

KING ARTHUR

**opéra
en cinq actes**

composé par

Henry Purcell

sur un livret de

John Dryden

1717

annoté par

Edward Taylor

Urtext

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INTRODUCTION.

MY friend Mr. Rimbault, in his Introduction to the (only complete) edition of Purcell's *Bonduca* has led to the expectation that I should prefix a Life of its illustrious composer to the present edition of KING ARTHUR. To endeavour to supply this desideratum is a dream in which I sometimes indulge; but a Life of Purcell must occupy more leisure than I have now at command, and more space than is compatible with the plan of publication adopted by the Musical Antiquarian Society. What I now write, therefore, will only have reference to the Opera which I have undertaken to edit.

"KING ARTHUR" may be regarded as an illustration of Purcell's matured judgement and confirmed experience as to the mode in which Music should be employed in connection with the Drama. These were not conformed, but opposed, to what was regarded as the highest authority on this subject at the time. This may be given in the words of Dryden:—

"An Opera is a poetical Tale or Fiction, represented by Vocal and Instrumental Musick, adorned with Scenes, Machines, and Dancing. The supposed persons of this musical Drama are generally supernatural, as Gods and Goddesses, or Heroes which are at the least descended from them, and are in due time to be adopted into their number." — "The Recitative part of the Opera requires a more masculine beauty of expression and sound: the other (which for want of a proper English word I must call the Songish part) must abound in softness and variety of numbers, its principal intention being to please the hearing, rather than to gratify the understanding. It appears at first sight preposterous, that rhyme, on any consideration, should take the place of reason: but in order to resolve this problem, this fundamental proposition must be settled,—that the first inventors of any art or science, provided they have brought it to perfection, are, in reason, to give laws to it: and according to their model all after-undertakers are to build." — "Now, to apply this axiom to our present purpose, whosoever undertakes the writing of an Opera, is obliged to imitate the design of the Italians, who have not only invented, but brought to perfection, this sort of Dramatick Musical Entertainment*."

This, which we may suppose to have been the current opinion of the time, was adopted by Tate and assented to by Purcell, in their *Dido and Æneas*, in which the Italian rules for the construction of an Opera are adhered to. The dialogue is, throughout, in Recitative, the hero is god-descended, and the story is heroic. A boy of seventeen, who had never seen an Opera, who was ignorant of the Italian language, and whose musical training had been in the Chapel-royal, was little likely to question an opinion which Dryden endeavoured to exalt into an "axiom." In the Plays to which Purcell furnished the music for some succeeding years, he supplied it just when and where the poet required, and in greater or less abundance according to his design or caprice. Whenever an occasion presented itself, as in the *Libertine*, Purcell eagerly and successfully profited by it, and even the bombast of Dryden in *Tyrannick Love* is immortalized by his music, while that of *A Fool's Preferment*, though confined to a succession of single songs sung by the same person, is clothed in melodious variety and expressive beauty.

In 1685, after Purcell had composed the music to *Dido and Æneas*, *The Libertine*, and *Timon of Athens*, the Opera of *Albion and Albanus* appeared, written by Dryden, and composed by Mons. Grabu. This person, who was brought to England as the worthy head or chief of a company of French fiddlers, the only tolerated musicians of the court of Charles II., and for whom that profligate and unprincipled sovereign even displaced the organists and silenced the organ of the Chapel-royal,—this Monsieur Grabu was employed, in obedience to the command of his royal master, to furnish the music to the piece. His own estimate of his talents is thus recorded, as well as that of King Charles (who died before *Albion and Albanus* was produced), in his Dedication to James II.:—

* Preface to *Albion and Albanus*.

“As the subject of this Opera is naturally magnificent, it could not but excite my genius, and raise it to a greater height in the composition—even so as to surpass itself. The only displeasure which remains with me is, that I could not possibly be furnished with variety of excellent voices, to present it to your Majesty in full perfection*.”

The characters of his royal patrons are thus delineated, and their destiny (in one instance somewhat prematurely) predicted by M. Grabu:—

“Never,” says he, “were two Princes united more straitly together in common sufferings from ungrateful and rebellious subjects. The nearness of their blood was not greater than the conformity of their fortunes. But the Almighty has received the one in his mercy to Heaven, and rewarded the constancy and obedience of the other here below. Virtue is triumphant in both places. Immortality is actually possessed by one Monarch, and the other has the earnest of it in the type of earthly glory*.”

Equally uniform, according to the composer’s account, was the admiration of his work by both his Stuart masters, and we may well believe that he spoke the truth; for Dryden was not ashamed to echo their opinions and to join in the unworthy attempt to extol this foreign competitor at the expense of his illustrious countrymen. “The best judges, and those too of the best quality,” says he, “who have honoured his rehearsals with their presence, have no less commended the happiness of his genius than his skill. These and other qualities have raised M. Grabu to a degree above any man who shall pretend to be his rival on our Stage.”

The courtly servility of Dryden is one of the stains upon his character. “Of this kind of meanness,” says Dr. Johnson, “he never seems to decline the practice, or lament the necessity: he considers the great as entitled to encomiastic homage, and brings praise rather as a tribute than a gift: more delighted with the fertility of his invention, than mortified by the prostitution of his judgement.”

Thus, and thus only, can we account for the language which Dryden has employed, which must be regarded as an expression of unworthy adulation made at the expense of his judgement. Of the real merits of Grabu’s Opera it is needless to speak; the work is in existence, and those who are so inclined may form their own opinion of its merits. They certainly are of a very different kind to those of Purcell.

The performance of *Albion and Albanus* is thus recorded by Downes in his “Roscius Anglicanus”:—

“In Anno 1685 the Opera of *Albion and Albanus* was performed: wrote by Mr. Dryden, and composed by Monsieur Grabu. This being performed on a very unlucky day, being the day the Duke of Monmouth landed in the West, it was performed but six times, which not answering half the charge they were at, involved the Company very much in debt.”

That Dryden had, in reality, formed a more accurate estimate of Purcell’s habits as a dramatic composer, may be inferred from the fact of their being found in association in the altered version of Shakspeare’s *Tempest*, which was produced in 1690. The Revolution had taken place, and neither taunts nor patronage were any longer the rewards of Stuart adulation. An English musician, if not patronized, was no longer proscribed as such at Court, and therefore was not shunned and disowned by the courtly poet. Dryden’s opinion of his coadjutor’s powers may also be inferred from the copious additions which he made to those parts of the play that were intended to be set to music. But he still scarcely seems to have regarded Purcell as an equal and a fellow-labourer, but rather as a journeyman, whose assistance, like that of the stage-carpenter, was necessary to the production of his Drama. No notice of him is vouchsafed by Dryden in his Preface, nor does that music which has been adopted by succeeding managers in all the various forms in which the *Tempest* has been revived, and which has kept possession of the Stage to the present time, receive from the poet the slightest commendation or even notice.

In the same year was produced *Dioclesian, or the Prophetess*. Whatever it may be necessary to state with regard to this play will more properly accompany the edition of it which Mr. Macfarren is preparing for the Musical Antiquarian Society. But Purcell’s modest and admirable Dedication ought to stand near that of Monsieur Grabu; they will indicate the characters of the two men, as their musical compositions mark their station as artists.

“TO HIS GRACE CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

“Your Grace has been pleased so particularly to favour the composition of the Musick in *Dioclesian*, that from thence I have been encouraged to this presumption of dedicating not only it, but also the unworthy author of it to your protection. All arts and sciences have received their first encouragement from great persons, and owe their propagation and success to their esteem: like some sort of fruit-trees, which being of a tender constitution, and delicate in their nature, require the shadow of the cedar to shield their infancy from blights and storms.

“Music and Poetry have ever been acknowledged Sisters, which walking hand in hand support each other; as Poetry is the harmony of words, so Music is that of notes: and as Poetry is a rise above prose

* Preface to *Albion and Albanus*.

and oratory, so is Music the exaltation of Poetry. Both of them may excel apart, but sure they are most excellent when they are joyn'd, because nothing is then wanting to either of their perfections: for thus they appear like wit and beauty in the same person. Poetry and Painting have arrived to their perfection in our own country: Music is yet but in its nonage, a forward child, which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in England, when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'T is now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air, to give it somewhat more of gayety and fashion. Thus being farther from the sun, we are of later growth than our neighbour countries, and must be content to shake off our barbarity by degrees. The present age seems already disposed to be refined, and to distinguish betwixt wild fancy and a just numerous composition. So far the genius of your Grace has already prevailed on us: many of the nobility and gentry have followed your illustrious example in the patronage of Musick. Nay, even our poets begin to grow ashamed of their harsh and broken numbers, and promise to tile our uncouth language into smoother words.

“Once more, therefore, I presume to offer myself and this composition with all humility to your Grace’s protection, at least till I can redeem so mean a present by one which may better deserve your acceptance. Be pleased to pardon my ambition, which had no other means to obtain the honour of being made known to you, but only this. The town, which has been so indulgent to my first endeavours in this kind, has encouraged me to proceed in the same attempt; and your favour to this trifle will be a good omen, not only to the success of the next, but also to all the future performances of

“Your Grace’s most obedient and most obliged Servant,

“HENRY PURCELL.”

We now come to KING ARTHUR. What was the immediate cause of this Opera having been produced in the form which it assumed under the hands of Dryden and Purcell, it would be fruitless now to seek. Whether the suggestion came from Betterton, from Dryden, or from Purcell, we should now vainly inquire. That these eminent persons must often have been brought together is certain; that the subject of the Lyric Drama generally – the form in which Music should be employed as a dramatic agent – its position and use in connection with the Stage – the amount of deference which ought to be paid to the authority of Italy, and the object at which a dramatic composer ought to aim – that these were all topics of occasional discussion, seems equally sure. Dryden had announced his opinion on this subject with oracular brevity and decision. To this opinion Purcell, then an inexperienced boy, had assented. But the time was now come in which he felt himself able to assert and vindicate his own views of the nature and character of Dramatic Music. From the two leading dogmas of the Italian Operatic code he dissented; he saw no reason for admitting only heathen divinities or demons into the Lyric Drama, nor any sufficient cause for carrying on the entire dialogue of the piece in Recitative. That he understood and proved the intent and power of Recitative will not be questioned; that he comprehended its true force and value as well as any composer of his time, English or foreign, he has left us sufficient evidence to prove. Burney calls “the opening of ‘You twice ten hundred Deities’ the best piece of Recitative in our language.” It was not, therefore, from inability to understand, or incompetency to give effect to the requirements of the Italian rules for the construction of an Opera, that Purcell dissented from them; his opinions were the result of deliberate conviction, prompted by the masculine vigour of his mind, his consummate knowledge of the powers of his art, and that copious store of learning which rendered every step that he took firm and sure. He arrived at this conclusion, – That Poetry and Music should meet as sisters, upon equal terms and aiming at the same object; that the aid of Music should be given whenever and wherever it is needed, – whenever it can contribute to “the exaltation of Poetry,” and only then; that an Opera should be so constructed that the assistance of Music should be necessary, or at least auxiliary, never needless or intrusive; that Music should be employed whenever and in whatever way it can best carry on the business of the scene, but that when the action of the Drama needs not its assistance, it should be withheld. An Opera, therefore, constructed on these principles would be a Drama of which Music formed a necessary, frequent, and integral part, but of which the dialogue was spoken. Such an Opera Dryden undertook to write, and,

abandoning the principle which he had so dogmatically asserted, consented to construct one in conformity with Purcell's views of the power and province of Dramatic Music. The poet and the musician therefore now met on terms of admitted equality.

The history of his KING ARTHUR will be found in Dryden's Dedication of it to the Marquess of Halifax.

Dryden's assertion, that "the numbers of Poetry and Music are sometimes so contrary" as to render it necessary to "make verses rugged to the reader that they may be harmonious to the hearer," it is not very easy to understand. The rhythm of Poetry and of Music is subject to similar rules and formed on similar principles. A halting verse is an obstacle – not a help to a composer. That Purcell would request variety of metre from his poet we can easily comprehend, but that he would demand of him rugged verses, or songs written in violation of "the rules of Poetry," is not very likely. The result however was, that Dryden was satisfied with the labours of his colleague, on whom, for the first time during their frequent connection, he bestowed not merely notice but commendation. We have also his admission, that in what concerned the employment of Music he was guided by the suggestions of Purcell.

KING ARTHUR was produced at "the Queen's Theatre," with the following title and cast:–

KING ARTHUR, OR THE BRITISH WORTHY, a Dramatick Opera:

MEN.		ALBANACT, <i>Captains of Arthur's</i>	
KING ARTHUR	Mr. Betterton	<i>Guards</i>	M. Brown
OSWALD, <i>King of Kent, a Saxon</i>		GUILLAMAR, <i>a Friend of Oswald</i>	Mr. Harris
<i>and a Heathen</i>	Mr. Williams	WOMEN.	
CONON, <i>Duke of Cornwall, Tri-</i>		EMMELINE, <i>Daughter of Conon</i>	Mrs. Bracegirdle
<i>butary to King Arthur</i>	Mr. Hodgson	MATILDA, <i>her Attendant</i>	Mrs. Richardson
MERLIN, <i>a famous enchanter</i>	Mr. Kynaston	SPIRITS.	
OSMOND, <i>a Saxon Magician and</i>		PHILIDEL, <i>an Airy Spirit</i>	Mrs. Butler
<i>a Heathen</i>	Mr. Sanford	GRIMBALD, <i>an Earthy Spirit</i>	Mr. Bowman
AURELIUS, <i>Friend to Arthur</i>	Mr. Alexander	<i>Officers and Soldiers, Singers</i>	<i>and Dancers.</i>
		SCENE IN KENT.	

The only singers whose names appear in the above cast are Bowman and Mrs. Butler. John Bowman (or as Betterton spells it, Boman) was the son of John Bowman, of King Street, Westminster; he was born in 1664, and was brought into the Duke's Theatre to sing at seven years old. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Watson, Bart. She was also on the Stage, and was, says Betterton, "a very pretty player, both in her person and performances*."

Of Mrs. Butler, Cibber gives the following brief notice:–

"Mrs. Butler was the daughter of a decayed Knight. She proved not only a good Actress, but was allowed, in those days, to sing and dance to perfection. In the Dramatick Opera of Dioclesian and in that of King Arthur she was a capital and an admired performer†."

Mrs. Bracegirdle was a singer as well as an actress, although her vocal powers were not called into action in KING ARTHUR.

"Never was any woman," says Cibber, "in such general favour of her spectators, which to the last scene of her dramattick life she maintained, by not being unguarded in her private character. This discretion contributed not a little to make her the *Cara*, the darling of the Theatre. The most eminent authors always chose her for their favourite character. In such parts as required singing, her voice and action gave a pleasure, which good sense, in those days, was not ashamed to give praise to‡."

In one of his later Operas, the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, which Purcell composed in conjunction with Eccles, there is a song (by Eccles) with Mrs. Bracegirdle's name attached to it as the singer, beginning "I burn, my brain consumes to ashes," which demands some power of execution, and more of expression, and her performance of it is celebrated in the song, "Whilst I with grief did on you look," by Purcell‡.

* The History of the English Stage, by Mr. Thomas Betterton.

† Apology of the Life of Colley Cibber.

‡ Orpheus Britannicus, vol. i. p. 5. Second Edition.

The performers comprehended under the general appellation of "Singers" must have been numerous, even supposing several of them to have played two or more characters, since they include the Saxon Priests, the Chief or Captain of the British Soldiers, the Shepherds and Shepherdesses, the Airy Spirits in the Third Act, the Cold Genius, Cupid, Sirens, Nymphs and Sylvans, the persons in the Masque, Eolus, Pan and Nereids, Comus and Peasants, Venus and her attendants, and in the concluding scene, Honour. To most of these "Singers" belong principal parts requiring no ordinary vocal talents, but there is no record of their names. I think, however, there is little doubt that for the same performer for whom Purcell composed, in the following year, "You twice ten hundred Deities," he also wrote the part of the Cold Genius. This was Richard Leveridge, the best English bass singer of his time. In early life Leveridge enjoyed the friendship and profited by the instruction of Purcell, after whose death he sung in the Anglo-Italian Operas introduced by Clayton and Haym, until these "counterfeit presentments" were succeeded by the genuine Italian Opera under the direction of Handel. The legitimate English Opera had by this time become extinct; and Leveridge was glad to take the only engagement that offered, and to sing in Rich's Pantomimes at the Playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1766 he opened a coffee-house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden: and when incapacitated by age from attending either to his trade or his profession, he received from those friends to whose entertainment he had contributed while he was able, enough to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life. He died about 1768, having nearly attained the age of ninety. Leveridge was a composer as well as a singer. He wrote some of the songs in the *Island Princess*, an Opera altered from Fletcher's play of the same name by Motteux. I have also three sets of his Songs, without date, but evidently published at remote intervals, in many of which there is considerable merit. Purcell is his frequent model; and if his songs are not as successful as those of copyists in general, it is because Purcell is a composer the most perilous to imitate and the most difficult to copy.

Leveridge was personally known both to Hawkins and Burney (the latter speaks of having heard him sing "in a style almost antediluvian"), and it is exceedingly to be regretted that these English musical historians should have neglected to avail themselves of the information which his contemporary and friend could have enabled them to add to their meagre narrative of Purcell's Life. Dr. Burney's well-known opinion that "Henry Purcell is as much the pride of an Englishman in Music, as Shakspeare in productions for the Stage, Milton in Epic Poetry, Locke in Metaphysics, or Newton in Philosophy," would seem likely to have prompted a greater anxiety to learn and to record, while it was yet possible, something of the character of so extraordinary a person. Time has long since severed the link which connected Purcell with the living, and we must grope our way as well as we can.

The performance of KING ARTHUR is thus recorded by Downes;—

"KING ARTHUR, an Opera, wrote by Mr. Dryden: it was excellently adorned with Scenes and Machines: the musical part set by the famous Mr. Henry Purcell, and Dances made by Mr. Jo. Priest: the Play and Musick pleas'd the Court and City: and being well performed 't was very gainful to the Company."

Cibber also, who is at no pains to conceal his dislike of any connection of Music with the Drama, admits the "great success of KING ARTHUR and *Dioclesian*." When they were produced he occupied but a subordinate station in the company; when he became its manager, the music of Purcell was heard no more.

It might have been expected that of a work produced under such auspices and with such success,—the joint effort of two such men, the admitted living representatives of their respective arts,—that a work which earned the approbation of a woman of Queen Mary's excellent sense,* pleased both the Court and the City, and established itself in the public favour, would quickly have appeared in print, in order that the thousands who could not partake the pleasure of hearing it on the Stage, might yet have enjoyed the gratification of singing it in private. This would seem a natural, almost a necessary result; but it was not. We have to regret that but a part of Purcell's KING ARTHUR survives to us. Nor, in this instance, did its author deviate from his usual habits. He published, as compared with what he wrote, almost nothing. The most ordinary precautions for the preservation of his works, or for

* See Dryden's dedication

deriving any emolument to himself from their publication, he neglected. Some curious proofs of this are upon record, and as Johnson says of Shakspeare, we have to lament and suffer from “his negligence of fame, or perhaps that superiority of mind which despised its own performances when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which critics of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.” Whatever were the cause, the fact is certain, that Purcell never published his KING ARTHUR, nor (as in another instance) did any publisher bring it out without his knowledge or permission.

Purcell died in 1695; and three years afterwards the first edition of the Orpheus Britannicus was published by Playford, with a dedication from Purcell’s widow to his favourite pupil, the Lady Frances Howard. Herein the following scattered fragments of KING ARTHUR first appear, as entitled,—

A Two-part Song. — “For Love every creature.”

A Song in King Arthur. — “Fairest Isle.”

A Three-part Song. — “For folded flocks.”

A Two-part Song in King Arthur. — “Sound a parley, ye fair.”

“Two Daughters of this aged stream.”

Dialogue. — “You say ’t is Love creates the pain.”

The First Scene in the Third Act of King Arthur. — “What ho I thou Genius of this Isle.”

These seem to be all the pieces that Playford could collect when he published the first edition of the Orpheus Britannicus; for the second volume of that edition (published in 1702) contains no further addition to the pieces from KING ARTHUR.

In the second edition of the entire work, published in 1712, the following additional pieces appear, as entitled,—

In the First Volume.

A Song, with Instruments, out of King Arthur. — “Hither, this way bend.”

A single Song. — “I call you all to Woden’s Hall.”

A Song in King Arthur. — “Sound a parley, ye fair.”

A Two-part Song. — “Shepherd, leave decoying.”

In the Second Volume.

A Song for Two Voices. — “To Woden thanks we render.”

In publishing “A Collection of the choicest Songs composed by Mr. Henry Purcell” (for such is the second title of the Orpheus Britannicus), a regard to his reputation as well as their own advantage would have induced his widow and the publisher of the work to insert much, if not all the music of a work so recent and so popular as KING ARTHUR; and I can only account for the scanty portion that appears on the supposition that more was not within their reach. It would seem that Purcell made but a single copy of the Opera, and that after his death this copy was in the hands of persons (most probably the managers of the Theatre) who did not choose to part with it for the purpose of publication, and that Playford was thus compelled to derive from other and less authentic sources such fragments of KING ARTHUR as he could. This opinion derives confirmation from the imperfect and mutilated form in which many of the pieces appear. Thus, in the first edition of the Orpheus Britannicus, “Sound a parley, ye fair,” is printed in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and without symphonies or violin accompaniment, which are supplied in the second edition (where the piece is printed in $\frac{3}{2}$ time), a more perfect copy, doubtless, having come into the editor's possession. Of the added pieces in the second edition, all, save one, are only fragments of scenes. “Hither, this way bend,” is but Philidel’s first Solo without the Chorus, terminating at bar 57, page 62 of the present edition. “I call you all to Woden’s Hall” (erroneously styled “A single Song”) is a single movement from the Sacrificial Scene in the First Act, without the Chorus on the same subject. “Sound a parley, ye fair” is detached from the Frost scene to which it belongs, and the other portions of the scene want their connecting links: the Recitative of Cupid, “No part of my dominions;” the Chorus, “See, we assemble;” the Solo, “’T is I that have warm’d you,” and the Chorus, “’T is Love that has warm’d us,” being omitted.

Various inaccuracies in the words (many of which have been perpetuated in every subsequent copy) occur; thus—

“For folded flocks *and* fruitful plains;”

instead of

“For folded flocks, *on* fruitful plains;”

“Fairest Isle *of* Isles excelling.”

instead of

“Fairest Isle, *all* Isles excelling.”

“If you step, no *longer* thinking,

Down you fall, a furlong *pink*ing;”

instead of

“If you step, no *danger* thinking,

Down you fall, a furlong *sink*ing;”

“I call *you* all to *Wooden's* Hall,

Your temples round with *joy* bound

And goblets crown'd,

And plenteous bowls of burnish'd gold :

Where *we* shall laugh” &c.

instead of

“I call *ye* all to *Woden's* Hall:

Your temples round with *ivy* bound

In goblets crown'd,

And plenteous bowls of burnish'd gold :

Where *you* shall laugh” &c.

“Here are marriage vows for *sihing*;

instead of

“Here are marriage vows for *signing*.”

In the Frost Scene.

“What ho! thou Genius of *this* Isle;”

instead of

“What ho! thou Genius of *the* Clime.”

