

Solitude

Transcribed from *The Massachusetts Harmony*, 1803.

5 10

Tr. 1. As on some lone - ly building's top, The spar - row tells her moan, Far from the tents of joy and hope _____ I
 2. My soul is like a wil - der - ness, Where beasts of mid - night howl; There the sad ra - ven finds her place, _____ And
 3. Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears, Dwell in my trou - bled breast; While sharp reproaches wound my ears, _____ Nor

C. Far from the tents of joy and hope, _____ I
 There the sad raven finds her place, _____ And
 While sharp reproaches wound my ears, _____ Nor

T. 1. As on some lone - ly building's top, The spar - row tells her moan, Far from the tents of joy and hope, Far from the tents of joy and hope _____ I
 2. My soul is like a wil - der - ness, Where beasts of mid - night howl; There the sad raven finds her place, There the sad raven finds her place _____ And
 3. Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears, Dwell in my trou - bled breast; While sharp reproaches wound my ears, While sharp reproaches wound my ears, _____ Nor

B. Far from the tents of joy and hope, Far from the tents of joy and hope _____ I
 There the sad raven finds her place, There the sad raven finds her place _____ And
 While sharp reproaches wound my ears, While sharp reproaches wound my ears, _____ Nor

15 20 2.

Tr. 1. sit and grieve alone, I sit and grieve a - lone.
 2. there the screaming owl, And there the screa - ming owl.
 3. give my spi - rit rest, Nor give my spi - rit rest.

C. 1. sit and grieve alone, I sit and grieve a - lone.
 2. there the screaming owl, And there the screa - ming owl.
 3. give my spi - rit rest, Nor give my spi - rit rest.

T. 1. sit and grieve alone, I sit and grieve a - lone.
 2. there the screaming owl, And there the screa - ming owl.
 3. give my spi - rit rest, Nor give my spi - rit rest.

B. 1. sit and grieve alone, I sit and grieve a - lone.
 2. there the screaming owl, And there the screa - ming owl.
 3. give my spi - rit rest, Nor give my spi - rit rest.

1. Far
2. There
3. While

- 4. Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face;
But answer, lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?
- 5. My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.
- 6. My spirits flag like with'ring grass
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
- 7. But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
- 8. Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long-expected day.
- 9. He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the pris'ners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.