

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

O H So-li-tude! my fwee-est Choice! Oh

So-li-tude! Oh So-li-tude! my fwee-est, sweetest Choice!

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

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

-tude! my fwee-est, sweetest Choice! Oh Heavens! what Con-

tent is mine, to see thofe 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!