“Seest thou not how stiff and wondrous *cold*;”

instead of

“Seest thou not how stiff and wondrous *old*.”

“My beams create a more glorious *Spring*;”

instead of

“My beams create a more glorious *Year*.”

Most of these errors are evidently those of copyists, and they are here cited (at more length than to some persons may seem worth while) in order to show that the widow of Purcell and his friend Playford had not a copy of KING ARTHUR, but were compelled to pick up a Song here, and a Duet there, when and how they could. These were probably obtained from the different singers in the Opera, each of whom, if able to supply his own part, could furnish no more.

Thus was this extraordinary composition, so original in design, so perfect in execution, abounding with all the attributes of vigorous and masculine thought, and enriched with the graces and resources of his art, — a composition which was to charm remote ages and future generations, of which insulated and detached portions were to be transplanted into the concert-room, and engage the attention and display the powers of the greatest singers that this country has produced — cast from the hands of its author, as if it had been unworthy of preservation. How are we to account for this? Purcell must have felt his own power: he must have been aware that he was the equal — on their own ground — of every musician, of whatever country, who had preceded him; and yet, within three years after his death, his widow was compelled to hunt up where she could the “*disjecta membra*” of one of his most popular works!

It would seem as if the view which he had obtained of the powers and resources of his art, and his conviction of what it might hereafter accomplish, had led him to regard all that he had produced but as the efforts of a learner (and we are justified in this conclusion from his own words), fitted to give a brief and transient impulse to his art, and, having accomplished this purpose, to be forgotten. It may be that he was right: it may be that we yet stand, as he stood, but at the threshold of the temple of Music: it may be that in his “clear dream and solemn vision” he saw further than his successors: nor will it be denied that some of its recesses have been further explored by genius and talent like his own; but all the great attributes which belong to the true artist, all the requirements which make the true musician, we may yet learn of Purcell.

“Those models,” says Sir Joshua Reynolds, “which have passed through the approbation of ages may be considered as sure guides, and regarded as subjects of admiration rather than of criticism.” By this test we may, assuredly, try the compositions of Purcell, and we may add, that no man, finding his art as he found it, left it as he left it.

The Advertisement which appears in the first edition of the *Orpheus Britannicus* is a curious and significant commentary on what I have said. Who would believe that “these Six” comprised all the works that were published of the most voluminous Church composer that the English school can boast, – the writer of the music to thirty-nine Operas and Plays, the author of single Songs without number, and of endless Catches?

“ALL the excellent compositions of Mr. Henry Purcell, both Vocal and Instrumental, that have been published: *viz.* –

“His First Book of Twelve Sonatas, in 4 parts.

“His Ayrs and Sonatas newly printed, in 4 parts.

“The Opera of *Dioclesian*.

“*Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, in Score.

“A Choice Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord or Spinett, with instructions for beginners.

“These Six, printed for Madam Purcell, and sold for her by Henry Playford.”

In the “MS. *Memoirs of Musick*” by the Hon. Roger North (now in the possession of Mr. G. Townshend Smith, Organist of Hereford Cathedral), he mentions as the “chief of what he calls “the Semi Operas ” produced at Drury Lane, “*Circe, the Fayerly Queen, Dioclesian,* and KING ARTHUR, which latter,” he adds, “was composed by Purcell, and is unhappily lost*.” Mr. North could scarcely be unaware that the other Operas, as well as KING ARTHUR, were the composition of Purcell; but his testimony points to the conclusion, which is too well confirmed by other evidence, that the complete Score of that Opera speedily vanished. Many MS. copies, however, more or less complete, still exist; and from the following the present edition has been compiled.

SCORE. In my own Library, nearly contemporary with the time of Purcell.

– From the collection of Mr. Corfe, Organist of Salisbury Cathedral: date about 1720.

– In the British Museum, formerly in the possession of Dr. Croft, and afterwards of Sir John Hawkins.

SCORE. In the possession of George Lawrence, Esq., formerly in the collection of Mr. Bartleman.

– Formerly in the possession of Mr. Travers, and now of Mr. Hedgley: date about 1730.

– In the possession of Mr. Windsor of Bath: date about 1760.

Dr. Arne’s published edition of such parts of Purcell’s Opera as he used at its revival in 1770.

Mr. Goodison’s edition of Purcell, which terminated abruptly at the eighth bar of Philidel’s Solo, “Hither, this way bend.”

Airs for the Theatre.

From these various sources I have been enabled to compile a more complete, and, I hope, a more correct copy of KING ARTHUR than is, at present, known to exist. No complete copy of what remains of the Opera has ever been printed. The same pieces are not found in all the above copies, and various differences occur in the score of such as are common to all. The editor of this and many other of Purcell’s works will have, as I have had, to regret the want of any copy of authority, and to be compelled to exercise his own judgement in determining the text. Conjectural emendation is always a difficult task, but when applied to the compositions of Purcell a dangerous one. I have only endeavoured, to the best of my judgement, to free his work from those obvious and unavoidable errors which result from the multiplication of MS. copies; and between different readings, to adopt that which had the weight of authority and probability on its side. In this duty I have had the able advice of my brethren of the Council, and especially the effective assistance of Mr. Rimbault, to whom my thanks are eminently due.

The pieces which I have been unable to supply are the following:–

In Act III.

Song (Philidel), “We must work, we must haste.”
 – “Thus I infuse these sovereign dewes.”
 Song (Airy Spirit), “O Sight, the Mother of desires.”

In Act IV.

Solo (Siren) and Chorus, “O pass not on, but stay.”

In Act V.

Song (Comus and Peasants), “Your hay it is mow’d, and our corn is reap’d.”

* *Memoirs of Musick*, being some Historico-Criticall Collections of that subject, by the Hon. Roger North of Rougham in Norfolk, 1728.

We may be assured, from Dryden's own words, that whatever parts of the play he wrote for music, Purcell set to music: indeed some of the missing portions of the Opera are indispensable to the dramatic action of the play. It is possible, therefore, that some of these may be recovered, and in this hope the present edition is so arranged that any piece may be inserted in its proper place. Its publication will doubtless stimulate further research; and if the Council of the Musical Antiquarian Society shall fortunately possess themselves of any authentic copies of the deficient pieces, they will be printed hereafter.

It remains to record the revivals of KING ARTHUR. These I believe to be without parallel in the history of Dramatic Music; as I am not aware of any unpublished Opera, which for eighty years was known to the world only by name, having been restored to the Stage, and exhibited to successive generations.

To the discernment and good taste of Dr. Arne we owe the first revival of KING ARTHUR. The play received some alteration from the hands of Garrick, but its original five-Act form was preserved. Arne wrote a new overture, eight new recitatives and songs (chiefly to supply those of Purcell which were lost), and Dibdin supplied a march and two dances. Dibdin is probably mistaken in the reason which, in the following passage, he assigns for Arne's introductions, which were made, not in consequence of Garrick's alterations, but to supply the want of those pieces, which, though not found in the extant copies of the Opera, are yet necessary to its dramatic action.

"Arne, who, though according to Garrick's plan, was obliged to introduce some music of his own, was so far from mutilating Purcell, that he rescued those beauties from oblivion which time and ignorance had obscured. Arne idolized Purcell; and it was his pride to place him in that conspicuous situation the brilliancy of his reputation demanded*."

It was brought out December 13, 1770, at Drury Lane Theatre, and thus cast:—

KING ARTHUR	Mr. Reddish.	MERLIN	Mr. Aikin.
GRIMBALD	Mr. Bannister.	EMMELINE	Miss Hayward.
OSWALD	Mr. Jefferson.	MATILDA	Mrs. Baddeley.
OSMOND	Mr. Palmer.		

Victor thus registers the revival:—

"KING ARTHUR, a Dramatic Opera. This celebrated performance was written by DRYDEN, and the Music composed by Purcell—two eminent Geniuses! In this improved, enlightened age we are apt to laugh at some of Dryden's bombastical strokes. Purcell's music retains its due force and merit, because founded on nature. The revival of this Dramatic Opera has answered the expectations of every adventurer, and Managers who have Singers are always right to have King Arthur in their stock†."

Murphy's pretended account of this revival is a tissue of blunders from first to last. He confounds it with that of a subsequent one; and the change of title and curtailment of the Drama to two acts he ascribes to Garrick, who had been then dead five years. He calls the music "Dr. Arne's," to which, with the scenes and decorations, he attributes the "powerful effect" which the Opera produced‡.

After the first run, the revived KING ARTHUR was frequently acted for several years. It was then laid aside, and again produced October 19, 1781 (the bill stating "first time for six years"), with the following cast:—

KING ARTHUR	Mr. Smith.	EMMELINE	Miss Farren.
GRIMBALD	Mr. Bannister.	PHILIDEL	Miss Field.
OSWALD	Mr. Brereton.	VENUS	Miss Phillips,
OSMOND	Mr. Farren.		(afterwards Mrs. Crouch).
MERLIN	Mr. J. Aikin.	CUPID	Miss Romanzini,
			(afterwards Mrs. Bland).

The following lines appeared at this time in one of the daily papers:—

"To Miss Phillips, on seeing her in the character of Venus, in the Opera of KING ARTHUR.

* Dibdin's History of the Stage, vol. v. p. 239.

† History of the Theatres of London, vol. iii. p. 172.

‡ Life of David Garrick by Arthur Murphy, vol. ii. p. 76.

“ Sparkling in gems, like the bright morning star:
 In purple clothed, your brows with roses crown’d,
 And your moist hair with golden fillets bound:
 Drawn by your doves, as through the air you fly,
 The winds, enamour’d, breathe a gentle sigh:
 As upward, to the blest abodes you move,
 All heaven, all earth, harmonious, sing their love.”

November 22, 1784: the Opera, cut down to two acts, was again produced at Drury Lane under the title of *Arthur and Emmeline*, when Mr. Kemble played King Arthur. The music received some alteration from the hands of Mr. Linley, at that time one of the patentees of Drury Lane. A few additions from the original Opera were made, but much that Dr. Arne had retained was omitted. The entire Frost scene was expunged, and a song for Philidel was added, of which both the words and the music were new.

The next revival of the Opera in its mutilated form was at Covent Garden, November 2, 1803, with this cast:—

KING ARTHUR	Mr. C. Kemble.	EMMELINE	Mrs. H. Siddons.
GRIMBALD	Mr. Cory.	PHILIDEL	Miss Wheatley.
OSWALD	Mr. H. Siddons.		
MERLIN	Mr. Murray.		

“The piece was revived,” says Oulten, “with great pomp and splendour, and produced abundant applause*.”

During the time that Mr. Hawes was the musical director of the English Opera House, he produced a different version of KING ARTHUR, retaining its new title of *Arthur and Emmeline*, but extending the yet curtailed libretto to three acts. The opera was thus cast;—

KING ARTHUR	Mr. Perkins.	EMMELINE	Miss Kelly.
GRIMBALD	Mr. Thorne.	PHILIDEL	Miss Goward, (afterwards Mrs. Kelley).
OSWALD	Mr. Baker.		
OSMOND	Mr. H. Phillips.	VENUS	Miss Hamilton.
MERLIN	Mr. Chapman.	CUPID	Miss Boden.
NEPTUNE	Mr. J.O. Atkins.		
ENGLISH CHIEF	Mr. Pearman.		

In this version of the Opera Mr. Hawes rejected all the added music of Dr. Arne, and introduced some pieces from Purcell’s *Indian Queen* and *Dido and Æneas*.

The last revival of KING ARTHUR was under the direction of Mr. Macready at Drury Lane, November 16, 1842. The original title of the Opera was restored, but no former libretto was adopted, although, like the preceding version, it was made to consist of three Acts. It was thus cast:—

KING ARTHUR	Mr. Anderson.	EMMELINE	Mrs. Nisbett.
GRIMBALD	Mr. Stretton.	PHILIDEL	Miss P. Horton.
OSWALD	Mr. Graham.	VENUS	Miss Fairbrother.
OSMOND	Mr. H. Phillips.	CUPID	Miss Romer.
MERLIN	Mr. Ryder.		

In this version (of which the musical arrangement was made by Mr. T. Cooke) the greater part of Purcell’s music was retained, and some of that by Arne. Several pieces, from *The Libertine*, *Dido and Æneas*, *The Indian Queen*, and *Bonduca*, were also introduced, or substituted for those of a similar character in the original Opera. It was played thirty-three nights.

EDWARD TAYLOR.

Stock-Ferry, Norfolk, 1843.

* History of the Theatres of London, vol. ii. p. 116.

KING ARTHUR:

OR,

THE BRITISH WORTHY.

A DRAMATIC OPERA,
BY JOHN DRYDEN.

PERFORMED AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE BY THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

..... Hic alta theatris
Fundamenta locant; scenis decora alta futuris. – *Virg. Æn.* i. 431.
Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa Britanni. – *Virg. Georg.* iii. 25.
..... Tanton' placuit concurrere motu,
Jupiter, æterna gentes in pace futuras? – *Vir. Æn.* xii. 503.
..... Et celebrare domestica facta. – *Hor. De Arte Poet.* 287.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCVII.

TO THE MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.

My Lord,

This Poem was the last piece of service which I had the honour to do for my Gracious Master King Charles the Second; and though he lived not to see the performance of it on the Stage, yet the Prologue to it, which was the Opera of Albion and Albanus, was often practised before him at Whitehall, and encouraged by his royal approbation. It was, indeed, a time which was proper for triumph, when he had overcome all those difficulties which for some years had perplexed his peaceful reign: but when he had just restored his people to their senses, and made the latter end of his government of a piece with the happy beginning of it, he was on the sudden snatched away from the blessings and acclamations of his subjects, who arrived so late to the knowledge of him that they had but just time enough to desire him longer before they were to part with him for ever. Peace be with the ashes of so good a king! Let his human frailties be forgotten, and his clemency and moderation (the inherent virtues of his family) be remembered with a grateful veneration by three kingdoms, through which he spread the blessings of them: and as your Lordship held a principal place in his esteem, and perhaps the first in his affection, during his latter troubles, the success which accompanied those prudent counsels cannot but reflect an honour on those few who managed them, and wrought out by their faithfulness and diligence the public safety. I might dilate on the difficulties which attended that undertaking, – the temper of the people, the power, arts and interest of the contrary party; but those are all of them invidious topics;

they are too green in our remembrance; and he who touches on them, *incedit per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. But without reproaching one side to praise another, I may justly recommend to both those wholesome counsels, which, wisely administered and as well executed, were the means of preventing a civil war and of extinguishing a growing fire which was just ready to have broken forth among us. So many wives who have yet their husbands in their arms, so many parents who have not the number of their children lessened, so many villages, towns and cities whose inhabitants are not decreased, their property violated, or their wealth diminished, are yet owing to the sober conduct and happy results of your advice. If a true account may be expected by future ages from the present, your Lordship will be delivered over to posterity in a fairer character than I have given, and be read, not in the preface of a play (whose author is not vain enough to promise immortality to others or to hope it for himself), but in many pages of a chronicle filled with praises of your administration. For if writers be just to the memory of King Charles the Second, they cannot deny him to have been an exact knower of mankind, and a perfect distinguisher of their talents. It is true his necessities often forced him to vary his counsellors and counsels, and sometimes to employ such persons in the management of his affairs who were rather fit for his present purpose than satisfactory to his judgement; but where it was choice in him, not compulsion, he was master of too much good sense to delight in heavy conversation, and whatever his favourites of state might be, yet those of his affection were men of wit. He was easy with these, and complied only with the former. But in the latter part of his life, which certainly required to be most cautiously managed, his secret thoughts were communicated but to few; and those selected of that sort who were *amici omnium horarum*, able to advise him in a serious consult where his honour and safety were concerned, and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleasant discourse as well as profitable. In this maturest part of his age, when he had been long seasoned with difficulties and dangers and was grown to a niceness in his choice, as being satisfied how few could be trusted, and of those who could be trusted how few could serve him, he confined himself to a small number of bosom friends, amongst whom the world is much mistaken if your Lordship was not first.

If the rewards which you received for those services were only honours, it rather showed the necessities of the times than any want of kindness in your Royal Master; and as the splendour of your fortune stood not in need of being supported by the Crown, so likewise in being satisfied without other recompense you showed yourself to be above a mercenary interest, and strengthened that power which bestowed those titles on you, which, truly speaking, were marks of acknowledgement more than favour.

But as a skilful pilot will not be tempted out to sea in suspected weather, so have you wisely chosen to withdraw yourself from public business when the face of heaven grew troubled and the frequent shifting of the winds fore-showed a storm. There are times and seasons when the best patriots are willing to withdraw their hands from the Commonwealth, as Phocion in his latter days was observed to decline the management of affairs; or as Cicero (to draw the similitude more home) left the pulpit for Tusculum, and the praise of oratory for the sweet enjoyments of a private life, and, in the happiness of those retirements, has more obliged posterity by his Moral Precepts than he did the Republic in quelling the conspiracy of Catiline. What prudent man would not rather follow the example of his retreat, than stay, like Cato, with a stubborn unseasonable virtue to oppose the torrent of the people, and at last be driven from the market-place by a riot of a multitude incapable of counsel and deaf to eloquence? There is, likewise, a portion of our lives which every wise man may justly reserve to his own peculiar use, and that without defrauding his native country. A Roman soldier was allowed to plead the merit of his services for his dismissal at such an age; and there was but one exception to that rule, which was an invasion from the Gauls. How far that may work with your Lordship I am not certain, but I hope it is not coming to the trial.

In the mean time, while the nation is secured from foreign attempts by so powerful a fleet, and we enjoy not only the happiness but even the ornaments of peace in the divertisement of the town, I humbly offer you this trifle, which, if it succeed upon the stage, is like to be the chiefest entertainment of our ladies and gentlemen this summer. When I wrote it, seven years ago, I employed some reading about it, to inform myself out of Beda, Bochartus and other authors, concerning the rites and customs

of the heathen Saxons, as I also used the little skill I have in poetry to adorn it. But not to offend the present times nor a government which has hitherto protected me, I have been obliged so much to alter the first design, and take away so many beauties from the writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the present ship of the Royal Sovereign, after so often taking down and altering, is the vessel it was at the first building. There is nothing better than what I intended but the music, which has since arrived to a greater perfection in England than ever formerly, especially passing through the artful hands of Mr. Purcel, who has composed it with so great a genius that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging audience. But the numbers of poetry and vocal music are sometimes so contrary, that in many places I have been obliged to cramp my verses, and make them rugged to the reader that they may be harmonious to the hearer, of which I have no reason to repent me, because these sorts of entertainments are principally designed for the ear and eye, and therefore, in reason, my art on this occasion ought to be subservient to his; and besides, I flatter myself with an imagination, that a judicious audience will easily distinguish betwixt the songs wherein I have complied with him, and those in which I have followed the rules of poetry in the sound and cadence of the words. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, there is somewhat still remaining of the first spirit with which I wrote it; and though I can only speak by guess of what pleased my first and best patroness, the Duchess of Monmouth, in the reading, yet I will venture my opinion, by the knowledge I have long had of her Grace's excellent judgement and true taste of poetry, that the parts of the airy and earthy spirits, and that fairy kind of writing which depends only upon the force of imagination, where the grounds of her liking the poem and afterwards of her recommending it to the Queen. I have likewise had the satisfaction to hear that Her Majesty has graciously been pleased to peruse the manuscript of this Opera, and given it her royal approbation. Poets, who subsist not but on the favour of sovereign princes and of great persons, may have leave to be a little vain, and boast of their patronage who encourage the genius that animates them. And therefore I will again presume to guess, that Her Majesty was not displeased to find in this poem the praises of her native country, and the heroic actions of so famous a predecessor in the government of Great Britain as King Arthur.

All this, my Lord, I must confess, looks with a kind of insinuation that I present you with somewhat not unworthy your protection; but I may easily mistake the favour of Her Majesty for her judgement: I think I cannot be deceived in thus addressing to your Lordship, whom I have had the honour to know, at that distance which becomes me, for so many years. It is true that formerly I have shadowed some part of your virtues under another name; but the character, though short and imperfect, was so true, that it broke through the fable and was discovered by its native light. What I pretend by this dedication is, an honour which I do myself to posterity, by acquainting them that I have been conversant with the first persons of the age in which I lived, and thereby perpetuate my prose when my verses may possibly be forgotten or obscured by the fame of future poets; which ambition, amongst my other faults and imperfections, be pleased to pardon in,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

SURE there's a dearth of wit in this dull town,
When silly plays so savourily go down;
As, when clipp'd money passes, 'tis a sign
A nation is not over-stock'd with coin.
Happy is he, who in his own defence,
Can write just level to your humble sence;
Who higher than your pitch can never go;
And doubtless, he must creep, who writes below.
So have I seen in hall of knight or lord
A weak arm throw on a long shovel-board;
He barely lays his piece, but rubs and knocks,
Secur'd by Weakness not to reach the Box.
A feeble Poet will his Bus'ness do,
Who, straining all he can, comes up to you:
For, if you like your Selves, you like him too.
An Ape his own Dear Image will embrace;
An ugly Beau adores a Hatchet Face:
So, some of you, on pure instinct of Nature,
Are led, by Kind, t' admire your fellow Creature.
In fear of which, our House has sent this Day,
T' insure our New-Built-Vessel, call'd a Play;
No sooner Nam'd, than one crys out, These Stagers
Come in good time, to make more Work for Wagers.
The Town divides, if it will take or no;
The Courtiers Bet, the Cits, the Merchants too;
A sign they have but little else to do.
Betts at the first were Fool-Traps; where the Wise
Like Spiders, lay in Ambush for the Flies;
But now they're grown a common Trade for all,
And Actions by the News-Book Rise and Fall;
Wits, Cheats, and Fops are free of Wager-Hall.
One Policy as far as Lyons carries;
Another, nearer home sets up for Paris.
Our Betts, at last, wou'd ev'n to Rome extend,
But that the Pope has proved our Trusty Friend.
Indeed, it were a Bargain, worth our Money,
Cou'd we insure another Ottobuoni.
Among the rest there are a sharpening Sett,
That Pray for us, and yet against us Bett:
Sure Heav'n it self is at a loss to know
If these wou'd have their Pray'rs be heard, or no:
For, in great Stakes, we piously suppose,
Men Pray but very faintly they may lose.
Leave off these Wagers; for, in Conscience Speaking,
The City needs not your new Tricks for Breaking:
And if you Gallants lose, to all appearing
You'll want an Equipage for Volunteering;
While thus, no Spark of Honour left within ye,
When you shou'd draw the Sword, you draw the Guinea.

KING ARTHUR:

or,

THE BRITISH WORTHY.

DRAMATIS PERSONNÆ.

MEN.

KING ARTHUR.

OSWALD, King of Kent, a Saxon and a Heathen.

CONON, Duke of Cornwall, Tributary to King ARTHUR.

MERLIN, a famous Enchanter.

OSMOND, a Saxon Magician and a Heathen.

AURELIUS, Friend to ARTHUR.

ALBANACT, Captain of ARTHUR'S Guards.

GUILLAMAR, Friend to OSWALD.

WOMEN.

EMMELINE, Daughter of CONON.

MATILDA, her Attendant.

SPIRITS.

PHILIDEL, an Airy Spirit.

GRIMBALD, an Earthy Spirit.

OFFICERS and SOLDIERS, SINGERS and DANCERS.

SCENE – in Kent

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Conon, Aurelius, Albanact.

