

# Solitude

Transcribed from *The Massachusetts Harmony*, 1803.

Tr. 5 10  
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. 8  
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

Tr. 15 20 2.  
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.  
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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.