To hope

John Keats

Andante

Soprano

When by my sol - i - ta - ri hearth I sit And hateful thoughts en -...

Alto

When by my sol - i - ta - ri hearth I sit And hateful thoughts en -...

Tenor

When by my sol - i - ta - ri hearth I sit And hateful thoughts en -...

Bass

When by my sol - i - ta - ri hearth I sit And hateful thoughts en -...

wrap my soul in
gloom;
out the moon's bright
ray,
seize my care - less
heart;

When no fair
dreams be - fore my mind's eye
flit
Should sad Des - pon - den - cy my mus - ings fright,

When, like a
cloud, he sits u - pon the air,

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And the bare heath of life present no bloom  Sweet heart
And frowned, to drive fair Cheery-ness away  Peep with
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart: Chase him

And the bare heath of life present no bloom  Sweet heart
And frowned, to drive fair Cheery-ness away  Peep with
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart: Chase him

And the bare heath of life present no bloom  Sweet heart
And frowned, to drive fair Cheery-ness away  Peep with
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart: Chase him

Ethereal balm upon me shed And wave thy silver
moon beams through the lea-fy roof, And keep that fiend Despondence far a loof!
a-way, sweet Hope, with vis-age bright, And fright him as the morn-ing fright-ens night!

Ethereal balm upon me shed And wave thy silver
moon beams through the lea-fy roof, And keep that fiend Despondence far a loof!
a-way, sweet Hope, with vis-age bright, And fright him as the morn-ing fright-ens night!