Conon. Then this is the deciding day, to fix
Great Britain's Scepter in great Arthur's hand.

Aur. Or put it in the bold invader's gripe.
Arthur and Oswald, and their different fates,
Are weighing new within the scales of heaven.

Conon. In ten set battles have we driven back
These heathen Saxons, and regain'd our earth.
As earth recovers from an ebbing tide
Her half-drown'd face, and lifts it o'er the waves,
From Severn's banks, even to this barren-down,
Our foremost men have prest their fainty rear,
And not one Saxon face has been beheld;
But all their backs and shoulders have been stuck
With foul dishonest wounds: new here, indeed,

Because they have no further ground, they stand.

Aur. Well have we chose a happy day for fight;
For every man, in course of time, has found
Some days are lucky, some unfortunate.

Alb. But why this day more lucky than the rest?

Conon. Because this day
Is sacred to the patron of our isle;
A Christian and a soldier's annual feast.

Alb. Oh, now I understand you. This is St. George of
Cappadocia's day. Well, it may be so, but faith
I was ignorant; we soldiers seldom examine the rubrick,
and now and then a saint may happen to slip by us;
but if he be a gentleman saint, he will forgive us.

Conon. Oswald undoubtedly will fight it bravely.

Aur. And it behoves him well, 't is his last stake.

But what manner of man is this Oswald?
Have ye ever seen him?

[To Albanact.

Alb. Never but once; mad that was to my cost too; I followed
him too close, and to say the truth, somewhat uncivilly,
upon a rout; but he turned upon me as quick and as round
as a chafed boar, and gave me two licks across the face
to put me in mind of my Christianity.

Conon. I know him well; he's free and open-hearted.

Aur. His country's character: that speaks a German.

Conon. Revengeful, rugged, violently brave;

And once resolved is never to be moved.

Alb. Yes, he is a valiant dog; pox on him.

Conon. This was the character he then maintain'd,

When in my court he sought my daughter's love,

My fair, blind Emmeline.

Alb. I cannot blame him for courting the heiress of
Cornwall: all heiresses are beautiful; and as blind as
she is, he would have had no blind bargain of her.

Aur. For that defeat in love he raised this war.

For royal Arthur reign'd within her heart
Ere Oswald moved his suite.

Conon. Ay, now Aurelius, you have named a man;

One, whom besides the homage that I owe,

As Cornwall's Duke, to his imperial crown,

I would have chosen out from all mankind

To be my sovereign lord.

Aur. His worth divides him from the crowd of kings ;

So born, without desert to be so born ;

Men set aloft to be the scourge of heaven,

And with long arms to lash the under world.

Conon. Arthur is all that's excellent in Oswald,

And void of all his faults: In battle brave,

But still serene in all the stormy war,

Like heaven above the clouds; and after fight,

As merciful and kind to vanquish'd foes,

as a forgiving God; but see, he's here,

And praise is dumb before him.

Enter King Arthur, reading a letter, with Attendants.

Arth. [reading]. Go on, auspicious Prince, the stars are kind:

Unfold thy banners to the willing wind;

While I, with airy legions, help thy arms;

Confronting art with art, and charms with charms.

So Merlin writes; nor can we doubt the event,

[To Connon.

With heaven and you to friends. Oh noble Conon,

You taught my tender hands the trade of war;

And now again you helm your hoary head,

And under double weight of age and arms,

Assert your country's freedom and my crown.

Conon. No more, my son.

Arth. Most happy in that name!

Your Emmeline, to Oswald's vows refused,

You made my plighted bride:

Your charming daughter, who like Love, born blind,

Un-aiming hit, with surest archery,

And innocently kills.

Conon. Remember, son,

You are a general, other wars require you;

For see the Saxon gross begins to move.

Arth. Their infantry embattled, square and close,

March firmly on, to fill the middle space,

Cover'd by their advancing cavalry.

By heaven, 't is beauteous horror:

The noble Oswald has provoked my envy.

Enter Emmeline, led by Matilda.

Ha! Now my beauteous Emmeline appears,

A new, but oh, a softer flame inspires me;

Even rage and vengeance slumber at her sight.

Conon. Haste your farewell;

I'll cheer my troops, and wait ye.

[Exit Conon.

Em. Oh father, father, I am sure you are here,

Because I see your voice.

Arth. No, thou mistakest thy hearing for thy sight;

He is gone, my Emmeline;

And I but stay to gaze on those fair eyes,

Which cannot view the conquest they have made.

Oh star-like night, dark only to thyself,

But full of glory, as those lamps of heaven

That see not when they shine!

Em. What is this heaven, and stars, and night, and day,

To which you thus compare my eyes and me?

I understand you, when you say you love:

For, when my father clasps my hand in his,

That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinkled;

But when you grasp it, then I sigh and pant,

And something smarts and tickles at my heart.

Arth. Oh artless love! where the soul moves the tongue,

And only nature speaks what nature thinks!

Had she but eyes!

Em. Just now you said I had.

I see them, I have two.

Arth. But neither see.

Em. I am sure they hear you then;

What can your eyes do more?

Arth. They view your beauties.

Em. Do not I see? You have a face like mine,

Two hands, and two round, pretty, rising breasts,

That heave like mine.

Arth. But you describe a woman.

Nor is it sight, but touching with your hands.

Em. Then 't is my hand that sees, and that's all one;

For is not seeing, touching with your eyes?

Arth. No, for I see at distance where I touch not.

Em. If you can see so far, and yet not touch,

I fear you see my naked legs and feet

Quite through my clothes; pray do not see so well.

Arth. Fear not, sweet innocence;

I view the lovely features of your face;

Your lips' carnation, your dark shaded eyebrows,

Black eyes and snow-white forehead: all the colours

That make your beauty and produce my love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal terms.

I love you dearly without all these helps.

I cannot see your lips' carnation,

Your shaded eyebrows, nor your milk-white eyes.

Arth. You still mistake.

Em. Indeed I thought you had a nose and eyes,

And such a face as mine; have not men faces?

Arth. Oh, none like yours, so excellently fair.

Em. Then would I had no face; for I would be

Just such a one as you.

Arth. Alas 't is vain to instruct your innocence,

You have no notion of light or colours.

[Trumpet sounds within.

Em. Why, is not that a trumpet?

Arth. Yes.

Em. I knew it.

And I can tell you how the sound on't looks;

It looks as if it had an angry fighting face.

Arth. 'T is now indeed a sharp unpleasant sound,
Because it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet ten thousand foes.

Em. How does so many men e'er come to meet?
This devil trumpet vexes them, and then
They feel about for one another's faces,
And so they meet, and kill.

Arth. I'll tell ye all, when we have gain'd the field.
One kiss of your fair hand, the pledge of conquest,
And so a short farewell.

*[Kisses her hand, and exit with Aurelius, Albanact,
and Attendants.*

Em. My heart and vows go with him to the fight;
May every foe be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their swords have eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the trumpet's face;
For that brave sound upholds my fainting heart;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my part.

[Exit, led by Matilda.

The Scene represents a place of Heathen
worship; the three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor
and Freya, placed on pedestal. An altar.

Enter Oswald and Osmond.

Osm. 'T is time to hasten our mysterious rites,
Because your army waits you.

Osw. Thor, Freya, Woden, all ye Saxon Powers,
[Making three bows before the three images.

Hear and revenge my father Hengist's death.

Osm. Father of gods and men, great Woden, hear;
Mount thy hot courser, drive amidst thy foes;
Lift high thy thundering arm, let every blow
Dash out a misbelieving Briton's brains.

Osw. Father of gods and men, great Woden, hear;
Give conquest to thy Saxon race, and me.

Osm. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and spell your Saxons,
With sacred Runick rhymes, from death in battle.
Edge their bright swords, and blunt the Britons' darts.
No more, great Prince, for see my trusty fiend,
Who all the night has wing'd the dusky air.

[Grimbald, a fierce earthy Spirit, arises.

What news, my Grimbald?

Grim. I have play'd my part;
For I have steel'd the fools that are to die;
Six fools, so prodigal of life and soul,
That for their country they devote their lives
A sacrifice to mother earth, and Woden.

Osm. 'T is well; but are we sure of victory?

Grim. Why ask'st thou me?

Inspect their entrails, draw from thence thy guess:
Blood we must have, without it we are dumb.

Osm. Say, where's thy fellow-servant, Philidel?
Why comes not he?

Grim. For, he is puling sprite.

Why didst thou choose a tender airy form
Unequal to the mighty work of mischief?
His make his flitting, soft, and yielding atoms,
He trembles at the yawning gulf of hell,
Nor dares approach the flame, lest he should singe
His gaudy silken wings.
He sighs when he should plunge a soul in sulphur,
As with compassion touch'd of foolish man.

Osm. What a half-devil 's he!

His errand was to draw the lowland damps
And noisome vapours from the foggy fens,
Then breathe the baleful stench, with all his force,
Full on the faces of our christen'd foes.

Grim. Accordingly he drain'd those marshy grounds,
And bagg'd them in a blue pestiferous cloud,
Which when he should have blown, the frighted elf
Espied the red cross banners of their host,
And said he durst not add to his damnation.

Osm. I'll punish him at leisure;

Call in the victims to propitiate hell.

Grim. That's my kind master, I shall breakfast on them.

*[Grimbald goes to the door, and re-enters with six Saxons
in white, with swords in their hands. They range them-
selves three and three in opposition to each other. The
rest of the stage is filled with Priests and Singers.*

Woden, first to thee,
A milk-white steed, in battle won,
We have sacrificed.

Chor. We have sacrificed.

Ver. A third; (of Friezland breed was he,)
To Woden's wife, and to Thor's mother;
And now we have atoned all three,
We have sacrificed.

Chor. We have sacrificed.

2 Voc. The white horse neigh'd aloud.
To Woden thanks we render.
To Woden we have vow'd.

Chor. To Woden, our defender.

[The four last lines in chorus.

Ver. The lot is cast, and Tanfan pleased;

Chor. Of mortal cares you shall be eased,
Brave souls to be renown'd in story.
Honour prizing,
Death despising,
Fame acquiring
By expiring;
Dye, and reap the fruit of glory.
Brave souls to be renown'd in story.

Ver. 2. I call ye all
To Woden's hall;
Your temples round
With ivy bound,
In goblets crown'd,
And plenteous bowls of burnish'd gold;
Where you shall laugh,
And dance, and quaff
The juice that makes the Britons bold.

[The six Saxons are led off by the Priests, in order to be sacrificed.

Osw. Ambitious fools we are;
And yet ambition is a godlike fault,
Or rather, 't is no fault in souls born great,
Who dare extend their glory by their deeds.
Now Britany, prepare to change thy state,
And from this day begin thy Saxon date.

[Exeunt omnes.

[A battle supposed to be given behind the scenes, with drums, trumpets, and military shouts and excursions; after which, the Britons, expressing their joy for the victory, sing this song of triumph.]

Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum.

Now they charge on amain.
Now they rally again;
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly.
Victoria, Victoria. the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory 's won,
To the plunder we run;
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. Alas, for pity, of this bloody field!
Piteous it needs must be, when I, a Spirit,
Can have so soft a sense of human woes!
Ah! for so many souls, as but this morn
Were clothed with flesh, and warm'd with vital blood,
But naked now, or shirted but with air.
[Merlin, with Spirits. descends to Philidel, on a chariot drawn by dragons.]

Mer. What art, thou, Spirit, of what name and order?
(For I have view'd thee in my magic glass)
Making thy moan among the midnight wolves
That bay the silent moon: speak, I conjure thee.
'T is Merlin bids thee, at whose awful wand
The pale ghost quivers, and the grim fiend gasps.

Phil. An airy shape, the tenderest of my kind,
The last seduced, and least deform'd of hell;
Half white, and shuffled in the crowd, I fell;
Desirous to repent, and loth to sin,
Awkward in mischief, piteous of mankind,
My name is Philidel, my lot in air,
Where next beneath the moon, and nearest heaven,
I soar, and have a glimpse to be received,
For which the swarthy demons envy me.

Mer. Thy business here?

Phil. To shun the Saxon wizard's dire commands,
Osmond, the awfull'st name next thine below,
'Cause refused to hurl a noisome fog
On christen'd heads, the hue and cry of hell
Is raised against me for a fugitive sprite.

Mer. Osmond shall know a greater power protects thee;
But follow thou the whispers of thy soul,
That draw thee nearer heaven.
And, as thy place is nearest to the sky,
The rays will reach thee first, and bleach thy soot.

Phil. In hope of that I spread my azure wings,
And wishing still, for yet I dare not pray,
I bask in daylight, and behold with joy
My scum work outward, and my rust wear off.

Mer. Why, 't is my hopeful devil; now mark me, Philidel,
I will employ thee for thy future good.
Thou know'st, in spite of valiant Oswald's arms,
Or Osmond's powerful spells, the field is ours.

Phil. Oh master! hasten
Thy dread commands, for Grimbald is at hand,
Osmond's fierce fiend, I snuff his earthy scent;
The conquering Britons he misleads to rivers,
Or dreadful downfalls of unheeded rocks,
Where many fall that ne'er shall rise again.

Mer. Be that thy care, to stand by falls of brooks
And trembling bogs, that bear a green-sword show.
Warn off the bold pursuers from the chase:
No more they come, and we divide the task.
But lest fierce Grimbald's ponderous bulk oppress
Thy tender flitting air, I'll leave my band
Of spirits with united strength to aid thee,
And force with force repel.

[Exit Merlin on his chariot. Merlin's Spirits stay with Philidel.]

Enter Grimbald in the habit of a Shepherd, followed by King Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact and Soldiers, who wander at a distance in the scenes.

Grim. Here, this way, Britons, follow Oswald's flight;
This evening, as I whistled out my dog,
To drive my straggl'ing flock, and pitch'd my fold,
I saw him dropping sweat, o'erlabour'd, stiff,
Make faintly as he could to yonder dell.
Tread in my steps: long neighbourhood by day
Has made these fields familiar in the night.

Arth. I thank thee, shepherd;
Expect reward: lead on, we follow thee.

Phil. sings. Hither this way, this way bend,
Trust not that malicious fiend;
Those are false deluding lights,
Wafted far and near by sprites.
Trust them not, for they'll deceive ye,
And in bogs and marshes leave ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.
Chor. of Grim. Spirits. This way, this way bend.

Phil. sings. If you step, no danger thinking,
Down you fall, a furlong sinking.
'T is a fiend who has annoy'd ye,
Name but heaven and he'll avoid ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.

Chor. of Grim. Spirits. This way, this way bend.

Philidel's Spirits. Trust not that malicious fiend.

Grimbald's Spirits. Trust me, I am no malicious fiend

Philidel's Spirits. Hither this way, &c.

Conon. Some wicked phantom, foe to human kind,
Misguides our steps.

Alb. I'll follow him no farther.

Grim. [speaks]. By hell, she sings them back in my despite.

I had an voice in heaven, ere sulphurous steams
Had damp'd it to a hoarseness; but I'll try.

He sings. Let not a moon-born elf mislead ye

From your prey, and from your glory.

Too far, alas, he has betray'd ye;

Follow the flames that wave before ye;

Sometimes seven, and sometimes one;

Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

See, see the footsteps plain appearing,

That way Oswald chose for flying:

Firm is the turf, and lit for bearing.

Where yonder pearly dews are lying.

Far he cannot hence be gone;

Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

Aur. 'T is true, he says; the footsteps yet are fresh

Upon the sod, no falling dew-drops have

Disturb'd the print.

[All are going to follow Grimbold.]

Phil. sings. Hither this way.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.

Chor. of Grim. Spirits. This way, this way bend.

Philidel's Spirits. Trust not that malicious fiend.

Grimbold's Spirits. Trust me, I am no malicious fiend.

Philidel's Spirits. Hither this way, &c.

[They all incline to Philidel.]

Grim. [speaks.] Curse on her voice, I must my prey forgo;

Thou, Philidel, shalt answer this below.

[Grimbold sinks with a flash.]

Arth. At last, the cheat is plain;

The cloven-footed fiend is vanish'd from us;

Good angels be our guides, and bring us back.

Phil. singing. Come follow, follow, follow me.

Chor: Come follow, &c.

And me. And me, And me. And me.

Ver. 2 Voc. And green-sward all your way shall be.

Chor: Come follow, &c.

Ver. No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.

Chor: No, no, no, &c.

No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.

Ver. 3 Voc. We brethren of air,

You heroes will bear

To the kind and the fair that attend ye.

Chor: We brethren, &c.

[Philidel and the Spirits go off singing, with King Arthur and the rest in the middle of them.]

Enter Emmeline led by Matilda.

Scene – Pavilion.

Em. No news of my dear love, or of my father?

Mat. None, Madam, since the gaining of the battle;

Great Arthur is a royal conqueror now,

And well deserves your love.

Em. But now I fear

He'll be too great to love poor silly me.

If he be dead, or never come again,

I mean to die: but there's a greater doubt,

Since I ne'er saw him here,

How shall I meet him in another world?

Mat. I have heard something, how two bodies meet,

But how souls join, I know not.

Em. I should find him,

For surely I have seen him in my sleep.

And then methought, he put his mouth to mine,

And eat a thousand kisses on my lips;

Sure by his kissing I could find him out

Among a thousand angels in the sky.

Mat. But what a kind of man do you suppose him?

Em. He must be made of the most precious things,

And I believe his mouth, and eyes, and cheeks,

And nose, and all his face, are made of gold.

Mat. Heaven bless us, madam, what a face you make him!

If it be yellow, he must have the jaundice,

And that's a bad disease.

Em. Why then do lovers give a thing so bad

As gold to women, whom so well they love?

Mat. Because that bad thing, gold, buys all good things.

Em. Yet I must know him better: of all colours,

Tell me which is the purest and the softest.

Mat. They say 't is black.

Em. Why then, since gold is hard, and yet is precious,

His face must all be made of soft black gold.

Mat. But Madam—

Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.

Mat. Here are a crew of Kentish lads and lasses,

Would entertain ye, 'till your lord's return,

With songs and dances, to divert your cares.

Em. O bring them in,

For though I cannot see the songs, I love them;

And love, they tell me, is a dance of hearts.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

1 Shepherd sings.

How blest are shepherds, how happy their lasses,

While drums and trumpets are sounding alarms!

Over our lowly sheds all the storm passes;

And when we die, 't is in each others arms.

All the day on our herds and flocks employing;

All the night on our flutes, and in enjoying.

Chor: All the day, &c.

Bright nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended,

Let not your days without pleasure expire;

Honour's but empty, and when youth is ended,

All men will praise you, but none will desire.

Let not youth fly away without contenting;

Age will come time enough for your repenting.

Chor: Let not youth, &c.

[Here the men offer their flutes to the women, which they refuse.]

2 Shepherdess.

Shepherd, shepherd, leave decoying;

Pipes are sweet, a summer's day;

But a little after toying,

Women have the shot to pay.

Here are marriage vows for signing,

Set their marks that cannot write;

After that, without repining,

Play and welcome, day and night.

[Here the women give the men contracts, which they accept.]

Chor. of all. Come, shepherds, lead up, a lively measure.

The cares of wedlock are cares of pleasure;
But whether marriage bring joy or sorrow,
Make sure of this day, and hang tomorrow.

*[The dance after the song, and exeunt Shepherds
and Shepherdesses.*

Enter on the other side of the stage, Oswald and Guillamar.

Osw. The night has wilder'd us, and we are fallen
Among their foremost tents.

Guil. Ha! What are these!

They seem of more than vulgar quality.

Em. What sounds are those? They cannot far be distant.

Where are we now, Matilda?

Mat. Just before your tent:

Fear not, they must be friends, and they approach.

Em. My Arthur, speak, my love, are you return'd

To bless your Emmeline?

Osw. [to Guil.] I know that face;

'T is my ungrateful fair, who, scorning mine,
Accepts my rival's love. Heaven, thou art bounteous,
Thou owest me nothing now.

Mat. Fear grows upon me:

Speak what you are; speak, or I call for help.

Osw. We are your guards.

Mat. Ah me! we are betray'd; 't is Oswald's voice.

Em. Let them not see our voices, and then they cannot find us.

Osw. Passions in men oppress'd are doubly strong.

I take her from King Arthur; there's revenge:

If she can love, she buoys my sinking fortunes.

Good reasons both. I'll on— Fear nothing, ladies,

You shall be safe.

[Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matilda.

Em. and Mat. Help, help! a rape, a rape!

Osw. By heaven ye injure me, thou force is used,

Your honour shall be sacred.

Em. Help, help, oh Britons, help!

Osw. Your Britons cannot help you.

This arm through all their troops shall force my way,

Yet neither quit my honour nor my prey.

[Exeunt, the women still crying.

[An alarm within; some Soldiers running over the stage—

Follow, follow, follow.

[Enter Albanact, Captain of the Guards, with Soldiers.

Alb. Which way went the alarm?

1 Sold. Here, towards the castle.

Alb. Pox o' this victory; the whole camp's debauch'd:

All drunk or whoring. This way, follow, follow.

[Exeunt.

[The alarm renews; clashing of swords within for awhile.

Re-enter Albannact, Officer and Soldiers.

Offic. How sits the conquest on great Arthur's brow?

Alb. As when the lover with the king is mixt,

He puts the gain of Britain in a scale,

Which weighing with the loss of Emmeline,

He thinks he's scarce a saver.

[Trumpet within.

Offic. Hark! a trumpet!

It sounds a parley.

Alb. 'T is from Oswald then,

An echo to King Arthur's friendly summons,

Sent since he heard the rape of Emmeline,

To ask an interview.

[Trumpet answering on the other side.

Offic. But hark! already

Our trumpet makes reply; and see both present.

*Enter Arthur on one side attended, Oswald on the other with
attendants and Guillamar. They meet and salute.*

Arth. Brave Oswald! We have met on friendlier terms,
Companions of a war, with common interest
Against the bordering Picts: but times are changed.

Osw. And I am sorry that those times are changed;

For else we now might meet on terms as friendly.

Arth. If so we meet not now, the fault's your own;

For you have wrong'd me much.

Osw. O you would tell me

I call'd more Saxons in to enlarge my bounds;

If those be wrongs, the war has well redress'd ye.

Arth. Mistake me not, I count not war a wrong.

War is the trade of kings, that fight for empire;

And better be a lion than a sheep.

Osw. In what, then, have I wrong'd ye?

Arth. In my love.

Osw. Ev'n love's an empire too; the noble soul,

Like kings, is covetous of single sway.

Arth. I blame ye not for loving Emmeline;

But since the soul is free, and love is choice,

You should have made a conquest of her mind,

And not have forced her person by a rape.

Osw. Whether by force, or stratagem, we gain,

Still gaining is our end, in war or love.

Her mind's the jewel, in her body lock'd;

If I would gain the gem, and want the key,

It follows I must seize the cabinet.

But to secure your fear, her honour is untouch'd.

Arth. Was honour ever safe in brutal hands?

So safe are lambs within the lion's paw;

Ungrip'd and play'd with, till fierce hunger calls,

Then nature shows itself; the close-hid nails

Are stretch'd and open'd to the panting prey.

But if indeed, you are so cold a lover—

Osw. Not cold, but honourable.

Arth. Then restore her.

That done, I shall believe you honourable.

Osw. Think'st thou I will forgo a victor's right?

Arth. Say rather, of an impious ravisher.

