



Robtwell, sc.

*Handel's Monument.*

*London: Published March, 5<sup>th</sup> 1799, by T. Hopton, N<sup>o</sup> 304 Holborn.*

THE  
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

AS SET TO MUSIC,

BY

GEO. FRED. HANDEL.

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PART II.

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CONTAINING,

*Oratorios, Odes, &c.*

ACIS AND GALATEA,  
ALCIDES,  
ALEXANDER BALUS,  
ALEXANDER'S FEAST,  
CHOICE OF HERCULES,  
HERCULES,  
L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSOROSO,  
ODE ON CECILIA'S-DAY,  
SEMELA,  
THEOBORA,  
TRIUMPH OF TIME AND TRUTH.

*Te Deums and Anthems.*

THE DETTINGEN TE DEUM,  
GRAND                   DITTO.  
AND FOUR OTHERS,  
A GRAND JUBILATE,  
THREE CORONATION ANTHEMS  
ODE ON THE BIRTH OF Q. ANN,  
ANTHEM ON THE VICTORY OF  
DETTINGEN,  
ANTHEM FOR THE WEDDING OF  
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES,  
AND THIRTEEN OTHERS.

WITH

*THE LIFE OF HANDEL,*

AND

A GENERAL INDEX.

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DIFFERENT MUSIC SHOPS.

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1799.



*Supper Majol 1830*

THE  
LIFE  
OF

*GEO. FRED. HANDEL.*

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**G**ENIUS, energy, and a happy concurrence of events, are all necessary to form a character of just and eminent celebrity. The foundation must be laid in natural talents; but without energy of character, and its attendant qualities, diligence and perseverance, genius may expend itself and attract little notice; and even with these, except a favourable disposition of events concur, it may struggle in vain for distinction, and expire unobserved.

The following Memoirs will furnish the proof and illustration of these remarks. Handel's genius was of the first rank; his character full of energy; his diligence and perseverance almost unexampled; and a happy train of circumstances not only called his talents into exercise, and introduced him into public notice, but interested others in his fame.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL was born at Halle in Lower Saxony, February 24, 1684. His father was an eminent physician and surgeon, and pretty far advanced in life when this prodigy of musical genius came into his discordant world. The odd gentleman, it should seem, had "no music in his soul;" and when he discovered his son's attachment to this unprofitable science, was very angry, having designed him for the more lucrative profession of the civil law. Great geniuses, however, are not easily depressed. Like some plants, a certain degree of pressure strengthens and invigorates them. So Handel, the more he was opposed, the more earnest was he in the pursuit of his favourite study; and finding means to convey a small clarichord into the garret, he practised by stealth, generally when the family were asleep. But when he was seven years old, his father finding it impossible to fix his attention to any thing but music, consented to place him under Zachau, organist of the cathedral, and the most respectable musician of the place.

At nine years old his pupil began to compose, and from that time wrote a church service, it is said, every week for three years successively, beside instrumental pieces. Here he continued till 1698, when his master candidly acknowledged his superiority; and being now fourteen, he was taken to Berlin, where he distinguished himself so much, that the Elector of Brandenburg (afterwards Frederick the Great) made handsome offers to detain

him. Handel's father, however, being of an independent spirit, was no admirer of court promises, and took him back to Halle; but dying soon after, his son removed to Hamburgh in the year 1703, with the view of subsisting by his talents. Here he became acquainted with two other young musicians, Tellerman and Mattheson, whom, however, he soon left at an humble distance, both as organists and composers; though upon the harpsichord Mattheson claimed superiority, which the other seems to have conceded. When Handel went first to Hamburgh it was in no higher capacity than as a second ripieno violin; but one evening on the absence of the harpsichord player, when he was persuaded to take that instrument, the whole house was astonished at his performance; and the more so, as he had pretended, in his dry way, to be extremely ignorant.

Upon the vacancy in an organist's place at Lubec, Handel and Mattheson travelled together to offer themselves as candidates; but they found a condition annexed to it, which neither of them admired, namely, to take a wife with it to be nominated by the electors; they accordingly returned immediately to Hamburgh. Soon after this the two young musicians quarrelled at the opera, upon a trifling dispute of precedence, and fought a duel in the Market, when providentially the sword of Mattheson was broken against one of Handel's buttons. This happened in the beginning of December 1704; but before the end of the same month they were

reconciled, and Mattheson accompanied his rival to the performance of his first opera, which was *Almira*, and performed a principal part in it. The success of this opera soon produced a second, which was entitled *Nero*, and these were all he composed for the stage prior to 1708, when he set two other operas, *Florindo* and *Dafni*. In the mean time he wrote innumerable cantatas, songs, and lessons, and taught a considerable number of scholars.

Handel having now saved money, undertook a journey he had long proposed, to Italy. His first visit was to Florence, whither he had received the strongest invitation from the grand Duke himself; and here he composed the opera of *Rodrigo*. From thence he went to Venice, where he was first discovered at a masquerade, while playing the harpsichord in his visor with such uncommon ability, that the younger Scarlatti, who happened to be present, declared it must be either the famous Saxon, or the devil. With much persuasion he now produced his *Agrippina*, which was so popular that it ran nearly thirty nights with great applause. From Venice he proceeded to Rome, where he composed a serenata, called *Il Trionfo del Tempo*, and had an opportunity of hearing the best music, and the most eminent musicians of the age, particularly Correlli, and the elder Scarlatti. The former of these was a great admirer of his compositions; but, though an exquisite performer in point of heatness and delicacy of execution, confessed himself utterly unable to express the force and spirit they required.

Cardinal Ottoboni, a liberal patron of the arts, and the friend of Handel, effected a trial of skill between him and the younger Scarlatti, then famous all over Italy. On the harpsichord the superiority was thought doubtful; but on the organ Scarlatti himself was astonished at his rival, and confessed that till this time he had no conception of what the instrument was capable.

While our musical hero was in this city, his acquaintance among ecclesiastics of the higher orders, interested them so much in his favour, that they could not forbear attempting his conversion from the heresies of Luther. One of them in particular pressed the subject very closely, at least as to an outward conformity; but Handel had nothing flexible in his temper, and scorned to play the hypocrite. He was prudent enough, however, not to meddle with theological controversies, and gave no other reason for his obstinacy, than that he was resolved to live and die in the communion in which he had been educated.

From Rome our composer removed to Naples, where he met with the same flattering reception as in the former cities, an elegant residence, and carriage being everywhere provided for his accommodation, and his company solicited by persons of the first distinction. Here he composed another Italian opera, *Acis and Galatea*, the music of which was totally different from his oratorio of the same name in English.



This musical tour lasted six years, and concluded in 1710, when he called again at Florence, Rome, and Venice, on his return to Germany, where he was so much admired by the Elector of Hanover, (afterwards our George I.) that he settled on him a pension of 1500 crowns per annum to procure his stay; and afterwards, on the resignation of Steffani, appointed him his chapel-master, with the privilege of visiting England, provided he would return in a reasonable time. From Hanover he called at Dusseldorf, on his way to England, where he was well received by the Elector Palatine, who regretted much that he had been pre-engaged.

Handel arrived for the first time in this country about the end of the above year; and as a specimen of his abilities, set the Italian opera of *Rinaldo* in a fortnight, which was so great a favourite with the public, that it was afterwards revived at three successive periods.

After continuing about a year in England he returned to Hanover, promising to pay a second visit to this country so soon as he could procure the Elector's leave, which he did about the end of the year 1712. He now set several other Italian operas for the English stage, and soon after his arrival, was employed by authority to compose a grand *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, on occasion of the peace of Utrecht, which procured him a pension of 200*l.* per annum from Queen Anne. "The multiplicity of business," says Dr. Burney, "and the many

protectors and friends he met with in England, a little impaired the memory of our great composer in respect to continental connections; and he seemed to think of nothing less than returning to Hanover till after the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, when his Majesty George I. arriving in England, saved him the trouble of a German tour." Handel was now conscious of his neglect, and presumed not to appear at court, till by the following means he procured his reconciliation.

The king being engaged in a party upon the water, Handel contrived, by the assistance of a friend at court, (Count Kilmanseck) to accompany the royal barge in a boat, with a band of musicians, who performed some pieces which he had composed for the occasion, and which were afterwards published under the name of *Water Music*. The king was so charmed with these, that he eagerly enquired of the author, and being informed by Mr. Handel's friend, both of their author and his design, was so highly pleased that he freely pardoned him: and, as a proof of it, doubled the pension granted him in the former reign. From 1715 to 1718, much of his time was spent at the Earl of Burlington's, who was an eminent and munificent patron of the fine arts. And in the two following years, he was employed to compose and superintend the music at Cannons, where the Duke of Chandos had a chapel and a musical establishment, not exceeded, perhaps, by that of any crowned head in Europe. Here Handel produced most of

his anthems, hautbois concertos, organ fugues, and many other pieces.

In the last of these years, (1720) a plan was formed by the nobility, and a subscription raised of 50,000*l.* for the regular establishment of Italian operas. His Majesty subscribed 1,000*l.* and honoured the institution with the name of *The Royal Academy*.

Handel being appointed conductor and composer, quitted his employment at Cannons, and set off to Dresden, where he engaged Senesino, and some other eminent Italian singers, who accompanied him to England. On his return, however, he did not find the musical world so unanimous in his favour as he probably expected. Bononcini and Attilio, had both been invited over by the former managers of the opera; and being composers of considerable merit, especially the former, it was thought by many ungenerous to dismiss them. A trial of skill, however, was agreed upon by the friends of the contending parties; and the three acts of *Mutius Scævola* were set by the three rival composers. Handel now completely bore away the palm; and established his fame beyond competition. His opera of *Rhadamistus*, composed about this time, was so exceedingly popular that the house would not nearly hold the crowds that flocked to hear it.

Still our author had little occasion to congratulate himself on his popularity, as it proved the source of infinite trouble and vexation to him; and

his repeated quarrels with opera singers and performers, embittered all his future life, and made it a perpetual warfare. He was not, however, unsupported. Beside the sanction of the court, Dr. Arbuthnot, a literary character of some eminence, employed the shafts of ridicule in his defence; and even political parties arranged themselves according to their connections, either on the side of *tweedle dum* or *tweedle dee*. To such a height were these unmusical animosities carried, that another opera-house was opened in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and in 1729 the Royal Academy was finally dissolved, after having flourished about nine years. By this Handel lost, not only much of his popularity, but much of his property, health, and peace of mind.

To pass over these unpleasant squabbles as of little interest to us, we come now to an important æra in the history of music and of our composer. In the year 1720 Handel composed his first oratorio, that of *Esther*, for the Duke of Chandos at Cannons, which was indeed the first composition of that nature attempted in this country. The term *Oratorio* originated with the fathers of the *Oratory* in the seventeenth century, by whom these sacred dramas were performed. There was, however, a species of sacred dramas of much higher antiquity, known by the names of mysteries and miracles—plays in various countries of Europe; but they were much too ridiculous and prophane to be compared with the modern oratorios. These latter are

merely pieces of sacred music, songs, or choruses, connected and arranged to form a sacred narrative; whereas in the former, the characters were acted in the manner of plays, and were often very indocent and absurd.

The above oratorio of *Esther*, eleven years after it was first composed, was performed in action by the children of the Chapel Royal, at the house of their master, Mr. Bernard Gates; and soon after by the same singers at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand: The instrumental parts by the gentlemen of the Philharmonic Society. This is said to have first suggested to Handel the idea of bringing oratorios upon the stage, which he did in the following year (1732), when *Esther* was performed for ten nights at the Haymarket.

In March 1733 the oratorio of *Deborah* was brought forward at the same theatre. At these performances Handel first gratified the public with concertos on the organ, a species of composition in which his great talents on that instrument were eminently displayed.

In the following summer Handel took his principal singers and performers to Oxford, where, on occasion of a public act, the oratorio of *Athalia* was performed, and he opened the organ in a manner that charmed and astonished the first masters in the country.

In the Lent of 1734, *Esther*, *Deborah*, and *Athalia*, were performed at Covent Garden Theatre; and in the next year he brought forward *Acis and Ga-*

*Jatea*, with, for the first time, *Alexander's Feast*. In 1738 *Israel in Egypt*, and next year *Allegro ed il Penseroso*, were presented to the public. During the last two years the Opera House was shut, and Handel's affairs were so much deranged that he was in fear of being arrested by the husband of one of his singers. His friends persuaded him to have recourse to a benefit, which proved very lucrative; for besides every other part of the house being full, five hundred persons of rank and fashion were accommodated in an amphitheatre on the stage.

The oratorio of *Saul* was first performed at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1740; and from this period, except a few instrumental pieces, Handel devoted his talents solely to oratorios. The exhibition of these, however, did by no means answer, chiefly owing to the differences between the author and his former patrons relative to the opera. To this it must be imputed that even the *Messiah*, now deservedly the most popular of all his compositions, was, at its first performance in 1741, but ill-attended and coolly received. This bad success so oppressed the spirits of our composer, as to bring on a severe illness; but immediately on his recovery he resolved to make an expedition to Ireland, at once to repair his health, and recruit his fortune.

- “ Strong, in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands
- “ Like bold Briareus, with his hundred hands,
- “ To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
- “ And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
- “ Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—
- “ She heard;—and drove him to the Hibernian shore.”

Thus Pope recorded this event, in an address to the goddess of Dulness, in his *Dunciad*; yet it is remarkable that this ingenious poet had an ear totally insensible to the charms of music; and, by his own confession, derived no more pleasure from the finest composition of Handel, than from a common ballad.

On Handel's arrival at Dublin, with equal humanity and judgment, he performed the *Messiah* for the benefit of the city prison, which drew together a very large audience, and greatly contributed to his popularity. Being now out of the reach of party feuds, his merit was universally acknowledged; and to the honour of our sister kingdom, this wonderful effort of human genius there first received the deserved applause. To this it must be confessed Mrs. Cibber contributed not a little, by the pathetic stile in which she sung the principal airs; and Mr. Dubourg, by the masterly manner in which he led the band.

Handel remained in Ireland most part of the year 1741, and returned to England at the beginning of the year following, having confirmed his health, extended his fame, and in some measure repaired his circumstances. He commenced his musical Lent campaign with the oratorio of *Samson*, which procured him crowded houses, and the songs were so popular that they were soon disseminated through the kingdom.

The *Messiah* was now also received with great applause, and has been honoured with a growing

reputation to the present day. Yet to this were the audiences at the performance of his other oratorios, that they frequently did not defray expenses; and in 1745 his affairs were so far deranged that he was compelled to stop payment.

Notwithstanding his own embarrassments, during the last ten years of his life, Handel performed this oratorio annually for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, whereby he collected about 7000*l.* for the charity, beside making them a present of an organ for their chapel.

The governors of the Hospital so far misunderstood his generosity, that they formed a resolution to apply to Parliament for an act to confine the performance of it to the author and themselves; but Handel took fire the moment he heard of the design, and quashed it.

In 1751 a *gutta serena* deprived him of sight, and during the remainder of his days, Handel, like the illustrious bard Homer and Milton, was totally dark; still however he continued his oratorios with the assistance of Mr. Theodore Smith, till within a week of his death, and used to be particularly affected by the performance of his "Total Eclipse" in Samson; the audience also were sometimes no less affected to see him led to the organ, on which he used to display his wonderful powers of invention and execution to the last.

At times also his mind was much deranged, which must have added greatly to the affliction of his blindness: and, for several months previous to his



decease, his health visibly declined. One very alarming circumstance was the total failure of his appetite, which had been almost as remarkable as his genius, and often exposed him to the ridicule of the wits. It cannot be denied, indeed, that he indulged this favourite appetite too far\*; yet the appetite itself could not be affected, and must have been a serious misfortune had he moved in an inferior sphere.

We come now to that important scene which crowns and closes the human character. Handel's life, hitherto, though rendered splendid by his talents and his fame, was far from pure, considered in a moral view. He had been educated in the Lutheran religion †, and had resisted all temptations to change it for that of Rome. It cannot be denied, however, that his moral conduct in the greater part

\* Some curious anecdotes are in circulation of his extraordinary abilities at the table, and at the bottle. Of the latter, Dr. Burney gives the following diverting instance. One day having company at dinner, he repeatedly exclaimed—"Oh, I have thought," and retired so often under the pretence of writing down his thoughts, that one of the company had the impertinence to watch him, and found *dese thoughts* were bestowed on a hamper of Burgundy, which had been presented him by Lord Radnor, while his company were regaling themselves on more humble port.

*Burney's Sketch of the Life of Handel, p. 32.*

† Handel used always to speak with reverence of Luther, and related it as a general and well founded tradition in Germany, that this great reformer composed the melody of the old hundredth, and some other Psalm tunes used in our Churches, as well as in France and Germany. So collected was his great mind, that even on his journey to Worms, it is said he paraphrased the forty-sixth psalm, and set a tune to it which is still extant. See *Psalmodia Evangelica*, vol. ii. p. 122, and *Historic Essay* prefixed, p. 49.

of his life did but little honour to his profession. He was indeed just, generous, and humane; but these virtues were unhappily tarnished by pride, anger, and resentment. His passion in particular was often so violent as to be a terror to all about him, and when he let out the *great bear*, as Dr. BURNEY expresses it, he used to storm and swear in a confusion of four or five languages.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS, however, tells us, that “the  
“ loss of his sight, and the prospect of his approach-  
“ ing dissolution, wrought a great change in his  
“ temper and general behaviour. In conversation  
“ he would frequently declare the pleasure he felt  
“ in setting the scriptures to music; and how much  
“ the contemplating the many sublime passages in  
“ the psalms had contributed to his edification.  
“ And now that he found himself near his end,  
“ these sentiments were improved into solid ra-  
“ tional piety, attended with a calm and even tem-  
“ per of mind.” During the last years of his life,  
Dr. BURNEY adds, “he constantly attended pub-  
“ lic prayers twice a day, winter and summer, both  
“ in London and Tunbridge.” When his dissolu-  
tion drew near, he was perfectly sensible of it, and  
had a particular desire to depart on Good Friday;  
“ In hopes (he said) of meeting his good God,  
“ his sweet Lord and Saviour on the day of his  
“ resurrection,” meaning Easter Sunday; this ex-  
traordinary wish was granted a little before mid-  
night, on April 13, being Good Friday, 1759;  
as Dr. BURNEY informs us on the authority of Dr.

Warren, who attended him; though by some mistake his death was dated April 14th upon his monument.

From this account it sufficiently appears that the Prince of Musicians was no infidel. It often happens, indeed, that wits, and those who live by their wits, despise and ridicule religion; but it is seldom the case with men of truly sublime genius. It may be a sufficient answer to the sneers of pretended philosophers and *beaux esprits*, to observe, that Milton and Handel, Newton and Locke, Addison, Johnson, and Sir W. Jones, all men of original and first rate talents, were none of them ashamed of this "highest style of man"—a *Christian*.

Dr. BURNEY, who personally knew him, informs us, that "the figure of Handel was large, and he was somewhat corpulent and unwieldy in his motions; but his countenance, which I remember as perfectly as that of any man I saw but yesterday, was full of fire and dignity, and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius."—"His general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he did smile, it was the sun bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humour beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other."—"He was impetuous, rough, and peevish in his manners and conversation; but devoid of ill-nature or malevolence: indeed, there was an original humour and pleasantry in his most lively sallies of anger or impatience,

“ which, with his broken English, were extremely  
“ risible. His natural propensity to wit and hu-  
“ mour, and happy manner of relating common  
“ occurrences in an uncommon way, enabled him  
“ to throw persons and things into very ridiculous  
“ attitudes.” Notwithstanding this “ he knew  
“ the value of time too well to spend it in frivolous  
“ pursuits, or with futile companions, however high  
“ in rank. Fond of his art, and diligent in its  
“ cultivation, and the exercise of it, as a profession,  
“ he spent so studious and sedentary a life, as sel-  
“ dom allowed him to mix in society, or partake  
“ of public amusements.—In his latter years, ex-  
“ cept when he went to pay his duty to the royal  
“ family at St. James’s or Leicester House, he  
“ seldom visited the great, or was visible, but  
“ at church, and the performance of his own  
“ oratorios.”

Handel, at his public performances, usually wore an enormous white wig, by a certain nod or vibration of which he used to signify his approbation of the performance. At the rehearsal of his oratorios at Carlton House, if the Prince and Princess of Wales were late in entering the concert-room, our great musician could not conceal his disapprobation; and if any of the attendants talked during the performance, the Princess herself used to cry, “ Hush, hush, Handel’s in a passion.”

Notwithstanding all his misfortunes, and though he was generous and even charitable, he died worth upwards of 20,000*l.* one thousand of which he be-

queathed to the Musicians' Fund) and the rest chiefly to his relations on the continent.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, April 26th, the service being performed by the Dean (Bishop Pearce) assisted by the choir; but the funeral was private, and not attended with the public honours bestowed on Dryden, Garrick, and some other public characters. If any thing, however, was deficient in the honours publicly paid him, ample compensation was made in the commemoration, or jubilee, since instituted to his memory.—Before we introduce this, however, we must give the character of Handel a little more particularly as a composer, and the reader will not be displeased that we do it in the just and candid language of Dr. BURNLEY.

