

Solitude

ELLINGTON, Duke

Letra: Eddie de Lange / Irving Mills

Versión coral: José I. Pérez Purroy

Slowly (Lento)

S. *mp* (B.c.) In my so - li - tude you

A. *mp* (B.c.) In my so - li - tude you

T. *mp* (B.c.) In my so - li - tude you

B. *mp* (B.c.) In my so - li - tude you haunt

6 haunt me with re - ve - ries of days gone by.

haunt me with re - ve - ries of days gone by.

haunt me with re - ve - ries of days gone by.

me with re - ve - ries, re - ve - ries of days gone by, of days gone

11 In my So - li - tude you taunt me, with

In my So - li - tude you taunt me, with

In my So - li - tude you taunt me, with

by In my So - li - tude you taunt me, with me - mo - ries,

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S. me - mo - ries that ne - ver die. I

A. me - mo - ries that ne - ver die. I

T. me - mo - ries that ne - ver die. I

B. me - mo - ries that ne - ver die, that ne - ver die.

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sit in my chair, I'm filled with des-pair, there's no one could be so sad, with

sit in my chair, I'm filled with des-pair, there's no one could be so sad, with

sit in my chair, I'm filled with des-pair, there's no one could be so sad, with

in my chair, with des-pair, no one could be so sad,

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gloom ev'-ry where, I sit and I stare, I know that I'll go soon mad, in my

gloom ev'-ry where, I sit and I stare, I know that I'll go soon mad, in my

gloom ev'-ry where, I sit and I stare, I know that I'll go soon mad, in my

e - ver' where, sit and stare, know I'll go mad, in my

28

S. so - li - tude I'm pra - ying dear Lord a - bove

A. so - li - tude I'm pra - ying dear Lord a - bove

T. so - li - tude I'm pra - ying dear Lord a - bove

B. so - li - tude, ma so - li - tude I'm pra - ying, I'm pra - ying dear Lord a -

33

1. send back my love. In my love.

2. send back my love. In my love. *p*

send back my love. In my love. *p*

bove send back my love, send back my love In my love, in my love. *p*

Traducción aproximada:

*En mi soledad me persigues
con sueños de días pasados;
en mi soledad te burlas de mí
con recuerdos que nunca mueren.
Me siento en mi silla,
llena de desesperación;
nadie puede estar más triste,
por doquier rodeada de sombras.
Me siento y observo
y sé que pronto voy a enloquecer.
En mi soledad, rezo
al amado Señor de lo alto
que me devuelva mi amor.*