That castle, were it wall'd with adamant,

Can hide thy head but 'till tomorrow's dawn.

Osw. And ere tomorrow I may be a god,

If Emmeline be kind: but kind or cruel,

I tell thee, Arthur, but to see this day,

That heavenly face, though not to have her mine,

I would give up a hundred years of life,

And bid fate cut tomorrow.

Arth. It soon will come, and thou repent too late;

Which to prevent, I'll bribe thee to be honest.

Thy noble head, accusom'd to a crown,

Shall wear it still; nor shall thy hand forget

The sceptre's use. From Medway's pleasing stream

To Severn's roar, be thine.

In short, restore my love, and share my kingdom.

Osw. Not, though you spread my sway from Thames to Tyber;

Such gifts might bribe a king, but not a lover.

Arth. Then prythee give me back my kingly word

Pass'd for thy safe return; and let this hour,

In single combat, hand to hand, decide

The fate of empire, and of Emmeline.

Osw. Not that I fear, do I decline this combat:
 And not decline it neither, but defer.
 When Emmeline has been my prize as long
 As she was thine, I dare thee to the duel.
Arth. I named your utmost term of life; tomorrow.
Osw. Your are not fate.
Arth. But fate is in this arm.
 You might have made a merit of your theft.
Osw. Ha: theft! Your guards can tell I stole her not.
Arth. Had I been present—
Osw. Had you been present she had been mine more nobly.
Arth. There lies your way.
Osw. My way lies where I please.
 Expect (for Oswald 's magic cannot fail)
 A long tomorrows, ere your arms prevail:
 Or if I fall, make room, ye blest above,
 For one who was undone, and died for love.

[Exit Oswald and his party.]

Arth. There may be one black minute ere tomorrow;
 For who can tell what power, and lust, and charms,
 May do this night? To arms, with speed, to arms.
[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Arthur, Conon and Aurelius.

Conon. Furl up our colours, and unbrace our drums;
 Dislodge betimes, and quit this fatal coast.
Arth. Have we forgot to conquer?
Aur. Cast off hope;
 The embattled legions of fire, air, and earth,
 Are banded for our foes.
 For going to discover, with the dawn,
 Yon southern hill, which promised to the sight
 A rise more easy to attack the fort,
 Scarce had we stept on the forbidden ground
 When the woods shook, the trees stood bristling up,
 A living trembling nodded through the leaves.
Arth. Poplars and aspen-boughs, a panic fright.
Conon. We thought so too, and doubled still our pace;
 But straight a rumbling sound, like bellowing winds,
 Rose and grew loud, confused with howls of wolves
 And grunts of bears, and dreadful hiss of snakes;
 Shrieks more than human. Globes of hail pour'd down
 An armed winter, and inverted day.
Arth. Dreadful indeed!
Aur. Count then our labour's lost:
 For other way lies none to mount the cliff,
 Unless we borrow wings and sail through air.
Arth. Now I perceive a danger worthy me.
 'T is Osmond's work, a band of hell-hired slaves.
 Be mine the hazard, mine shall be the fame.
*[Arthur is going out, but is met by Merlin, who takes him by
 the hand and brings him back.]*

Enter Merlin.

Mer. Hold, sir, and wait heaven's time; the attempt's
 too dangerous.
 There's not a tree in that enchanted grove
 But number'd out and given by tale to fiends,
 And under every leaf a spirit couch'd.

But by what method to dissolve these charms
 Is yet unknown to me.
Arth. Hadst thou been here (for what can thwart thy skill?)
 Nor Emmeline had been the boast of Oswald,
 Nor I, forewarn'd, been wanting to her guard.
Conon. Her darken'd eyes had seen the light of heaven;
 That was thy promise too, and this the time.
Mer. Nor has my aid been absent, though unseen,
 With friendly guides in your benighted maze;
 Nor Emmeline shall longer want the sun.
Arth. Is there an end of woes?
Mer. There is, and sudden.
 I have employ'd a subtle airy sprite
 To explore the passage and prepare my way.
 Myself, meantime, will view the magic wood,
 To learn whereon depends its force.
Connon. But Emmeline—
Mer. Fear not, this vial shall restore her sight.
Arth. O might I hope (and what's impossible
 To Merlin's art?) to be myself the bearer,
 That with the light of heaven she may discern
 Her lover first.
Mer. 'T is wondrous hazardous;
 Yet I foresee the event, 't is fortunate.
 I'll bear ye safe and bring ye back unharm'd;
 Then lose not precious time, but follow me.
[Exeunt omnes, Merlin leading Arthur.]

SCENE – a deep Wood.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. I left all safe behind:
 For in the hindmost quarter of the wood
 My former lord, grim Osmond, walks the round,
 Calls o'er the names, and schools the tardy sprites.
 His absence gives me more security.
 At every walk I pass'd, I drew a spell,
 So that if any fiend abhorring heaven
 There sets his foot it roots him to the ground.
 Now could I but discover Emmeline,
 My task were fairly done.
[Walking about and prying betwixt the trees.]
*Enter Grimbald rushing out; he seizes Philidel and binds
 him in a chain.*
Grim. O rebel, have I caught thee!
Phil. Ah me! What hard mishap!
Grim. What just revenge!
 Thou miscreant elf, thou renegado scout,
 So clean, so furbish'd, so renew'd in white,
 The livery of our foes; I see thee through.
 What makest thou here? Thou trim apostate, speak.
 Thou shakest for fear, I feel thy false heart pant.
Phil. Ah mighty Grimbald,
 Who would not fear when seized in thy strong gripe?
 But hear me, Oh renown'd, Oh worthy fiend,
 The favourite of our chief.
Grim. Away with fulsome flattery,
 The fool of fools: thou know'st where last we met,
 When but for thee the Christians had been swallow'd
 In quaking bogs, and living sent to hell.
Phil. Ay, then I was seduced by Merlin's art,
 And half persuaded by his soothing tales
 To hope for heaven; as if eternal doom
 Could be reversed and undecreed for me.
 But I am now set right.
Grim. Oh still thou think'st to fly a fool to mark.

Phil. I fled from Merlin, free as air that bore me,
To unfold to Osmond all his deep designs.

Grim. I believe nothing, Oh thou fond impostor!
When wert thou last in hell? Is not thy name
Forgot and blotted from the infernal roll?
But since thou say'st thy errand was to Osmond,
To Osmond shalt thou go. March, know thy driver.

Phil. [*kneeling.*] Oh spare me, Grimbold, and I'll be thy slave,
Tempt hermits for thee in their holy cells,
And virgins in their dreams.

Grim. Canst thou, a devil, hope to cheat a devil?
A spy, why that's a name abhorr'd in hell.
Haste forward, forward, or I'll goad thee on
With iron spurs.

Phil. But use me kindly then;
Pull not so hard to hurt my airy limbs,
I'll follow thee unforced: look, there's thy way.

Grim. Ay, there's thy way indeed; but for more surety
I'll keep an eye behind. Not one word more,
But follow decently.

[*Grimbold goes out, dragging Philidel.*]

Phil. [*aside.*] So, catch him spell.

Grim. [*within.*] Oh help me, help me, Philidel.

Phil. Why, what's the matter?

Grim. Oh I am ensnared;
Heaven's birdlime wraps me round and glues my wings.
Loose me, and I will free thee;
Do, and I'll be thy slave.

Phil. What, to a spy, a name abhorr'd in hell?

Grim. Do not insult. Oh, Oh, I grow to ground,
The fiery net draws closer on my limbs.

Phil. Thou shalt not have the ease to curse in torments;
Be dumb for one half hour, so long my charm
Can keep thee silent, and there lie
Till Osmond breaks thy chain.

[*Philidel unbinds his own fetters.*]

Enter to him Merlin with a vial in his hand, and Arthur.

Mer. Well hast thou wrought thy safety with thy wit,
My Philidel; go meritorious on.
Me other work requires, to view the wood,
And learn to make the dire enchantments void.
Meantime attend King Arthur in my room,
Show him his love, and with these sovereign drops
Restore her sight.

[*Exit Merlin, giving a vial to Philidel.*]

Phil. We must work, we must haste;
Noontide hour is almost past:
Sprites that glimmer in the sun,
Into shades already run.
Osmond will be here, anon.

Enter Emmeline and Matilda at the far end of the wood.

Arth. O yonder, yonder, she's already found;
My soul directs my sight, and flies before it.
Now, gentle spirit, use thy utmost art,
Unseal her eyes, and this way lead her steps.

[*Arthur withdraws behind the scene.*]

[*Emmeline and Matilda come forward to the front.*]

*Philidel approaches Emmeline, sprinkling some of the water
over her eyes, out of the vial.*

Phil. Thus, thus I infuse
These sovereign dewes.
Fly buck, ye films, that cloud her sight,
And you, ye crystal humours bright,
Your noxious vapours purged away,
Recover, and admit the day.
Now cast your eyes abroad, and see
All but me.

Em. Ha! what was that? Who spoke?

Mat. I heard the voice: 't is one of Osmond's fiends.

Em. Some blessed angel sure; I feel my eyes
Unseal'd, they walk abroad and a new world
Comes rushing on and stands all gay before me.

Mat. Oh heavens! Oh joy of joys! she has her sight!

Em. I am new-born; I shall run mad for pleasure.

[*Staring on Matilda.*]

Are women such as thou? Such glorious creatures?

Arth. [*aside.*] Oh how I envy her to be first seen!

Em. Stand farther; let me take my fill of sight.

[*Looking up.*]

What's that above, that weakens my new eyes,
Makes me not see by seeing?

Mat. 'T is the sun.

Em. The sun? 't is sure a god, if that be heaven.

O if thou art a creature, best and fairest,
How well art thou from mortals so remote
To shine, and not to burn, by near approach!
How hast thou lighten'd even my very soul,
And let in knowledge by another sense!
I gaze about, new-born, to day and thee;
A stranger yet, an infant of the world!
Art thou not pleased, Matilda? Why, like me,
Dost thou not look and wonder?

Mat. For these sights

Are to my eyes familiar.

Em. That's my joy,

Not to have seen before; for nature now
Comes all at once, confounding my delight.
But ah! what thing am I? Fain would I know;
Or am I blind, or do I see but half?
With all my care, and looking round about,
I cannot view my face.

Mat. None see themselves

But by reflection: in this glass you may.

[*Gives her a glass.*]

Em. [*taking the glass and looking.*] What's this?

It holds a face within it. Oh sweet face!
It draws the mouth, and smiles, and looks upon me,
And talks, but yet I cannot hear it speak.
The pretty thing is dumb.

Mat. The pretty thing

You see within the glass is you.

Em. What, am I two? Is this another me?

Indeed it wears my clothes, has hands lake mine,
And mocks whate'er I do; but that I'm sure
I am a maid, I'd swear it were my child.

[*Matilda looks.*]

Look, my Matilda, we both are in the glass.

Oh, now I know it plain, they are our names

That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our shadows, Madam.

Em. Mine is a prettier shadow far than thine.

I love it; let me kiss my t'other self.

[Kissing the glass and hugging it.]

Alas, I have kiss'd it dead; the fine thing's gone.

Indeed it kiss'd so cold as if 't were dying.

[Arthur comes forward softly, showing himself behind her.]

'T is here again.

Oh no, this face is neither mine nor thine:

I think the glass has borne another child.

[She turns and sees Arthur.]

Ha! What art thou with a new kind of face

And other clothes, a noble creature too,

But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy look,

Of a controlling eye, majestic make?

Mat. Do you know him, Madam?

Em. Is it a man?

Arth. Yes, and the most unhappy of my kind

If you have changed your love.

Em. My dearest lord!

Was my soul blind, and could not that look out

To know you ere you spoke? Oh counterpart

Of our soft sex. Well are ye made our lords,

So bold, so great, so godlike are ye form'd.

How can ye love such silly things as women?

Arth. Beauty like yours commands; and man was made

But a more boisterous and a stronger slave

To you, the best delights of human kind.

Em. But are ye mine? Is there an end of war?

Are all those trumpets dead themselves, at last,

That used to kill men with their thundering sounds?

Arth. The sum of war is undecided yet,

And many a breathing body must be cold,

Ere you are free.

Em. How came ye hither, then?

Arth. By Merlin's art, to snatch a short-lived bliss;

To feed my famish'd love upon your eyes

One moment and depart.

Em. O moment worth

Whole ages past and all that are to come!

Let love-sick Oswald now unpitied mourn;

Let Osmond mutter charms to sprites in vain,

To make me love him; and shall not change my soul.

Arth. Ha! Does the enchanter practise hell upon you?

Is he my rival too?

Em. Yes, but I hate him;

For when he spoke through my shut eyes I saw him,

His voiced look'd ugly and breathed brimstone on me:

And then I first was glad that I was blind,

Not to behold damnation.

Phil. This time is left me to congratulate

Your new-born eyes, and tell you what you gain

By sight restored, and viewing him you love.

Appear, you airy forms.

Airy Spirits appear in the shapes of men and women.

Man sings. Oh sight, the mother of desires,

What charming objects dost thou yield!

'T is sweet, when tedious night expires,

To see the rosy morning gild

The mountain-tops and paint the field!

But when Clorinda comes in sight,

She makes the summer's day more bright,

And when she goes away 't is night.

Chorus. When fair Clorinda comes in sight, &c.

Woman sings. 'T is sweet the blushing morn to view,

And plains adorn'd with pearly dew.

But such cheap delights to see,

Heaven and nature,

Give each creature;

They have eyes, as well as we.

This is the joy, all joys above,

To see, to see

That only she,

That only she we love!

Chorus. This is the joy all joys above, &c.

Man sings. And, if we may discover

What charms both nymph and lover,

'T is when the fair at mercy lies,

With kind and amorous anguish,

To sigh, to look, to languish,

On each other's eyes!

Chorus of all Men and Women.

And if we may discover, &c.

Phil. Break off your music, for our foes are near.

[Spirits vanish.]

Enter Merlin.

Mer. My Sovereign, we have hazarded too far;

But love excuses you and prescience me.

Make haste, for Osmond is even now alarm'd,

And greedy of revenge is hasting home.

Arth. Oh take my love with us, or leave me here.

Mer. I cannot, for she's held by charms too strong,

Which with the enchanted grove must be destroy'd,

Till when my art is vain. But fear not, Emmeline;

The enchanter has no power on innocence.

Em. [to Art.] Farewell, since we must part; when you are gone,

I'll look into my glass just where you look'd

To find your face again;

If 't is not there, I'll think on you so long

My heart shall make your picture for my eyes.

Arth. Where'er I go my soul shall stay with thee:

'T is but my shadow that I take away.

True love is never happy but by halves;

An April sunshine, that by fits appears,

It smiles by moments, but it mourns by years.

[Exeunt Arthur and Merlin at one door.]

Enter Osmond at the other door, who gazes on Emmeline and she on him.

Em. Matilda, save me from this ugly thing,

This foe to sight; speak, dost thou know him?

Mat. Too well, 't is Oswald's friend, the great magician.

Em. It cannot be a man, he's no unlike the man I love.

Osm. [aside.] Death to my eyes, she sees!

Em. I wish I could not; but I'll close my sight,

And shut out all I can.— It will not be;

Winking, I see thee still, thy odious image

Stares full into my soul, and there infects the room

My Arthur should possess.

Osm. [*aside.*] I find too late,
That Merlin and her lover have been here.
If I was fired before when she was blind,
Her eyes dart lightning now, she must be mine.

Em. I prithee, dreadful thing, tell me thy business here;
And, if thou canst, reform that odious face;
Look not so grim upon me.

Osm. My name is Osmond, and my business love.

Em. Thou hast a grizzly look, forbidding what thou ask'st,
If I durst tell thee so.

Osm. My pent-house eyebrows and my shaggy beard
Offend your sight, but these are manly signs;
Faint white and red abuse your expectations.
Be woman, know your sex and love full pleasures.

Em. Love from a monster, fiend!

Osm. Come, you must love, or you must suffer love;
No coyness, none, for I am master here.

Em. And when did Oswald give away his power,
That thou presum'st to rule? Be sure I'll tell him;
For as I am his prisoner, he is mine.

Osm. Why then thou art a captive to a captive.
O'erlabour'd with the light, oppress'd with thirst,
That Oswald whom you mention'd call'd for drink;
I mix'd a sleepy potion in his bowl,
Which he and his fool friend quaff'd greedily.
The happy dose wrought the desired effect.
Then to a dungeon's depth I sent both bound,
Where stow'd with snakes and adders now they lodge,
Two planks their beds, slippery with ooze and slime,
The rats brush o'er their faces with their tails,
And croaking paddocks crawl upon their limbs,
Since when the garrison depends on me.
Now know you are my slave.

Mat. He strikes a horror through my blood.

Em. I freeze, as if his impious art had fix'd
My feet to earth.

Osm. But love shall thaw ye.
I'll show his force in countries caked with ice,
Where the pale Pole-star in the North of heaven
Sits high and on the frosty winter broods;
Yet there love reigns. For proof, this magic wand
Shall change the mildness of sweet Britain's clime
To Iceland and the farthest Thule's frost,
Where the proud god disdain'd winters bounds
O'erleaps the fences of eternal snow,
And with his warmth supplies the distant sun.

Osmond strikes the ground with wand; the Scene
changes to a prospect of Winter in frozen countries.

Cupid descends.

Cupid sings. What ho, thou Genius of the clime, what ho!
Liest thou asleep those hills of snow?
Stretch out thy lazy limbs; awake, awake,
And winter from thy furry mantle shake.

Genius arises.

Genius. What Power art thou, who from below
Hast made me rise, unwillingly and slow,
From beds of everlasting snow!
Seest thou not how stiff and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter cold,
I can scarcely move or draw my breath?

Let me, let me freeze again to death.

Cupid. Thou doating fool forbear, forbear;
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?
At Love's appearing, all the sky clearing,
The stormy winds their fury spare;
Winter subduing, and spring renewing,
My beams create a more glorious year.
Thou doting fool, forbear, forbear;
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?

Genius. Great Love, I know thee now;
Eldest of the gods art thou:
Heaven and earth by thee were made,
Human nature
Is thy creature,
Everywhere thou art obey'd.

Cupid. No part of my dominion shall be waste,
To spread my sway, and sing my praise,
Ev'n here I will a people raise,
Of kind embracing lovers, and embraced.

Cupid waves his wand, upon which the Scene opens and discovers
discovers a prospect of Ice and Snow to the end of the stage.

Singers and Dancers, Men and Women appear.

Man. See, see, we assemble,
Thy revels to hold:
Though quivering with cold;
We chatter and tremble.

Cupid. 'T is I, 't is I, 't is I that have warm'd ye.
In spite of cold weather,
I've brought you together;
'T is I, 'tis I, 't is I that have arm'd ye.

Chorus. 'T is love, 't is love, 't is love that has warm'd us.
In spite of cold weather
He brought us together;
'T is Love, 't is Love, 't is Love that has arm'd us.

Cupid. Sound a parley, ye fair, and surrender;
Set yourselves and your lovers at ease.
He's a grateful offender
Who pleasure dare seize;
But the whining pretender
Is sure to displease.

Since the fruit of desire is possessing,
'T is unmanly to sigh and complain;
When we kneel for redressing
We move your disdain;
Love was made for a blessing,
And not for a pain.

A Dance, after which the Singers and Dancers depart.

Em. I could be pleased with any one but thee,
Who entertain'd my sight with such gay shows
As men and women moving here and there,
That coursing one another in their steps
Have made their feet a tune.

Osm. What, coying it again!
 No more, but make me happy to my gust,
 That is, without your struggling.

Em. From my sight,
 Thou all thy devils in one, thou darest not force me.

Osm. You teach me well, I find you would he ravish'd;
 I'll give you that excuse your sex desires.
[He begins to lay hold on her, and they struggle.]

Grim. *[within.]* O help me, master, help me!

Osm. Who's that, my Grimbald! Come and help thou me;
 For 't is thy work to assist a ravisher.

Grim. *[within.]* I cannot stir; I am spell-caught by Philidel,
 And pursed within a net,
 With a huge heavy weight of holy words
 Laid on my head, that keeps me down from rising.

Osm. I'll read them backwards, and release thy bonds.
 Meantime go in;—
[To Emmeline.]
 Prepare yourself, and ease my drudgery.
 But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
 A little honest force is well employ'd.
[Exit Osmond.]

Em. Heaven be my guard, I have no other friend!
 Heaven, ever present to thy suppliants' aid,
 Protect and pity innocence betray'd.
[Exeunt Emmeline and Matilda.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Osmond solus.

Osm. Now I am settled in my forceful sway;
 Why then, I'll be luxurious in my love;
 Take my full gust, and setting forms aside,
 I'll bid the slave that tires my blood lie down.
[Seems to be going off.]

Enter Grimbald, who meets him.

Grim. Not so fast, master, danger threatens thee.
 There's a black cloud descending from above
 Full of heaven's venom, bursting o'er thy head.

Osm. Malicious fiend, thou liest! for I am fenced
 By millions of thy fellows in my grove.
 I bade thee, when I freed thee from the charm,
 Run scouting through the wood, from tree to tree,
 And look if all my devils were on duty.
 Hadst thou perform'd thy charge, thou tardy sprite,
 Thou wouldst have known no danger threaten'd me.

Grim. When did a devil fail in diligence?
 Poor mortal, thou thyself art overseen:
 I have been there, and thence I bring this news.
 Thy fatal foe, great Arthur, is at hand.
 Merlin has ta'en his time while thou wert absent
 To observe thy characters, their force and nature,
 And counterwork thy spells.

Osm. The devil take Merlin.
 I'll cast them all anew, and instantly,
 All of another mould: be thou at hand.

Their composition was before of horror,
 Now they shall be of blandishment and love,
 Seducing hopes, soft pity, tender moans.
 Art shall meet art; and, when they think to win,
 The fools shall find their labour to begin.
[Exeunt Osmond and Grimbald.]

Enter Arthur and Merlin at another door.

Scene of the wood continues.

Mer. Thus far it is permitted me to go;
 But all beyond this spot is fenced with charms.
 I may no more, but only with advice.

Arth. My sword shall do the rest.

Mer. Remember well, that all is but illusion.
 Go on; good stars attend thee.

Arth. Doubt me not.

Mer. Yet in prevention
 Of what may come, I'll leave my Philidel
 To watch thy steps, and with him leave my wand,
 The touch of which no earthy fiend can bear,
 In whate'er shape transform'd, but must lay down
 His borrow'd figure and confess the devil.
 Once more farewell, and prosper.
[Exit Merlin.]

Arth. *[walking.]* No danger yet, I see no walls of fire,
 No city of the fiends, with forms obscene
 To grin from far on flaming battlements.
 This is indeed the grove I should destroy:
 But where's the horror? Sure the prophet err'd.
 Hark! Music and the warbling notes of birds:
[Soft music.]
 Hell entertains me like some welcome guest.
 More wonders yet! Yet all delightful too;
 A silver current to forbid my passage,
 And yet to invite me stands a golden bridge,
 Perhaps a trap for my unwary feet
 To sink and whelm me underneath the waves.
 With fire or water let him wage his war,
 Or all the elements at once, I'll on.
*[As he is going to the bridge, two Sirens arise from the water:
 they show themselves to the waist, and sing.]*

1 Siren. O pass not on, but stay,
 And waste the joyous day
 With us in gentle play;
 Unbend to love, unbend thee,
 O lay thy sword aside,
 And other arms provide;
 For other wars attend thee,
 And sweeter to be tried.