“ That Handel was superior in the strength and  
“ boldness of his style, the richness of his harmony  
“ and complication of parts, to every composer  
“ who has been most admired for such excellencies,  
“ cannot be disputed. And while fugue, contri-  
“ vance, and a full score, were more generally re-  
“ verenced than at present, he remained wholly  
“ unrivalled.

“ I know it has been said, that Handel was not  
“ the original and immediate inventor of several  
“ species of music, for which his name has been  
“ celebrated; but with respect to originality, it  
“ is a term to which proper limits should be set,  
“ before it is applied to the productions of any  
“ artist. Every invention is clumsy in its beginning,

“ and Shakespeare was not the first writer of  
“ plays, nor Corelli the first composer of violin  
“ solos, sonatas, and concertos, though those which  
“ he produced are the best of his time; nor was  
“ Milton the inventor of epic poetry. The scale,  
“ harmony, and cadence of music being settled,  
“ it is impossible for any composer to invent a  
“ genius of composition that is wholly and rigor-  
“ ously new, any more than for a poet to form a  
“ language, idiom, and phraseology for himself.  
“ All that the greatest and boldest musical inventor  
“ can do, is to avail himself of the best effusions,  
“ combinations, and effects of his predecessors, to  
“ arrange and apply them in a new manner; and  
“ to add from his own source whatever he can draw  
“ that is grand, graceful, gay, pathetic, or in any other  
“ way pleasing. This Handel did, in a most ample  
“ and superior manner; being possessed in his mid-  
“ dle age, and full vigour, of every refinement and  
“ perfection of his time; uniting the depth and  
“ elaborate contrivance of his own country with  
“ Italian elegance and facility; as he seems, while  
“ he resided south of the Alps, to have listened at-  
“ tentively in the church, theatre, and chamber  
“ to the most exquisite compositions, and per-  
“ formers of every kind, that were then existing.

“ And though we had *cantatas* by Carissimi,  
“ A. Scarlatti, Gasparini, and Marcello; *duets* by  
“ Steffani and Clari; *vocal choruses*, without instru-  
“ mental accompaniments, by Palestrina, and our  
“ own Tallis, Bird, and Purcell; and, with accom-

paniments, by Carissimi, as well as Paolo Colonna;  
with *violin sonatas* and *concertos* by Corelli and  
Geminiani; yet it may with the utmost truth be  
asserted, that Handel added considerable beauties  
to whatever style or species of composition he adopted,  
which in a larger work it would not be difficult to demonstrate by examples. At present, I shall only venture to give it as part of my musical *profession de foi*, that his *air*, or melody, is greatly superior to any that can be found in the otherwise charming cantatas which Carissimi seems to have invented; that he is more natural in his voice-parts, and has given more movement to his bases than A. Scarlatti; that he has more force and originality than Gasparini or Marcello; that his *chamber duets* are at least equal to those of Steffani and Clari, who were remarkable for no other species of composition; and though the late Dr. Boyce used to say that Handel had great obligations to Colonna for his *choruses* with instrumental accompaniments, it seems indisputable that such choruses were infinitely more obliged to Handel than he to Colonna, or indeed than they were to all the composers that have ever existed. It is my belief, likewise, that the best of his Italian *Opera Songs* surpass, in variety of style and ingenuity of accompaniment, those of all preceding and contemporary composers throughout Europe; that he has more *fire* in his compositions for violins than Corelli, and more *rhythm* than Geminiani;

“ that in his full, masterly, and excellent *organ-*  
“ *fugues*, upon the most natural and pleasing sub-  
“ jects, he has surpassed Frescobaldi, and even  
“ Sebastian Bach and others of his countrymen,  
“ the most renowned for abilities in this difficult  
“ and elaborate species of composition; and, lastly,  
“ that all the judicious and unprejudiced musicians  
“ of every country, upon hearing or perusing his  
“ noble, majestic, and frequently sublime *full an-*  
“ *thems*, and *oratorio choruses*, must allow, with rea-  
“ diness and rapture, that they are utterly unac-  
“ quainted with any thing equal to them, among  
“ the works of the greatest masters that have ex-  
“ isted since the invention of counterpoint.”

Having thus traced the outlines of the life of our great musician, and delineated his character, we shall close these pages with a sketch of the honours since paid his memory in the commemoration performances, instituted in the year 1784, and for several years repeated.

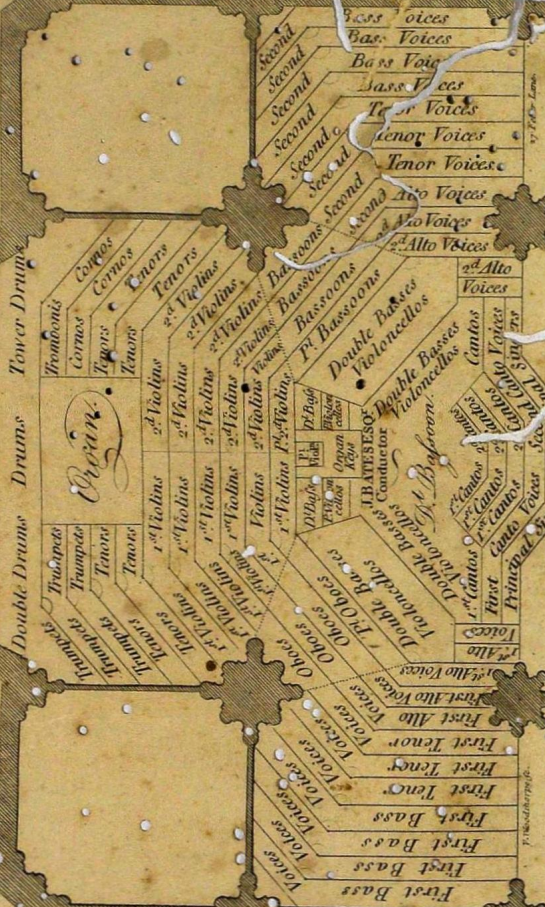
Dr. Burney gives the following account of the origin of this event, so honourable to music and to our country. In a conversation between Lord Fitzwilliam, Sir W. W. Wynn, and Joah Bates, Esq. they mutually regretted, that notwithstanding the great number of eminent musicians resident in this metropolis exceeds what may be found in any other part of Europe, no public periodical occasion gave an opportunity for the exhibition of their united strength and talents. These gentlemen being all to a degree of enthusiasm, admirers of the works of



Handel, his name naturally arose in conversation, and it was immediately recollected that the current year (1784) formed a complete century since his birth, and just a quarter that period since his death.

This then was judged a proper period for the commencement of such a design, which being mentioned to the governors of the Musical Fund, and the directors of the Concert of Ancient Music, met with their cordial approbation, and soon after the royal patronage. Westminster Abbey was fixt on for the place of performance, and Mr. Wyatt, the architect, applied to, to fit it up in a style of magnificence suitable to the occasion. The profits were agreed to be devoted to charitable purposes. And as the Westminster Infirmary stood then in much need of assistance, and it was the usual time of an annual performance for their benefit, at the request of the Bishop of Rochester, it was resolved to devote a moiety of the first day's performance to that institution, and the rest of the profits to the Fund for Decayed Musicians, to which Handel himself, as already mentioned, had been a considerable benefactor.

The building was prepared, and the first meeting, at which several funeral pieces were appointed to be performed, was fixed for April 20th, the day on which our great composer was interred, but was postponed, on account of the dissolution of Parliament, to the 26th of May. On this day a prodigious concourse of the friends of music were assembled, and exhibited a most splendid spectacle. At



Plan of the Orchestra and Band

v. 100 - Lane

1855-1870

At the east end of the aisle, a throne was erected in a beautiful gothic style, and in the centre a box, richly decorated for the royal family. On the right of this were accommodations for the bishops, and on the left for the dean and chapter of Westminster. At the opposite extremity was an orchestra, capable of holding more than five hundred performers, with a new organ, by Mr. Green, intended for Canterbury cathedral.

The whole of these performances were under the patronage of his Majesty, and the Direction of the Earls of Exeter, Sandwich, and Uxbridge, Sir W. W. Wynn, and Sir R. Jebb, Barts. assisted by Drs. Cooke, Arnold, and six other musical professors. Joah Bates, Esq. played the organ, and, with the assistance of Mr. J. Ashley, conducted the performance. The following is a list of the performers on this grand occasion :

## INSTRUMENTS.

<i>Violins</i> —Messrs. Hay, Cramer, Borghi, Soderini, and 91 others . . . . .	95
<i>Tenors</i> —Mr. Napier, and 25 others . . . . .	26
<i>Hautbois</i> —Mr. Vincent, and 25 others . . . . .	26
<i>Flutes</i> —Mr. Florio, and 5 others . . . . .	6
<i>Violoncellos</i> —Mr. Crossdill, and 20 others . . . . .	21
<i>Bassoons</i> —Mr. Baumgarten, and 25 others . . . . .	26
<i>Double Bassoon</i> —Mr. Ashley . . . . .	1
<i>Double Basses</i> —Mr. Gariboldi, and 14 others . . . . .	15
<i>Trumpets</i> —Mr. Sargeant, and 11 others . . . . .	12
<i>Sacbutts</i> —Mr. Karst, and 5 others . . . . .	6
	234

Brought forward . . . . .	234
<i>Horns</i> —Mr. English, and 11 others . . . . .	12
<i>Kettle Drums</i> —Mr. Burnet, and 2 others . . . . .	3
<i>Double Kettle Drum</i> —Mr. Ashbridge . . . . .	1
	<hr/>
	250
	<hr/>

## VOCAL PERFORMERS.

<i>Trebles</i> —Madame Mara, Miss Harwood, Miss Cantelo, Miss Abrams, Miss T. Abrams, Signor Pacchierrotti, Signor Bartolini, and 53 others . . . . .	60
<i>Counter Tenors</i> —Rev. Mr. Clark, Messrs. Dyne, Knyvett, and 45 others . . . . .	48
<i>Tenors</i> —Messrs. Harrison, Norris, Corfe, and 80 others . . . . .	83
<i>Basses</i> —Messrs. Bellamy, Champness, Reinhold, Matthews, Signor Tasca, and 79 others . . . . .	84
	<hr/>
	275
Instrumental performers, as above . . . . .	250
	<hr/>
	525
	<hr/>

The plate annexed will give a better idea of the arrangement of this great body of performers than can be expressed in words; and it is but justice to say of them, as Dr. Burney does, that the whole orchestra, when in motion, “resembled clock-work in every thing, but want of feeling and expression.”

Among the instruments, it deserves to be remarked, that there were some of uncommon magni-

tude and force, particularly the double sackbut, double bassoon, and double kettle drums, which latter were made of copper on purpose for this occasion.

The PERFORMANCES were as follows :

*First Day, Thursday, May 26.*

Coronation Anthem.

PART I.

Overture in Esther, and Dettingen *Te Deum*.

PART II.

Overture and dead march in Saul, part of the Funeral Anthem, and *Gloria Patri* from the Jubilate.

PART III.

Anthem, "O sing unto the Lord," and chorus, "The Lord shall reign," in Israel in Egypt.

*Second Day, Thursday evening, 27, (at the Pantheon.)*

PART I.

Second hautbois concerto; sixth grand concerto; several airs from Handel's Italian operas; "Ye sons of Israel," chorus in Joshua; "He smote all the first-born, and he gave them hailstones," from Israel in Egypt.

PART II.

Overture in Ariadne; fifth and eleventh grand concerto; airs in Italian operas; "fallen is the foe," chorus in Israel in Egypt; anthem, "my heart is inditing."

*Third Day, Saturday, 29.*

The Messiah.

*Fourth Day, Thursday, June 3.*

## PART I.

Overture Esther, and Dettingen *Te Deum*.

## PART II.

Overture Tamerlane, and dead march in Saul; part of the funeral anthem; *Gloria Patri* from the Jubilate.

## PART III.

First grand concerto; chorus, "gird on thy sword," from Saul; fourth hautboy concerto; anthem, "O sing unto the Lord;" chorus, "the Lord shall reign," from Israel in Egypt; and coronation anthem.

*Fifth Day, Saturday, 5.*

The Messiah.

The whole of these performances, including three rehearsals and his Majesty's donation of 500 guineas, produced 12,736*l.* of which 6000*l.* was added to the fund of the Society for Decayed Musicians; 1000*l.* was given to the Westminster Hospital, and the rest expended in preparations for the performance, the payment of the band, &c.

This grand performance was repeated, for the sixth time, in the year 1791, when the list of performers printed, amounted to 880; there were upwards of 200 more whose names were not published. The admirers of this sublime science must ardently hope, that a renewal of these grand festivals will commence with the return of the blessings of peace, and that Great Britain, eminent in this as well as every other science, will continue the first among the nations.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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*ACIS AND GALATEA:*

A SERENATA.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GALATEA,  
DAMON,  
ACIS,

CORYDON,  
AND  
POLYPHEME.

*PART THE FIRST.*

CHORUS.

O The measure of the plains!  
Happy nymphs, and happy swains!  
Harmless, merry, free and gay,  
Dance and sport the hours away.  
For us the zephyr blows,  
For us distils the dew,  
For us unfolds the rose,  
And flow'rs display their hue.

## ACIS AND GALATEA.

For us the winter's rain,  
 For us the summer's shine,  
 Spring swells for us the grain,  
 And autumn bleeds the vine.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—GALATEA.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,  
 Purling streams, and bubbling fountains,  
 Ye painted glories of the field,  
 Vain are the pleasures which ye yield.  
 Too thin the shadow of the grove,  
 Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir;  
 Your thrilling strains  
 Awake my pains,  
 And kindle fierce desire.  
 Cease your song, and take your flight,  
 Bring back my Acis to my sight.

AIR.—ACIS.

Where shall I seek the charming fair?  
 Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains;  
 O tell me if you saw my dear,  
 Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains?

RECITATIVE.—DAEMON.

Stay, shepherd, stay,  
 See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray;  
 What means this melancholy air?  
 No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd! what art thou pursuing?  
 Heedless running to thy ruin,



ACIS AND GALATEA.

3

Share our joy, our pleasure share:  
Leave thy passion till to-morrow,  
Let the day be free from sorrow,  
Free from love, and free from care.

RECITATIVE.—ACIS.

Lo! here my love!

Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes,  
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,  
And sheds delicious death;  
Love on her lips is straying,  
And warbling in her breath.  
Love on her breast sits panting,  
And swells with soft desire;  
No grace, no charm is wanting,  
To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.—GALATEA.

O didst thou know the pains of absent love,  
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove,  
Laments her love,  
All on the naked spray;  
When he returns,  
No more she mourns,  
But loves the life-long day,  
Billing, cooing,  
Panting, wooing,  
Melting murmurs fill the grove,  
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

DUET AND CHORUS.—ACIS AND GALATEA.

Happy we;  
 What joys I feel! What charms I see!  
 Of all the youths, thou dearest boy!  
 Of all the nymphs, thou brightest fair!  
 Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

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*PART THE SECOND.*

CHORUS.

**W**RETCHED lovers! fate has past  
 This sad decree: No joy shall last:  
 Wretched lovers, quit your dream,  
 Behold the monster Polypheme!  
 See what ample strides he takes,  
 The mountain nods, the forest shakes,  
 The waves run frighten'd to the shores,  
 Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,  
 The feeble God has stabb'd me to the heart,  
 Thou trusty pine!  
 Prop of my godlike steps!—I lay thee by,  
 Bring me an hundred reeds, of decent growth,  
 To make a pipe for my capacious mouth,

In soft enchanting accents let me breathe,  
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

## AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!  
O sweeter than the berry!  
O nymph, more bright  
Than moon-shine night,  
Like kidlings blythe and merry!  
Ripe as the melting cluster!  
No lily has such lustre,  
Yet hard to tame,  
As raging flame,  
And fierce as storms that bluster!

## RECITATIVE.—POLYPHEME.

Whither, fairest, art thou running,  
Still my warm embraces shunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey,  
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.

POLYPH. Then, Polyphemus, great as Jove,  
Calls to empire and to love;  
To his palace in the rock,  
To his dairy, to his flock,  
To the grape of purple hue,  
To the plum of glossy blue,  
Wildings which expecting stand,  
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant limbs to make my food,  
And swill full draughts of human blood!  
Go, monster! bid some other guest,  
I loath the host, I loth the feast.

## ACIS AND GALATEA.

## AIR.—POLYPHEMUS.

Cease to beauty to be suing,  
 Ever whining love disdaining;  
 Let the brave their aims pursuing,  
 Still be conqu'ring, not complaining.

## AIR.—DAMON.

Would you gain the tender creature?  
 Softly, gently, kindly, treat her,  
 Suffering is the lover's part;  
 Beauty by constraint possessing,  
 You enjoy but half the blessing,  
 Lifeless charms without the heart.

## RECITATIVE.—ACIS.

His hideous love provokes my rage,  
 Weak as I am, I must engage.  
 Inspir'd by thy victorious charms,  
 The God of Love will lend his arms.

## AIR.

Love sounds the alarm, and fear is a flying,  
 When beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dying?  
 In defence of my treasure  
 I'd bleed at each vein.  
 Without her no pleasure,  
 For life is a pain.

## AIR.—DAMON.

Consider, fond shepherd, how fleeting's the pleasure,  
 That flatters our hope in pursuit of the fair;  
 The joys that attend it by moments we measure,  
 But life is too little to measure our care.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

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RECITATIVE.—GALATEA.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth!  
Trust my constancy and truth;  
Trust my truth, and powers above,  
The pow'rs propitious still to love.

TRIO.

ACIS. The flocks shall leave the mountains,  
The woods the turtle dove,

GAL. The nymphs forsake the fountains,  
Ere I forsake my love.

POL. Torture! fury! rage! despair!  
I cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS. Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,  
Nor sunshine to the bee,

GAL. Not sleep to toil so easing,  
As those dear smiles to me.

POL. Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly!  
Die, presumptuous Acis! die!

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—ACIS.

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent-gods,  
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye muses, weep, ye swains,  
Tune, tune, our reeds to doleful strains,  
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighb'ring  
shore,

Ah! the gentle Acis is no more.

AIR AND CHORUS.—GALATEA.

Must I my Acis still bemoan,  
Inglorious, crush'd beneath that stone.

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve  
 Bewail not when thou canst relieve.

GAL. Must the lovely charming youth,  
 Die for his constancy and truth?  
 Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art,  
 The goddess soon can heal the smart;  
 Say, what comfort can you find,  
 For dark despair o'erclouds my mind?  
 To kindred gods, the youth return,  
 Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.—GALATEA.

'Tis done; thus I exert my pow'r divine,  
 Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.—GALATEA.

Heart, thou seat of soft delight,  
 Be thou now a fountain bright:  
 Purple be no more thy blood,  
 Glide thou like a chrystal flood.  
 Rock, thy hollow womb disclose;  
 The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.  
 Through the plains he joys to rove,  
 Murm'ring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tear,  
 Acis now a god appears;  
 See how he rears him from his bed,  
 See the wreath that binds his head.  
 Hail, thou gentle murm'ring stream,  
 Shepherd's pleasure, muse's theme,  
 Through the plain still joy to rove,  
 Murm'ring still thy gentle love.

# ALCIDES.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALCIDES,  
APOLLO,  
CHARON,

ADMETUS,  
CALLIOPE,  
ATTENDANT.

### OVERTURE.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—APOLLO.

**Y**E happy people, with loud accents speak  
Your grateful joy in hymenæan verse;  
Admetus and Alceste claim the song,

### CHORUS.

Triumph Hymen in the pair,  
Thus united,  
Thus delighted,  
Brave the one, the other fair.

### AIR AND CHORUS.

Still caressing and caress'd,  
Ever blessing, ever bless'd,  
Like the royal happy pair;  
This is valour thy reward,  
This, O beauty, thy regard,  
Kind heav'n pays the virtuous pair.

## ALCIDES.

## AIR.—APOLLO.

Ye swift minutes as ye fly,  
 Crown them with harmonious joy;  
 Let soft quiet, peace, and love,  
 Still each happier hour improve.  
 While as day each day succeeds,  
 Lovely and heroic deeds,  
 In fair virtue's path alone,  
 Add lustre to the throne.

## CHORUS.

O bless, ye pow'rs above,  
 The bridegroom and the bride,  
 Whose willing hands hath Hymen ty'd,  
 In love's eternal band.  
 Ye little gods of love,  
 With roses strew the ground;  
 And all around in sportive play,  
 Proclaim the happy day.

## AIR.—CALLIOPE.

Gentle Morpheus, son of night,  
 Hither speed thy airy flight,  
 And his weary senses steep  
 In the balmy dew of sleep;  
 That when bright Aurora's beams,  
 Glad the world with golden streams,  
 He like Phœbus, blithe and gay,  
 May retaste the healthful day.

[*Act the Fourth, Scene the River Styx.*]

CHA. Ye fleeting shades, I come  
 To fix your final doom;



Step on, both bad and good,  
 And t'is o'er the flood:  
 To Pluto's dreary shore,  
 I'll waft you safely o'er,  
 With this my ebon pole,  
 Tho' high the waters roll.  
 The monarch and the slave,  
 Alike admission have,  
 Nor can I brook delay;  
 Haste, haste ye, shades away.

