

## **Ode on Solitude**

For Piccolo trumpet, high tenor voice, and piano 3'

## Commissioned by Pat Shaner (trumpet) for himself and his son, Hunter (tenor)

The text is from the poem Ode on Solitude by Alexander Pope

Happy the man, whose wish and care A few paternal acres bound, Content to breathe his native air, In his own ground.

Whose heards with milk, whose fields with bread, Whose flocks supply him with attire, Whose trees in summer yield him shade, In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find Hours, days, and years slide soft away, In health of body, peace of mind, Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and earlingether mixed; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which nost the please,
With medita on.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown; Thus unlame teo' a me die; Steal from the world, and not a stone Sell where I lie.

P ogram notes by the composer:

I found the text to be full of confidence, self fulfillment, and joy at being sol tary. Therefore, the tune is quite lively, very bold, and a little bit nuntsman", given Hunter's name, and the fact that Alexander Pope was an English 18th century poet.

Jim Stephenson, 2015

Score

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