Chorus. For other wars, &c.

Both sing. Two daughters of this aged stream are we,
 And both our sea-green locks have comb'd for thee.
 Come bathe with us an hour or two,
 Come naked in, for we are so:
 What danger from a naked foe?
 Come bathe with us, come bathe, and share
 What pleasures in the floods appear.
 We'll beat the waters till they bound,
 And circle round, around, around,
 And circle round, around.

Arth. A lazy pleasure trickles through my veins;
 Here could I stay, and well be cozen'd here.
 But honour calls. Is honour in such haste?
 Can he not bait at such a pleasing inn?
 No, for the more I look the more I long.
 Farewell, ye fair illusions, I must leave ye
 While I have power to say that I must leave ye.
 Farewell, with half my soul I stagger off:
 How dear this flying victory has cost,
 When if I stay to struggle I am lost.
*[As he is going forward Nymphs and Sylvans come out from
 behind the trees. A bass and two trebles sing the
 following song to a minuet.*

Dance with the song, all with branches in their hands.

How happy the lover,
 How easy his chain,
 How pleasing his pain?
 How sweet to discover
 He sighs not in vain.
 For love every creature
 Is form'd by his nature;
 No joys are above
 The pleasures of love.

The dance continues with the same measure played alone.

In vain are our graces,
 In vain are your eyes,
 If love you despise;
 When age furrows faces,
 'T is time to be wise.
 Then use the short blessing,
 That flies in possessing:
 No joys are above
 The pleasures of love.

Arth. And what are these fantastic fairy joys,
 To love like mine? False joys, false welcomes all.
 Be gone, ye sylvan trippers of the green;
 Fly after night and overtake the moon.
[Here the Dancers, Singers and Sirens vanish.
 This goodly tree seems queen of all the grove;
 The ringlets round her trunk declare her guilty
 Of many midnight-sabbaths revell'd here.
 Her will I first attempt.
*[Arthur strikes at the tree and cuts it; blood spouts
 out of it, a groan follows, then a shriek.*

Good heavens, what monstrous prodigies are these!
 Blood follows from my blow; the wounded rind
 Spouts on my sword, and sanguine dyes the plain.
[He strikes again. A voice of Emmeline behind.

Em. *[from behind.]* Forbear, if thou hast pity, ah, forbear!
 These groans proceed not from a senseless plant,
 No spouts of blood run welling from a tree.
Arth. Speak what thou art; I charge thee speak thy being;
 Thou that hast made my curdled blood run back,
 My heart heave up, my hair to rise in bristles,
 And scarcely left a voice to ask my name.

[Emmeline breaks out of the tree, showing her arm bloody.

Em. Whom thou hast hurt, unkind and cruel, see;
 Look on this blood, 't is fatal, still, to me
 To bear thy wounds, my heart has felt them first.

Arth. 'T is she! Amazement roots me the ground!

Em. By cruel charms, dragg'd from my peaceful bower,
 Fierce Osmond closed me in this bleeding bark,

And bid me stand exposed to the bleak winds
 And winter storms; and heaven's inclemency,
 Bound to the fate of this hell-haunted grove;
 So that whatever sword or sounding axe
 Shall violate this plant, must pierce my flesh,
 And when that falls I die.—

Arth. If this be true,
 O never, never, to be ended charm,
 At least by me: yet all may be illusion.
 Break up, ye thickening fogs and filmy mists,
 All that belie my sight and cheat my sense,
 For reason still pronounces 't is not she,
 And thus resolved—

[Lifts his sword, as going to strike.

Em. Do, strike, barbarian, strike,
 And strew my mangled limbs with every stroke;
 Wound me, and doubly kill me with unkindness,
 That by thy hand I fell.

Arth. What shall I do, ye powers?

Em. Lay down thy vengeful sword, 't is fatal here:
 What need of arms where no defence is made?
 A love-sick virgin panting with desire,
 No conscious eye to intrude on our delights;
 For this thou hast the Sirens' songs despised,
 For this thy faithful passion I reward.
 Haste then to take me longing to thy arms.

Arth. O Love! O Merlin! whom should I believe?

Em. Believe thyself, thy youth, thy love, and me.
 They only, they, who please themselves are wise.
 Disarm thy hand that mine may meet it bare.

Arth. By thy leave, reason, here I throw thee off,
 Thou load of life; if thou wert made for souls,
 Then souls should have been made without their bodies.
 If, falling for the first created fair
 Was Adam's fault, great grandsire, I forgive thee:
 Eden was lost as all thy sons would lose it.
[Going towards Emmeline, and pulling of his gauntlet.

Enter Philidel running.

Phil. Hold, poor deluded mortal, hold thy hand!
 Which, if thou giv'st, is plighted to a fiend.
 For proof, behold the virtue of this wand;
 The infernal paint shall vanish from her face,
 And hell shall stand reveal'd.
*[Strikes Emmeline with a wand, who straight descends;
 Philidel runs to the descent and pulls up Grimbold,
 and binds him.*

Now see to whose embraces thou wert falling.
 Behold the maiden modesty of Grimbold,
 The grossest, earthiest, ugliest fiend in hell.

Arth. Horror seizes me,
 To think what headlong ruin I have tempted.

Phil. Haste to thy work; a noble stroke or two
 Ends all the charms, and disenchants the grove.
 I'll hold thy mistress hound.

Arth. Then here's for earnest.
*[Strikes twice or thrice, and the tree falls or sinks; a peal of
 thunder immediately follows, with dreadful howlings.*
 'T is finish'd, and the dusk that yet remains
 Is but the native horror of the wood.
 But I must lose no time; the pass is free;
 The unroosted fiends have quitted this abode.
 On yon proud towers, before this day be done,
 My glittering banners shall be waved against the
 setting sun.

[Exit Arthur.

Phil. Come on, my surly slave; come stalk along,
And stamp a madman's pace, and drag thy chain.
Grim. I'll champ and foam upon it, 'till the blue venom
Work upward to thy hands, and loose their hold.
Phil. Know'st thou this powerful wand? 't is lifted up:
A second stroke would send thee to the centre,
Benumb'd and dead, as far as souls can die.
Grim. I would thou wouldst, to rid me of my sense.
I shall be whoop'd through hell at my return,
Inglorious from the mischief I design'd.
Phil. And therefore, since thou loath'st ethereal light,
The morning sun shall beat on thy black brows;
The breath thou draw'st shall be of upper air,
Hostile to thee; and to thy earthy make,
So light, so thin, that thou shalt starve for want
Of thy gross food, till gasping thou shalt lie
And blow it back all sooty to the sky.

[Exit Philidel, dragging Grimbald after him.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Osmond as affrighted.

Osm. Grimbald made prisoner and my grove destroy'd!
Now, what can save me— Hark, the drums and trumpets!
[Drums and trumpets within.]

Arthur is marching onward to the fort:
I have but one resource, and that's to Oswald;
But will he fight for me, whom I have injured?
No, not for me, but for himself he must;
I'll urge him with the last necessity.
Better give up my mistress than my life.
His force is much unequal to his rival;
True.— But I'll help him with my utmost art,
And try to unravel fate.

[Exit Osmond.]

Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact and Soldiers.

Conon. Now there remains but this one labour more;
And if we have the hearts of true-born Britons,
The forcing of that castle crowns the day.
Aur. The works are weak, the garrison but thin,
Dispirited with frequent overthrows,
Already wavering on their ill-mann'd walls.
Alb. They shift their places oft, and skulk from war,
Sure signs of pale despair and easy rout:
It shows they place their confidence in magic;
And when their devils fail their harts are dead.
Arth. Then, where you see them clustering most, in motion,
And staggering in their ranks, there press them home;
For that's a coward heap.— How's this, a sally?

Enter Oswald, Guillamar and Soldiers on the other side.

Beyond my hopes, to meet them on the square,
Osw. Brave Britons, hold, and thou, their famous chief,
[Advancing.]
Attend what Saxon Oswald will propose.
He owns your victory, but whether owing

To valour or to fortune, that he doubts.
If Arthur dares ascribe it to the first,
And singled from a crowd, will tempt a conquest,
This Oswald offers:— Let our troops retire,
And hand to hand let us decide our strife.
This if refused, bear witness earth and heaven,
Thou steal'st a crown and mistress undeserved.

Arth. I'll not usurp thy title of a robber,
Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd
This single combat, which thou didst avoid.
So glad I am, on any terms to meet thee,
And not discourage thy repenting shame.
As once Æneas, my famed ancestor,
Betwixt the Trojan and Rutilian bands,
Fought for a crown and bright Lavinia's bed,
So will I meet thee, hand to hand opposed:
My auguring mind assures the same success.

[To his men.]

Hence, out of view: if I am slain, or yield,
Renounce me, Britons, for a recreant knight,
And let the Saxon peacefully enjoy
His former footing in our famous isle.
To ratify these terms, I swear—

Osw. You need not:
Your honour is of force without your oath.
I only add, that if I fall, or yield,
Yours be the crown and Emmeline.

Arth. That's two crowns.
No more; we keep the looking heavens and sun
Too long in expectation of our arms.

[Both armies go clear off the stage.]

[They fight with sponges in their hands dipt in blood; after some equal passes and closing, they appear both wounded: Arthur stumbles among the trees, Oswald falls over him, they both rise; Arthur wounds him again, then Oswald retreats. Enter Osmond from among the trees, and with his wand strikes Arthur's sword out of his hand, and exit. Oswald pursues Arthur. Merlin enters and gives Arthur his sword, and exit: they close, and Arthur in the fall disarms Oswald.]

Arth. Confess thyself o'ercome, and ask thy life.
Osw. 'T is not worth asking when 't is in thy power.
Arth. Then take it as my gift.
Osw. A wretched gift,
With loss of empire, liberty and love.
[A concert of trumpets within proclaiming Arthur's victory; while they sound, Arthur and Oswald seem to confer.]
'T is too much bounty to a vanquish'd foe,
Yet not enough to make me fortunate.
Arth. Thy life, thy liberty, thy honour safe,
Lead back thy Saxons to their ancient Elbe.
I would restore thee fruitful Kent, the gift
Of Vortigern for Hengist's ill-bought aid,
But that my Britons brook no foreign power
To lord it in a land sacred to freedom,
And of its rights tenacious to the last.
Osw. Nor more than thou hast offer'd would I take;
I would refuse all Britain held in homage,
And own no other masters but the gods.

Enter on one side Merlin, Emmeline and Matilda; Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, with British Soldiers bearing King Arthur's standard displayed.

On the other side, Guillamar and Osmond, with Saxon Soldiers, dragging their colours on the ground.

[Arthur going to Emmeline and embracing her.

Arth. At length, at length I have thee in my arms,
Though our malevolent stars have struggled hard
And held us long asunder.

Em. We are so fitted for each other's hearts,
That Heaven had err'd in making of a third
To get betwixt and intercept our loves.

Osw. Were there but this, this only sight to see,
The price of Britain should not buy my stay.

Mer. Take hence that monster of ingratitude,
Him who betray'd his master, bear him hence,
And in that loathsome dungeon plunge him deep
Where he plunged noble Oswald.

Osm. That indeed is fittest for me,
For there I shall be near my kindred fiends,
And spare my Grimbald's pains to bear me to them.

[Is carried off.

Mer. [to Arth.] For this day's palm, and for thy former acts,
Thy Britain freed, and foreign force expell'd,
Thou, Arthur, hast acquired a future fame,
And of three Christian worthies art the first.
And now at once, to treat thy sight and soul,
Behold what rolling ages shall produce;
The wealth, the loves, the glories of our isle,
Which yet, like golden ore, unripe in beds,
Expect the warm indulgency of heaven
To call them forth to light.—

[To Oswald.

Nor thou, Brave Saxon prince, disdain our triumphs:
Britons and Saxons shall be once one people;
One common tongue, one common faith shall bind
Our jarring bands in a perpetual peace.

Merlin waves his wand, the Scene changes and discovers the
British Ocean in a storm. Æolus in a cloud above; Four
Winds hanging, &c.

Æolus singing.

Ye blustering brethren of the skies,
Whose breath has ruffled all the watery plain,
Retire, and let Britannia rise
In triumph o'er the main.
Serene and calm, and void of fear,
The queen of islands must appear;
Serene and calm, as when the spring
The new-created world began,
And birds on boughs did softly sing
Their peaceful homage paid to man,
While Eurus did his blasts forbear
In favour of the tender year.
Retreat, rude winds, retreat
To hollow rocks, your stormy seat;
There swell your lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

Æolus ascend and the Four Winds fly off: the Scene opens
and discovers a calm sea to the end of the house. An island
arises to a soft tune, Britannia seated in the island, with
Fishermen at her feet, &c.; the tune changes, the
Fishermen come ashore and dance awhile, after which Pan
and a Nereid come on the stage and sing.

Pan and Nereid sing.

Round thy coast, fair nymph of Britain,
For thy guard our waters flow:
Proteus all his herd admitting,
On thy greens to graze below.
Foreign lands thy fishes tasting,
Learn from thee luxurious fasting.

Song of three parts.

For folded flocks on fruitful plains,
The shepherds' and the farmers' gains,
Fair Britain all the world outvies;
And Pan as in Arcadia reigns,
Where pleasure mix'd with profit lies.

Thou Jason's fleece was famed of old,
The British wool is growing gold;
No mines can more of wealth supply:
It keeps the peasant from the cold,
And takes for kings the Tyrian dye.

*[The last stanza sung over again betwixt Pan and the
Nereid, after which the former dance is varied and
goes on.*

*Enter Comus with three Peasants, who sing the following
song in parts.*

Comus. Your hay it is mow'd, and your corn is reap'd;
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heap'd:
Come, my boys, come;
Come, my boys, come;
And merrily roar out harvest home,
Harvest home,
Harvest home;
And merrily roar out harvest home.

Chorus. Come, my boys, come, &c.

1st man. We have cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again.
For why should a blockhead have one in ten,
One in ten,
One in ten,
For why should a blockhead have one in ten?

Chorus. One in ten,
One in ten,
For why should a blockhead have one in ten?

2nd Man. For prating so long like a book-learn'd sot,
Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot;
Burn to pot,
Burn to pot,
Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot.

Chorus. Burn to pot, &c.

3rd Man. We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand,
And hoigh for the honour of Old England,
Old England,
Old England,
And hoigh for the honour of Old England.

Chorus. Old England, &c.

[The dance varied into a round country dance.

Enter Venus.

Venus. Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of loves,
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid, from his fav'rite nation
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love;
Soft repulses, kind disdainings,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.

Song by Mr. Howe.

She. You say, 't is love creates the pain,
Of which so sadly you complain;
And yet would fain engage my heart
In that uneasy cruel part.
But how, alas! think you, that I
Can bear the wound of which you die?

He. 'T is not my passion makes my care,
But your indifference gives despair:
The lusty sun begets no spring,
Till gentle showers assistance bring:
So love that scorches and destroys,
Till kindness aids, can cause no joys.

She. Love has a thousand ways to please,
But more to rob us of our ease:
For wakeful nights and careful days
Some hours of pleasure he repays;
But absence soon, or jealous fears,
O'erflow the joys with floods of tears.

He. By vain and senseless forms betray'd,
Harmless Love 's the offender made;
While we no other pains endure,
Than those that we ourselves procure:
But one soft moment makes amends
For all the torment that attends.

Chorus of both.

Let us love, let us love, and to happiness haste;
Age and wisdom come too fast;
Youth for loving was design'd.

He alone. I'll be constant, you be kind.

She alone. You be constant, I'll be kind.

Both. Heaven can give no greater blessing
Than faithful love, and kind possessing.

After the dialogue, a warlike concert; the Scene opens above,
and discovers the Order of the Garter.

Enter Honour, attended by Heroes.

Mer. These who last enter'd, are our valiant Britons,
Who shall by sea and land repel our foes.
Now look above, and in heaven's high abyss,
Behold what fame attends those future heroes.
Honour, who leads them to that steepy height,
In her immortal song shall tell the rest.

Honour singing.

St. George, the patron of our isle,
A soldier and a saint,
On that auspicious order smile
Which love and arms will plant.

Our natives not alone appear
To court this martial prize;
But foreign kings, adopted here,
Their crowns at home despise.

Our sovereign high, in awful state,
His honours shall bestow;
And see his sceptred subjects wait
On his commands below.

[A full chorus of the whole song, after which the grand dance.

Arth. [to Mer.] Wisely you have wate'er will please reveal'd,
What would displease, as wisely have conceal'd;
Triumphs of war and peace, at full ye show,
But swiftly turn the pages of our woe.
Rest we contended with our present state;
'T is anxious to inquire of future fate.
That race of heroes is enough alone
For all unseen disasters to atone.
Let us make haste betimes to reap our share,
And not resign them all the praise of war.
But set the example, and their souls inflame
To copy out their great forefathers' fame.

OUVERTURE

Violon

Viola

Continuo

Violon: *f* *p* *f* *p*

Viola: *f* *p* *f* *p*

Continuo: *f* *p* 6 # 6 5 # 6 5 6 6 5 6

6

Vln

Vla

BC

Vln: *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

Vla: *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

BC: 6 6 5 6 6 5 5 4 2 6 5 5 2 6 5 # 5 2 6 5 #

11

Vln

Vla

BC

Vln: *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

Vla: *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

BC: 6 # 6 5 # 6 # 5 5 # 6 5

16

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6/5 # 6 6/4 5/4 #

21 **Allegro**

Vln

Vla

BC

26

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6 6 7 7 6 6/5

31

Vln

Vla

BC

5 # 6 6 6 7 7 5 6/4 5/2 6 7

36

Vln

Vla

BC

6 5/6

40

Vln

Vla

BC

5 6 7 4 # #

43

Vln

Vla

BC

6 # 7 6 # 6/4 5/4 # 6

47

Vln

Vla

BC

4 # 6/4 6 6 7 6/4 5/4 #

Acte premier

Maestoso

Violon

Viola

Continuo

6 6/5 6

5

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6 6 6/5 6/4 5/4

9

Vln

Vla

B

PREMIER PRÊTRE SAXON

Wo - den first to thee, a milk white steed, in bat - tle won, — We have sac - ri - fic'd

BC

p *f*

p *f*

p *f*

7 6/4 7 *f*

CHŒUR

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

We have sac - rific'd, we have sac - rific'd, we have, we have, we have

We have sac - rific'd, we have sac - rific'd, we have, we have, we have

We have sac - rific'd, we have sac - rific'd, we have, we have, we have

We have sac - rific'd, we have sac - rific'd, we have, we have, we have

7 6 6 6 7

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

sac - rific'd.

sac - rific'd.

sac - rific'd.

sac - rific'd.

SECOND PRÊTRE SAXON

Let our next ob-la-tion

5 3 6 6 6 6 7 p

21

Vln

Vla

T
be to Thor, thy thun - - - d'ring son of such an-o-ther.

BC

6 6 7 6 #

24

CHŒUR

Vln

Vla

S
 We have sac - rific'd, we have sac - rific'd, we have, we have, we have sac - rific'd.

A
 We have sac - rific'd, we have sac - rific'd, we have, we have, we have sac - rific'd.

T
 We have sac - rific'd, we have sac - rific'd, we have, we have, we have sac - rific'd.

B
 We have sac - rific'd, we have sac - rific'd, we have, we have, we have sac - rific'd.

BC

f 6 6 # 5

28

Vln

Vla

BC

5 6 7 6 5 6 7 6

31

Vln

Vla

B

BC

PREMIER PRÊTRE SAXON

A third (of Fries - land breed was he) to

5 7 5

34

Vln

Vla

B

BC

Woden's wife, and Thor's mother, and now, now, now we have, we have a - ton'd all three.

7 6 b b7 6 b b7 6 b7 5 4 3

38 CHŒUR

Vln *f*

Vla *f*

S We have sac - ri - fic'd, we have sac - ri - fic'd, we have, we have,

A We have sac - ri - fic'd, we have sac - ri - fic'd, we have, we have,

T We have sac - ri - fic'd, we have sac - ri - fic'd, we have, we have,

B We have sac - ri - fic'd, we have sac - ri - fic'd, we have, we have,

BC *f*

3 6

41

Vln

Vla

S we have sac - rific'd.

A we have sac - rific'd.

T we have sac - rific'd.

B we have sac - rific'd.

BC

7 6 7 6 9 8 6 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 3

TROISIÈME PRÊTRE SAXON

A *To Wo-den thanks we ren-der, to*

T *The white horse neigh'd a-loud a-loud: To Wo-den thanks we*

BC **A Tempo** 6

A *Wo-den thanks we ren-der, to Wo-den we have vow'd, to Wo-den, to*

T *ren-der, to Wo-den thanks we ren-der to Wo-den we have vow'd, to*

BC 6 5 4 3 6 6 5 3 6 6 5 6

A *Wo-den we have vow'd, Thanks thanks thanks, to Wo-den thanks we*

T *Wo-den we have vow'd, to Wo-den thanks we ren-der, Thanks,*

BC 7 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6

A *ren-der, to Wo-den our De-fen-der, Thanks, Thanks, Thanks, Thanks to*

T *thanks to Wo-den our de-fen-der, to Wo-den thanks we ren-der, to Wo-den thanks we*

BC 4 6 3 4 # 6 5 9 8 4 3

A *Wo-den thanks we ren-der, thanks, Thanks thanks to Wo-den our De-fen-der, Thanks*

T *ren-der, to Wo-den thanks we ren-der, thanks to Wo-den our de-fen-der,*

BC 6 6 6 6 4 6 3

61

CHŒUR

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

To Wo-den thanks we

f

p

f

p

f

f

Thanks to Wo-den our De - fen-der, to Wo-den our De - fen-der, To

Thanks to Wo-den our de - fen-der, to Wo-den our de - fen-der. To

To Wo-den thanks we

6 6 4 6 6 6 5 4 6 3

64

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

ren-der, to Wo-den thanks we ren-der. Thanks, thanks, thanks,

Wo-den thanks we ren-der, to Wo-den, to Wo-den thanks we ren-der. to

Wo-den thanks we ren-der, to Wo-den thanks we ren-der. To Wo-den thanks we

ren-der, to Wo-den thanks we ren-der, thanks we ren-der. To

6 6 6 7 4 3

Vln

Vla

S
thanks we ren - der, To Wo - den our de - fen - der, To Wo - den thanks we

A
Wo - den our de - fen - der, to Wo - den our de - fen - der, to Wo - den thanks we

T
ren - der, thanks we ren - der. To Wo - den our de - fen - der, Thanks, thanks,

B
Wo - den thanks we ren - der, to Wo - den our De - fen - der, Thanks, thanks,

BC

7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 4/2

Vln

Vla

S
ren - der, thanks, thanks, To Wo - den our de - fen - der. Thanks, thanks,

A
ren - der, thanks, thanks, to Wo - den our de - fen - der, Thanks, thanks, thanks,

T
thanks, Thanks, to Wo - den our de - fen - der, Thanks, thanks, thanks,

B
Thanks, thanks to Wo - den our de - fen - der, Thanks, thanks,

BC

4/2 6 7/6 6 7 6 6 6/4 6# 7 7 7

72

Vln

Vla

S
thanks, thanks, To Wo-den our de - fen-der, to Wo - den our de - fen-der.

