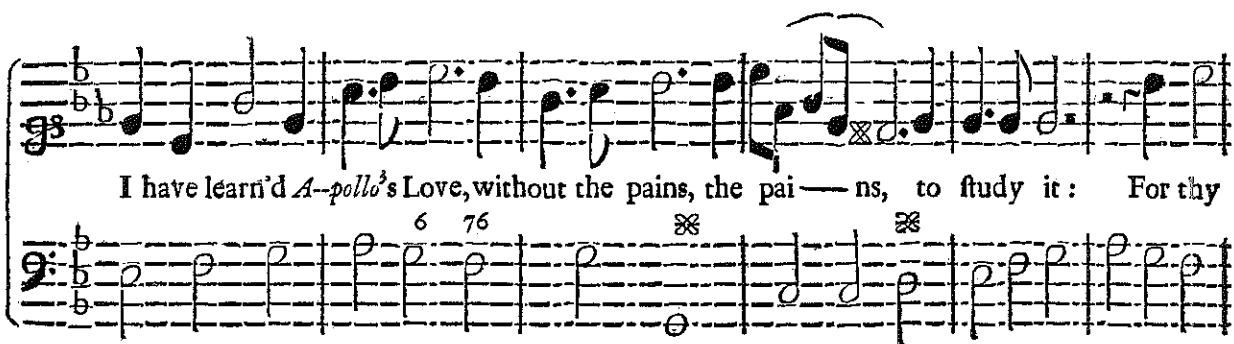
hard Fate makes them endure, such Woes, such Woes, as on—ly Death can



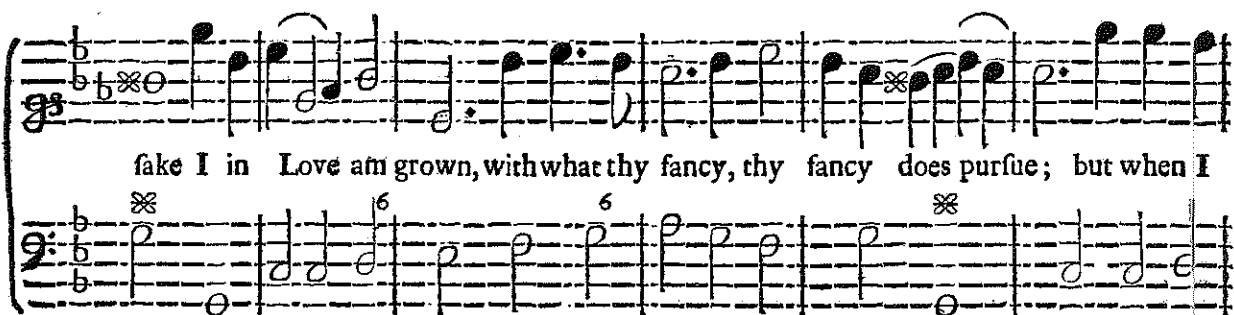
Cure. Oh! Oh how I So—li-tude a-dore! Oh! Oh how I



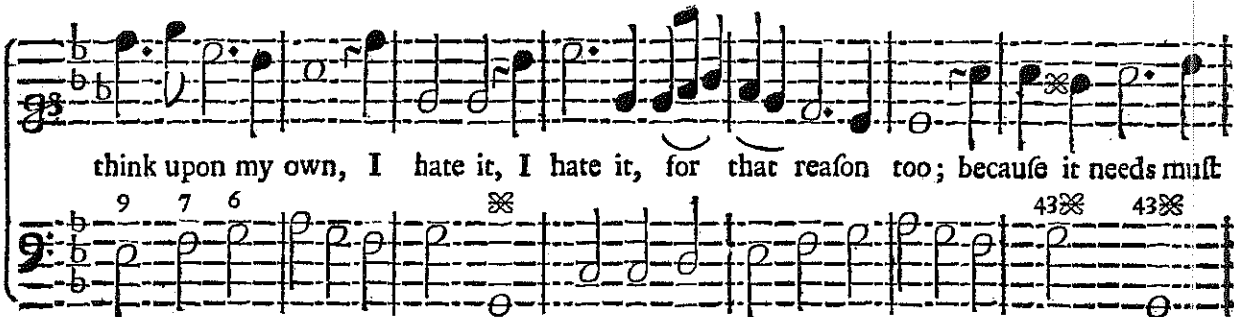
So—li—tude a—dore, that E—lement of no—blest Wit, where I have learn'd, where



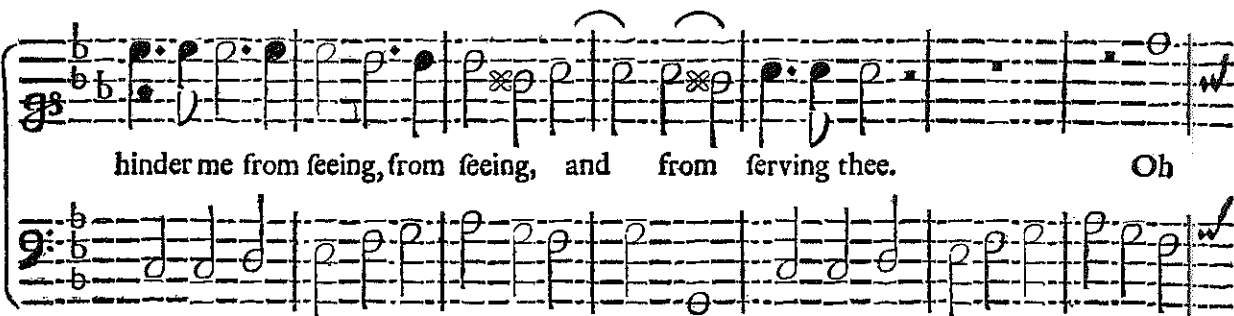
I have learn'd A—pollo's Love, without the pains, the pai—ns, to study it: For thy



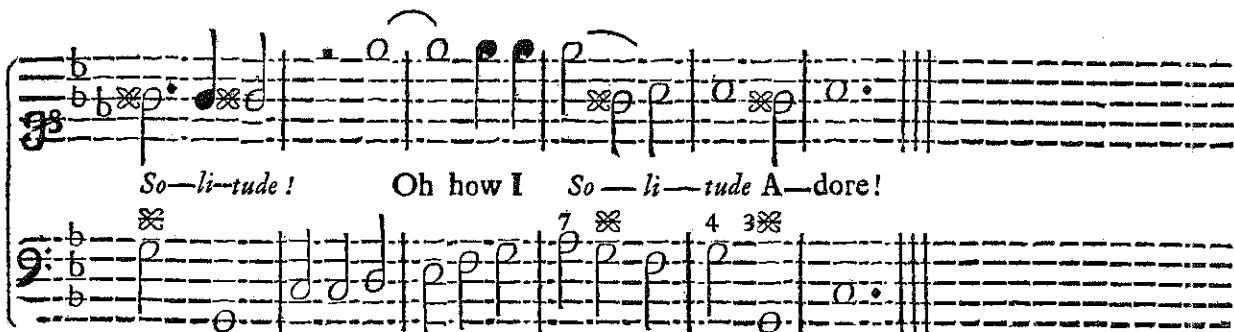
fake I in Love am grown, with what thy fancy, thy fancy does pursue; but when I



think upon 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. Oh



So—li—tude! Oh how I So—li—tude A—dore!