## CHORUS.

Thrice happy who in life excel,  
 Hence doom'd in Pluto's courts to dwell,  
 Where ye immortal mortals reign,  
 Now free from sorrow, free from pain.

## AIR.—APOLLO.

Enjoy the sweet Elysian grove,  
 Seat of pleasure, seat of love;  
 Pleasure that can never cloy,  
 Love the source of endless joy.  
 Thus, thou unpoluted shade,  
 Be thy royal virtues paid.

## AIR.

[CARYLOPE sings to AMETUS.]

Come, fancy, empress of the brain,  
 And bring the choicest of thy train,  
 And sooth the widow'd monarch's pain:  
 Close by his side in mimic pride,  
 Let fair Alceste still display her charms,  
 As on the bridal day.

[Symphony before and during the entry of ALCIDES.]

## RECITATIVE.—ATTENDANT.

He comes, he rises from below  
With glorious conquest on his brow.

## CHORUS.

All hail, thou mighty son of Jove,  
How great thy pow'r, how great thy love?  
Friends, furies, gods, all yield to thee,  
And death hath set his captive free.

## RECITATIVE.—APOLLO.

From high Olympus top, the seat of God,  
Descend Apollo and his tuneful choir,  
With all their sportive train, to celebrate  
Thy great and gen'rous triumph, son of Jove,  
And hail Admetus with his happy bride;  
Sing ye, ye shepherds sing, and tread the ground  
In mazy dances, and let shouts of joy  
Return in echo from the vaulted sky.

## AIR.—APOLLO.

Tune your harps, all ye nine,  
To the loud sounding lays,  
While the glad nations join  
In the great victor's praise.  
Sing his praise, sing his pow'r,  
That in this joyful hour,  
Blest our monarch's arms,  
With the fair in all her charms.

## CHORUS.

Triumph, thou son of Jove,  
Triumph, happy pair in love;  
Valour's prize, virtue's claim,  
Endless love, eternal fame.

# ALEXANDER BALUS:

AN ORATORIO.

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## PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

**F**LUSH'D with conquest, fir'd by Mithra,  
Fountain of eternal rays;  
Sing we to *Balus*, sing we to Mithra,  
Songs of triumph, songs of praise.

RECITATIVE.—ALEXANDER.

Thus far, ye glorious partners of the war,  
The pow'r on high hath prosper'd our designs.  
Demetrius is fall'n, and Syria bows  
To me her lords; with universal joy  
I will repay them with those royal virtues—  
Justice and clemency.

JONATHAN. Most noble king, the sons of Israel,  
Not less of peace desirous, than alert  
And brave in war, whene'er their country calls,  
Congratulate this your success, and gifts,

Yet more than gifts, their hands and hearts they  
offer

In firm league, as late accepted by imperial Rome.

ALEX. Thy boon is granted, be it wrote on brass,  
That Jonathan is Alexander's friend,  
The hearts of brothers govern in our *loves*,  
And sway our great resolves; confirm it heav'n.

AIR.—JONATHAN.

Great Author of this harmony,  
Who rulest in heav'n above,  
O bind this league of amity,  
With chains of lasting love.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

RECITATIVE.—PTOLEMY.

And thus let happy Egypt's king,  
Speak his affection with the trumpet's sound,  
That the surrounding nations all may know  
Balus commands the pow'rs of Ptolemy,  
Or to secure or to adorn his throne.

AIR.—PTOLEMY.

Thrice happy the monarch, whom nations contend  
With counsels to guide, and with arms to defend,  
Secure stands the throne that on concord relies,  
As by concord preserv'd are the earth and the skies.

RECITATIVE.—CLEOPATRA.

Congratulation to our father's friend  
Amidst this general joy directs our part.  
But, how shall Cleopatra entertain  
The royal ear, unless Apollo's self  
Deigns to tune to his own harp my song?

## AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

Hark! he strikes the golden lyre,  
And tells it to his joyful choir,  
His Alexander reigns;  
Ye docile echoes catch the sound,  
And spread the blessing all around  
In sweet harmonious strains.

## RECITATIVE.—ALEXANDER.

Be it my chief ambition there to rise,  
Where for these obligations, true desert  
May speak me grateful.

## AIR.—ALEXANDER.

Fair Virtue shall charm me,  
And Honour shall warm me,  
This love to repay;  
While streams flow from fountains,  
And flocks on the mountains,  
Or vallies, shall stray.

## CHORUS OF ASIATICS.

Ye happy nations round,  
In loud triumph your voices raise,  
In choral symphony resound  
Great Alexander's praise.

## AIR.—ALEXANDER.

My Jonathan,  
Didst thou mark well her graces? Didst thou feel  
The music of her eye? To me it seem'd  
More soft and sweet than her melodious voice;  
Beauty's a pleasing tyranny, my friend,  
Which taught at the reluctance of the will,  
And humbles to her lure the hearts of kings.

ALEXANDER BALUS.

AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

Oh! what resistless charms are given  
 To symmetry of feature;  
 It seems the model of all heav'n,  
 And triumph of all nature.

AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

Subtle love with fancy viewing,  
 Rapt'rous joys on joys ensuing,  
 Play around my captive heart;  
 Cautious reason fain would ease me,  
 But all efforts to release me,  
 Only deeper fix the dart.

RECITATIVE CLEOPATRA.

Aspasia, I know not what to call  
 This interview. Grant, O ye pow'rs, it prove  
 A happy one, but I am sick with doubt.  
 Mark'd you the king, Aspasia, look'd he not  
 A king indeed; while on his radiant brow,  
 Deck'd with the rosy rays of youth, love seem'd  
 To sit enthron'd and full of majesty?

AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

How happy shou'd we mortals prove,  
 How joyous spend the live-long day,  
 If silent merit gain'd the love  
 That crafty courtship steals away?

RECITATIVE.—ASPASIA.

Check not the pleasing accents of thy tongue,  
 Nor be asham'd, fair princess, to declare  
 A passion for the brave, 'tis a reward,  
 Besides the honour of the well-fought field,  
 They justly claim; none else deserve the fair.

## AIR.—ASPASIA.

So shall the sweet attractive smile,  
 Winning graces,  
 Soft embraces,  
 Ever crown the soldier's toil;  
 When he awhile forgets the noise,  
 Of loud alarms,  
 And clashing arms,  
 To triumph in connubial joys.

## RECITATIVE.—CLEOPATRA.

How blissful state!

ASP. That blissful state be yours.

CLEOP. When neither tyrant custom rules the  
 choice,

ASP. Nor fickle flights of fancy guide the will;

CLEOP. But equal love, on equal merit form'd,  
 With pure affection feeds the constant flame.

## DUET.

CLEOP. O! what pleasures past expressing,  
 Flow from pure and constant love;  
 All is joy, and all is blessing,  
 Which the circling hours improve!

## RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Why hangs this heavy gloom upon the brow  
 Of Syria's monarch, while his big heart heaves  
 With sudden passion? hath the royal maid,  
 Worthy indeed of Alexander's love,  
 Enslav'd the mighty conqueror? Know thyself,  
 'Tis thine to ask, and Ptolemy's to grant.

ALE. Aye, be it so, with speed, my friends, dispatch  
 The message, rich with gifts worthy a king.

## AIR.—ALEXANDER.

Hero's may boast their mighty deeds,  
 And talk of conquest in high strains,  
 Yet oft more pow'ful beauty leads,  
 The conqueror captive in chains;  
 Fly swift on borrow'd wings of love,  
 Ye tardy-footed minutes fly,  
 And bring the sentence, to remove  
 This frantic torture, live or die.

## AIR.—JONATHAN.

Great God, from whom all blessings spring,  
 Life, liberty, and fame,  
 To thee let grateful Judah sing,  
 And magnify thy name.

## CHORUS.

These are thy gifts, Almighty King,  
 Life, liberty, and fame, &c.

## CHORUS.

To thee let grateful Judah sing,  
 And magnify thy name.



## PART THE SECOND.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

**K**IND Hope, thou universal friend,  
 Sweet balm of all distress,  
 Still, still a lover's pray'r attend,  
 With fancy'd raptures of success;  
 So shall my love-sick soul have ease,  
 And make her voyage in smoother seas.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Long and happy live the king: thus speaks  
 The messenger from Egypt. Ptolemy  
 Greet's thee his son, and Cleopatra, deck'd  
 In all the lustre of a blooming bride,  
 At Ptolomais waits the smiling hour.

ALEX. Thither let us haste, my Jonathan,  
 And all the thorny cares of state apart,  
 Seize the sweet hour, and revel in delight.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

O, Mithra! with thy brightest beams,  
 Shine out serene and gay;  
 And pour forth all the golden streams,  
 To glad our bridal day.

RECITATIVE.—A SYCOPHANT COURTIER.

Stay, my dread sovereign, and let just revenge  
 Secure thy throne; a base ungrateful man,  
 Covering fell purpose with the specious mask  
 Of friendship, plots against thy throne, thy life;  
 Loyal affection dictates this, yet more,  
 It bids me say that Jonathan is he.

ALEX. 'Tis false; avaunt, before I frown thee dead:  
 Bring me, my lords, the richest purple robe  
 And ducal crown, much more deserves my friend,  
 My brother Jonathan, and more I will exalt  
 Thee, best of men, for sacred is this day  
 To honour, gratitude, and love.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

Mighty love now calls to arms,  
 Hear the sound the last alarm;  
 Lead, sweet Hymen, lead away,  
 Let no harsh discordant sound,  
 But love and joy be spread around.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

There is no greatness in mortality,  
 That can tie up the gall in sland'rous tongues,  
 Or 'scape the intended wounds of calumny;  
 'Tis a rough brake the virtuous must go through,  
 Ever in danger, and yet ever safe  
 In the protection of Almighty Pow'r.

AIR.—JONATHAN.

Hateful man, thy sland'rous tongue  
 Throws in vain the poison'd dart;  
 Know, that 'twill recoil ere long,  
 Doom'd to stab the traitor's heart.

CHORUS.

O, Calumny! on Virtue waiting,  
 Shadow like, yet Virtue hating,  
 Fly these upper regions, fly,  
 Native of the shades below,  
 Go, with all thy base designing,  
 All thy forging, feigning, coining,  
 And in darkness ever lie.

## RECITATIVE.—CLEOPATRA.

Ah! whence these dire forebodings of the mind,  
 Why droops my soul when on the verge of bliss,  
 Is he not brave, successful, good, a king,  
 And all that can deserve return of love?  
 Yet apprehension of, I know not what,  
 Hangs heavy on my soul, and checks the rising  
 joy.

## AIR.

Tost from thought to thought I rove,  
 Joys surround me,  
 Tears confound me,  
 Ev'ry passion's thine, O love!  
 Love, thou pleasing irksome guest,  
 Wishes rising,  
 Doubts surprising,  
 Give thy changeful tide no rest.

## RECITATIVE.—ASPASIA.

Give to the winds, fair princess, these vain doubts  
 And anxious fears; nor think that they arise  
 From skill prophetic in the book of fate,  
 But from pure nature, that with decent strife  
 'Twixt hope and fear, views th' approaching scene.

## AIR.

Pow'rful guardian of all nature,  
 O preserve my beauteous love;  
 Keep from insult the dear creature,  
 Virtue sure hath charms to move.

## RECITATIVE.—PTOLEMY.

Thus far my wishes thrive with eager joy,  
 Fond Alexander rushes on the toils;

Friend, brother, son, or whatever he be,  
 He falls, he falls to my ambition.  
 'Twas for this, I gave him Cleopatra,  
 And for this, with other arts will strengthen  
 Our alliance, till I can work his ruin.  
 Yes, I've fawn'd, but only to devour;  
 And soon will hurl this happy monarch from  
 His fancied throne, to seat therein whom  
 I can better rule, the young Demetrius.

## AIR.

Virtue, thou ideal name,  
 All thy honours I disclaim,  
 Vain delight of coward minds;  
 Bold Ambition knows no law,  
 Active souls like mine to awe,  
 Raging fierce as boisterous winds.

## RECITATIVE.—ALEXANDER.

Glad time, at length, hath reach'd the happy point,  
 When long-liv'd hope in sweet possession dies.  
 Mithra, I thank thee, Cleopatra's mine,  
 Thou sacred power bear witness to my love,  
 Warm as thy fires and pure as mid-day light.

CLEO. Let Isis ever bind my grateful heart,  
 To dutious vows and more than loyal love.

## DUETTO.—ALEXANDER AND CLEOPATRA.

Hail! wedded love, mysterious law,  
 Hearts delighting,  
 Souls uniting,  
 A thousand sweets from thee we draw;  
 Peace and pleasure,  
 Without measure,  
 From wedded love's mysterious law.

## CHORUS.

Hymen, fair Urania's son,  
 Show'r thy choicest blessing down,  
 On the lovely royal pair;  
 Let pure honour and delight,  
 Crown the day and bless the night,  
 As he is brave, and she is fair.

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*PART THE THIRD.*

## RECITATIVE.—CLEOPATRA.

**T**IS true, instinctive nature seldom paints  
 At some approaching ill in vain; but sure  
 In vain were all my former doubts and fears,  
 For I am happy, happy beyond thought,  
 In this bright scene of ever constant joy.

## AIR.

Here amid the shady woods,  
 Fragrant flow'rs, and crystal floods,  
 Taste, my soul, this charming seat,  
 Love and Glory's calm retreat;  
 Hence vain doubt, and idle fear,  
 Joy and only joy dwells here.

## QUARTETTO.

Mistaken Queen! the Gods have otherwise or-  
 dain'd,

You must with us.

CLEO. Help! help! O Isis!

Gods and Ptolemy have otherwise ordain'd.

You must with us.

CLIO. Alexander, help!

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Treachery, O king! unheav'd of treachery,  
Stalks through the kingdom with gigantic steps,  
And glories in success. The Syrian towns  
Have Ptolemy receiv'd with open gates.  
As your kind friend and father, ent'ring thus,  
He with Egyptian soldiers garrison'd each place,  
And now at Antioch hath assum'd,  
The double crown of Egypt and of Asia.

ALEX. Talk'st thou of crowns and kingdoms lost,  
my friend,

We will recover them, but know'st thou ought  
Of Cleopatra? Faithful Aspasia,  
Where is my Queen, my Cleopatra?

ASP. Brib'd by pernicious gold, 'tis said your guards  
Admitted ruffians, sent by Ptolemy,  
To seize the Queen for young Demetrius.

ALEX. Horror! Confusion! Call my forces round,  
To arms, my Jonathan, and let us rush  
Upon the guileful foe, that he may feel  
The fury of affronted majesty.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

Fury with red sparkling eyes,  
Rise, in all thy terror rise,  
All around destruction deal,  
That revenge may give some ease,  
Or cold death a kind release,  
To the horrid pains I feel.

## RÉCITATIVE.—ASPASIA.

Gods! can there be a more afflicting sight,  
 Than such majestic greatness in distress?  
 How is he fall'n, from empire, love, and joy!  
 The wretched scorn of mercenary slaves.

## AIR.

Strange reverse of human fate,  
 Mighty joy, and mighty woe,  
 None are happy, none are great,  
 In this changeful state below.

## RÉCITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

May he return with laurell'd victory  
 On his glad brow; but, oh! I fear the gods,  
 The creature gods he trusteth, cannot help;  
 They are no gods, but mere delusion all.

## AIR.

To God who made the radiant sun,  
 And fix'd him in his central throne,  
 The paler moon, and ev'ry star  
 That darts its beamy light from far;  
 To Him, Almighty, greatest, best,  
 Jehovah, Lord of Hosts confest,  
 All victory belongs;  
 To him alone, 'tis Judah's care,  
 To offer up their humble pray'r,  
 And tune their grateful songs.

## CHORUS.

Sun, moon, and stars, and all the hosts of heav'n,  
 To great Jehovah be all glory given;  
 On his creating, his all-saving power,  
 Judah shall call, and only him adore.

RECITATIVE.—PTOLEMY TO CLEOPATRA.

Yes! he was false, my daughter, false to you,  
 And hath conspir'd against thy father's life;  
 Self-preservation, and paternal care,  
 For you, my child, oblig'd me to dethrone  
 This kingly counterfeit; then, think no more  
 Of the lost Alexander, but receive  
 A worthier hero, whom thy father wills.

CLEO. Impossible! he never could be false to me,  
 or you,

So brave, so just, so good; but, oh! indulge me  
 Once more with the sight, the last farewell  
 Of him, to whom I'm bound by Nature's strongest  
 tie—

Connubial love.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—PTOLEMY.

Ungrateful child! by ev'ry sacred pow'r,  
 Thou never, never shalt behold him more;  
 In vain you sigh, in vain you mourn,  
 For soon thy rebel heart shall learn,  
 With smiles to welcome our return,

AIR.

O sword, and thou all daring hand,  
 Thy aid alone I crave.

Nor other gods, nor pow'rs demand,  
 To conquer or to save.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—CLEOPATRA.

Shall Cleopatra ever smile again?  
 Oh, no! whate'er a father may command,  
 He cannot change the course of heart-sore grief.



## RECITATIVE.—MESSENGER.

Ungrateful tidings to the royal ear  
 I bring, O Queen! but such the will of fate;  
 The valiant Jew hath vanquish'd thrice his foes,  
 Whom flying to Azotus, he pursu'd,  
 And destruction on their city pour'd;  
 Not sparing Dagon's temple, or the god,  
 And now returns in triumph; but the king, alas!  
 The king, o'erpower'd by Ptolemy your father,  
 And deserted by his host, sought refuge  
 In Arabia, but in vain;  
 For treach'rous Zabdiel, heeding not the pray'r  
 That he pour'd forth in bitterness of soul,  
 Not for himself, but you, his Queen, his life,  
 Hath, with remorseless sword, smote off his head.

## AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

O take me from this hateful light,  
 Torture end me,  
 Death befriend me,  
 Wrapt in shades of endless night.

## RECITATIVE.—ANOTHER MESSENGER.

Forgive, O Queen! the messenger of ill.

CLEO. Say on, all strange and terrible events are  
 welcome,

To one whose only comfort is despair.

MESS. From the dread scene of bloody war I  
 come,

Where Ptolemy, your father, raging fierce  
 And fearless, ever in the foremost rank,  
 From many a gaping wound hath breath'd his soul.

CLEO. This is thy havoc, O Ambition!

Bane of human happiness ;  
 Oh! had I ne'er been born a Queen to feel  
 The dire effects that wait the fortune of  
 The wretched great; but vain is all complaint.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—CLEOPATRA.

Calm thou my soul,  
 Kind Isis, with a noble scorn of life,  
 Ideal joys, and momentary pains,  
 That flatter or disturb this waking dream.

AIR.

Convey me to some peaceful shore,  
 Where no tumultuous billows roar;  
 Where life, tho' joyless, still is calm,  
 And sweet content is sorrow's balm;  
 There free from pomp and care to wait,  
 Forgetting and forgot—the will of fate.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Mysterious are thy ways, O Providence,  
 But always true and just; by thee kings reign,  
 By thee they fall. Where now is Egypt's boast?  
 Where thine, O Syria? Lay'd low in dust?  
 While chosen Judah triumphs in success,  
 And feels the presence of Jehovah's arm;  
 Mindful of this let Israel ever fear,  
 With filial rev'rence his tremendous name,  
 And with obsequious heart exalt his praise.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Ye servants of th' eternal king,  
 His pow'r and glory sing;  
 And speak of all his righteous ways,  
 With wonder and with praise.

Amen, Hallelujah, Amen.

# ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

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## PART THE FIRST.

### RECITATIVE.

**T**WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,  
By Philip's warlike son :  
Aloft in awful state,  
The god-like hero sate  
On his imperial throne :  
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :  
So should desert in arms be crown'd.  
The lovely Thais by his side  
Sate like a blooming eastern bride,  
In flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride.

### AIR AND CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave deserve the fair.

### RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heav'nly joys inspire.

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above ;  
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love)  
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god ;  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia pres'd,  
 And while he sought her snowy breast :  
 Then, round her slender waste he curl'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the  
 world.

## CHORUS.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,  
 A present Deity ! they shout around ;  
 A present Deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.

## AIR.

With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears ;  
 Assumes the God,  
 Affects to nod :  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

## RECITATIVE.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young :  
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :  
 Flush'd with a purple grace,  
 He shews his honest face ;  
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes ! he comes !

## AIR.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
 the slain:

The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

He chose a mournful muse,  
 Soft pity to infuse.

## AIR.

He sung Darius, great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And welt'ring in his blood.  
 Deserted at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed,

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
Without a friend to close his eyes.

## RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
Revolving in his alter'd soul,  
The various turns of chance below,  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

## CHORUS.

Behold Darius, great and good,  
Fallen, welt'ring in his blood;  
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
Without a friend to close his eyes.

## RECITATIVE.

The mighty master smil'd to see  
That love was in the next degree,  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love.

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Softly sweet in Lydian measure,  
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasure.

## AIR.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
Honour but an empty bubble:  
Never ending, still beginning;  
Fighting still, and still destroying;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying.  
Lovely 'Twas sit beside thee,  
Take the good the Gods provide thee.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
Honour but an empty bubble :  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying.  
'Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee.