A
Thanks to Wo-den our de - fen-der, to Wo - den our de - fen-der.

T
Thanks to Wo-den our de - fen-der, to Wo-den our de - fen-der.

B
Thanks, thanks, to Wo-den our de - fen-der, to Wo - den our de - fen-der.

BC

7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

4 3 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 4 3

75

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6 6 6 7 6 7 9 6 7 6 6 6 6 6

4 # 6 4 7 4 3 6 6 6 4 3

Solo - The lot is cast

Solo

The lot is cast, and Tan - fan pleas'd; Of mor - tal cares ye

Continuo

b 6 b

83

shall, ye shall be eas'd, Of mortal cares ye shall be eas'd.

BC

5 6 7 6 7 6 6 5 5

4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4

Score for measures 66-72. The score includes parts for Violin (Vln), Viola (Vla), Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), Bass (B), and Bassoon (BC). The lyrics are: "Brave Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, to".

Score for measures 91-97. The score includes parts for Violin (Vln), Viola (Vla), Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), Bass (B), and Bassoon (BC). The lyrics are: "sto - ry, Brave Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, Brave sto - - - ry, Brave souls, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, to be re - nown'd, re - nown'd in sto - - - ry, to be - re - nown'd, re - Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, Brave Souls, to be re - nown'd in".

94

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto-ry, to be re-nown'd in sto-ry, to be re -
be re-nown'd in sto-ry, to be re-nown'd, re-nown'd
now'nd in sto-ry Brave Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto-ry, to
sto-ry, Brave Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto-ry, to be re -

4 6 6 7 7 6 5

97

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

nown'd, re-nown'd in sto-ry.
in sto-ry
be re-nown' in sto-ry.
nown'd, re-nown'd in sto-ry.

6 6 5 6

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

Brave Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, to be re -

Brave souls, to be re-nown'd in

Brave

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

$\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

nown'd in sto - ry, Brave

sto - ry, to be re-nown'd re - nown'd in sto - ry, Brave

Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, to be re-nown'd in

Brave Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, to be re-nown'd in

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

6 3 3 3 3 7 6 $\frac{6}{4}$

110

Vln

Vla

S
Souls, Brave Souls, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, to be re - nown'd, re - nown'd in

A
souls, brave souls, to be re - nown'd, re - nown'd in

T
sto - ry, to be re-nown'd in sto - ry, re - nown'd, to be re - nown'd in

B
sto - ry, re-nown'd in sto - ry, to be re-nown'd, re-nown'd, re - nown'd in

BC

$\frac{5}{3}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{3}$ $\frac{3}{3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{7}{5}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{7}{5}$ $\frac{4}{3}$ $\frac{3}{3}$

114

Vln

Vla

S
sto - ry. Ho - nour pri-zing, Death des - pi-sing, Fame ac-

A
sto - ry. Ho - nour pri-zing, Death des - pi-sing, Fame ac-

T
sto - ry. Ho - nour pri-zing, Death des - pi-sing, Fame ac-

B
sto - ry. Ho - nour pri-zing, Death des - pi-sing, Fame ac-

BC

$\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{7}{3}$ $\frac{7}{3}$ $\frac{4}{3}$ $\frac{3}{3}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ $\frac{6}{3}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ $\frac{7}{3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{4}{3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{7}{5}$

121

Vln

Vla

S
qui - ring By ex - pi - ring, Die___ and reap the

A
qui-ring by ex - pi - ring, Die___ and reap the fruit___ the

T
qui-ring By ex - pi - ring, Die___ and reap the

B
qui-ring By ex - pi - ring, Die___ and reap the fruit___ of

BC
9 8 16 8 7 16 5 6 6 6 4

128

Vln

Vla

S
fruit___ of glo - ry, die___ and reap die___ and reap the fruit, and

A
fruit of glo - ry, Die___ die___ and reap and

T
fruit___ of glo - - - ry, die___ and reap the fruit of glo - ry, and

B
glo - ry, die___ and reap the fruit of glo - - - ry, die___ and

BC
7 6 7 6 5 5 15 4 3 6 6 7 8 7 8 7 9 8 7 6 4 6 5

134

Vln

Vla

S
reap the fruit of glo-ry.

A
reap the fruit of glo-ry!

T
reap the fruit of glo-ry.

B
reap the fruit of glo-ry.

BC

6 5 6 5 6 7

Solo & chœur – I call you all to Woden's hall

TROISIÈME PRÊTRE SAXON

Allegro

p

A
I call, I call, I call ye all to Wo-den's hall, Your tem-ples round.

BC

6 6 6 6

148

A
with I - vy bound in go - blets crown'd, And plen-teous plen-teous

BC

6 6 6 5 6

153

A
bowls, And plen - teous plen-teous bowls of bur - nish'd gold, Where you shall laugh and

BC

6 6 6 # 6 7 # 6 5

158

A
dance and quaff, Where you shall laugh and dance and quaff the juice that makes the

BC

6 7 6

162

A *Bri - tons bold* _____ *the juice that makes the Bri - tons bold* _____

BC 6 2 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6

166

A _____ *Where you shall laugh and dance, where you shall laugh and dance and*

BC 6 # 6 # 6

170

A *quaff the juice that makes the juice that makes the Bri - tons bold, the juice that*

BC 6 6 6 6 4 3 6

174

A *makes the juice that makes the Bri - tons bold.* _____

BC $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 6 4 3 6 6 4 3

178

CHŒUR

Vln *To Wo-den's Hall, all, all to Wo-den's Hall, all, all, all, all to Wo-den's hall,*

Vla *To Wo-den's Hall, all, all to Wo-den's Hall, all, all, all, all to Wo-den's hall,*

S **CHŒUR** *To Wo-den's Hall, all, all to Wo-den's Hall, all, all, all, all to Wo-den's hall,*

A *To Wo-den's Hall, all, all to Wo-den's Hall, all, all, all, all to Wo-den's hall,*

T *To Wo-den's Hall, all, all to Wo-den's Hall, all, all, all, all to Wo-den's hall,*

B *To Wo-den's Hall, all, all to Wo-den's Hall, all, all, all, all to Wo-den's hall,*

BC 6 6 6 6 6 6

185

Vln

Vla

S
all, all, Where in plen - teous plen - teous bowls of bur - nish'd gold.

A
all, all, Where in plen - teous plen - teous bowls of bur - nish'd gold. We shall

T
all, all Where in plen - teous plen - teous bowls of bur - nish'd gold. We shall

B
all, all, Where in plen - teous plen - teous bowls of bur - nish'd gold.

BC

6 6 6 7 6 5

189

Vln

Vla

S
We shall laugh and dance and quaff. We shall laugh and dance and

A
laugh and dance and quaff. We shall laugh and dance shall laugh and dance and

T
laugh and dance and dance and quaff. We shall laugh and dance, we shall

B
We shall laugh and dance and quaff The juice that makes that makes the Bri - tons

BC

6 6 6 5 6 5 6 # 6

Vln

Vla

S
quaff, We shall laugh and dance and quaff The juice that makes the Bri - tons

A
quaff. We shall laugh and quaff shall laugh and quaff

T
laugh and dance and quaff, We shall laugh and dance and

B
bold, We shall laugh and

BC

6/4 7 6/5 5/3 6

Vln

Vla

S
bold, We shall laugh and dance, shall

A
We shall laugh and quaff The juice that makes the Bri - tons

T
quaff The juice that makes the juice that makes the Bri - tons bold,

B
dance and quaff the juice that makes, that makes the Brit - ons bold, shall

BC

6/4 6 6/7

201

Vln

Vla

S
laugh and dance, shall laugh and dance and quaff the juice that makes, the juice that

A
bold, _____ the juice that makes, the juice that

T
We shall laugh and dance and quaff the juice that makes, the juice that

B
laugh and dance and quaff and dance and quaff The juice that makes, the juice that

BC

205

Vln

Vla

S
makes the Brit-ons bold, The juice that makes, the juice that makes the Brit - ons bold.

A
makes the Brit-ons bold, The juice that makes, the juice that makes the Brit - ons bold.

T
makes the Brit-ons bold, The juice that makes, the juice that makes the Brit - ons bold.

B
makes the Brit-ons bold, The juice that makes, the juice that makes the Brit-ons bold.

BC

Symphonie militaire

Hautbois & Trompette

Htb

Continuo

216

Htb & Tpt

Tpt

BC

223

Htb & Tpt

BC

230

Htb & Tpt

BC

237

Htb & Tpt

BC

Solo & chœur - Come, if you dare

Trompette

Hautbois

Viola

Continuo

255

Tpt

Htb

Vla

BC

265 SECOND PRÊTRE SAXON

T *p* "Come, if you dare" our trum-pets sound, "Come, if you dare" the foes re - bound, "We

BC *p* 6 6 *più p* 6 6

T come we come we come we come", Says the dou-ble dou-ble dou-ble beat of the thun - d'ring drum;

BC 5/3 6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3 6 6 6 6 6 6 6/4 5#

279

Htb *f* *p* *f*

Vla *f* *p* *f*

S "Come, if you dare" our trum-pets sound, "Come, if you dare" the foes re - bound, "We

A *f* *p* *f*

T "Come, if you dare" our trum-pets sound, "Come, if you dare" the foes re - bound, "We

B *f* *p* *f*

BC *f* 6 6 *p* 6 6 *f*

Htb

Vla

S
A
T
B

BC

come we come we come we come" Says the dou - ble dou-ble dou-ble beat of the thun - d'ring drum.

come we come we come we come" Says the dou - ble dou-ble dou-ble beat of the thun-d'ring drum.

come we come we come we come" Says the dou-ble dou-ble dou-ble beat of the thun-d'ring drum. Now

come we come we come we come" Says the dou - ble dou-ble dou-ble beat of the thun - d'ring drum.

5/3 6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3 6/4 6 6 6 6 5#

T

BC

Now they charge on a - main, Now they ral - ly a - gain. The

6 # 6 6

T

BC

gods from a - bove the mad la - bour be - hold, And pi - ty Man - kind that will

6/4 5# # 6 6 6

T

BC

per - ish for gold, and pi - ty Man - kind that will per - ish for gold.

4 3 6 6 6

Htb

Vla

S
Now they charge on a - main, Now they ral - ly a - gain. The gods from a -

A
Now they charge on a - main, Now they ral - ly a - gain. The gods from a -

T
they charge on a - main, Now they ral - ly a - gain. The gods from a - bove

B
Now they charge on a - main, Now they ral - ly a - gain. The gods from a -

BC

6 # 6 4 #

314

Htb

Vla

S
bove the mad la - bour be - hold, And pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for

A
bove the mad la - bour be - hold, And pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for

T
the mad la - bour be - hold, And pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for gold,

B
bove the mad la - bour be - hold, And pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for

BC

6 6 6 5 # # 6 6 6 7

4 # 4

Htb

Vla

S
gold, and pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for gold.

A
gold, and pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for gold.

T
and pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for gold. The

B
gold, and pi - ty man - kind that will pe - rish for gold.

BC

6 6 6 6 6 4 7

T
The fain - ting Sax - ons quit their ground, Their trum - pets lan - guish in the

BC

6 6 4 3

332

T
sound, They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly, "Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria" the bold Bri - tons

BC

5 3 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3 6 4 5

338

Htb

Vla

S
The fain - ting Sax - ons quit their ground, Their trum - pets lan - guish in the

A
The fain - ting Sax - ons quit their ground, Their trum - pets lan - guish in the

T
cry. fain - ting Sax - ons quit their ground, Their trum - pets lan - guish in the sound,

B
The fain - ting Sax - ons quit their ground, Their trum - pets lan - guish in the

BC

p

6 6 *p* 6 6

346

Htb

Vla

S
sound, They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly, "Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria" the bold Bri - tons cry.

A
sound, They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly. "Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria" the bold Bri - tons cry.

T
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly, "Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria" the bold Bri - tons cry. Now

B
sound; they fly, they fly, they fly, they fly. "Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria" the bold Bri - tons cry.

BC

f

f

f

f

f

f 5/3 6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3 # 6 5 7

T Now the vic - to - ry's won, To the plun - der we run; We re - turn to our

BC 6 # 6 #

T las - ses like for - tu - nate tra - ders, Tri - um - phant with spoils of the

BC 6 4 5 # 6 6 6

T van - quish'd in - va - ders, tri - um - phant with spoils of the van - quish'd in - va - ders.

BC 6 6 6 6 6

Htb

Vla

S Now the Vic - to - ry's won, To the plun - der we run, We re - turn to our

A Now the vic - to - ry's won, To the plun - der we run. We re - turn to our

T the Vic - to - ry's won, To the plun - der we run; We re - turn to our las -

B Now the vic - to - ry's won, To the plun - der we run. We re - turn to our

BC 6 # 6 #

374

Htb

Vla

S
las - ses like for - tu - nate tra - ders, Tri - um - phant with spoils of the

A
las - ses like for - tu - nate tra - ders, Tri - um - phant with spoils of the

T
ses like for - tu - nate tra - ders, Tri - um - phant with spoils of the van -

B
las - ses like for - tu - nate tra - ders, Tri - um - phant with spoils of the

BC

6 6 6 5 # # 6 6 6

379

Htb

Vla

S
van - quish'd in - va - ders, Tri - um - phant with spoils of the van - quish'd in - va - ders.

A
van - quish'd in - va - ders, tri - um - phant with spoils of the van - quish'd in - va - ders.

T
quish'd in - va - ders, tri - um - phant with spoils of the van - quish'd in - va - ders.

B
van - quish'd in - va - ders, tri - um - phant with spoils of the van - quish'd in - va - ders.

BC

6 6 4 *Misc* 6 6 6 6 6 4 *Misc*

Acte deux

Introduction

Violon

Viola

Continuo

Musical score for the Introduction section, featuring Violon, Viola, and Continuo staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The Violon part consists of eighth-note patterns. The Viola part consists of quarter notes. The Continuo part consists of quarter notes with some accidentals.

9

Vln

Vla

BC

Musical score for measures 9-16, featuring Vln, Vla, and BC staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The Vln part consists of eighth-note patterns. The Vla part consists of quarter notes. The BC part consists of quarter notes with some accidentals and fingerings (6, 7, 7, 7, 6, 7, 4, #).

17

Vln

Vla

BC

Musical score for measures 17-24, featuring Vln, Vla, and BC staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The Vln part consists of eighth-note patterns. The Vla part consists of quarter notes. The BC part consists of quarter notes with some accidentals and fingerings (#, #, 5, #, #, #).

Symphonie

Vln

Vla

BC

Musical score for the Symphonie section, featuring Vln, Vla, and BC staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/2. The Vln part consists of eighth-note patterns. The Vla part consists of quarter notes. The BC part consists of quarter notes with some accidentals and fingerings (4/2, 6, 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, #, 5, 7, 5, 6, 6, #).

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6 # # 6 # 6 6 6 5 6 8 7 6

37

Vln

Vla

BC

b # b # b # 6 6 6 4 #

Solo & chœur – Hither, this way bend

Andante

Violon

Soprano

Continuo

PHILIDEL

Hi-ther this way,

6 6 # 6 b # 6 5 # 6

46

Vln

S

BC

Hi-ther this way, this way bend, Trust not, trust not, trust not that ma - li - cious

6 4/2 6 6 # 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5

49

Vln

S
fiend, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend, Hi - ther this way,

BC
6 6 4 3 # 6

51

Vln

S
Hi - ther this way, this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend,

BC
6 4/2 6 6 # 6 7 # # 6 6/5 #

54

Vln

S

BC
6 6 # 6 7 # 7 7 # 6 6 6/4 #

57

Vln
p

S
Those are false de - lu - ding lights Waf - ted far and near by

BC
6 6

59

Vln

S
sprites, Trust them not for they'll de - ceive ye, trust them not for they'll de -

BC
#4/2 6 # #4/2 6 6

61

Vln

S
ceive ye, And in bogs and mar - shes leave ye, and in bogs and mar - shes leave ye.

BC
5/3 6 4/3 6 5/3 6 6 4/3 # 6 6 #

CHŒUR

Vln
f

Vla
f

S
CHŒUR
Hi - ther, this way, this way bend, this way, this way, hi - ther

A
Hi - ther, this way, this way bend, this this way bend, this way, this way, hi - ther,

T
Hi - ther, this way, this way bend, this way, this way, hi - ther,

B
Hi - ther, this way, this way, this way, this way, hi - ther,

BC
6/4 7 # 6 # 7 6 # 6 #

Vln

Vla

S
this way, this way bend, this way hi - ther, this way, this way

A
this way, this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way

T
this way this way bend, hi - ther, this way, hi - ther, this way

B
this way, this way bend, hi - ther, this way, hi - ther, this way

BC

6 6/5 # # 6 # 6 6/5

Hautbois

Vln

Vla

PHILIDEL

S
bend. *If you step no lon - ger thin-king, Down* you

A
bend.

T
bend.

B
bend.

BC

6 6 # 6 6 # 6

71

Htb

Vln

S

BC

fall, a fur-long sin-king.

6 $\frac{9}{7}$ # 6 \flat 6 6 6 # 6 6 7

74

Htb

Vln

S

BC

'Tis a fiend who has an-oy'd ye, Name but heav'n, name but heav'n and he'll a - void ye. Hi-ther

CHŒUR

6 6 6 6 #

77

Htb

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

this way, CHŒUR hi - ther, this way, this way bend, this way

Hi - ther, this way, this way bend, this this way bend, this way,

Hi - ther, this way, this way bend,

Hi - ther, this way, this way,

$\frac{6}{4}$ 7 # 6 # 7 6 # 6

Htb
Vln
Vla
S
A
T
B
BC

this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend. Trust not, trust not,
this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend, Trust not trust not
this way, hi - ther, this way, this way, this way bend, Trust not,
this way, hi - ther, this way, this way, this way bend, Trust not,
6 # 6 6/5 # 6

Htb
Vln
Vla
S
A
T
B
BC

trust not that ma - li - cious fiend, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend.
trust not that ma - li - cious fiend, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend, Hi - ther,
trust not, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend. Hi - ther,
trust not, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend,
6 6 6/4 6 6/5 6 7 7 6/4 3

84

Htb

Vln

Vla

S
Hi - ther, this way, this way bend, this way, this way, hi - ther

A
this way, this way bend, this this way bend, this way, this way, hi - ther,

T
this way, this way bend, this way, this way, hi - ther,

B
Hi - ther, this way, this way, this way, this way, hi - ther,

BC

7 # # # 6

Htb

Vln

Vla

S
this way, this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend.

A
this way, this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend.

T
this way, this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend.

B
this way, this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend,

BC

6 6/5 # # 6 # 6 6/5

GRIMBALD

B *Let not a moon - born elf mis - lead ye From your prey and*

BC 6 6/5 6/4 5/3 5/3 4/2 6 6/4 6

95 *from your glo - ry, Too far, a - las! he has be - tray'd ye,*

BC 6 6 6 # 4/2 6 6

101 *Fol - low the flames that wave be - fore ye: Some - times sev'n and some - times*

BC 6 6 6/5 7/4 # 6 4/2 6 6

108 *one. Hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry*

BC 6 7 6 6

113 *on.*

Vln

B

BC 6/4 5 # 7/4 2 6 6 6 6

121

B *See the foot - steps plain ap - pea - ring, That way Os - wald*

BC

6 6/5 6/4 7 5/3 4/2 6 6/4 6

127

B *chose for fly - ing, Firm is the turf and fit for bea - ring,*

BC

6 6 6 # 4/2 7 6

133

B *Where yon - der pearl - y dew - are ly - ing, Far he can - not hence be -*

BC

6 6 6/5 7/4 # 6 4/2 6 6

140

B *gone Hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry*

BC

6 7 6 6

145

Vln

B *on.*

BC

6/4 5 # 7/4 2 6 6 6 6

Vln

Vla

S
Hi - ther, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way

A
Hi - ther, this way, this way bend, this this way

T
Hi - ther, this way, this way bend,

B
Hi - ther,

BC

5 # 6 4 5 # 6 # 7 6

155

Vln

Vla

S
bend, this way, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way

A
bend, this way, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way

T
this way, this way, hi - ther, this way this way

B
this way, this way, this way, this way, hi - ther, this way this way

BC

6 # # 6 # 6 6

157

Vln

Vla

S
bend. Trust not, trust not, trust not that ma - li - cious

A
bend. Trust not, trust not, trust not that ma - li - cious

T
bend. Trust not, trust not, trust not that ma - li - cious

B
bend. Trust not, trust not, trust not that ma - li - cious

BC

6 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 6 $\frac{6}{5}$

159

Vln

Vla

S
fiend, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend. Hi - ther,

A
fiend, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend. Hi - ther, this way, this way

T
fiend, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend. Hi - ther, this way, this way

B
fiend, trust not that ma - li - cious fiend.

BC

6 7 4 3 6 # 6

161

Vln

Vla

S
this way, this way bend, this way, this way, hi - ther,

A
bend, this this way bend, this way, this way, hi - ther,

T
bend, this way, hi - ther, this way,

B
Hi - ther, this way, this way, this way, this way, hi - ther,

BC

6 5 6 # 6 6 # # 5

163

Vln

Vla

S
this way, this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend.

A
this way, this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend.

T
this way, this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way, this way bend.

B
this way this way bend, this way, hi - ther, this way this way bend.

BC

6 6 # # 6 6

Soprano
Come fol - low me, come fol - low me, come fo - low fol - low

Soprano
Come fol - low me, come fol - low me, come fo - low

Alto
And me_____

Tenor
And me_____

Basse
And

Continuo
6/4 5/3

170

S
fol - low me, And me, and me, and me, and me, and me,

S
fol - low fol - low me, And me, and me, and me, and

A
and me, and me, Come fol - low me, come fol - low me, come fo - low me, come

T
and me, and me, Come fol - low me, come fol - low me, come fol - low

B
me_____ Come fol - low me, come fol - low me, come fol - low me, come

BC
6 6 6 6/8 6 6/4 6/4 6 6 6 6/8 6

Vln

Vla

S
and me, and me. Come fol - low fol - low fol - low me, come fol - low

S
me and me and me. Come fol - low fol - low

A
fol - low fol - low me, Come fol - low fol - low fo - low me_____ come

T
fol - low fol - low me, come fol - low me. Come

B
fol - low fol - low me, Come fol - low fol - low fol - low

BC
6 6/4 7/4 8/3 6 6 6 5

Vln

Vla

S
SOLO
fol - low fol - low me._____ And green - sward all your way shall be, and

S
fol - low fol - low me._____ And green - sward all your way shall be, and

A
fol - low fol - low me_____

T
fol - low fol - low me_____

B
fol - low fol - low me_____

BC
6 7 6/4 7 p 5/3 6/4 5/3 #

183

Vln

Vla

S
green - sward all your way shall be, all all your way shall be. Come fol - low

S
green - sward all your way shall be, all all your way shall be.

A
Come fol - low

BC
#3 6 5 8 5 # 5 6 # 6 # 7 6 4

187

Vln

Vla

S
fol - low fol - low me, come fol - low fol - low fol - low me,

S
Come fol - low fol - low fol - low fol - low me.

A
fol - low fo - low me. come fol - low fol - low me.

T
come fol - low fol - low me.

