To hope

John Keats

Soprano

Andante

When by my sol - i - ta - ri hearth I sit And hate-ful thoughts en -
When-e'er I wan - der, at the fall of night Where wo-ven boughs shut
Should Dis - ap - point - ment, pa - rent of Des - pair, Strive for her son to

Alto

mf

When by my sol - i - ta - ri hearth I sit And hate-ful thoughts en -
When-e'er I wan - der, at the fall of night Where wo-ven boughs shut
Should Dis - ap - point - ment, pa - rent of Des - pair, Strive for her son to

Tenor

mf

When by my sol - i - ta - ri hearth I sit And hate-ful thoughts en -
When-e'er I wan - der, at the fall of night Where wo-ven boughs shut
Should Dis - ap - point - ment, pa - rent of Des - pair, Strive for her son to

Bass

mf

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Should Dis - ap - point - ment, pa - rent of Des - pair, Strive for her son to

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wrap my soul in gloom; When no fair dreams before my mind’s eye flit
out the moon’s bright ray, Should sad Des pon den cy my mus-ings fright,
seize my care-less heart; When, like a cloud, he sits u pon the air,

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out the moon’s bright ray, Should sad Des pon den cy my mus-ings fright,
seize my care-less heart; When, like a cloud, he sits u pon the air,
And the bare heath of life present no bloom Sweet hearth
And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away Peep with
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart: Chase him