## CHORUS.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

## AIR.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gaz'd on the fair,  
Who caus'd his care ;  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

## CHORUS REPEATED.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

*PART THE SECOND.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

**N**OW strike the golden lyre again ;  
 A louder yet—and yet a louder strain ;  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Hark, hark!—the horrid sound  
 Has rais'd up his head,  
 As awak'd from the dead :  
 And amaz'd he stares around.

AIR.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
 See the furies arise,  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash in their eyes !

AIR.

Behold the ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand,  
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And, unbury'd, remain  
 Inglorious on the plain.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew :



Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes/  
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!

## AIR AND CHORUS.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;  
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy.

Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey;  
 And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Thus long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus to his breathing flute,  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

## CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

## RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down.

## RECITATIVE.

Your voices tune, and raise them high,  
 'Till th' echo from the vaulted sky

The blest Cecilia's name ;  
 Music to heav'n and her we owe,  
 The greatest blessing that's below ;  
 Sound loudly then her fame :

## DUETTO.

Let's imitate her notes above,  
 And may this evening ever prove,  
 Sacred to harmony and love. }

## CHORUS.

Your voices tune, and raise them high,  
 'Till th' echo from the vaulted sky  
 The blest Cecilia's name ;  
 Music to heav'n and her we owe,  
 The greatest blessing that's below ;  
 Sound loudly then her fame :

## CHORUS.

Let's imitate her notes above,  
 And may this evening ever prove,  
 Sacred to harmony and love. }

THE  
*CHOICE OF HERCULES:*  
AN ODE.

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RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—PLEASURE.

SEE, Hercules! how smiles yon myrtle plain,  
Where num'rous sparkling rills meand'ring  
glide :

'Tis there I fix my jocund reign,  
'Tis there my laughing train reside.  
There smokes the feast, enhanc'd by music's sound,  
Fittest to tune the melting soul of love;  
Rich odours breathing choicest sweets around,  
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove,  
Thither thy happy footsteps will I lead,  
Fresh flowers shall bind thy brow,  
Fresh flowers shall strew thy bed.

AIR.

Come, blooming boy, with me repair,  
To these ambrosial scenes of peace;  
There bid adieu to noise and care,  
Embalm'd in bliss, and wrapt in ease.

## AIR.

There the brisk sparkling nectar drain,  
 Cool'd with the purest summer snows;  
 There, tir'd with sporting on the plain,  
 Beneath the woodbin shade repose;  
 There, as serene thou liest along,  
 Soft warbling voices, melting lays,  
 Shall sweetly pour the tender song  
 To love, or beauty's rapt'rous praise.

## AIR.

While for thy arms that beauty glows,  
 That love awakes its purest fire,  
 And to each ravish'd sense bestows  
 All that can raise, or sate desire.

## CHORUS.—ATTENDANTS ON PLEASURE.

Seize these blessings, blooming boy,  
 For all these blessings are thy own,  
 Be hail'd the rose-crown'd king of joy,  
 And reign on pleasure's downy throne.

## RECITATIVE.—VIRTUE.

Away, mistaken wretch! away,  
 To baser ears go trill thy languid lay;  
 Go to thy revels, let the fools repair,  
 To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy tempt-  
 ing snare.

## AIR.

This manly youth's exalted mind  
 Above thy grov'ning taste refin'd,  
 Shall listen to my awful voice:  
 His childhood, in its earliest rise,  
 Bespoke him gen'rous, brave, and wise,  
 And manhood shall confirm his choice.

## RECITATIVE.

Rise, youth, exalt thyself and me; approve  
Thy high descent from heav'n, and dare be worthy  
Jove.

## AIR.

Go, assert thy heav'nly race,  
Ev'ry danger boldly face;  
Level pride's high plumed crest,  
And bravely succour the distrest.

## RECITATIVE.

In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good,  
Bare thy bold breast for her, and pour thy gen'rous  
blood.

## CHORUS.—ATTENDANTS ON VIRTUE.

So shalt thou gain immortal praise,  
The golden trump of fame  
Its loudest notes shall raise,  
And mid the gods enroll thy name.

## RECITATIVE.—PLEASURE.

Hear'st thou what dangers then thou must engage?  
Dangers that ill besit thy tender age;  
That tender age, which was meant but to prove  
The sweet vicissitudes of joy and love.

## CHORUS.

Turn thee, youth! to joy and love,  
Why, ah! why this fond delay?  
Haste, these blissful meads to rove,  
Gentle youth! ah, haste away.

## RECITATIVE.

Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth and plain,  
Turn, gentle youth, with me eternal pleasures reign.

## THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

## AIR.—HERCULES.

Yet can I hear that dulcet lay,  
 As sweet as flows the honey dew!  
 Can I those wilds of joy survey,  
 Nor wish to share the bliss I view?

## AIR.—PLEASURE.

Enjoy the sweet Elysian grove,  
 Seat of pleasure, seat of love;  
 Pleasure that can never cloy,  
 Love, the source of endless joy.

## TRIO.

HER. Where shall I go?

PLEA. To yonder breezy plain,  
 There sweetly swim in pleasure's winding stream,

HER. Where shall I go?

VIR. To yonder lofty fane,  
 There brightly bask in virtue's radiant beam.

HER. Where shall I go?

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—VIRTUE.

Mount, mount the steep ascent!  
 Obey my voice and live;  
 Let thy celestial birth  
 Lift and enlarge thy thoughts;  
 Behold the way that leads to fame,  
 And raises thee from earth immortal,  
 Lo! I guide thy steps, arise!

## AIR.

Mount the steep ascent,  
 And claim thy native skies.

## CHORUS.—ATTENDANTS ON VIRTUE.

Mount the steep ascent,  
 And claim thy native skies.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

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RECITATIVE.—HERCULES.

The sounds breathe fire celestial, and impart  
Immortal vigour to my glowing heart.

AIR.—HERCULES.

Lead, goddess, lead the way,  
Thy awful pow'r supremely wise  
Shall guide me with its sacred ray  
To yonder lucid skies :  
Shall lift me to the blest abode,  
Crown'd with immortal youth,  
Among the gods a god.

CHORUS.—ATTENDANTS ON VIRTUE.

Virtue will place thee in that blest abode,  
Crown'd with immortal youth, among the gods a god.

# HERCULES:

AN ORATORIO.

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## PART THE FIRST.

DEJANIRA, LYCHAS *and* CHORUS of TRACHENIANS.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—LYCHAS.

SEE with what sad dejection in her looks,  
Indulging grief, the mournful princess sits;  
She weeps from morning dawn to shades of night,  
From gloom of night to redd'ning blush of morn:  
Uncertain of Alcides' destiny,  
Disconsolate his absence she laments.

AIR.—LYCHAS.

No longer fate relentless frown,  
Preserve, great Jove, the hero's life;  
With glory's wreath his actions crown,  
And O restore him to his weeping wife.

AIR.—DEJANIRA.

The world, when day's career is run,  
In darkness mourns the absent sun;



So I, depriv'd of that dear light,  
 That warm'd my breast and cheer'd my sight,  
 Deplore in thickest gloom of grief,  
 The absence of the valiant chief.

## RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

Princess, be comforted, and hope the best,  
 A few revolving hours may bring him back,  
 Once more to bless your longing arms.

DEJANIRA. Ah! no, impossible, he never will re-  
 turn.

LY. Forbid it heaven! and all ye guardian pow'rs  
 That watch o'er virtue, innocence, and love.

DEJAN. My son! dear image of thy absent sire,  
 What comfort bring'st thou to thy mother's ear?

HYLLUS. Eager to know my father's destiny,  
 I bade the priests with solemn sacrifice  
 Explore the will of heav'n; the altar smok'd;  
 The slaughter'd victim bled; when, lo! around  
 The hallow'd walls a sudden glory blaz'd;  
 The priest acknowledg'd the auspicious omen,  
 And own'd the present god: when in a moment  
 The temple shook, the glory disappear'd,  
 And more than midnight darkness veil'd the place.

LY. 'Twas dreadful all.

HYL. At length the rev'rend flamen,  
 Full of the deity, prophetic spoke:

## AIR.—HYLLUS.

I feel the God, he swells my breast,  
 Before my eyes the future stands confest;  
 I see the valiant chief in death laid low,  
 And flames aspire from Ætna's lofty brow.

## RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

He said; the sacred fury left his breast,  
And on the ground the fainting prophet fell.

DEJ. Then I am lost! O dreadful oracle!  
My griefs hang heavy on my lab'ring soul,  
And soon will sink me to the realms of night;  
There once again I shall behold my Hercules,  
Or whirl the lance, or bend the stubborn bow,  
Or to the list'ning ghosts his toils recount.

## AIR.—DEJANIRA.

There in myrtle shades reclin'd,  
By streams that thro' Elysium wind,  
In sweetest union we shall prove,  
Eternity of bliss and love.

## RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

Despair not; but let rising hope suspend excess  
Of grief, till I have learnt the certainty  
Of my dear father's fate: to-morrow's sun  
Shall see your Hyllus bend his pious steps,  
To seek the hero through the travell'd globes.  
If yet he lives, I will restore him to you,  
Or perish in the search.

## AIR.

Where congeal'd the northern streams,  
Bound in icy fetters stand;  
Where the sun's intenser beams  
Scorch the burning Lybian sand;  
By honour, love, and duty led,  
With advent'rous steps I'll tread.

## CHORUS.

O filial piety, O gen'rous love,  
Go, youth inspir'd, thy virtue prove.

## CHORUS.

Immortal fame attends thee,  
And pitying heav'n befriends thee.

## RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

Banish your fears, Alcmena's god-like son  
Lives, and from sack'd Œchalia,  
Which his arms have levell'd with the ground,  
Returns a conqueror.

DEJ. O joyful news! welcome as rising day  
To the benighted world, or falling show'r  
To the parch'd earth! Ye lying omens hence;  
Hence ev'ry anxious thought.

## AIR.—DEJANIRA.

Begone my fears, fly hence away,  
Like clouds before the morning ray;  
My hero found,  
With laurel crown'd;  
Heav'n relenting,  
Fate consenting;  
Springing joys my fears controul,  
And rising transports swell my soul.

## RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

A train of captives, red with honest wounds,  
And low'ring on their chains, attend the conqueror;  
But, more to grace the pomp of victory,  
The lovely Iole, Œchalia's princess,  
With captive beauty swells the joyful triumph.

HYC. My soul is mov'd for the unhappy princess,  
And fain, methinks, I would unbind her chains:  
But say her father, haughty Eurytus?

LY. He fell in single combat by the sword of Hercules.

DEJ. No more; but haste and wait thy lord's arrival.

LY. How soon is deepest grief exchange'd for bliss.

AIR.—LYCHAS.

The smiling hours, a joyful train,  
On silken pinions waft again  
The moments of delight;  
Returning pleasures banish woe,  
As ebbing streams recruited flow,  
And day succeeds the night.

CHORUS.

Let none despair, relief may come, tho' late,  
And heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate.

IOLÉ, and CÆCHALIAN VIRGINS, *led captive.*

RECITATIVE.—IOLÉ.

Ye faithful followers of the wretched Iole,  
Your bonds sit heavier on me than my own.  
Unhappy maids! my fate has dragg'd you down,  
Like some vast pile, that crushes with its fall  
The neighb'ring domes, and spreads wide ruin round  
it.

FIRST CÆCHA. You are our mistress still; alas,  
Erastia!

Captivity like the destroyer death,  
Throws all distinctions down, and slaves are equal;  
But if the gods relent, and give us back  
To our lost liberty.

IOLÉ. Ah, me! how soon the flatt'rer's hope is  
ready

With his cordial! Vain expectation.

No; adieu forever ye smiling joys,

And innocent delights of youth and liberty.  
Severe remembrance.

AIR.—IOLE.

Daughter of gods, bright liberty!  
With thee a thousand graces reign,  
A thousand pleasures crown thy train,  
And hail thee loveliest deity.  
But thou, alas, hast wing'd thy flight,  
The graces that surround the throne,  
And all the pleasures with thee gone,  
Remov'd forever from my sight.

RECITATIVE.—IOLE.

But hark, the victor comes.

MARCH.

HERCULES and ATTENDANTS.

RECITATIVE.—HERCULES.

Thanks to the powers above! but chief to thee,  
Father of gods! from whose immortal loins  
I drew my birth. Now my long toils are o'er,  
And Juno's rage appeas'd: with pleasure now,  
At rest, my various labours I review.  
Æchalla's fall is added to my titles,  
And points the rising summit of my glory.

(Turning to IOLE.) Fair princess, weep no more,  
forget these bonds,

In Trachin you are free as in Æchalia.

IOLE. Forgive me, gen'rous victor! if I sigh,  
For my dead father, my friends, my country,  
Will have its way; I cannot yet forget

That such things were, and that I once enjoy'd  
them.

HERCULES.

AIR.—IOLE.

My father! ah, methinks I see  
The sword inflict the deadly wound;  
He bleeds, he falls in agony,  
Dying he bites the bloody ground.

AIR.—IOLE.

Peaceful rest, dear parent shade,  
Light the earth be on thee laid;  
In thy daughter's pious mind,  
All thy virtues live enshrined.

RECITATIVE.—HERCULES.

Now farewell arms! From hence the tide of time  
Shall bear me gently down to mellow age:  
From war to love, I fly my cares to lose  
In gentle Dejanira's fond embrace.

AIR.—HERCULES.

The god of battle quits the bloody field,  
And useless hang the glitt'ring spear and shield,  
While all resign'd to conquering beauty's charms,  
He gives a loose to love in Cytherea's arms.

CHORUS.

Crown with festal pomp the day;  
Be mirth extravagantly gay;  
Bid the grateful altars smoke;  
Bid the maids the youth provoke  
To join the dance, while music's voice  
Tells aloud our rapt'rous joys.

## PART THE SECOND.

IOLE AND ŒCHALIANS.

RECITATIVE.—IOLE.

WHY was I born a princess, rais'd on high  
 To fall with greater ruin? Had the gods  
 Made me the humble tenant of some cottage,  
 I had been happy.

AIR.

How blest the maid ordain'd to dwell,  
 With sweet content in humble cell,  
 From cities far remov'd;  
 By murm'ring rills, on verdant plains,  
 To tend the flocks with village swains,  
 By ev'ry swain belov'd.  
 Tho' low, yet happy in that low estate,  
 And safe from ills which on a princess wait.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

It must be so; fame speaks aloud my wrongs,  
 And ev'ry voice proclaims Alcides' falshood,  
 Love, jealousy, and rage, at once distract me.

IOLE. What anxious cares, untimely, thus disturb  
 The happy consort of the son of Jove?

DEJ. Insulting maid! I had indeed been happy,  
 But for the fatal lustre of thy beauty.

AIR.—DEJANIRA.

When beauty sorrow's liv'ry wears,  
 Our passions take the fair one's part,  
 Love dips his arrows in her tears,  
 And sends them pointed to the heart.

## RECITATIVE.—IOLE.

Whence this unjust suspicion?

DEJ. Fame of thy beauty, so report informs me,  
First brought Alcides to Æchalia's court;  
He saw, he lov'd, he ask'd you of your father;  
His suit rejected, in revenge he levell'd  
The haughty town, and bore away the spoil.  
But the rich prize, for which he fought and conquer'd,  
Was Iole.

IOLE. Ah, no! it was ambition,  
Not slighted love, that laid Æchalia low,  
And made the wretched Iole a captive;  
Report, that in the garb of truth disguises  
The blackest falsehood, has abus'd your ear  
With a forged tale; but, O let me conjure you,  
For your peace of mind, beware of jealousy.

## AIR.—IOLE.

Ah! think what ill the jealous prove,  
Adieu to peace, adieu to love,  
Exchang'd for endless pain;  
With venom fraught the bosom swells,  
And never-ceasing discord dwells,  
Where harmony should reign.

## RECITATIVE.—DEJ. NIRA.

It is too sure, that Hercules is false.

## RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

My godlike master.

DEJ. Is a traitor, Lychas  
Traitor to Hymen, Love, and Dejanira.

LYCH. Alcides false, impossible!



## AIR.—LYCHAS.

As stars that rise and disappear,  
 Still in the same bright circle more,  
 So shines unchang'd thy hero's love,  
 Nor absence can his faith impair.  
 The breast where gen'rous valour dwells,  
 In constancy no less excels.

## RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

In vain you strive his falshood to disguise.

LYCH. This is thy work, accursed jealousy!

## AIR.

Jealousy, infernal pest,  
 Tyrant of the human breast,  
 How from slightest causes bred,  
 Dost thou lift thy hated head;  
 Trifles light as floating air,  
 Strongest proofs to thee appear.

## RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

She knows my passion, and has heard me breathe  
 My am'rous vows; but, deaf to the soft plea,  
 Rejects my offer'd love. See where she stands,  
 Like fair Diana, circled by her nymphs.

IOLE. Too well, young prince,  
 I guess the cause that this way leads your steps,  
 Why will you urge a suit I must not hear?  
 Love finds no dwelling in that hapless breast,  
 Where sorrow and her gloomy train reside.

HYLLUS. The stealing hand of all-subduing time,  
 May drive these black intruders from their seat,  
 And leave the heav'nly mansion of thy bosom  
 Serene and vacant to a softer guest.

IOLÉ. And think'st thou Iole can ever love  
The son of Hercules, whose arms depriv'd her  
Of country, father, liberty? Impossible.

HYLL. I own the truths that blast my springing  
hopes;  
Yet, oh! permit me, charming maid, to gaze  
On those dear beauties that enchant my soul,  
And view at least that heav'n I must despair to  
gain.

IOLÉ. Is this, is this the son of Hercules,  
For labours fam'd and hardy deeds of arms?  
O Prince, exert the virtues of thy race,  
And call forth all thy father in thy soul.

AIR.—IOLÉ.

Banish love from thy breast,  
'Tis a womanish guest,  
Fit only mean thoughts to inspire;  
Bright glory invites thee,  
Fair honour excites thee,  
To tread in the steps of thy sire.

RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

Forgive a passion which resistless sways  
Ev'n breasts immortal.

AIR.

From celestial seats descending,  
Joys divine awhile suspending,  
Gods have left their heav'n above,  
To taste the sweeter heav'n of love;  
Cease my passion then to blame,  
Cease to scorn a godlike flame.

HERCULES.

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CHORUS.

Wanton god of am'rous fires,  
Wishes, sighs, and soft desires,  
All nature's sons thy laws maintain;  
O'er liquid air, firm land, and swelling main,  
Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless reign.

HERCULES AND DEJANIRA.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Yes, I congratulate your titles, swell'd  
With proud Œchalia's fall; but, oh! I grieve  
To see the victor to the vanquish'd yield;  
How lost, alas! how fall'n from what you was,  
Your fame eclips'd, and all your laurels blasted.

HER. Unjust reproach! no, Dejanira, no!  
While glorious deeds demand a just applause.

AIR.—HERCULES.

Alcides name in latest story,  
Shall with brightest lustre shine,  
And future heroes rise to glory,  
By actions emulating mine.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

O glorious pattern of heroic deeds,  
The mighty warrior whom not Juno's hate,  
Nor a long series of incessant labours,  
Could e'er subdue, a captive maid has conquer'd;  
O, shame to manhood! O, disgrace to arms!

AIR.

Resign thy club and lion's spoils,  
And fly from war to female toils;  
For the glitt'ring sword and shield,  
The spindle and the distaff wield;

Thund'ring Mars no more shall arm thee,  
 Glory's call no more shall warm thee,  
 Venus and her whining boy  
 Shall all thy wanton hours employ.

RECITATIVE.—HERCULES.

You are deceiv'd, some villain hath bely'd  
 My ever faithful love and constancy.

DEJ. Wou'd it were so, and that the babbler fame  
 Had not through all the Grecian cities  
 Spread the shameful tale.

HER. The Priests of Jupiter  
 Prepare with solemn rites, to thank the god  
 For the success of my victorious arms;  
 The ready sacrifice expects my presence;  
 I go: meantime, let these suspicions sleep,  
 Nor causeless jealousy alarm your breast.

DEJ. Dissembling, false, perfidious Hercules!  
 Did he not swear, when first he woo'd my love,  
 The sun should cease to dawn, the silver moon  
 Be blotted from her orb, e'er he'd prove false?

AIR.—DEJANIRA.

Cease, ruler of the day to rise,  
 Nor Cynthia gild the ev'ning skies,  
 To your bright beams he made appeal,  
 With endless night his falshood seal.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Some kinder pow'r assist me to regain  
 His alienated love! and bring the wand'rer back;  
 Ah! lucky thought, I have a garment dipt  
 In Nessus's blood, when from the wound he drew  
 The barbed shaft sent by Alcides hand,

It boasts a wond'rous virtue, to revive  
 Th' expiring flame of love, so Nessus told me,  
 When dying to my hand he trusted it;  
 I will prevail with Hercules to wear it,  
 And prove its magic force. See the herald.

LYCH. Fit instrument to execute thy purpose.

DEJ. Lychas, thy hands shall to the temple bear  
 A rich embroider'd vest, and beg thy lord  
 Will instant o'er his manly shoulders throw  
 His consort's gift, the pledge of reconciliation.

LYCH. O, pleasing task! O, happy Hercules!

## AIR.

Constant lover's never loving,  
 Never jealous torments proving,  
 Calm, imperfect pleasures taste;  
 But the bliss to rapture growing,  
 Bliss from reconciliation flowing,  
 This is love's sublime repast.

## RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

But see the Princess Iole; retire,  
 Be still, my jealous fears, and let my tongue  
 Disguise the torture of my bleeding heart.

## RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA to IOLE.

Forgive me, princess, if my jealous phrensy  
 Too roughly greeted you; I see and blame  
 The error that misled me, to insult  
 That innocence and beauty.

IOLE. Thanks to the gods,  
 That have inspir'd your mind with calmer thoughts,  
 And from your breast remov'd the vulture jealousy!

Live and be happy in Alcides love,  
While wretched Iole—(*Weeping.*)

DEJ. Princess, no more, but lift those beauteous  
eyes

To the fair prospect of returning happiness;  
At my request, Alcides shall restore you  
To liberty, and your paternal throne.

## DUETTO.

DEJ. Joys of freedom, joys of power,  
Wait upon the coming hour,  
And court thee to be blest!

IOLE. What heav'nly pleasing sounds I hear,  
How sweet they steal upon my ear,  
And charm my soul to rest.

## RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Father of Hercules, great Jove, succeed  
This last expedient of despairing love.

## CHORUS.

Love and Hymen, hand in hand,  
Come restore the nuptial band;  
And sincere delights prepare  
To crown the hero and the fair.

*PART THE THIRD.*

LYCHAS, AND TRACHENIANS.

RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

**Y**E sons of Trachin, mourn your valiant chief,  
Return'd from foes, and dangers threat'ning  
death,

To fall inglorious by a woman's hand.

FIRST TRACH. Oh! doleful tidings!

LYCH. As the hero stood prepar'd for sacrifice,  
And festal pomp adorn'd the temple, these  
Unlucky hands presented him, in Dejanir.'s name,  
A costly robe, the pledge of reconcilment;  
With smiles that testify'd his rising joy,  
Alcides o'er his manly shoulders threw  
The treach'rous gift; but when the altar's flame  
With warmth began to dew his moisten'd limbs,  
The clinging robe, by cursed art envenom'd,  
Thro' all his joints diffus'd a subtle poison;  
Frantic with agonizing pain, he flings  
His tortur'd body on the sacred floor,  
Then strives to rip the deathful garment off;  
But with it, tears the bleeding mangled flesh:  
His dreadful cries the vaulted roof returns.

AIR.—LYCHAS.

O scene of unexampled woe,  
O sun of glory sunk so low,  
What language can our sorrow tell?  
Unhappy, gallant chief, farewell.

## RECITATIVE.—SECOND TRACHENIAN.

O, fatal jealousy ! O, cruel recompence  
Of virtue in severest labours try'd.

## CHORUS.

Tyrants now no more shall dread,  
On necks of vanquish'd slaves to tread,  
Horrid forms of monstrous birth,  
Again shall vex the groaning earth ;  
Fear of punishment is o'er,  
The world's avenger is no more.

## HERCULES, HYLLUS, LYCHAS, and TRACHENIANS.

## RECITATIVE AND AIR.—HERCULES.

O Jove ! what land is this, what clime accurst ?  
By raging Phœbus scorch'd, I burn, I burn ;  
Tormenting fire consumes me ; O I die !  
Some ease, ye pitying pow'rs ;  
I rage with more than Stygian pains,  
Along my feverish veins,  
Like liquid fire, the subtle poison hastes.  
Boreas, bring thy northern blast,  
And thro' my bosom roar,  
Or Neptune kindly pour  
Ocean's collected flood into my breast,  
And cool my boiling blood.

HYL. Great Jove relieve his pain.

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—HERCULES.

Was it for this unnumber'd toils I bore ?  
O Juno, and Euristheus, I absolve ye,  
Your keenest malice yield to Dejanira ;  
Mistaken, cruel, treach'rous Dejanira !



O this cursed robe, it clings to my torn sides,  
And drinks my vital blood.

HYL. Alas! my father.

HER. My son! observe thy dying sire's request;  
While yet I live, bear me to Æta's top;  
There on the summit of that cloud-capt hill,  
The tow'ring oak and lofty cypress fell,  
And raise a funeral pile, upon it lay me;  
Then fire the kindling heap, that I may mount  
On wings of flame, to mingle with the gods.

HYL. O glorious thought, worthy the son of Jove.

HER. My pains redouble. O be quick, my son,  
And bear me to the scene of glorious death.

HYL. How is the hero fall'n?

## AIR.

Let not fame the tidings spread  
To proud Cephælia's conquer'd wall;  
The baffled foe will lift his head,  
And triumph in the victor's fall.

## RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Where shall I fly, where hide this guilty head?  
O fatal error of misguided love;  
O cruel Nessus! how art thou reveng'd?  
Wretched I am, by me Alcides dies;  
These impious hands have sent my injur'd lord  
Untimely to the shades. Let me be mad,  
Chain me, ye furies, to your iron beds,  
And hush my guilty ghost with whips of scorpion.  
See! see they come, Alecto with her snakes;  
Megera fell, and black Tisiphone.

## AIR.

See! see the dreadful sisters rise,  
 Their baleful presence taints the skies.  
 See the snaky whips they bear,  
 What yellings rend my tortur'd ear;  
 Hide me from their hated sight,  
 Friendly shades of blackest night.  
 Alas, no rest the guilty find,  
 From the pursuing furies of the mind.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA *to* IOLE.

Lo! the fair fatal cause of all this ruin!  
 Fly from my sight, detested sorc'ress, fly!  
 Lest my ungovern'd fury rush upon thee,  
 And scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n.  
 Alas, I rave, the lovely maid is innocent,  
 And I alone the guilty cause of all.

IOLE. Tho' torn from ev'ry joy, a father's love,  
 My native land, and dear-priz'd liberty,  
 By Hercules' arms, still must I pity  
 The countless woes of this unhappy house.

## AIR.—IOLE.

My breast with tender pity swells  
 At sight of human woe,  
 And sympathetic anguish feels,  
 Where'er heav'n strikes the blow.

*The* PRIEST *of* JUPITER, HYLLUS, *and* TRA-  
 CHENIANS.

## RECITATIVE.—PRIEST.

Princess, rejoice! whose heav'n-directed hand  
 Has rais'd Alcides to the court of Jove.

DEJAN. Speak, Priest, what means this dark mysterious greeting?

That he is dead, and by this fatal hand,  
Too sure, alas, my bleeding heart divines.

PRI. Borne by his own command to Æta's top,  
Stretch'd on a fun'ral pile the hero lay,  
The crackling flames surround his manly limbs;  
When, lo! an eagle stooping from the clouds,  
Swift to the burning pile his flight directs,  
There lights a moment, then with speedy wing  
Regains the sky: astonis'd we consult  
The sacred grove, where sounds oracular,  
From vocal oaks, disclose the will of Jove;  
Here the great sire his offspring's fate declar'd:

ACCOMPANIED.

His mortal parts by eating fires consum'd,  
His part immortal to Olympus borne,  
There with assembled deities to dwell.

AIR.—LYCHAS.

He who for Atlas prop'd the sky,  
Now sees the sphere beneath him lie;  
In bright abodes of kindred gods,  
A new admitted guest,  
With purple lips,  
Brist nectar sips,  
And shares th' ambrosial feast.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Words are too weak to speak the warring passions  
That combat in my breast, grief, wonder, joy,  
By turns deject and elevate my soul.

PREST to IOLE. Not less thy destiny, illustrious  
maid!

Is Jove's peculiar care, who thus decrees:

Hymen, with purest joys of love, shall crown  
Cechalia's princess and the son of Hercules.

RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

How blest is Hyllus, if the lovely Iole,  
Consenting ratifies the gift of heav'n.

IOLE. What Jove ordains can Iole resist.

DUETTO.—DEJANIRA.

O prince, whose virtues all admire,  
Since Jove has ev'ry bar remov'd,  
I feel my vanquish'd heart conspire,  
To crown a flame by heav'n approv'd.

HYL. O Princess, whose exalted charms,  
Above ambition fire my breast;  
How great my joy to fill those arms,  
At once with love and empire bless'd.

I ask no more, since now I find  
All earthly good in thee combin'd.

DEJAN. I grieve no more, since now I see  
All happiness restor'd in thee.

•HORUS.

To him your grateful notes of praise belong,  
The theme of liberty's immortal song;  
Aw'd by his name, oppression shuns the light,  
And slav'ry hides her head in depths of night;  
While happy climes to his example owe  
The blessings that from peace and freedom flow.

*L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO,  
ED. IL MODERATO.*

THE WORDS TAKEN FROM MILTON.

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*PART THE FIRST.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—L'ALLEGRO.

**H**ENCE, loathed melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-  
holy,  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings;  
There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding joys  
Dwell in some idle brain,

64 L'ALLEGRO, IL PENNEROSO,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sun beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams,  
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

AIR.—L'ALLEGRO.

Come, come thou goddess fair and free,  
In Heav'n 'yclept Euphrosine,  
And by men, heart-easing mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister graces more,  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

AIR.—IL PENNEROSO.

Come, rather goddess sage and holy,  
Hail divinest melancholy,  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore.

AIR AND CHORUS.—L'ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENSEROSO.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train.

AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted state  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

CHORUS.

Join with thee, calm peace and quiet,  
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet.

RECITATIVE.—L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed melancholy,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell;  
But haste thee mirth, and bring with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Mirth admit me of thy crew:  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free;  
To hear the Lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night;  
Then to come in spight of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENSEROSO.

First and chief on golden wing,  
The cherub, contemplation, bring;

And the mute silence list along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest, sadest plight  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night.

AIR.

Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy  
 Thee, chauntress of the woods among,  
 I woo to hear thy even' song;  
 Or missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon.

RECITATIVE.—L'ALLEGRO.

If I give the honour due,  
 Mirth admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To listen how the bounds and horn,  
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Thro' the high wood echoing shrill.

AIR.—IL PENSEROSO.

Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-water'd shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
 Or if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers thro' the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.



## RECITATIVE.—V ALLEGRO.

If I give the honour due,  
Mirth admit me of thy crew.

## AIR.

Let me wander not unseen  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.  
There the plowman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale,  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

## AIR.

Or let the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound,  
To many a youth and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

## CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play  
On a sun-shine holiday,  
Till the live-long day-light fail.  
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,  
By whisp'ring winds soon rull'd to sleep.

## PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENSEROSO.

**H**ENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of folly without father bred,  
 How little ye bested,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshy nook.

AIR.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made hell grant what love did seek.

RECITATIVE.—L'ALLEGRO.

Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till unwelcome morn appear.

CHORUS.

Populous cities please me then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit and arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.

AIR.

There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENSEROSO.

Me, when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves:  
 There in close covert, by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look.

AIR.

Hide me from day's garnish eye,  
 While the bee with honied thigh,  
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream,  
 Wave at his wings in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eye-lids laid;  
 And as I awake, sweet music breathe,  
 Above, about, or underneath,

## L'ALLEGRO, IL PENNEROSO,

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

## AIR.—L'ALLEGRO.

I'll to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

## AIR.

And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;  
Soothe me with immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melted voice through mazes running;  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

## AIR AND CHORUS.

These delights, if thou can'st give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

## RECITATIVE.—IL PENNEROSO.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antique pillar, massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.

## CHORUS.

There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voic'd quire below,

In service high and antients clear,  
 As may with sweetness through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into extasies,  
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

AIR AND CHORUS.

These pleasures, melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

*PART THE THIRD.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL MODERATO.

**H**ENCE boast not, ye prophane,  
 Of vainly fancied, little tasted pleasure,  
 Pursued beyond all measure,  
 And by its own excess transform'd to pain.

AIR.

Come with native lustre shine,  
 Moderation, grace divine :  
 Whom the wise God of Nature gave  
 Mad mortals from themselves to save.  
 Keep, as of old, the middle way,  
 Nor deeply sad, nor idly gay,  
 But still the same in look and gait,  
 Easy, cheerful, and sedate.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Sweet temperance in thy right hand bear,  
 With her let rosy health appear,  
 And in thy left contentment true,  
 Whom headlong passion never knew ;

## L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO,

Frugality by bounty's side,  
 Fast friends, tho' out as foes bely'd;  
 Chaste love by reason made secure,  
 With joys sincere, and pleasures pure;  
 Happy life from heav'n descending,  
 Crowds of smiling hours attending.

## CHORUS.

All this company serene,  
 Join to fill thy beauteous train.

## AIR.

Come, with gentle hand restrain,  
 Those who fondly court their bane,  
 One extreme with caution shunning,  
 To another blindly running,  
 Kindly teach how blest are they  
 Who nature's equal rules obey;  
 With safety steer two rocks between,  
 And prudent, keep the golden mien.

## RECITATIVE.—L'ALLEGRO.

No more short life they then will spend  
 In straying farther from its end,  
 In frantic mirth and childish play,  
 In dance and revels, night and day;  
 Or else, like lifeless statues seeming,  
 Ever musing, moping, dreaming.

## AIR.

Each action will derive new grace  
 From order, measure, time, and place;  
 Till life the goodly structure, rise  
 In due proportion to the skies.

ED IL MODERATO.

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DUET.

As steals the morn upon the night,  
And melts the shades away,  
So truth does fancy's charm dissolve,  
And rising reason puts to flight  
The fumes that did the mind involve,  
Restoring intellectual day.

CHORUS.

Thy pleasures moderation give,  
In them alone we truly live.

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## APPENDIX.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

**T**HERE held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;  
And join with thee calm peace and quiet,  
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the muses in a ring  
Round about Jove's altar sing.

AIR.

Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

## L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO, &amp;c.

AIR.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 While the landscape round it measures  
 Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray.

AIR.

Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy  
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelop's line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine;  
 Or what, tho' rare, of later age  
 Ennobled has the buskin'd stage.

AIR.

Orpheus himself may raise his head,  
 From golden slumbers on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

AIR.

May at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage;  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell,  
 Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,  
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew,  
 'Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.



ODE ON  
*ST. CECILIA'S DAY.*

THE WORDS BY DRYDEN.

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RECITATIVE.

**F**ROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony,  
This universal frame began.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

When Nature, underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay,  
And could not heave her head,  
The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
Arise, ye more than dead;  
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
In order to their stations leap,  
And music's power obey.

CHORUS.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,  
This universal frame began;  
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man.

AIR.

What passion cannot music raise and quell,  
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,

His list'ning brethren stood around,  
 And wond'ring on their faces fell,  
 To worship the celestial sound;  
 Less than a god, they thought there could not dwell,  
 Within the hollow of that shell,  
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.

## AIR.

The trumpet's loud clangor  
 Excites us to arms,  
 With shrill notes of anger  
 And mortal alarms,  
 The double, double, double beat  
 Of the thund'ring drum,  
 Cries, hark! the foes are come;  
 Charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

## CHORUS.

The trumpet's loud clangor  
 Excites us to arms,  
 With shrill notes of anger  
 And mortal alarms,  
 The double, double, double beat  
 Of the thundering drum,  
 Cries, hark! the foes are come;  
 Charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

## AIR.

The soft complaining flute,  
 In dying notes discovers,  
 The woes of hopeless lovers,  
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

## AIR.

Sharp violins proclaim  
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,

Fury, frantic indignation,  
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,  
 For the fair disdainful dame.

AIR.

But, oh! what art can teach,  
 What human voice can reach,  
 The sacred organ's praise?  
 Notes inspiring holy-love,  
 Notes that wing their heav'nly ways,  
 To join the choirs above.

AIR.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
 And trees unrooted left their place,  
 Sequacious of the lyre.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

But bright Cecilia! rais'd the wonder high;  
 When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n.  
 An angel heard,  
 And straight appear'd,  
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,  
 The spheres began to move,  
 And sung the great Creator's praise  
 To all the bless'd above;  
 So when the last and dreadful hour,  
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
 The trumpet shall be heard on high;

CHORUS.

The dead shall live, the living die,  
 And music shall untune the sky.

# SEMELE:

A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

THE WORDS ALTERED FROM CONGREVE.

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*Scene I.—Temple of Juno.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—PRIESTS.

**B**EHOLD, auspicious flashes rise,  
Juno accepts our sacrifice,  
The grateful odour swift ascends,  
And she the golden image bends.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Lucky omens bless our rites,  
And sure success shall crown your loves,  
Peaceful days and fruitful nights,  
Attend the pair that she approves.

RECITATIVE.—CADMUS.

Daughter, obey,  
Hear and obey  
With kind consenting ease a parent's care,  
Invent no new delay.

ATHAMAS. O hear a faithful lover's pray'r  
On this auspicious day.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SEMELE.

Ah, me! ah, me! what refuge now is left me,  
How various, how tormenting are my miseries.

O Jove, assist me! Can Semele forego  
 Thy love, and to a mortal's passion yield!  
 Thy vengeance will o'ertake such perfidy.  
 If I deny, my father's wrath I fear—

AIR.—SEMELE.

O Jove! in pity teach me which to choose,  
 Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.

AIR.—SEMELE.

The morning lark to mine accords his note,  
 And tunes to my distress his warbling throat;  
 Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,  
 Wailing alike his absence and return.

RECITATIVE.—INO.

See, she blushing turns her eyes,  
 See, with sighs her bosom panting,  
 If from love those sighs arise,  
 Nothing to my bliss is wanting.

AIR.

Hymen, haste, thy torch prepare,  
 Love already his has lighted,  
 One soft sigh has cur'd despair,  
 And more than my past pains requited.

RECITATIVE.—INO.

Alas! she yields, and has undone me,  
 I cannot longer hide my passion,  
 It must have vent, or inward burning will  
 Consume me. O Athamas! I cannot utter it.

ATHA. On me, fair Ino calls with mournful ac-  
cent,

Her colour fading, and her eyes o'erflowing.

INO. O Semele!

SEM. On me she calls, yet seems to shun me;  
What would my sister? Speak?

INO. Thou hast undone me.

QUARTETTO.

CADM. Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,  
And all our solemn rites profane,  
Can he, or she, thy woes relieve,  
Or I? Of whom thou dost complain?

INO. Of all; but all I fear in vain.

ATH. Can I thy woes relieve?

Can I assuage thy pain?

Of whom dost thou complain?

INO. Of all; but all I fear in vain.

*(Thunder is heard at a distance; and the fire is  
extinguished on the Altar.)*

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs;  
Some god averse our holy rites controuls,  
O'erwhelm'd with sudden night the day expires,  
Ill boding thunder on the right hand rolls,  
And Jove himself descends in show'rs,  
To quench our late propitious fires.

*(Flames are re-kindled on the Altar.)*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—CADMUS

Again, auspicious flashes rise,  
Juno accepts our sacrifice;  
Again the sickly flame decaying dies,  
Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

RECITATIVE.—ATHAMAS.

Thy aid, pronubial Juno, Athamas implores.

SEM. Thee Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores.

*(A loud Clap of Thunder, the Altar sinks.)*

## CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Cease, cease your vows, 'tis impious to proceed;  
 Begone, and fly this holy place with speed:  
 This dreadful conflict is of dire présage;  
 Begone, and fly from Jove's impending rage.

*Scene II.*—ATHAMAS AND INO.

## RECITATIVE.—ATHAMAS.

O, Athamas! what tortures hast thou borne?  
 And, oh! What hast thou yet to bear,  
 From love, from hope, from near possession torn,  
 And plung'd at once in deep despair?

## AIR.—INO.

Turn, hopeless lover, turn thy eyes,  
 And see a maid bemoan,  
 In flowing tears, and aching sighs,  
 Thy woes, too like her own.

## RECITATIVE.—ATHAMAS.

She weeps! the gentle maid, in tender pity  
 Weeps to behold my misery; so Semele  
 Would melt to see another mourn.

## AIR.—ATHAMAS.

Your tuneful voice my tale would tell,  
 In pity of my sad despair;  
 And with sweet melody compel  
 Attention from the flying fair.

## RECITATIVE.—INO.

Too well, I see, thou wilt not understand me,  
 Whence cou'd proceed such tenderness?

Whence such compassion? Insensible ingrate!  
 Ah! no, I cannot blame thee,  
 For by effects unknown before,  
 Who could the hidden cause explore,  
 Or think that love could act so strange a part,  
 I plead for pity in a rival's heart.

ATH. Ah, me! what have I heard, she does her  
 passion own?

## DUETTO.

INO. You've undone me,  
 Look not on me,  
 Guilt upbraiding,  
 Shame invading.

ATH. With my life I would atone,  
 Pains you've borne to me alone;  
 Cease to shun me,  
 Love alone has both undone.

*Scen. III.—Enter CADMUS attended.*

## RECITATIVE.—CADMUS.

Ah! wretched prince, doom'd to disastrous love!  
 Ah, me! of parents most forlorn;  
 Prepare, O Athamas, to prove  
 The sharpest pangs that e'er were borne;  
 Prepare with me our common loss to mourn.

ATH. Can fate or Semple invent  
 Another, yet another punishment?

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—CADMUS.

Wing'd with our fears and pious haste,  
 From Juno's fane we fled;



Scarce we the brazen gates had pass'd,  
 When Semele around her head  
 With azure flames was grac'd,  
 Whose lambent glories in her tresses play'd;  
 While this we saw, with dread surprise,  
 Swifter than lightning downward tending,  
 An eagle stoop'd of mighty size,  
 On purple wings descending,  
 Like gold his beak, like stars shone forth his eyes,  
 His silver plummy breast with snow contending,  
 Sudden he snatch'd the trembling maid,  
 And soaring from our sight convey'd,  
 Diffusing ever, as he less'ning flew,  
 Celestial odour and ambrosial dew.