B
Come fol - low fol - low fol - low fol - low fol - low me. SOLO No

BC
6 6 6 6 5 8 7 6 5

CHŒUR

Vln

Vla

S

S

T

B

BC

go - blin or elf shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye, No,

No, no, no, no,

No, no, no, no, no, no

No,

No,

5/3 6 5/3 6 5/3

Vln

Vla

S

S

A

T

B

BC

No go - blin or elf shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye, No

go - blin or elf shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye, shall dare to of -

No, no, no, no, no, no, No go - blin or

no, no, no, No go - blin or elf

no, no, no, no, no, no go - blin or elf shall dare to of - fend ye,

6 5 6 3 6 5/3 6 6 9 8 7 6

199

Vln

Vla

S
go - blin or elf shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye,

S
fend ye, shall dare_____ to of - fend ye. No

A
elf shall dare, shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye. No no no no no

T
No go - blin or elf shall dare to of - fend ye. No no no no no

B
No go - blin or elf shall dare to of - fend ye, No no no no no

BC

6 6 7 3
5 4

203

Vln

Vla

S
No no no no no go - blin or elf shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye.

S
no no no no no no no no go - blin or elf shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye.

A
no no no no no no go - blin or elf shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye.

T
no_____ no No go - blin or elf shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye.

B
no no no no no_____ No go - blin or elf shall dare, shall dare to of - fend ye.

BC

6 3 6 5 6 6 7 5 6
4 3 4 5 5 7 7 3 4

Vln

Vla

BC

6 # 6 # 6 5 6 5 6/4

Vln

Vla

BC

6 7 6/5 9 8 7 6 9 8 7 7 6/5 6 7 7 6/4 3

SOLO

S

S

A

BC

We breth - ren of air, you he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

We breth - ren of air, You he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

We breth - ren of air, You he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

6 6

S

S

A

BC

he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

7 9/7 8/6 7/5 # 9 8 7/5 4- 7 #

Vln

Vla

S
 CHEUR
 We breth - ren of air, You he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

A
 We breth - ren of air, You he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

T
 We breth - ren of air, You he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

B
 We breth - ren of air, You he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

BC

6 6 6 6 6 6

$\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{4}{3}$

229

Vln

Vla

S
 he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

A
 he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

T
 he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

B
 he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

BC

6 6 # # 6 4 2 6 9 7 6 4 #

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

We

We

We

We

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

breth - ren of air, You he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

breth - ren of air, You he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

breth - ren of air, You he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, You

breth - ren of air, you he - roes will bear, We breth - ren of air, you

5 6 6 6 6 6

3 3 3 3 3 3

242

Vln

Vla

S
he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at -

A
he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at -

T
he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at -

B
he - roes will bear To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at -

BC

6 6 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{6}{5}$ # $\frac{9}{7}$ 7 $\frac{7}{4}$ 3

245

Vln

Vla

S
tend ye. To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

A
tend ye, To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

T
tend ye, To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

B
tend ye, To the kind and the fair, the kind and the fair that at - tend ye.

BC

6 6 6 $\frac{9}{7}$ 7 6 $\frac{7}{4}$ 3

Andante

Violon *p*

Viola *p*

Continuo *p*

5 3 4 2 6 7 6 5 6 6

257

Vln *p*

Vla *p*

BC *p*

6 7 6 5 4 2 6 6 # 6 4 #

265

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6 4 2 6 4 6 6 6 7 6 8 7

273

T *How blest are shep - herds, how hap - py their las - ses, While drums and*

BC

$\frac{4}{2}$ 6 7 6 5 6

278

Vln

Vla

S *How blest are shep - herds, how*

A *How blest are shep - herds, how*

T *trum - pets are soun - ding a - larms! How blest are shep - herds how*

B *How blest are shep - herds, how*

BC

6 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6

283

Vln

Vla

S *hap - py their las - ses, While drums and trum - pets are soun - ding a - larms!*

A *hap - py their las - ses, While drums and trum - pets are soun - ding a - larms!*

T *hap - py their las - ses, While drums and trum - pets are soun - ding a - larms!*

B *hap - py their las - ses, While drums and trum - pets are soun - ding a - larms!*

BC

7 6 5 6 6

289

T *O - ver our low - ly sheds all the storm pas - ses; And when we*

BC *6 7 6 5 4/2 6*

294

T *die, 'tis in each o - ther's arms. All the day on our herds and flocks em -*

BC *6 # 6/4 # 8/3 3 6 6 8/3 3 6*

300

T *ploy - ing; All the night on our flutes and in en - joy - ing.*

BC *4/2 6/4 6 6 6 6*

305

Vln *O - ver our low - ly sheds all the Storm pas - ses; And when we*

Vla *O - ver our low - ly sheds all the Storm pas - ses; And when we*

S *O - ver our low - ly sheds all the Storm pas - ses; And when we*

A *O - ver our low - ly sheds all the Storm pas - ses; And when we*

T *O - ver our low - ly sheds all the storm pas - ses; And when we*

B *O - ver our low - ly sheds all the Storm pas - ses; And when we*

BC *6 7 6 5 4/2 6*

310

Vln

Vla

S
die, 'tis in each o - ther's arms. All the day on our herds and flocks em -

A
die, 'tis in each o - ther's arms. All the day on our herds and flocks em -

T
die, 'tis in each o - ther's arms. All the day on our herds and flocks em -

B
die, 'tis in each o - ther's arms. All the day on our herds and flocks em -

BC

6 6 # 6 4 # 8 3 3 6 6 8 3 3 6

316

Vln

Vla

S
ploy - ing; All the night on our flutes and in en - joy - ing.

A
ploy - ing; All the night on our flutes and in en - joy - ing.

T
ploy - ing; All the night on our flutes and in en - joy - ing.

B
ploy - ing; All the night on our flutes and in en - joy - ing.

BC

4 2 6 4 6 4 3 6 7 6

321

T *Bright nymphs of Bri - tain with gra - ces at - ten - ded, Let not your*

BC

$\frac{4}{2}$ 6 7 6 5 6

326

Vln

Vla

S *Bright nymphs of Bri - tain with*

A *Bright nymphs of Bri - tain with*

T *days with - out plea - sure ex - pire. Bright nymphs of Bri - tain with*

B *Bright nymphs of Bri - tain with*

BC

6 6 6 $\frac{5}{3}$ $\frac{4}{2}$ 6

331

Vln

Vla

S *gra - ces at - ten - ded, Let not your days with - out plea - sure ex - pire.*

A *gra - ces at - ten - ded, Let not your days with - out plea - sure ex - pire.*

T *gra - ces at - ten - ded, Let not your days with - out plea - sure ex - pire.*

B *gra - ces at - ten - ded, Let not your days with - out plea - sure ex - pire.*

BC

7 6 5 6 6 7 6

337

T *Ho - nour's but emp - ty and when youth is end - ed, All men will*

BC *6 7 6 5 4/2 6*

342

T *praise you, but none will de - sire. Let not youth fly a - way with - out con -*

BC *6 6 # 6/4 # 8/3 3 6 6 8/3 3 6*

348

T *ten - ting; Age will come time e - nough for your re - pent - ing.*

BC *4/2 6/4 6/4 3 6 6*

353

Vln

Vla

S *Ho - nour's but emp - ty, and when youth is end - ed, All men will*

A *Ho - nour's but emp - ty, and when youth is end - ed, All men will*

T *Ho - nour's but emp - ty, and when youth is end - ed, All men will*

B *Ho - nour's but emp - ty, and when youth is end - ed, All men will*

BC *6 7 6 5 4/2 6*

Vln

Vla

S
praise you but none will de - sire. Let not youth fly a - way with - out con -

A
praise you but none will de - sire. Let not youth fly a - way with - out con -

T
praise you but none will de - sire. Let not youth fly a - way with - out con -

B
praise you but none will de - sire. Let not youth fly a - way with - out con -

BC

6 6 # 6/4 # 8/3 3 6 6 8/3 3 6

Vln

Vla

S
ten - ting; Age will come time e - nough for your re - pent - ing.

A
ten - ting; Age will come time e - nough for your re - pent - ing.

T
tent - ing; Age will come time e - nough for your re - pent - ing.

B
ten - ting; Age will come time e - nough for your re - pent - ing.

BC

4/2 6/4 6/4 3 6 5/3 6/4 8 7

Duo – Shepherd, shepherd, leave decoying

Flûte & Hautbois I *p*

Flûte & Hautbois II *p*

Continuo *p*

373

Fl & Htb

BC

378

Fl & Htb

BC

383

Fl & Htb

BC

387

Fl & Htb

BC

391

S
Shep - herds, shep - herd, leave de - coy - ing, Pipes are sweet, a Sum - mer's day;

S
Shep - herd, shep - herd, leave de - coy - ing, Pipes are sweet, a Sum - mer's day,

BC

395

S
But a lit - tle af - ter toy - ing, Wo - men have the shot to pay. shot to pay.

S
But a lit - tle af - ter toy - ing, Wo - men have the shot to pay. shot to pay.

BC

400

S
Here are mar - riage - vows for sign - ing, Set their marks that can - not write;

S
Here are mar - riage - vows for sign - ing, Set their marks that can - not write;

BC

404

S
Af - ter that, with - out re - pi - ning, Play and wel - come, day and night, Play and wel - come,

S
Af - ter that, with - out re - pi - ning, Play and wel - come, day and night, and night,

BC

409

S
play, and wel - come, play and wel - come, play, and wel - come, day and night.

S
play and wel - come, play and wel - come, play and wel - come, day and night.

BC

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

p

p

p

Come, Shep - herds, lead up, a live - ly

Come, shep - herds, lead up, a live - ly mea - sure, come, shep - herds,

6 6 6

415

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

p

f

f

f

f

f

f

Come, shep - herds, lead up, a live - ly mea - sure, come, shep - herds,

mea - sure, come, Shep - herds, lead up, a live - ly mea - sure, come, Shep - herds,

lead up, a live - ly mea - sure, a live - ly Mea - sure. Come, shep - herds,

Come, shep - herds,

6 7 *f* 6 7

Vln

Vla

S
lead up, a live - ly mea - sure. The cares and wed - lock are cares of plea - sure.

A
lead up, a live - ly mea - sure; The cares and wed - lock are cares of plea - sure.

T
lead up, a live - ly mea - sure. The cares and wed - lock are cares of plea - sure.

B
lead up, a live - ly mea - sure. The cares and wed - lock are cares of plea - sure.

BC

7 6 # 6 # 6 7 #

Vln

Vla

S
But whe - ther mar - riage bring joy or sor - row, Make sure of

A
But whe - ther mar - riage bring joy or sor - row, Make sure of

T
But whe - ther mar - riage bring joy or sor - row, Make sure of

B
But whe - ther mar - riage bring joy or sor - row, Make sure of

BC

6 7 6 9 # # 6 6

424

Vln

Vla

S
this day and hang to - mor - row, But whe - ther mar - riage bring joy or

A
this day and hang to - mor - row, But whe - ther mar - riage bring joy or

T
this day and hang to - mor - row, But whe - ther mar - riage bring joy or

B
this day and hang to - mor - row, But whe - ther mar - riage bring joy or

BC

6/4 # # 6 7 6

427

Vln

Vla

S
sor - row, Make sure of this day and hang to - mor - row.

A
sor - row, Make sure of this day and hang to - mor - row.

T
sor - row, Make sure of this day and hang to - mor - row.

B
sor - row, Make sure of this day and hang to - mor - row.

BC

6 6 4 3

Acte trois

Maestoso

Violon

Viola

Continuo

Vln

Vla

BC

Vln

Vla

BC

Récitatif – What oh! thou Genius of the clime

CUPIDON

S

BC

What oh, what oh, thou Ge-ni-ous of the clime, What oh! what oh

S

BC

what oh! Liest thou a - sleep, be - neath those Hills of Snow? What oh! what oh! what

21

S *oh! Stretch out thy la - zy limbs, a-wake, a-wake, a-wake and Win-ter from thy*

BC

5 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 7 $\flat 6$ 7 6 $\flat 6$

25

S *fur-ry man - tle shake, A-wake, a-wake! and Win-ter from thy fur-ry man - tle shake.*

BC

6 # 7 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ 3

Solo - What power art thou?

Vln *p*

Vla *p*

B

BC *p*

$\frac{6}{4}$ 5 6 $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ 6 $\frac{6}{3}$

34

Vln *p*

Vla

B *GÉNIE DU FROID*

BC *p*

$\frac{6}{4}$ $\flat 6$ $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 $\frac{6}{5}$ 4 *p* 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{5}$

What power art thou, who from be-

39

Vln

Vla

B

BC

low Hast made me rise, un-will-ing-ly and slow— From beds of e - ver-

$\frac{4}{2}$ 6 $\frac{6}{5}$ — 4 3 $\frac{7}{4}$ *cresc.* $\frac{4}{2}$

43

Vln

Vla

B

BC

last - - ing snow! See'st thou not how stiff, how

f *p* *f* *p*

$\frac{7}{6}$ 7 $6\sharp$ *f* 6 $\frac{7}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ $\frac{7}{4}$ *p* $6\flat$ $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{6}{5}$

48

Vln

Vla

B

BC

stiff and wond' - rous old, Far far un - fit to bear the bit - ter cold.—

— 9 — 8 $\frac{7}{5}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ — 3 $\frac{7}{4}$ $\frac{7}{5}$ $\frac{5}{4}$

52

Vln

Vla

B

BC

f *p* *f* *p*

I can scarce - ly move or draw my breath, can scarce - ly

f *p*

$\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ 6 $\frac{6}{b}$ $\frac{6}{b}$

56

Vln

Vla

B

BC

move or draw my breath. Let me, let me let me freeze a - gain, let me,

$\frac{7}{\#}$ 6 $\frac{7}{5}$ 6 $\frac{6}{b}$ $\frac{b}{2}$ 6

60

Vln

Vla

B

BC

rall.

let me freeze a-gain to death, let me, let me freeze a-gain to death.

7 6 7 $\frac{b}{6}$ $\frac{7}{5}$ 6 $\frac{6}{5}$ 6 $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{4}{3}$ $\frac{7}{\#}$ $\frac{5}{4}$

Solo - Thou doating fool

CUPIDON

S
Thou doat - ing fool for - bear, for - bear! What, dost thou

BC

70
S
mean by freez - ing here? At love's ap - pear - ing, all the sky

BC

76
S
clear - ing, The storm - y winds their fu - ry spare. Thou doat - ing

BC

82
S
fool for - bear, for - bear! What, dost thou mean by freez - ing here?

BC

89
S
Win - ter sub - du - ing, and Spring re - new - ing, My beams cre -

BC

94
S
ate a more glo - rious year. Thou doat - ing fool, for -

BC

99
S
bear, for - bear! What dost thou mean by freez - ing here?

BC

Vln

B

BC

GÉNIE DU FROID

Great love, I know thee now; El - dest of the gods art thou,

6 6 6

f

Vln

B

BC

Heav'n and Earth by thee were made, Heav'n and

6/4 5/3 7/5 6/4 5/3 7 6 # #

Vln

B

BC

Earth by thee were made, Hu - man na - ture Is thy crea - ture, Hu - man

6 6/4 5 # b

Vln

B

BC

na - ture Is thy crea - ture, Ev' - ry where, ev' - ry where, ev' - ry

6 6/4 5 # 6 6/4 5 # 5 8/6 7/5 8/6 8/6 7/5 5 6/4 5/3 6/5 8/6 7/5

121

Vln

B

BC

where thou art, thou art o - bey'd, Ev' - ry where, ev' - ry where,

6 5 3 6 8 7 5 6 6 5 5 8 7 6 8 7 5 6 5 3

125

Vln

B

BC

ev' - ry where thou art, thou art o - bey'd, Ev' - ry where thou art o - bey'd.

6 8 7 6 5 5 6 7 5 6 7 6 5 10 9 8 7

Récitatif - No part of my dominions

CUPIDON

S

BC

No part of my do-mi-nion shall be waste, To spread my

7

133

S

BC

sway and sing my praise, E'en here, e'en here I will a peo-ple raise, Of

6 9 8 7 # # 6

137

S

BC

kind em-bra - cing lo - vers and em-brac'd. E'en here, e'en here I

7

140

S

BC

will a peo - ple raise, Of kind em-bra - cing lo - vers and em - brac'd.

6 4 3

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6 6 6 #

Detailed description: This system contains measures 102 through 110. It features three staves: Violin (Vln), Viola (Vla), and Bassoon (BC). The Vln staff has two treble clefs. The Vla staff has a bass clef. The BC staff has a bass clef and includes fingering numbers (6, 6, 6, 6, #) and a sharp sign (#) under the final measure.

151

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6 6 5 6-6 7

Detailed description: This system contains measures 151 through 159. It features three staves: Violin (Vln), Viola (Vla), and Bassoon (BC). The Vln staff has two treble clefs. The Vla staff has a bass clef. The BC staff has a bass clef and includes fingering numbers (6, 6, 6, 5, 6-6, 7).

160

Vln

Vla

BC

6 7 6 # 6 6 4

Detailed description: This system contains measures 160 through 167. It features three staves: Violin (Vln), Viola (Vla), and Bassoon (BC). The Vln staff has two treble clefs. The Vla staff has a bass clef. The BC staff has a bass clef and includes a sharp sign (#) and fingering numbers (6, 7, 6, #, 6, 6, 4, #).

168

Vln

Vla

BC

6 b 6 5 6 6 7 # 6 6 6 7-

Detailed description: This system contains measures 168 through 175. It features three staves: Violin (Vln), Viola (Vla), and Bassoon (BC). The Vln staff has two treble clefs. The Vla staff has a bass clef. The BC staff has a bass clef and includes a flat sign (b) and fingering numbers (6, b, 6, 5, 6, 6, 7, #, 6, 6, 6, 7-). The system concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to two flats.

Vln

Vla

S
See, see, see, see, see we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to hold, — See,

A
See, see, see, see, see we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to hold, — See,

T
See, see, see, see, see we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to hold, — See,

B
See, see, see, see, see we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to hold, — See,

BC

181

Vln

Vla

S
see, see, see, we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to hold, — Tho' quiv' - ring with cold, tho'

A
see, see, see, we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to hold, — Tho' quiv' - ring with cold, tho'

T
see, see, see, we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to hold, — Tho' quiv' - ring with cold, tho'

B
see, see, see, we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to hold, — Tho' quiv' - ring with cold, tho'

BC

Vln

Vla

S
quiv' - ring with cold; We chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter, we chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter, we

A
quiv' - ring with cold; We chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter, we chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter, we

T
quiv' - ring with cold; We chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter, we chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter, we

B
quiv' - ring with cold; We chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter, we chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter, we

BC

6 # 4 4/2 6 4/2 6

Vln

Vla

S
chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter and trem - ble, See see we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to

A
chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter and trem - ble, See see we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to

T
chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter and trem - ble, See see we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to

B
chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter and trem - ble, See see we as - sem - ble thy re - vels to

BC

6 4 6/4 5 6

192

Vln

Vla

S
hold, tho' quiv' ring with cold, tho' quiv' ring with cold, We chat - ter chat - ter

A
hold, tho' quiv' ring with cold, tho' quiv' ring with cold, We chat - ter chat - ter

T
hold, tho' quiv' ring with cold, tho' quiv' ring with cold, We chat - ter chat - ter

B
hold, tho' quiv' ring with cold, tho' quiv' ring with cold, We chat - ter chat - ter

BC

6 5 7 6 4 4/2

195

Vln

Vla

S
chat - ter, we chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter and trem - ble, See, see, see, see we as -

A
chat - ter, we chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter and trem - ble, See, see, see, see we as -

T
chat - ter, we chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter and trem - ble, See, see, see, see we as -

B
chat - ter, we chat - ter chat - ter chat - ter and trem - ble, See, see, see, see we as -

BC

6 5 6 4 b

198

Vln

Vla

S
sem-ble, see, see we as - sem-ble thy re - vels to hold._____

A
sem-ble, see, see we as - sem-ble thy re - vels to hold._____

T
sem-ble, see, see we as - sem-ble thy re - vels to hold._____

B
sem-ble, see, see we as - sem-ble thy re - vels to hold._____

BC

4 — 6

203

Vln

Vla

BC

6 7 7 6 6 6 4 3

209

Vln

Vla

BC

4 — 3 4 — 4

Solo - 'T is I that have warm'd ye

Vivace
CUPIDON

S *'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I that have warm'd ye, 'Tis I, 'tis*

BC *p* 6 6 5

220 S *I, 'tis I that have warm'd ye, In spite of cold wea-ther, I've*

BC 6 7 6 7 6

225 S *brought ye to - gether, 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I that have warm'd ye; 'Tis*

BC 6 6 6

231 Vln *f*

S *I, 'tis I, 'tis I that have arm'd ye,*

BC 6 7 *f* 6

237 Vln

Vla

BC 6 6 5

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

6 6/5 6 5 6/5 6

249

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

love that has warm'd us.

love that has warm'd us.

love that has warm'd us.

love that has warm'd us.

7/5 7# 6 6 6

254

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

♭ 6 # ♭ # 6 9 8

259

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

6/4 7/5 # 5 # 6

Vln

Vla

S
love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that has warm'd us. In

A
love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that has warm'd us. In

T
love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that has warm'd us. In

B
love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that has warm'd us. In

BC

6 6/5 6 7/5 4 #

Vln

Vla

S
spite of cold wea-ther He brought us to - ge-ther, 'Tis love, 'tis

A
spite of cold wea-ther He brought us to - ge-ther, 'Tis love, 'tis

T
spite of cold wea-ther He brought us to - ge-ther, 'Tis love, 'tis

B
spite of cold wea-ther He brought us to - ge-ther, 'Tis love, 'tis

BC

6 7/5 6 6

276

Vln

Vla

S
love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

A
love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

T
love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

B
love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis

BC

6 6

281

Vln

Vla

S
Love that has warm'd us.

A
Love that has warm'd us.

T
Love that has warm'd us.

B
Love that has warm'd us.

BC

6 6 # 7

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

6 7/5 6 6 6 6 6/5

Vln

Vla

S

A

T

B

BC

In spite of cold wea - ther He brought us to -

In spite of cold wea - ther He brought us to -

In spite of cold wea - ther He brought us to -

In spite of cold wea - ther He brought us to -

In spite of cold wea - ther He brought us to -

6 6/4 7 6 6

297

Vln

Vla

S
ge - ther, 'Tis Love 'tis Love 'tis Love that has

A
ge - ther, 'Tis Love 'tis Love 'tis Love that has

T
ge - ther, 'Tis Love 'tis Love 'tis Love that has

B
ge - ther, 'Tis Love 'tis Love 'tis Love that has

BC

6 6

301

Vln

Vla

S
warm'd us: 'Tis Love 'tis Love 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

A
warm'd us: 'Tis Love 'tis Love 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

T
warm'd us: 'Tis Love 'tis Love 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

B
warm'd us: 'Tis Love 'tis Love 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

BC

6 6 6 6

Andante

Violon

Soprano

Basse

Continuo

8 — 3 5_b

312

Vln

S

B

BC

Sound a par - ley, ye fair, and sur - ren - der, Sound, sound,

Sound a par - ley, a par - ley, ye fair, and sur -

7 6 6 6

317

Vln

S

B

BC

sound, sound a par - ley, ye fair, Sound _____ a

ren - der, Sound a par - ley, ye fair, Sound a par -

6 6 5 6 3 6 6 5 6 6 3 3 3 3 3

322

Vln

S
par - ley, ye fair, and sur - ren - der; Set your - selves and your lo - vers at

B
- ley, ye fair, and sur - ren - der; Set your - selves and your lo - vers at

BC

6 5 6 5 4 3 4 3 6 3 4 # 6 5 4 3 4 2 4 2 6 6 5 #

327

Vln

S
ease, Sound a par - ley, ye fair, and sur - ren - der, Sound, sound,

B
ease. Sound sound, sound, sound a par - ly ye fair and sur -

BC

6 6 6 7 4 6 3 6 5 6

333

Vln

S
sound, sound a par - ley, ye fair, Sound a

B
ren - der, Sound a par - ley, ye fair, Sound a par -

BC

6 6 5 6 3 6 6 5 6 6 3 3 3 3 3

338

Vln

S
par - ley, ye fair, and sur - ren - der, Set your - selves and your lo - vers at

B
- ley, ye fair, and sur - ren - der; Set your - selves and your lo - vers at

BC

6 5 6 5 4 3 4 3 6 3 4 # 6 5 4 3 4 2 4 2 6 6 6 4 #

343

Vln

S
ease;

B
ease.