RECITATIVE.—ATHAMAS.

O, prodigy! to me of dire portent.

INO. To me, I hope, a fortunate event.

*Scene IV.—Enters to them CHORUS OF PRIESTS  
 and AUGURS.*

RECITATIVE.—CADMUS.

See, see, Jove's priests and holy augurs come;  
 Speak, speak of Semele and me; declare the doom.

CHORUS.

HAI: Cadmus! Jove salutes the Theban king,  
 Cease your mourning,  
 Joys returning,  
 Songs of mirth and triumph sing.

AIR.

Endless pleasure, endless love,  
 Semele enjoys above;

On her bosom Jove reclining,  
 Useless now his thunder lies;  
 To her arms his bolts resigning,  
 And his lightnings to her eyes.

CHORUS.

Endless pleasure, endless love,  
 Semele enjoys above.

## PART THE SECOND.

*Scene I.—A pleasant Country.*

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

IRIS, impatient of thy stay,  
 From Samos have I wing'd my way,  
 To meet thy slow return.

IRIS. With all his speed, not yet the sun  
 Thro' half his race has run,  
 Since I, to execute thy dread command,  
 Have thrice encompass'd sea and land.

JUN. Say, where is Semele's abode?

IRIS. Look where Citheron proudly stands,  
 Boetia parting from Cecropian lands;  
 High on the summit of that hill,  
 Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,  
 By Jove's command and Vulcan's skill,  
 Behold a new-erected palace rise.

## AIR.—IRIS.

There from mortal cares retiring,  
 She resides in sweet retreat,  
 On her pleasure, Jove requiring,  
 All the loves and graces wait.

## RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

No more; I'll hear no more.

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUNO.

Awake, Saturnia, from thy lethargy,  
 Seize, destroy the curst adultrous;  
 Scale proud Citheron's top;  
 Snatch her, tear her, in thy fury; and down  
 To the flood of Acheron let her fall!

Rolling down the depths of night,  
 Never more to behold the light.

If I the imperial sceptre sway, I swear,  
 Tremble thou universe this oath to hear,  
 Not one of curst Agenor's race to spare!

## RECITATIVE.—IRIS.

Hear, mighty Queen, while I recount  
 What obstacles you most surmount.

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IRIS.

With adamant the gates are barr'd,  
 Whose entrance two fierce dragons guard,  
 At each approach they lash their forked stings,  
 And clap their brazen wings;  
 And as their scaly horrors rise,  
 They all at once disclose,  
 A thousand fiery seas,  
 Which never know repose.

SEMELE.

AIR.—JUNO.

Hence, Iris, hence away,  
 Far from the realms of day,  
 O'er Scythian hills, to the Meotian lake,  
 A speedy flight we'll take,  
 There Somnus I'll compel,  
 His downy bed to leave, and silent cell,  
 With noise and light I will his peace molest ;  
 Nor shall he sink again to pleasing rest,  
 Till to my vow'd revenge he grants supplies,  
 And seals with sleep the wakeful dragon's eyes.

AIR.—(*Semele awakes and rises.*)

O, sleep! Why dost thou leave me?  
 Why thy visionary joys remove?  
 O, sleep! again deceive me,  
 To my arms restore my wand'ring love.

RECITATIVE.—SEMELE.

Let me not another moment bear  
 The pangs of absence, since you have form'd  
 My soul for loving, no more afflict me  
 With doubts, and fears, and cruel jealousy.

AIR.—JUPITER.

Lay your doubts and fears aside,  
 And for joys alone provide,  
 Tho' this human form I wear,  
 Think not I man's falshood bear.

RECITATIVE.—JUPITER.

You are mortal,  
 And require time to rest and to repose,  
 I was not absent, while love was with thee  
 I was present; love and I are one;

## AIR.—SEMELE.

With fond desiring,  
 With bliss expiring,  
 If this be love, not you alone,  
 But love and I are one;  
 Causeless doubting or despairing,  
 Rashly trusting, idly fearing,  
 With fond desiring,  
 With bliss expiring,  
 Panting, fainting;  
 If this be love, not you alone,  
 But love and I are one.

## CHORUS.

How engaging, how endearing,  
 Is a lover's pain and care,  
 And what joy the nymphs appearing,  
 After absence and despair.

## RECITATIVE.—SEMELE.

Ah! me.

JUP. Why sighs my Semele?  
 What gentle sorrow swells thy soft bosom?  
 Why tremble these fair eyes with interrupted light?  
 Where, hov'ring for a vent amidst their humid fires,  
 Some new-form'd wish appears? Speak and obtain.

SEM. At my own happiness I sigh and tremble,  
 For I am mortal still, a woman ever;  
 When you leave me, tho' encompass'd round  
 With deities, of loves, and graces,  
 A fear invades me,  
 And, conscious of a nature far inferior,  
 I seek for solitude and shun society.

(*JUP. apart.*) Too well I read her meaning, but  
 must not  
 Understand her aiming at immortality,  
 With dangerous ambition.

## AIR.—JUPITER.

I must with speed amuse her,  
 Least she too much explain;  
 It gives the lover double pain,  
 Who hears his nymph complain,  
 And hearing must refuse her.

## CHORUS.

Now loe, that everlasting boy,  
 Invites to revel while you may,  
 In soft delights.

## RECITATIVE.—JUPITER.

By my command—now at this instant,  
 Two wing'd zephyrs from her downy bed,  
 Thy much-lov'd Ino bear,  
 And both together,  
 Waft her hither,  
 Through the balmy air.

SEM. Shall I my sister see,

The dear companion of my tender years?

JUP. See, she appears, but sees not me,

For I am visible alone to thee;

While I retire, rise and meet her,

And with welcomes greet her;

Now all this scene shall to Arcadia turn,

The seat of happy nymphs and swains,

There without the rage of jealousy they burn,

And taste the sweets of love without its pains.

## AIR.—JUPITER.

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,  
 Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade,  
 Where'er you tread the blushing flowers shall rise,  
 And all things flourish where'er you turn your eyes.

*Scene II.—SEMELE and INO meet and embrace.*

## RECITATIVE.—SEMELE.

Dear sister, how was your passage hither?

INO. O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,  
 O'er hills and valleys, and o'er deserts vast;  
 O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,  
 And woods, where beasts inhabit dreadful dens;  
 Thro' all which pathless way our speed was such,  
 We stopt not once the face of earth to touch;  
 Meantime they told me, while thro' air we fled,  
 That Jove did thus ordain.

## AIR.—INO.

But, hark! the heav'nly sphere turns round,  
 And silence now is drown'd  
 In ecstasy of sound;  
 How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,  
 As if all harmony were just alarm'd,  
 And ev'ry soul, with transport fill'd,  
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

## DUETTO.—SEMELE AND INO.

Prepare, then, ye immortal choir,  
 Each sacred minstrel tune your lyre,  
 And all in chorus join.

## CHORUS.

Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,  
 And to that pitch the eternal accents raise,  
 That all appears divine.

## PART THE THIRD.

*Scene I.—The Cave of Sleep, the God of Sleep lying on his Bed.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUNO.

SOMNUS, awake!

Raise thy reclining head.

IRIS. Thyself forsake,

Lift up thy heavy lids of lead.

AIR.—SOMNUS.

Leave me, leave me, loathsome light!

O, receive me, silent night!

Lethe, why does thy ling'ring current cease?

O, murmur me again to sleep.

RECITATIVE.—IRIS.

Dull god, canst thou attend the water-fall,

And not hear Saturnia call?

JUNO. Peace, Iris, peace! I know how to charm  
him;

Pasithea's name alone can warm him.

Somnus, arise!

Disclose thy tender eyes;

For Pasithea's sight,

Endure the light:

Somnus, arise!

AIR.—SOMNUS.

More sweet is that name

Than a soft purling stream,



With pleasure repos. I'll forsake,  
If you'll grant me but her to soothe me awake.

JUNO. My will obey, she shall be thine; thou  
with

Thy softer pow'r first Jove shalt captivate:  
To Morpheus then give orders, thy various ministers,  
That with a dream, in shape of Semele,  
But far more beautiful and more alluring,  
He may invade the sleeping deity;  
And more to agitate his kindling fire,  
Still let the phantom seem to fly before him;  
That he may wake impetuous, furious in desire,  
Unable to refuse, whatever boon her coyness shall  
require.

SOM. I tremble to comply.

JUNO. To me thy leaden rod resign,  
To charm the centinels on Mount Citheron;  
Then cast a sleep on mortal Ino,  
That I may seem her form to wear,  
When I to Semele appear.

## DUETTO.

JUNO. Obey my will, thy rod resign,  
And Pasithea shall be thine.

SOM. All I must grant, for all is due  
To Pasithea, love, and you.

*Scene II.—SEMELE alone.*

## AIR.

My racking thoughts by no kind slumbers freed,  
But painful nights do joyful days succeed.

*Scene III.—SEMELE in an Apartment. Enter JUNO as INO, with a Mirror in her Hand.*

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

(*Apart.*) Thus shap'd like Ino, with ease I shall deceive her,

And in this mirror she shall see  
Herself as much transform'd as me.

(*To SEMELE.*) Do I some goddess see,  
Or is it Somele?

SEM. Dear sister, speak, Whence this astonish-  
ment?

JUNO. Your charms improving to divine perfection,  
Shew you were late admitted amongst celestial  
beauties;

Has Jove consented, and are you made immortal?

SEM. Ah! no; I still am mortal, nor am I  
Sensible of my change, or new perfection.

JUNO. Behold in this mirror  
Whence comes my surprise,  
Such lustre and terror  
Unite in your eyes,

That mine cannot fix on a radiance so bright,  
'Tis unsafe for the sense, and too slipp'ry for sight.

SEM. O, ecstasy of happiness! celestial grace  
I discover in each feature.

AIR.—SEMELE.

Myself I shall adore,  
If I persist in gazing;  
No object sure before,  
Was ever half so pleasing.

## RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

Be wise as you are beautiful, nor lose  
 This opportunity, when Jove appears  
 All ardent with desire, refuse  
 His proffer'd flame,  
 Till you obtain  
 A boon without a name.

SEM. ————— Can that avail me?  
 But how shall I attain to immortality?

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUNO.

Conjure him, by his oath, not to approach  
 Your bed in likeness of a mortal,  
 But like himself, the mighty Thunderer,  
 In pomp of majesty, and heavenly attire,  
 As when the proud Saturnia charms,  
 And with ineffable delights  
 Fills her incircling arms,  
 And pays the nuptial rites;  
 You shall partake then immortality,  
 And thenceforth leave this mortal state,  
 To reign above,  
 Ador'd by Jove,  
 In spite of jealous Juno's hate.

## AIR.—SEMELE.

Thus let my thanks be paid,  
 Thus let my arms embrace thee,  
 And when I am a goddess-made,  
 With charms like mine I'll grace thee.

## RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

Rich odours fill the fragrant air,  
 And Jove's approach declare;  
 I must retire.

SEM. Adieu! your counsel I'll pursue.

JUNO. (*Apart.*) And sure destruction will ensue.  
Vain, wretched fool, adieu!

*Scene IV.*—JUPITER *enters, offers to embrace SEMELE.*  
*She looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.*

AIR.—JUPITER.

Come to my arms, my lovely fair,  
Soothe my uneasy care;  
In my dream late I woo'd thee,  
And in vain I pursu'd thee,  
For you fled from my pray'r,  
And bid me despair.

RECITATIVE.—JUPITER.

O Semele! why art thou insensible?

AIR.—SEMELE.

I ever am granting,  
You always complain;  
I always am wanting,  
Yet never obtain.

RECITATIVE.—JUPITER.

Speak, speak, your desire,  
Say what you require,  
I'll grant it.

SEM. Swear by the Stygian lake.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUPITER.

By that tremendous flood I swear:  
Ye Stygian waters hear,  
And thou, Olympus, shake,  
In witness to the oath I take.

RECITATIVE.—SEMELE.

You'll grant what I desire,

JUP. I'll grant what you require.

*(Thunder at a distance.)*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SEMELE.

Then cast off this human shape which you wear,  
And Jove since you are, like Jove too appear.

AIR.—JUPITER.

Ah! take heed what you press,

For beyond all redress,

Shou'd I grant your request,

I shall harm you.

AIR.—SEMELE.

No, no, I'll take no less,

Than all in full excess;

Your oath it may alarm you,

Yet haste and prepare,

For I'll know what you are:

With all your pow'rs arm you.

*Scene V.—JUPITER, pensive and dejected.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUPITER.

Ah! whither is she gone, unhappy fair!

Why did she wish! Why did I rashly swear!

'Tis past, 'tis past recall,

She must a victim fall,

Anon when I appear,

The mighty Thunderer;

Arm'd with inevitable fire,

She needs must instantly expire;

My softest lightning yet I'll try,  
 And mildest melting bolt apply ;  
 In vain, for she was fram'd to prove  
 None but the lambent flames of love.

*Scene VI.—JUNO alone.*

AIR.—JUNO.

Above measure  
 Is the pleasure,  
 Which my revenge supplies ;  
 Love's a bubble,  
 Gain'd with trouble,  
 And in possessing dies.

With what joy shall I mount to my heav'n again,  
 At once from my rival and jealousy freed ;  
 The sweets of revenge make it worth while to reign,  
 And heav'n will hereafter be heav'n indeed.

*Scene VII.—SEMELE discovered lying under a Canopy.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SEMELE.

Ah me ! too late I now repent my pride  
 And impious vanity ; he comes ! he comes !  
 Far off his lightnings scorch me. Ah ! I feel  
 My life consuming ; I burn, I burn,  
 I faint ; for pity I implore ;  
 O help ! O help ! I can no more.

*Scene VIII.—CADMUS, ATHAMAS, JUNO, and*

*CHORUS of PRIESTS.*

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

If my ill-boding dream,  
 Behold the dire event.

SEMELE.

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CHORUS.

(Of terror and astonishment)

CHORUS.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,  
But that forsaken we like meteors err ;  
Toss'd thro' the void by some rude shock we're broke,  
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

How I was hence remov'd, or hither how return'd,  
I know not ; so long a trance withheld me :  
But Hermes in a vision told me,  
(As I have now related) the fate of Semele,  
And added, as from me he fled,  
That Jove ordain'd I Athamas should wed.

CAD. Be Jove in ev'ry thing obey'd.

ATHA. Unworthy of your charms, myself I yield ;  
Be Jove's commands and your's fulfill'd.

AIR.—ATHAMAS.

Despair no more shall wound me,  
Since you so kind do prove ;  
All joy and bliss surround me,  
My soul is tun'd to love.

RECITATIVE.—CADMUS.

See from above the belling clouds descend,  
And big with some new wonder this way tend.

*Scene IX.—A bright Cloud descends and rests on MOUNT  
CITHERON, which opening, discovers APOLLO seat-  
ed in it as the God of Prophecy.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—APOLLO.

Apollo comes to relieve your care,  
And future happiness declare :

From Semele's ashes a phoenix shall rise,  
The joy of this earth and delight of the skies;  
A god he shall prove more mighty than love,  
And sighing and sorrow for ever remove.

## CHORUS.

Happy, happy shall we be,  
From care and sorrow free;  
Guiltless pleasures we'll enjoy,  
Virtuous love will never cloy;  
All that's good and just we'll prove,  
And Bacchus crown the joys of love.



*THEODORA:*

AN ORATORIO.

---

*PART THE FIRST.*

*Scene I.—VALENS and SEPTIMIUS.*

RECITATIVE.—VALENS.

**T**HIS Dioclesian's natal-day proclaims,  
Throughout the bounds of Antioch, a feast  
And solemn sacrifice, to Jove;  
Who so disdains to join the sacred rites,  
Shall feel our wrath in chastisement or death,  
And this, Septimius, take you in charge:  
Go, my faithful soldier, go;  
Let the fragrant incense rise  
To Jove, great ruler of the skies.

AIR.—VALENS.

Go, my faithful soldier, go;  
Let the fragrant incense rise  
To Jove, great ruler of the skies.

CHORUS.

And draw a blessing down,  
On his imperial crown,  
Who rules the world below.

## RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

‘Vouchsafe, dread sire, a gracious ear  
 To my request; let not thy sentence doom,  
 To racks and flames, all whose scrup’lous minds  
 Will not permit them, or to bend the knee  
 To gods they know not, or in wanton mood,  
 To celebrate the day with Roman rites.

VAL. Art thou a Roman, and yet dar’st defend  
 A sect rebellious to the gods and Rome?

DID. Many there are in Antioch who disdain  
 An idol off’ring, yet are friends to Cæsar.

VAL. It cannot be; they are not Cæsar’s friends  
 Who own not Cæsar’s gods: I’ll bear no more.

## AIR.—VALENS.

Racks, gibbets, sword or fire,  
 Shall speak my vengeful ire;  
 Against the subborn knee,  
 Nor gushing tears,  
 Nor ardent pray’rs,  
 Shall shake our firm decree.

## CHORUS OF HEATHENS.

For ever thus stands fix’d the doom,  
 Of rebels to the gods and Rome;  
 While sweeter than the trumpet’s sound,  
 Their groans and cries are heard around.

*Scene II.*—DIDYMUS and SEPTIMIUS.

## RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

Most cruel edict; cure thy gen’rous soul,  
 Septimius, abhors the dreadful task  
 Of persecution. Ought we not to leave

The free-born mind of man still ever free?  
 Since vain is the attempt to force belief,  
 With the severest instruments of death.

AIR.—DIDYMUS.

The raptur'd soul defies the sword,  
 Secure of virtue's claim;  
 And trusting heav'n's unerring word,  
 Enjoys the circling flame:  
 No engines can a tyrant find,  
 To storm the truth-supported mind.

RECITATIVE.—SEPTIMIUS.

I know thy virtues, and ask not thy faith;  
 Enjoy it as you will, my Didymus;  
 Tho' not a Christian, yet I own  
 Something within declares for acts of mercy;  
 But Antioch's president must be obey'd;  
 Such is the Roman discipline, while we  
 Can only pity whom we dare not spare.

AIR.—SEPTIMIUS.

Descend, kind pity, heav'nly guest,  
 Descend and fill each human breast  
 With sympathizing woe,  
 That liberty and peace of mind,  
 May sweetly harmonize mankind,  
 And bless the world below.

*Scene III.*

RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

Tho' hard, my friends, yet wholesome are the truths,  
 Taught in affliction's school; whence the pure soul  
 Rises refin'd, and soars above the world.

## THEODORA.

## AIR.—THEODORA.

Fond, flatt'ring world, adieu  
 Thy gayly smiling pow'rs;  
 Empty treasures,  
 Fleeting pleasures  
 Ne'er shall tempt or charm me more.  
 Faith inviting,  
 Hope delighting,  
 Nobler joys we now pursue.

## RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

O bright example of all goodness,  
 How easy seems affliction's heavy load,  
 While thus instructed, and compasion'd thus,  
 As 'twere with heav'n conversing, we look down  
 On the vain pomp of proud posterity.

## AIR.—IRENE.

Bane of virtue, nurse of passions,  
 Soother of vile inclinations,  
 Such is prosperity thy name;  
 True happiness is only found  
 Where grace, and truth, and love abound,  
 And pure religion feeds the flame.

## CHORUS.

Come, mighty Father, mighty Lord,  
 With love our souls inspire;  
 While grace and truth flow from thy word,  
 And feed the holy fire.

## RECITATIVE.—MESSENGER.

Fly, fly my brethren, heathen rage pursues us swift,  
 Arm'd with the terrors of insulting death.

## RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

Al! whither should we fly, or fly from whom?  
 The Lord is still the same, to-day, for ever;  
 And his protection here, and ev'ry where.  
 Still shall thy servants wait on thee, O Lord,  
 And in thy saving mercy put their trust.

## AIR.—IRENE.

As with rosy steps the morn,  
 Advancing drives the shades of night,  
 So from virtuous toils well borne,  
 Raise thou our hopes of endless night,  
 Triumphant Saviour, Lord of day,  
 Thou art the light, the life, the way!

## CHORUS.

All pow'r in heav'n above, or earth beneath,  
 Belongs to thee alone,  
 Thou everlasting one,  
 Mighty to save in peril, storm, and death.

## RECITATIVE.—SEPTIMIUS.

Mistaken wretches! why thus blind to fate!  
 Do ye in private oratorios dare  
 Rebel against the president's decree,  
 And scorn with native rites to celebrate  
 The day sacred to Cæsar, and protecting Jove?

## AIR.—SEPTIMIUS.

Dread the fruits of christian folly,  
 And this stubborn melancholy;  
 Fond of life and liberty,  
 Chains and dungeons ye are wooing,  
 And the storm of death pursuing,  
 Rebels to the known decree.

## RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

Deluded mortals! Call it not rebellion  
To worship God; it is his dread command,  
His whom we cannot, dare not, disobey,  
Tho' death be our reward.

SEP. Death is not yet thy doom,  
But worse than death to such a virtuous mind;  
Lady, these guards are order'd to convey you,  
To the vile place a prostitute, to devote your charms.

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—THEODORA.

O worse than death indeed! Lead me, ye guards,  
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames;  
I'll thank your gracious mercy.

## AIR.—THEODORA.

Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, O take me to your care;  
Spced to your own courts my flight,  
Clad in robes of virgin white.

## RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

Unhappy crew!  
Why stand ye thus wild with amazement?  
Say, where is my love, my Theodora?

IRENE. Alas she's gone, too late thou cam'st to save  
The fairest, noblest, best of women;  
A Roman soldier led her trembling hence,  
To the vile place where Venus keeps her court.

## AIR.—DIDYMUS.

Kind heav'n, if virtue be thy care,  
With courage fire me,  
Or art inspire me,  
To free the captive fair,

On the wings of the wind will I fly,  
With this princess to live, or this christian to die.

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

O love, how great thy pow'r! but greater still  
When virtue prompts the steady mind to prove  
Its native strength, and deeds of highest honour.

CHORUS.

Go, gen'rous, pious youth,  
May all the pow'rs above  
Reward thy virtuous love,  
Thy constancy and truth,  
With Theodora's charms,  
Free from these dire alarms;  
Or crown you with the blest,  
In glory, peace, and rest.

## PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE.—VALENS.

YE men of Antioch, with solemn pomp  
Renew the grateful sacrifice to Jove,  
And while your songs ascend the vaulted skies,  
Pour on the smoking altars floods of wine,  
In honour of the smiling deities,  
Fair Flora and the Cyprian queen.

CHORUS.

Queen of summer, queen of love,  
And thou, cloud-compelling Jove,

## THEODORA.

Grant a long and happy reign  
To great Cæsar, king of men.

## AIR.—VALENS.

Wide spread his name,  
And make his glory  
Of endless fame  
The lasting story.

## RECITATIVE.—VALENS.

Return, Septimius, to the stubborn maid,  
And learn her final resolution.  
If e'er the sun with prone career has reach'd  
The western isles, she deigns an offering  
To the great gods, she shall be free; if not,  
The meanest of my guards shall triumph o'er  
Her boasted chastity.

## CHORUS.

Venus, laughing from the skies,  
Will applaud her votaries;  
While seizing the treasure,  
We revel in pleasure,  
Revenge sweet love supplies.

*Scene IV.—THEODORA in the Place of her Confinement.*

## RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

O thou bright sun,  
How sweet thy rays to health and liberty!  
But here, alas!  
They swell the agonizing thought of shame,  
And pierce my soul with sorrows yet unknown.



## AIR.—THEODORA.

With darkness deep as is my woe,  
 Hide me, ye shades of night;  
 Your thickest veil around me throw,  
 Conceal'd from human sight;  
 Or come, thou death, thy victim save,  
 Kindly embosom'd in the grave.

## RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

But why art thou disquieted, my soul?  
 Hark! heav'n invites thee, in sweet rapt'rous strains,  
 To join the ever-singing, ever-loving choir,  
 Of saints and angels in the courts above.

## AIR.—THEODORA.

O that I on wings could rise,  
 Swiftly sailing thro' the skies,  
 As skims the silver dove,  
 That I might rest,  
 For ever blest,  
 With harmony and love.

## RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

Long have I known thy friendly social soul,  
 Septimius, when side by side we fought,  
 Dependant on each other's arm;  
 With freedom then I will disclose my mind:  
 I am a christian, and she  
 With pure religious sentiments inspir'd  
 My soul, with virtuous love inflam'd my heart.

SEP. No more;

The shame reflects too much upon thy friend.

AIR.—SEPTIMIUS.

Tho' the honours that Flora and Venus receive  
 From the Romans, this christian refuses to give ;  
 Yet not Venus nor Flora delight in the woe,  
 That disfigures their fairest resemblance below.

RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

O save her then, or give me power to save,  
 By free admission to th' imprison'd maid.

SEP. My guard not less asham'd of their vile office,  
 Will second your intent and pleasure me ;  
 I will reward them with a bounteous heart,  
 And you, my friend, with all that heav'n can give  
 To the sincerity of prayer.

AIR.

Deeds of kindness to display,  
 Pity suing,  
 Mercy wooing,  
 Who the call can disobey ?  
 But the opportune redress,  
 Virtuous beauty in distress,  
 Earth will praise and heav'n repay.

*Scene V.*

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

The clouds begin to veil the hemisphere,  
 And heavily bring on the night ; the last,  
 Perhaps to us ; O that it were the last  
 To Theodora, ere she falls a prey  
 To unexampled lust and cruelty.

AIR.—IRENE.

Defend her, heav'n, let angels spread  
 Their viewless tents around her bed ;

Keep her from vile assaults secure,  
Still ever calm, and ever pure.

*Scene VI.—THEODORA'S Place of Confinement, DIDY-  
MUS at a distance, the Vizor of his Helmet closed.*

RÉCITATIVE.

Or lull'd with grief, or rapt her soul to heav'n,  
In innocence of thought entranc'd she lies.

AIR.—DIDYMUS *approaching her.*

Sweet rose and lily flow'ry foam,  
Take me your faithful guard,  
To shield you from bleak wind and storm;  
A smile be my reward.

RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

O save me heav'n! Is this my perilous hour?

DID. Start not, much injur'd princess! I come not  
As one this place might give you cause to dread,  
But your deliverer,

And that dear ornament to Theodora,  
Her angel purity; if you vouchsafe  
But to change habit with your Didymus.

THE. Excellent youth! I know thy courage, virtue,  
And thy love; this becomes not Theodora,  
But the blind enemies of truth. O thus  
It must not be; yet Didymus can give  
A boon will make me happy.

DID. How, or what?

My soul with transport listens to the request.

AIR.—THEODORA.

The pilgrim's home, the sick man's health,  
The captive's ransom, poor man's wealth,

From thee I would receive,  
 And a thousand treasures more,  
 That gentle death has now in store,  
 Thy hand and sword can give.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—DIDYMUO.

Forbid it heaven!

Shall I destroy the life I came to save?  
 Shall I, in Theodora's blood embrue my guilty hands,  
 And give her death who taught me first to live?

RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

Ah! what is liberty or life to me,  
 That Didymus must purchase with his own.

DID. Fear not for me, the pow'r that led me hither  
 Will guard me hence; if not, his will be done.

THE. Yes, kind deliverer, I will trust  
 That pow'r: farewell, thou gen'rous youth.

DID. Farewell, thou mirror of the virgin state.

DUETTO.—THEODORA.

To thee, to thee, thou glorious son of worth,  
 Be life and safety given.

DID. To thee, to thee, whose virtues suit thy birth,  
 Be ev'ry blessing giv'n.

BOTH. I hope again to meet on earth,  
 But sure shall meet in heav'n.

(IRENE *with the Christians.*)

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

'Tis night, but night's sweet blessing is denied  
 To grief like ours; be prayer our refuge,  
 Prayer to him who rais'd, and still can raise  
 The dead to life and joy.

## CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS.

He saw the lovely youth death's early prey,  
Alas, alas, too early snatch'd away!

He heard a mother's fun'ral cries,  
Rise youth, he said, the youth begins to rise,  
Lowly the matron bow'd, and bore away the prize.

## PART THE THIRD.

*Scene VII.—IRENE with Christians.*

AIR.—IRENE.

**L**ORD, to thee each night and day,  
Strong in hope we sing and pray;  
Tho' convulsive rocks the ground,  
And thy thunders roll around.

*(Enter THEODORA in the Habit of DIDYMUS.)*

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

But see the good, the virtuous Didymus;  
He comes to join with us in prayer for Theodora.

*(THE. discovering herself.)* No, heav'n has heard  
your prayers for Theodora;  
Behold her safe: O that as free and safe  
Were Didymus, my kind deliverer;  
But let this habit speak the rest.

AIR.—THEODORA.

When sunk in anguish and despair,  
To heav'n I cry'd, heav'n heard my pray'r,  
And bade a tender father's care

The gen'rous youth employ  
 The gen'rous youth obey'd and came,  
 All wrap'd in love's divines flame,  
 To save a wretched virgin's fame,  
 And turn her grief to joy.

AIR AND CHORUS.—IRENE.

Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,  
 Freely gave his Son to save us ;  
 Blest the Son who freely came,  
 Honour blessing adoration,  
 Ever from the whole creation,  
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Blest be the hand, and blest the pow'r,  
 That in this dark and dang'rous hour,  
 Sav'd thee from cruel strife :  
 Lord, favour still the kind intent,  
 And bless thy gracious instrument  
 With liberty and life.

RECITATIVE.—MESSENGER.

Undaunted in the court stands Didymus,  
 Virtuously proud of rescued innocence ;  
 But vain to save the gen'rous hero's life  
 Are all intreaties ; ev'n from Romans vain :  
 And high enrag'd, the president declares,  
 Should he regain the fugitive,  
 No more to try her with the fears of infamy,  
 But with the terrors of a cruel death.

IRE. Ah, Theodora ! whence this sudden change,  
 From grief's pale looks, to looks of redd'ning joy ?

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—THEODORA.

O my Irene, heav'n is kind, and Valens,  
 And Valens too is kind, to give me pow'r  
 To execute in turn my gratitude,  
 While safe my honour.—  
 Stay me not, dear friend,  
 Only assist me with a proper dress,  
 That I may ransom the too gen'rous youth.

## DUETTO.

IRE. Whither, princess, do you fly?  
 Sure to suffer, sure to die.

THE. No, Irene, no;  
 To life and joy I go.

IRE. Vain attempt. O stay, O stay!

THE. No, duty calls, I must away.

## RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

She's gone, disdain'g liberty and life,  
 And ev'ry honour this frail life can give;  
 Devotion bids aspire to nobler things,  
 To boundless love, and joys ineffable,  
 And such her expectation from kind heav'n.

## AIR.—IRENE.

New scenes of joy come crowding on,  
 While sorrow fleets away  
 Like mists before the rising sun,  
 That gives a glorious day.

*Scene VIII.*—VALENS to DIDYMUS.

## RECITATIVE.

Is it a Christian virtue then,  
 To rescue from justice one condemn'd?

DID. Had your sentence doom'd her but to death,  
I then might have deplor'd your cruelty,  
And should not have oppos'd it.

VAL. Take him hence,  
And lead him to repentance or to death.

THE. Be that my doom; you may inflict here  
With legal justice; there 'tis cruelty.

SEP. Dwells there such virtuous courage in the sex:  
Preserve them, O ye gods, preserve them both.

AIR.—SEPTIMIUS.

From virtue springs each gen'rous deed,  
That claims our grateful prayer;  
Let justice for the hero plead,  
And pity save the fair.

AIR.—VALENS.

Cease, ye slaves, your fruitless prayer,  
The pow'rs below  
No pity know,  
For the brave, or for the fair.

RECITATIVE.

(DIDYMUS to SEPTIMIUS.)

'Tis kind, my friends, but kinder still,  
If for this daughter of Antiochus your pray'rs prevail,  
That Didymus alone shall die.

(To THEODORA.) Had I as many lives as virtues  
thou,

Freely for thee I would resign them all.

THE. Oppose not, Didymus, my just desires;  
For know, that 'twas dishonour I declin'd, not death;  
Most welcome now if Didymus were safe,  
Whose only crime was my escape.



## AIR.—THEODORA.

Lost in anguish, quite despairing,  
 Heav'n alone for virtue caring,  
 Then the gen'rous youth did fly;  
 Heav'n and love at once obeying,  
 Nor from virtue ever straying;  
 Blest this moment let me die.

## CHORUS.

How strange their ends, and yet how glorious,  
 Where each contends to fall victorious;  
 Where virtue its own innocence denies,  
 And for the vanquish'd the glad victor dies.

## RECITATIVE.

(DIDYMUS to VALENS.)

On me your frowns, your utmost rage exert;  
 On me your prisoner in chains.

THE. Those chains are due to me, and death to  
 me alone.

VAL. Are ye then judges for yourselves?  
 Not so our laws are to be trifled with;  
 If both plead guilty, 'tis but equity  
 That both should suffer.

## AIR.—VALENS.

Ye ministers of justice lead them hence,  
 I cannot, will not, bear such insolence,  
 And as our gods they honour or despise,  
 Fall they their supplicants or sacrifice.

## RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

And must such beauty suffer?

THE. Such useful valour be destroy'd?

SEP. Destroy'd, alas, by an unhappy constancy.

DID. Yet deem us not unhappy, gentle friend,  
 Nor rash, for life we neither hate nor scorn,  
 But think it a cheap purchase for the prize,  
 Reserv'd in heav'n for purity and faith.

DUETTO.—DIDYMUS.

Streams of pleasure ever flowing,  
 Fruits ambrosial ever growing,  
 Golden thrones,  
 Starry crowns,  
 Are the triumphs of the blest,  
 When from life's dull labour free,  
 Glad with immortality,  
 They enjoy a lasting rest.

THE. Thither let our hearts aspire,  
 Objects pure of pure desire,  
 Still increasing,  
 Ever pleasing,  
 Wake the song and tune the lyre,  
 Of the blissful holy choir.

(*IKENE with the Christians.*)

E're this their doom is past, and they are gone,  
 To prove that love is stronger far than death.

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS.

O love divine, thou source of fame,  
 Of glory and all joy,  
 Let equal fire our souls inflame,  
 And equal zeal employ,  
 That we the glorious spring may know,  
 Whose streams appear'd so bright below.

THE  
*TRIUMPH OF TIME AND  
TRUTH:*

AN ORATORIO.

---

*PART THE FIRST.*

CHORUS.

**T**IME is supreme, a mighty pow'r,  
Whom wisest mortals will adore.

(*BEAUTY looking in a Glass.*)

RECITATIVE.

How could I fix but here,  
And stop old Time in his career.

AIR.—BEAUTY.

Faithful mirror, fair reflecting,  
All my beauteous charms collecting,  
Which I fear will soon decay;  
Thou shalt flourish still in splendour,  
While these glories I surrender,  
Horrid Time's devoted prey.

RECITATIVE.—PLEASURE.

Fear not, I Pleasure swear,  
That these charms you still shall wear,  
Ever blooming; ever fair.

BEAU. Beauty thy slave this vow shall make,  
 Sweet Pleasure never to forsake ;  
 And if this vow I disregard,  
 In pain and anguish,  
 Let me languish,  
 Fasting folly's due reward.

## AIR.—PLEASURE.

Pensive sorrow, deep possessing,  
 Life despoils of ev'ry blessing,  
 Wrapt in shades of piercing woe ;  
 Who indulges grief's sad passion,  
 Some vexation,  
 Knows no joyful day below.

## AIR.

Sorrow darkens ev'ry feature,  
 As when o'er the face of nature  
 Gloomy clouds their mantles throw ;  
 Pleasure all around enlightens,  
 Like the sun that gayly brightens  
 Nature's landscape here below.

## AIR AND SEMI-CHORUS.

Come live with Pleasure,  
 Taste in youth life's only joy ;  
 Old age knows no leisure,  
 But dull wint'ry thoughts t' employ.

## RECITATIVE.

(*Time to Beauty.*)

Turn, look on me, behold old Time:

COUN. And, see Counsel, the son of Truth.

TIME. Who soon will show how frail a flower  
 beauty is.

COUN. The blossom of a day that springs and dies.

## AIR.—COUNSEL.

The beauty smiling,  
 And sweet beguiling,  
 Soon drooping, dying,  
 Returns no more ;  
 The youth now blooming,  
 And still presuming,  
 Few moments flying,  
 Shall charm no more.

## RECITATIVE.—PLEASURE.

Our diff'rent pow'rs we'll try, and see  
 Who now shall gain the victory,  
 Pleasure :

BEAU. Or Beauty :

TIME. Time :

COUN. Or Counsel.

## AIR.—BEAUTY

Ever flowing tides of pleasure  
 Shall transport me beyond measure,  
 In this conflict with old Time ;  
 If he dares to despoil this choicest treasure,  
 Beauty blooming in its prime.

## RECITATIVE.—TIME.

The hand of Time pulls down  
 The great colossus of the sun ;  
 The stone-built castle, cloud-capt tow'r,  
 And shall Beauty oppose my pow'r ?

## AIR.—TIME.

Loathsome urns  
 Disclose your treasure,  
 Pride and pleasure

Unveil to me,  
That I may see,  
If now any spark of beauty still remains.

No, all dark as night,  
Tyrant worms their prey enjoying,  
Dust and ashes still destroying,  
Which my greedy tooth disdains.

## CHORUS.

Strengthen us, O Time! with all thy love,  
Teach us the ways of wisdom.

## CHORUS.

Then shall we teach thy ways unto the wicked,  
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.

## RECITATIVE.—DECEIT.

Too rigid the reproof,  
You give too deep the search of truth;  
Wise we will still in pleasure live,  
And still enjoy,  
Without annoy,  
The proper fruits of youth.

## AIR.—DECEIT.

Happy Beauty, who fortune now smiling,  
With gay pleasure and sport, time beguiling,  
Still enjoy the sweet April of life;  
Come, indulge them, no doubts to perplex you,  
Nor permit any sorrow to vex you,  
But be free from all care and all trife.

## AIR AND CHORUS.

Happy, if still they reign in pleasure,  
All the sweets of youth caressing;  
Happy, if slighting Time's dull measure,  
They enjoy the present blessing.

## RÉCITATIF.—COUNSEL.

Youth is not rich, in time it may be poor,  
Nor can he call his own the passing hour.

TIME. Hence let thy thoughts on frailty range,  
And know that ev'ry day,

Some charm I make my lawful prey,  
Tho' unperceiv'd the change.

PLEA. He best, he only life employs,  
Who will not think how fast it flies.

COUN. Yet, e'er it is too late, give ear,  
And this instructive lesson hear.

## AIR.—COUNSEL.

Like the shadow, life ever is flying,  
Seeming still fixt, so swift the delusion,  
Man heeds no time, on hope still relying,  
Soon the bell strikes, and all is confusion.

## CHORUS.

Like the shadow, life ever is flying,  
Seeming still fixt, so swift the delusion.

## PART THE SECOND.

VERSE AND CHORUS.

PLEASURE submits to pain,  
 As day recedes to night,  
 And Sorrow smiles again,  
 Time sets all things right.  
 Thus are the seasons chang'd,  
 And all in turn appear,  
 In various order rang'd,  
 Throughout the whole revolving year.

RECITATIVE.—PLEASURE.

Here Pleasure keeps her splendid court,  
 Where all her devotees resort;  
 And at her nod advance  
 The costly feast, the carol, and the dance;  
 Minstrels and music, poetry and play,  
 And balls by night, and manly sports by day.

*(Flourish of Horns.)*

BEAU. Hark! What sounds are these I hear?

CHORUS.

O, how great the glory,  
 That crowns the hunter's toil,  
 Like Theseus fam'd in story,  
 He triumphs in the spoil.

AIR.—PLEASURE.

Dryads, Sylvans, with fair Flora  
 Come adorn this joyful place;  
 Come, fair Iris, and Aurora,  
 This our festival to grace.



## CHORUS.

Lo, we all attend on Flora,  
To adorn this joyful place;

PLEA. Iris comes, with fair Aurora,  
This your festival to grace.

## AIR.

No more complaining,  
No more disdain'g,  
See Pleasure reigning,  
Without controul;  
Still more delighting,  
Sweetly inviting,  
New charms exciting  
The raptur'd soul.

## AIR.

Pleasure's gentle zephyrs playing,  
Bid thee sail without delaying,  
And the port of bliss obtain;  
Let not doubtful fear confound thee,  
Taste the joys that now surround thee,  
Nor let Pleasure smile in vain.

## AIR.—BEAUTY.

Come, O Time, and thy broad wings displaying,  
Strong essaying,  
Sweep away,  
Without delay,  
The joyous pleasure of this sweet abode.  
Lo! he sleepeth,  
His strength no more prevailing,  
No more his pow'r availing,  
To destroy life's sovereign good.

## AIR.—COUNSEL.

Mortals think that Time is sleeping,  
When so swiftly unſeen is ſailing;

## AIR.

But he comes, with ruin ſweeping,  
In his triumph never failing.

## RECITATIVE.—TIME TO BEAUTY.

You hop'd to call in vain, but ſee me here,  
Theſe lower regions are my proper ſphere;  
Would you then dread no more my hated pow'r,  
Prepare thee for a nobler flight,  
Amid the realms of light;  
Time cannot climb the bliſſful ſky,  
Nor follow immortality.

## AIR.—TIME.

False destructive ways of pleaſure  
Leave, and court a nobler treaſure  
In the ſtarry realms above;  
Here though Folly's ſons defy me,  
Yet in vain they ſeek to fly me,  
While through all the world I rove.

## RECITATIVE.—COUNSEL TO BEAUTY.

Too long deluded you have been,  
By Pleaſure's falſe and flatt'ring dream;  
Behold fair Truth, the heav'nly image ſee!  
Not deck'd, but faireſt in ſimplicity;  
White robes of innocence ſhe wears,  
Her looks, her thoughts, turn'd to her kindred ſpheres.

TIME. Behold her faithful mirror too,  
Preſenting all things to your view,  
By juſt reflection, be they falſe or true.

## AIR.—PLEASURE.

Lovely Beauty, close those eyes,  
 Charming Beauty look not there,  
 In that view all pleasure dies,  
 In reflection's sure despair.

## RECITATIVE.—DECEIT.

Seek not to know, what known will prove  
 Grief more severe than slighted love.

## AIR.—DECEIT.

Melancholy is a folly,  
 Wave all sorrow,  
 Till to morrow,  
 Life consists in this present hour;  
 This dear treasure we adore,  
 With grateful ardour,  
 Still employing,  
 Still enjoying,  
 The sweet moments in our pow'r.

## RECITATIVE.—TIME.

What is the present hour? 'Tis born, 'tis gone,  
 Think on the years already flown,  
 Think when you'll see the bliss, but see in vain,  
 Think on convicted Error's self-tormenting pain.

BEAU. No more: I know not where to turn,  
 My heart's too sad to laugh, too gay to mourn.

## AIR.

Fain would I two hearts enjoying,  
 This in penitence employing,  
 Freely that resign to joy.

## RECITATIVE.—COUNSEL.

Vain the delights of age or youth,  
 Without the sanction and applause of Truth,

And as the soul more bright appears  
 Than the frail earthly form she wears,  
 So much true pleasure from this glass,  
 All other sublunary joys surpass.

## AIR.—COUNSEL.

On the valleys dark and cheerless,  
 From the mountain's summit fearless,  
 Soon you'll with contempt look down;  
 And these darling pleasures slighting,  
 In sublimer views delighting,  
 Disbelieve that choice your own.

## RECITATIVE.—TIME.

Not venial error this, but stubborn pride,  
 To leave a sure and friendly guide,  
 Who seeing you bewilder'd stray,  
 Points out the short and easy way;  
 But, see the happy port before you lies,  
 And Time exhorts you to be wise.

BEAU. Darkly as through a cloud I see  
 The immense treasures of futurity;  
 But present joys my heart perplex,  
 That tho' inclin'd, I cannot fix,  
 To leave this scene for immortality.

COUN. Hear the call of truth and duty,  
 And to folly bid adieu;  
 Ere to dust is chang'd that beauty,  
 Change the heart and good pursue.

## CHORUS

Ere to dust is chang'd that beauty,  
 Change the heart and good pursue.

*PART THE THIRD.*

RECITATIVE.—DECEIT.

ONCE more I thee address,  
 Regardful of thy happiness.

AIR.—DECEIT.

Charming Beauty,  
 Stop the startling tear from flowing,  
 All a-down the rosy cheek,  
 Pleasure still new charms bestowing,  
 Ever cheerful pleasure seek.

RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

Tempt me no more, your words give no relief,  
 I know no pleasure but in virtuous grief.

AIR.—BEAUTY.

Sharp thorns despising,  
 Cull fragrant roses,  
 Why seek you pleasure,  
 Mixt with alloy?  
 Old age surprising,  
 The scene soon closes,  
 Life's only treasure,  
 Life's to enjoy.

RECITATIVE.—COUNSEL.

Regard her not—

Unvalued here such tears may fall;  
 But know, each tear will prove,  
 A precious pearl in heav'n above.

BEAU. Soft and prevailing is thy yoke; alas!  
 Too long, I've err'd, put forth the heav'nly glass.

COUN. Behold it waits your view.

BEAU. Now, Pleasure, take my last adieu.

AIR.

Pleasure, my former ways resigning,  
To Virtue's cause inclining,  
Thee, Pleasure, now I leave;  
Lest when my spirits fail me,  
Repentance can't avail me,  
Nor sickness comfort give.

CHORUS.

Comfort them, O Lord, when they are sick,  
Make thou their bed in sickness.

CHORUS.

Keep them alive, let them be blessed upon the  
earth,  
And not deliver them unto the foe.

RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

Since the immortal mirror I possess,  
Where Truth's reflective beauties glow;  
Thee, faithless form, deluding glass,  
Thee to thy native earth I throw.

PLEA. Ah! stay, forbear.

COUN. In vain you this prevention dare.

AIR.—COUNSEL.

Thus to th' ground, thou false, delusive,  
Flatt'ring mirror, thee I throw;  
Thou, who with vain art abusive,  
Didst exalt each charming feature,  
Far beyond the pride of nature,  
Feigning happiness below.

## RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

O, mighty Truth! thy pow'r I see,  
 All that was fair seems now deformity;  
 This day, my pride shall from its height descend,  
 This day, my reign of vanity shall end.

## ACCOMPANIED.—BEAUTY.

Adieu! vain world, in search of greater good,  
 I'll pass my days in sacred solitude;  
 'Tis fit the slave of vanity should dwell  
 In some requester'd penitential cell.

## AIR.—TIME.

From the heart that feels my warning,  
 Grateful are the tears that flow:  
 Pearly drops the flow'rs adorning,  
 Grace not more the dewy morning,  
 Nor such blessings can bestow.

## RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

Pleasure, too long associates we have been,  
 Now share conviction from Truth's faithful scene,  
 Or to thy native darkness fly.

PLEA. As with Error I long have been dwelling,  
 I with Truth now can have no contentment:

## AIR.—PLEASURE.

Like clouds, stormy winds them impelling,  
 Disdainful I fly with resentment.

## AIR.

Hark, the thunders round me roll,  
 Truth's awful angry frowns I see;  
 Her errors wound my trembling soul,  
 Nor is there any joy for me;

Ah! no, Truth drives me to despair,  
Open ye rocks and hide me there.

RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

She's gone, and Truth descending from the sky,  
Clad in bright beams its glorious light displays:

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

O thither let me cast my longing eye,  
And strive to merit the inspiring rays.

AIR.—BEAUTY.

Guardian angels! O protect me!  
And in virtue's paths direct me,  
While resign'd to heav'n above;  
Let no more this world deceive me,  
Nor vain idle passions grieve me,  
Strong in faith, in hope, in love.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah!



# TE DEUM:

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1743,

FOR

THE VICTORY AT DETTINGEN.

---

CHORUS.

**W**E praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee  
to be the Lord.

CHORUS.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father ever-  
lasting.

SEMI-CHORUS.

To thee all angels cry aloud, the heav'ns and all  
the powers therein.

CHORUS.

To thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do  
cry.—Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabbaoth,  
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy  
glory.

QUARTETTO.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.  
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.  
The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.

## TE DEUM.

## CHORUS.

The holy Church throughout all the world, doth acknowledge thee the Father of an infinite Majesty.

## CHORUS.

Thine honourable, true, and only Son; also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

## AIR AND CHORUS.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ! Thou art the everlasting son of the Father.

## AIR.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb.

## CHORUS.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

## TRIO.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of thy father, we believe that thou shalt come to be our judge.

## CHORUS.

We, therefore, pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

## CHORUS.

Make them to be number'd with thy saints in glory everlasting: O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage; govern them and lift them up for ever.

## CHORUS.

Day by day we magnify thee; and we worship thy name ever world without end.

• SOLO.

Vouchsafe, O Lord! to keep us this day without sin: O Lord! have mercy upon us! O Lord! let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.

AIR AND CHORUS.

O Lord! in thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

# A GRAND JUBILATE:

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1713,

FOR

THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

---

AIR AND CHORUS.

**O** BE joyful in the Lord all ye lands.

QUARTETTO.

Serve the Lord with gladness; and come before his presence with a song.

DUETTO.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

Q. OR CHORUS.

O go your way into his courts with thanksgiving; and into his gates with praise; be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name.

TRIO.

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endures from generation to generation.

CHORUS.

Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

CHORUS.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.

# ANTHEM

FOR THE  
VICTORY AT DETTINGEN.

---

CHORUS.

**T**HE king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord!  
exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.

DUET AND CHORUS.

His honour is great in thy salvation;  
Glory and great worship shalt thou lay upon him.

CHORUS.

Thou shalt give him everlasting felicity:  
Make him glad with the joy of thy countenance.

CHORUS.

And, why? Because the king putteth his trust in  
the Lord;  
And in the mercy of the Most Highest he shall  
not miscarry.

CHORUS.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and triumph in  
the name of the Lord our God. Hallelujah.

# ANTHEM

FOR THE  
CORONATION OF GEORGE II.

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---

CHORUS.

**Z**ADOCK the priest, and Nathan the prophet,  
anointed Solomon king.

And all the people rejoiced, and said,  
God save the king; Long live the king; May  
the king live for ever, Amen, Hallelujah, Amen.

---

## *SECOND ANTHEM, FOR DITTO.*

QU.

**M**Y heart is inditing of a good matter, I speak  
of the things which I have made unto the  
king.

C. King's daughters were among thy honourable  
women.

C. Upon thy right hand did stand the Queen in  
vesture of gold.

And the king shall have pleasure in thy beauty.

## CHORUS.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens  
thy nursing mothers.

---

*THIRD ANTHEM, FOR DITTO.*

C.

**L**ET thy hand be strengthened, and thy right be  
exalted.

## CHORUS.

Let justice and judgment be the preparation of  
thy seat; let mercy and truth go before thy face.

## CHORUS.

Hallelujah.

AN  
*ODE, OR SERENATA,*  
FOR  
THE BIRTH-DAY OF QUEEN ANN.

---

AIR.

**E**TERNAL source of light divine,  
With double warmth thy beams display;  
And with distinguish'd glory shine,  
To add a lustre to this day.

AIR AND CHORUS.

The day that gave great Anna birth,  
Who fix'd a lasting peace on earth.

AIR.

Let all the winged race with joy,  
Their wonted homage sweetly pay;  
Whilst tow'ring in the azure sky,  
They celebrate the happy day.

CHORUS.

The day that gave great Anna birth,  
Who fix'd a lasting peace on earth.



## AIR.

Let flocks and herds their fears forget,  
Lions and wolves refuse their prey,  
And all in friendly consort meet,  
Made glad by this propitious day.

[*The Chorus repeated.*]

## DUET.

Let rolling streams their gladness show,  
With gentle murmurs whilst they play;  
And in their wild meanders flow,  
Rejoicing in this blessed day.

[*The Chorus repeated.*]

## DUET.

Kind health descend on downy wings,  
Angels conduct her on the way,  
Our glorious queen, new life she brings,  
And swells our joys upon this day.

[*The Chorus repeated.*]

## AIR.

Let envy then conceal her head,  
And blasted faction glide away;  
No more her hissing tongues we'll dread,  
Secure in this auspicious day.

[*The Chorus repeated.*]

## SOLO AND CHORUS.

United nations shall combine,  
To distant climes the sound convey,  
That Anna's actions are divine,  
This the most important day.

# ANTHEM

FOR THE WEDDING OF

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES AND  
THE PRINCESS OF SAXA-GOTHA.

---

CHORUS.

**S**ING unto God ye kingdoms of the earth; O  
sing praises unto the Lord.

SOLO.

Blessed are all they that fear the Lord; O well is  
thee, and happy shalt thou be.

SOLO.

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine upon the  
walls of thine house; thy children like the olive  
branches round about thy table.

CHORUS.

Lo! thus shall the man be blessed that feareth  
the Lord.

SOLO.

Instead of thy father, thou shalt have children,  
whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.

Thy seed shall be mighty upon the earth,

And they shall inherit the land.

DUETTO.

Lo children are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord; like as the arrows in the hand of a giant, even so are the young children. How happy is the man that hath is quiver full of them.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Blessed be the Lord God Almighty from everlasting to everlasting.

CHORUS.

And let all the people say, Amen, Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Amen.

# ANTHEM

FOR THE  
FUNERAL OF QUEEN CAROLINA.

---

CHORUS.

THE ways of Zion do mourn, and she is in bitterness; all her people sigh and hang down their heads to the ground.

How are the mighty fallen, she that was great among the nations and princes of the provinces!

CHORUS.

She put on righteousness and it clothed her:  
Her judgment was a robe and a diadem.

VERSE AND CHORUS.

When the ear heard her, then it blessed her;  
And when the eye saw her, it gave witness of her.

CHORUS.

How are the mighty fallen, she that was great among the nations and princes of the provinces!

CHORUS.

She deliver'd the poor that cried, the fatherless,  
and him that had none to help him.

If there was any virtue, and if there was any praise, she thought on those things; kindness, meekness, and comfort were on her tongue.

## CHORUS.

How are the mighty fallen, she that was great among the nations and princes of the provinces!

## VERSE AND CHORUS.

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance; and the wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.

## CHORUS.

Their bodies are buried in peace:

## CHORUS.

But their name liveth evermore.

## CHORUS.

The people will tell of their wisdom;

## CHORUS.

And the congregation will shew forth their praise; their reward also is with the Lord; and the care of them is with the Most High.

## QUARTETTO.

They shall receive a glorious kingdom; and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand.

## CHORUS.

The merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever on them that fear him; and his righteousness on childrens children.

# ANTHEMS.

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## *ANTHEM I.*

CHORUS.

**I** WILL magnify thee, O God my king; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

SOLO.

Every day will I give thanks unto thee, and praise thy name for ever and ever.

CHORUS.

One generation shall praise thy works unto another, and declare thy power.

SOLO.

The Lord preserved all them that love him; but scatter'd abroad all the ungodly.

SOLO.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works: he will fulfil the desire of them that fear him.

SOLO.

Happy are the people that are in such a case; blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God.

CHORUS.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh give thanks unto his holy name, for ever and ever. Amen.

*ANTHEM II.*

CHORUS.

LET God arise, and let his enemies be scatter'd.

CHORUS.

Let them also that hate him fly before him.

SOLO.

Like as the smoke vanishes, so shalt thou drive them before thee; like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God.

DUET.

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his name.

CHORUS.

Blessed be God. Hallelujah.

---

*ANTHEM III.*

CHORUS.

LET God arise, and let his enemies be scatter'd.

Let them also that hate him flee before him.

SOLO.

Like as the smoke vanishes, so shalt thou drive them away; like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God.

## ANTHEMS.

SOLO.

Let the righteous be glad, and rejoice before God; let them also be merry and joyful.

QUARTETTO.

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his name.

DUET.

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his name.

QUARTETTO.

Praised be the Lord!

CHORUS.

At thy rebuke, O God! both the chariot and horse are fall'n.

CHORUS.

Blessed be God! Hallelujah!

*ANTHEM IV.*

CHORUS.

**H**AVE mercy upon me, O God! after thy great goodness; according to the multitude of thy mercies do away my offences.

DUET.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.

RECITATIVE.

For I acknowledge my faults, and my sin is ever before me.

SOLO.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this



evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear'd when thou art judged.

CHORUS.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

SOLO.

Make me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me; cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirit from me; O give me the comfort of thy help again, and establish me with thy free spirit.

CHORUS.

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

---

## ANTHEM V.

CHORUS.

**O** Come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms:

CHORUS.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great king above all gods.

SOLO.

O come, let us worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker; for he is the Lord our

God, we are the sheep of his pasture, and the work of his hands.

CHORUS.

Glory and worship are before him, power and honour are in his sanctuary.

CHORUS.

Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is king, and that he made the world so fast it can't be moved.

SOLO.

O magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his holy hill; for the Lord our God is holy.

SOLO.

The Lord preserveth the souls of the saints; he shall deliver them from the hands of the ungodly.

SOLO.

For look, as high as the heaven is in comparison of the earth; so great is his mercy towards them that fear him.

CHORUS.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.

There is sprung up a light for the righteous, and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted.

*ANTHEM VI.*

SOLO AND CHORUS.

**O** Sing unto the Lord a new song.  
O sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.

CHORUS.

Declare his honour unto the heathen, and his  
worders unto all the people.

CHORUS.

For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be  
praised, he is more to be feared than all gods.

SOLO.

The waves of the sea rage horribly, but yet the  
Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier.

DUET.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

CHORUS.

Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

CHORUS.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad,  
let the sea make a noise and all that therein is.

*ANTHEM VII.*

SOLO AND CHORUS.

**M**Y song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord; with my mouth will I ever be shewing thy truth from one generation to another. The heavens declare thy wondrous works, and thy truth in the congregation of the saints.

RECITATIVE.

For who is he among the clouds that shall be compared unto the Lord; and what is he amongst the gods that shall be like unto the Lord?

SOLO.

God is very greatly to be feared in the counsel of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all that are round about him. O Lord God of Hosts, who is like unto thee? Thy truth, most mighty Lord, is on every side.

TRIO.

Thou rulest the raging of the sea, thou stillest the waves thereof when they arise.

DUET.

The heav'ns are thine, the earth also is thine, thou hast laid the foundation of the round world.

CHORUS.

Righteousness and equity are the habitation of thy seat; mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

SOLO.

Blissed is the people, O Lord! that can rejoice  
in thee, they shall walk in the light of thy coun-  
tenance.

CHORUS.

Thou art the glory of their strength.—Hallelujah.

*ANTHEM VIII.*

CHORUS.

**A**S pants the hart for cooling streams, so longs  
my soul for thee, O God!

SOLO.

Tears are my daily food, while thus they say,  
Where is now thy God?

SOLO.

Now, when I think thereupon, I pour out my  
heart by myself; for I went with the multitude and  
brought them out into the house of God.

CHORUS.

In the voice of praise and thanksgiving among  
such as keep holy-day.

DUET.

Why so full of grief, O my soul? Why so dis-  
quieted within me?

CHORUS.

Put your trust in God, for I will praise him.

*ANTHEM IX.*

SOLO.

**T**HE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom then shall I be afraid?

CHORUS.

Though an host of men were laid against me; yet shall not my heart be afraid, though there rose up war against me, yet will I put my trust in him.

SOLO.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life; to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple.

CHORUS.

I will offer in his dwelling an oblation with great gladness; I will sing and speak praises unto the Lord.

CHORUS.

For who is God but the Lord? Or who has any strength except the Lord? The earth trembled and quaked, the very foundations also of the hills shook and were removed, he cast forth lightnings and gave his thunder and destroyed them.

CHORUS.

They are brought down and fallen, but we are risen.

## CHORUS.

O praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together.

## SOLO.

The Lord is my strength and my shield, my heart has trusted in him and I am helped, therefore my heart danceth for joy, and in my song will I praise him.

## SOLO.

It is the Lord that ruleth the sea, the Lord sitteth above the water flood, and the Lord remaineth a king for ever.

## CHORUS.

Sing praises unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks unto him for a remembrance of his holiness.

## CHORUS.

I will remember thy name from one generation to another, therefore shall the people give thanks unto thee, world without end. Amen.

*ANTHEM X.*

CHORUS.

**I**N the Lord put I my trust, how say you then to  
my soul, she shall flee as a bird unto the hill?

SOLO.

God is a constant sure defence  
Against oppressing rage,  
As troubles rise his needful aids,  
In our behalf engage.

CHORUS.

Behold the wicked bend their bow,  
And ready fix their dart,  
Lurking in ambush to destroy  
The man of upright heart.

SOLO.

But God who hears the suffering poor,  
And their oppression knows,  
Will soon arise and give them rest,  
In spite of all their foes.

CHORUS.

Snares, fire, and brimstone on their heads,  
Shall in one tempest show'r;  
This dreadful mixture his revenge  
Into their cup shall pour.

SOLO.

The righteous Lord will righteous deeds  
With signal favour grace,  
And to the upright man disclose  
The brightness of his face.



## CHORUS.

Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,  
To thee my God ascend,  
Who to thy servants in distress,  
Such bounty didst extend.

---

*ANTHEM XI.*

## CHORUS.

**O** Praise the Lord with one consent,  
And magnify his name,  
Let all the servants of the Lord  
His worthy praise proclaim.

## SOLO.

Praise him all ye that in his house  
Attend with constant care,  
With those that to his utmost court  
With humble zeal repair.

## SOLO.

For this our honest interest is,  
Glad hymns of praise to sing;  
And with loud songs to bless his name,  
A most delightful thing.

## SOLO.

That God is great we often have  
By glad experience found,  
And seen how he with wondrous pow'r,  
Above all gods is crown'd.

## CHORUS.

With cheerful notes let all the earth  
 To heav'n their voices raise,  
 Let all inspir'd with godly mirth,  
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.

## SOLO.

God's tender mercy knows no bounds,  
 His truth shall ne'er decay,  
 Then let the willing nations round,  
 Their grateful tribute pay.

## CHORUS.

Ye boundless realms of joy,  
 Exalt your Maker's fame,  
 His praise your song employ  
 Above the starry frame.

## CHORUS.

Your voices raise,  
 Ye Cherubim,  
 And Seraphim,  
 To sing his praise.  
 Hallelujah.

*ANTHEM XII.*

## CHORUS.

**O** Praise the Lord, ye angels of his; ye that excel  
 in strength, praise the Lord; ye that fulfil his  
 commandments, and hearken to the voice of his  
 words, O praise the Lord.

## SOLO.

O praise the Lord! all ye his hosts, ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

## RECITATIVE.

For as the heav'n is high above the earth,

## SOLO.

So great is his mercy towards them that fear him; like as a father pitieth his own children, even so the Lord is merciful to them that fear him.

## DUET.

The merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever upon them that fear him; and his righteousness upon children's children.

## SOLO.

The Lord hath been mindful of us, and he shall bless us, even he shall bless the house of Israel, he shall bless the house of Aaron.

## CHORUS.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord, and let all flesh give thanks unto his holy name for ever and ever.—Hallelujah, Amen.



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