BC

He's a grate - ful, a

He's a grate - ful, a grate - ful of -

5 3 4 2 6 # 6 4 5 # 6 9 8 5 6

349

Vln

S
grate - ful of - fen - der Who plea - - - - - sure - - - - - dare

B
fen - der Who plea - sure who plea - - - - - sure - - - - - dare

BC

6 4 # 6 4 # 6 6 5

354

Vln

S
seize. *But the whi - ning pre -*

B
seize. *But the*

BC
3 # 7 6 # 5 6 6

359

Vln

S
ten - der, the whi - ning pre - ten - der Is sure to dis - please. Sound a

B
whi - ning, the whi - ning pre - ten - der is sure to dis - please.

BC
6 6 6 5 6

364

Vln

S
par - ley, ye fair, and sur - ren - der, Sound, sound, sound, sound a

B
Sound sound, sound, sound a par - ley, ye fair, and sur - ren - der.

BC
7 6 4 3 6 5 6 6

369

Vln

S
par - ley, ye fair, Sound a par - ley, ye

B
Sound a par - ley, ye fair, Sound a par - - - ley, ye

BC

5 6 5 3 6 6 6 5 6 3 4 6 6 5 6 5 6 7 5

374

Vln

S
fair, and sur - ren - der. Since the fruit of de -

B
fair, and sur - ren - der. Since the fruit of de -

BC

3 6 3 3 6 5 4 3 10 9 7 6 4 3 5 6 5 6 7 6 6 6 6 3 4 3 4 5 6 4 3

380

Vln

S
sire is pos - sess - ing, 'Tis un - man - ly to sigh, 'Tis un - man - ly to

B
sire is pos - sess - ing, 'Tis un - man - ly to sigh, 'Tis un - man - ly to

BC

6 7 6 4 3 6 9 # 4 6 3 # # 7 7 6

385

Vln

S
sigh and com - plain. When we kneel for re -

B
sigh and com - plain. When we

BC

6 5 7 # 7 6 # # 6

$\frac{6}{4}$ # $\frac{7}{4}$ # $\frac{6}{4}$ # 6

391

Vln

S
dress - ing, when we kneel for re - dress - ing We move

B
kneel for re - dres - sing, when we kneel for re - dres - sing We move

BC

6 6 5 6 6 6 6 5 6 4 5 3

6 $\frac{6}{5}$ 6 6 $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{5}{3}$

396

Vln

S
- their dis-dain; Love was made, Love was made for a bles - sing,

B
- their dis-dain, Love was made, love was made, love was

BC

6 5 4 6 7 4 6

$\frac{6}{4}$ # $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 7 4 $\frac{6}{3}$

402

Vln

S
Love was made, Love was made for a bles - - - -

B
made for a Bles - sing, Love was made, love was made for a

BC
6 6 6 6/5 6 6 6/5

407

Vln

S
- - - - sing and not for a pain, Love was made for a

B
bles - - - - sing And not for a pain, Love was

BC
6 3 3 3 3 3 6 5 b6 7/5 6 6 9/5 8 7

412

Vln

S
bles - - - - - - - - sing and not for a pain.

B
made, love was made for a bles - - - - - - - - sing And not for a pain.

BC
6 6 6/5 6 3 3 3 3 3 b6 5 6 6 9/5 6/4 5/3

Hornpipe

Vln

Vla

BC

Detailed description: This system contains measures 418 through 421. The Violin I (Vln) part features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a sharp sign on the fourth measure. The Violin II (Vln) part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The Viola (Vla) part plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The Bassoon (BC) part has a bass line with quarter and eighth notes.

422

Vln

Vla

BC

Detailed description: This system contains measures 422 through 425. The Violin I (Vln) part continues the melodic line with some chromaticism. The Violin II (Vln) part maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. The Viola (Vla) part continues with eighth notes, including a sharp sign in the fourth measure. The Bassoon (BC) part continues with a bass line, including a sharp sign in the fourth measure.

426

Vln

Vla

BC

Detailed description: This system contains measures 426 through 429. The Violin I (Vln) part features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The Violin II (Vln) part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The Viola (Vla) part plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The Bassoon (BC) part has a bass line with quarter and eighth notes.

Acte quatre

Duo – Two daughters of this aged stream

1^{re} Sirène

2^e Sirène

Continuo

Two daugh - ters of this a - ged stream are

Two daugh - ters of this a - ged stream are we, Two

$\frac{4}{2}$ 5 6 6 $\#7$ 6

6

BC

we, Two daugh - ters of this a - ged stream are

daugh - ters of this a - ged stream are we, Two daugh - ters of this a - ged stream are

5 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 5 6 6

11

BC

we, And both our sea green locks have comb'd, and both our sea green

we, And both our sea green locks have comb'd for thee, and both our

$\#$ 6 $\#$ $\frac{7}{5}$

15

BC

locks have comb'd, have comb'd for thee. Come come come come bathe with us an

sea green locks have comb'd for thee. Come, come bathe with us an

$\#$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\#$ $\frac{6}{4}$ 4 $\#$ $\#$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\#$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\#$ $\#$

20

BC

hour or two, Come come come come na - ked in for we are so.

hour or two, Come, come, come, come na - ked in for we are so:

$\frac{6}{4}$ 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 5 $\frac{6}{4}$ 5 $\frac{6}{4}$ 5 $\frac{6}{4}$ 5 6 7 6 $\#$

25

What dan - ger, what dan - ger from a na - ked foe?
 What dan - ger from a na - ked foe? Come come

Figured Bass: 2, 6, 9, 8, 4, 2, 6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 5, 6

30

Come come bathe with us, come come bathe and share What plea - - sures
 come come bathe with us, Come come bathe and share What plea - - sures

Figured Bass: 8, 6, 5, 3, 6, 4, 5, 3, 6, 4, 7, 5, 8, 6, #, 6, 4, 5, #, 6, 6

35

in the floods ap - pear. We'll beat the wa - ters till they bound,
 in the floods ap - pear. We'll beat the wa - ters till they bound, we'll

Figured Bass: 4, 4, 13, 6, 6

40

we'll beat the wa - ters till they bound, And cir - - cle round
 beat the wa - ters till they bound, And cir - - cle round

Figured Bass: 6, 4

45

and cir - - cle round and cir - cle round.
 and cir - - cle round and cir - cle round.

Figured Bass: #, 6, 6, #, 7, 6, 6, #

1^{er} Violon & Hautbois **Tutti** **Htb**

2^e Violon & Hautbois **Tutti** **Htb**

Viola

Continuo

7 6 6 7 6 6 # 7 6 6 7 6 6

58 **Vln** **Htb**

Vln **Htb**

Vla

BC # 6 6 6 # 6 6

65 **Vln** **Htb**

Vln **Htb**

Vla

BC #

72 **Vln** **Vln**

Vla

BC 6 6

79

Musical score for measures 79-85. The system includes a grand staff (piano) with two staves, a Viola (Vla) staff, and a Bassoon (BC) staff. The key signature is B-flat major. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand, with 'Htb' and 'Vln' markings. The Viola and Bassoon parts provide harmonic support.

86

Musical score for measures 86-92. The system includes a grand staff (piano) with two staves, a Viola (Vla) staff, and a Bassoon (BC) staff. The key signature is B-flat major. The piano part continues with 'Htb' and 'Vln' markings. The Viola part has a melodic line with some rests, and the Bassoon part provides a steady accompaniment.

93

Musical score for measures 93-98. The system includes a grand staff (piano) with two staves and a Viola (Vla) staff. The key signature is B-flat major. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand, with 'Htb' markings. The Viola part has a melodic line with some rests.

99

Musical score for measures 99-105. The system includes a grand staff (piano) with two staves, a Viola (Vla) staff, and a Bassoon (BC) staff. The key signature is B-flat major. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand, with 'Vln' and 'Tutti' markings. The Viola part has a melodic line with some rests, and the Bassoon part provides a steady accompaniment.

106

SOLO

How hap - py the lo - ver, How ea - sy his chain, How hap - py the

112

lo - ver, How ea - sy his chain, How sweet, how sweet to dis -

117

co - ver He sighs not in vain, How sweet to dis - co - ver He

122

CHCEUR

Tutti

Tutti

How hap - py the lo - ver, How ea - sy his chain, How hap - py the
 How hap - py the lo - ver, How ea - sy his chain, How hap - py the
 sighs not in vain.
 How hap - py the Lo - ver, How ea - sy his chain, How hap - py the
 How hap - py the lo - ver, How ea - sy his chain, How hap - py the

lo - ver, How ea - sy his chain, How sweet, how sweet to dis - co - ver He

lo - ver, How ea - sy his chain, How sweet, how sweet to dis - co - ver He

Lo - ver, how ea - sy his chain, How sweet, how sweet to dis - co - ver He

lo - ver, how ea - sy his chain, How sweet, how sweet to dis - co - ver He

7 6 6 7 6 # 4 6 2/2 6 6

sighs not in vain, How sweet to dis - co - ver He sighs not in vain.

sighs not in vain, How sweet to dis - co - ver He sighs not in vain.

sighs not in vain, How sweet to dis - co - ver he sighs not in vain.

sighs not in vain, How sweet to dis - co - ver he sighs not in vain.

6 4 5 # 6 # 2/2 6 6 6 4 5 # 6 #

140

Musical score for measures 140-145. The piano part consists of two staves with a complex rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The strings (Vla and BC) provide a steady accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

Vla

BC

6 6

146

Musical score for measures 146-150. The piano part features a melodic line with some chromaticism. The strings (Vla and BC) continue their accompaniment. The label 'Vln' is placed above the piano staff in measures 147 and 148.

Vla

BC

150

Musical score for measures 150-154. The piano part has a more active melodic line. The strings (Vla and BC) provide a consistent accompaniment. The label 'Htb' is placed above the piano staff in measures 151 and 152.

Vla

154

Musical score for measures 154-160. The piano part features a dense texture with many sixteenth notes. The strings (Vla and BC) continue their accompaniment. The label 'Tutti' is placed above the piano staff in measures 155 and 156.

Vla

BC

160

Musical score for measures 160-165. The piano part continues with a complex rhythmic pattern. The strings (Vla and BC) provide a steady accompaniment.

Vla

BC

166

Vln Htb
Vln Htb
Vla
BC

173

Vln Htb Vln Htb Vln
Vln Htb Vln Htb
Vla
BC

180

Htb DUO
Vln Htb
Vla
S
B
BC

For
For love ev' - ry crea-ture Is form'd by his

6 6

187

S
B
BC

love ev' - ry crea-ture is form'd, for love ev' - ry crea-ture, For love ev' - ry
na-ture, for love ev' - ry crea-ture is form'd, for love ev' - ry crea-ture is

193

S
crea - ture Is form'd by his na - ture; No joys _____ are a - bove The

B
form'd by his na - ture, his na - ture, No joys _____ are a -

BC
6 7 6 # 6

199

S
plea - - - - - sures of love, no joys _____ are a -

B
bove the plea - - - - - sures of love, no joys _____ are a -

BC
6 5 6 4 7 6 6 4 6 3 #

206

S
bove _____ the plea - sures of love, no joys _____ are a -

B
bove the plea - sures of love, _____ no no no no no no no

BC
7 5 3 8 3 3 3 4 4 4 #

213

S
bove, no no no no no joys are a - bove, no no no no

B
joys _____ are a - bove, no no no no no

BC
6 6 # # 6

219

S
no no joys are a - bove the plea - sures the plea - sures the plea - sures of love.

B
no no joys are a - bove the plea - sures the Plea - sures the plea - sures of love.

BC
6 4 7 5 8 6 6 4

CHŒUR

Tutti

No joys are a - bove The plea - sures of love, no no no no no no
 No joys are a - bove The plea - sures of love, no no no no no no
 No joys are a - bove The plea - sures of love, no no no no no no
 No joys are a - bove the plea - sures of love, no no no no no no

7 6 # 6 6 6

233

joys are a - bove The pleasures the pleasures the pleasures of love, no no no no
 joys are a - bove the pleasures the pleasures the pleasures of love, no no no
 joys are a - bove the pleasures the pleasures the pleasures of love, no no no no
 joys are a - bove the pleasures the pleasures the pleasures of love, no no no

7 9/7 8/3 6/4 6# 6 6

no no joys are a - bove the plea-sures, the plea-sures the plea-sures of love,

no no joys are a - bove the plea-sures the plea-sures the plea-sures of love,

no no joys are a - bove the plea-sures the plea-sures the plea-sures of love.

no no joys are a - bove the plea-sures the plea-sures the plea-sures of love,

6 7 9 8 6 6
7 3 4 #

NYPHES

In vain are our gra - ces, In vain are your eyes, In vain are our

In vain are our gra - ces, in vain are your eyes, In vain are our

In vain are our gra - ces, In vain are your eyes, In vain are our

6 6 6 6 # 6
4 2 4

gra - ces If love you des - pise; When age fur - rows fa - ces 'tis too

gra - ces if love you des - pise, When age fur - rows fa - ces 'tis too

gra - ces If Love you des - pise. When age fur - rows fa - ces 'tis too

6 6 6 6 # b b 7 6
2

257

S
late to be wise, 'tis too late too late, 'tis 'tis too late to be wise.

S
late to be wise, 'tis too late too late, 'tis 'tis too late to be wise.

S
late to be wise, 'tis too late too late, 'tis 'tis too late to be wise.

BC

SYLVAINS

A
Then use the short bles - sing, then use the short bles - sing That flies in pos -

T
Then use the short bles - sing, then use the short bles - sing that flies in pos -

B
Then use the short bles - sing, then use the short bles - sing That flies in pos -

BC

268

A
sess - ing; No joys, no no joys are a - bove The plea - sures of Love, the

T
sess - ing, No joys, no no joys are a - bove the plea - sures of love, the

B
sess - ing. No joys, no no joys are a - bove The plea - sures of love, the

BC

274

NYMPHES

A
plea - sures of Love, No no no no no no joys are a - bove the

T
plea - sures of love, No no no no no no joys are a - bove the

B
plea - sures of love, No no no no no no joys are a - bove the

BC

280

CHEUR

Tutti

Tutti

286

Acte cinq

Air – Ye blustering brethren

Allegro

Violon

Viola

Continuo

4

Vln

Vla

BC

7

7

Vln

Vla

BC

6 7 # 6 6/4 7 6

10

Vln

Vla

B

BC

ÉOLE

Ye blust - -

7 6 7 6 7 6 6/5 5/3

13

Vln

Vla

B

BC

- ring breth - ren of the skies, Whose

6 5 5 6 7

16

Vln

Vla

B

BC

breath has ruf - fled all the wat' - ry plain, Re-tire, re-

5 6 9 6 4 # 6 # 6

20

Vln

Vla

B

BC

tire, re-tire, re - tire and let Bri - tan - nia rise Re - tire, re-tire and

5 6 6 6 6 7

25

Vln

Vla

B

BC

let Bri-tan-nia rise In tri - - - - - umph o'er the main.

33

Andante

39

Vln

B

BC

Se - rene and calm and void of

45

Vln

B

BC

fear, The queen of is-lands, the queen of is - lands must ap-pear. Se-rene and

6 7 6 7 6
9 8

50

Vln

B

BC

calm se-rene and calm the queen of is-lands, the queen of

4 5 7 3
2 3 4 5

56

Vln

B

BC

is - lands must ap-pear, Se-rene and calm

6 15 6 5 6
4 4 4 4 4

62

Vln

B

BC

se-rene and calm the queen of is - lands, the queen of is - lands must ap-pear.

5 6 5 6 5
4 4 4 4 4

Symphonie

Andante maestoso

Violon

Hautbois

Continuo

5 6 6 7 #

73

Vln

Htb

BC

5 6 6 7 5

77

Vln

Htb

BC

80

Vln

Htb

BC

7 #6 4 3

76

84

Vln

Htb

BC

6 4 # 6

87

Vln

Htb

BC

7 #5 #6 6 6 7 6

90

Vln

Htb

BC

b #

93

Vln

Htb

BC

7 # 4 6 7 5 6 4 4 3 6 4 4 3

Symphonie

Violon

Viola

Continuo

105

1. 2.

Vln

Vla

BC

114

Vln

Vla

BC

121

Vln

Vla

BC

Violon

Viola

Continuo

This system contains three staves of music. The Violon part (top) is in treble clef and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and quarter notes. The Viola part (middle) is in alto clef and consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The Continuo part (bottom) is in bass clef and provides a harmonic foundation with a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

133

Vln

Vla

BC

This system contains three staves of music. The Vln part (top) is in treble clef and includes a double bar line with repeat dots. The Vla part (middle) is in alto clef and also features a double bar line with repeat dots. The BC part (bottom) is in bass clef and continues the accompaniment.

138

Vln

Vla

BC

This system contains three staves of music. The Vln part (top) is in treble clef and concludes with a double bar line. The Vla part (middle) is in alto clef and also concludes with a double bar line. The BC part (bottom) is in bass clef and concludes with a double bar line.

144

S *NÉRÉIDE*
 Round thy coasts, fair nymphs of Bri - tain, For thy guard our wa - ters flow.

B *PAN*
 Round thy coasts, fair nymphs of Bri - tain, For thy guard our wa - ters flow.

BC

6 5 6 4 # 6 6 6 6

148

S
 Pro - teus all his herd ad - mit - ting, On thy greens to graze be - low.

B
 Pro - teus all his herd ad - mit - ting, On thy greens to graze be - low.

BC

6 4 # 6 6 # 6 6/5 # #

152

S
 Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing,

B
 Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing,

BC

6 5 6 6 4 3

156

S
 Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing.

B
 Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing.

BC

6 # 6 6 6 6/4

CHŒUR DES PÊCHEURS

Vln

Vla

S
Round thy coasts, fair nymphs of Bri - tain, For thy guard our wa - ters flow.

A
Round thy coasts, fair nymphs of Bri - tain, For thy guard our wa - ters flow.

T
Round thy coasts, fair nymphs of Bri - tain, For thy guard our wa - ters flow.

B
Round thy coasts, fair nymphs of Bri - tain, For thy guard our wa - ters flow.

BC

6/5 6/4 # 6 6 6

Vln

Vla

S
Pro - teus all his herd ad - mit - ting, On thy greens to graze be - low.

A
Pro - teus all his herd ad - mit - ting, On thy greens to graze be - low.

T
Pro - teus all his herd ad - mit - ting, On thy greens to graze be - low.

B
Pro - teus all his herd ad - mit - ting, On thy greens to graze be - low.

BC

6/4 # 6 6 # 6 6/5 # #

168

Vln

Vla

S
Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing,

A
Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing,

T
Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing,

B
Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing,

BC

6 5 6 4 3

172

Vln

Vla

S
Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing.

A
Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing.

T
Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing.

B
Fo - reign lands thy fish - es tast - ing, Learn from thee lux - u - rious feast - ing.

BC

6 6 6 4

Andante

Alto

Tenor

Basse

Continuo

For fold - ed flocks on fruit - ful
 For fold - ed flocks on fruit - ful plains, The

179

A

T

B

BC

plains, The shep - herds' and the farm - ers' gains, The
 shep - herds' and the farm - ers' gains, The shep - herds' and the

6 7 6 7 6 8 7 6

182

A

T

B

BC

Fair Bri - tain all, all, all, all,
 shep - herds' and the farm - ers' gains, Fair Bri - tain all, all, all, all,
 farm - - - ers' gains, Fair Bri - tain all, all, all,

5 6

185

A

T

B

BC

all, all, all the world out - vies. For fold - ed
 all, all, all the world out - vies.
 all, all, all, all the world out - vies. Fair Bri - tain

5/3 7 9/4 8/3 6/4 7 #

188

A
flocks on fruit - ful plains, The shep - herds' and the farm - ers'

T
Fair Bri - tain all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all,

B
all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all,

BC
5 6 6 6 5

191

A
gains, Fair Bri - tain all, all, all, all, all the world out -

T
all the world out - vies, all, all, all, all the world out -

B
all, all the world out - vies, all, all, all, all the world out -

BC
5/2 6 5# 6 7 4 3

194

A
vies; And Pan, as in Ar - ca - dia reigns, And Pan, as in Ar - ca - dia

T
vies. And Pan, as in Ar - ca - dia reigns, And Pan, as in Ar - ca - dia

B
vies. And Pan, as in Ar - ca - dia reigns, And Pan, as in Ar - ca - dia

BC
6 4 4 6 6

198

A
reigns, Where plea - sure mix'd with pro - fit lies.

T
reigns, Where plea - sure mix'd with pro - fit lies;

B
reigns, Where plea - sure mix'd with pro - fit lies.

BC
5 6 6 6/4 5#

A Tho' Ja - son's fleece was fam'd _____ was fam'd of old, The Bri - tish

T Tho' Ja - son's fleece was fam'd _____ was fam'd of old, The Bri - tish wool, _____

B Tho' Ja - son's fleece was fam'd _____ was fam'd of old, The Bri - tish

BC # # 4 # 6

204

A wool, the Bri-tish wool is grow-ing, grow - ing gold. No mines can more, no, no, no,

T - the Bri-tish wool _____ is grow - ing, grow - ing gold. No, no, no, no,

B wool, the Bri-tish wool is grow-ing, grow - ing gold. No, no, no, no,

BC 7 5 # 7 6 6 4 # b

208

A no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no mines can more of wealth sup-ply: It keeps, it

T no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no mines can more, of wealth sup-ply; It keeps, it

B no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no mines can more of wealth sup-ply, It keeps, it

BC b b b 6/4 b 6/4 b 6/4 6

212

A keeps the pea - sant from the cold, And takes, and takes for kings the Ty - rian dye.

T keeps the pea - sant from the cold, And takes, and takes for kings the Ty - rian dye.

B keeps the pea - sant from the cold, And takes, and takes for kings the Ty - rian dye.

BC 6 # 6/4 6 8 7 5 b 5 #

Violon

Viola

Continuo

224

Vln

Vla

BC

233

Vln

Vla

BC

240 VÉNUS

S Fair - est isle, all isles ex - cell - ing, Seat of plea - sures and of loves,

BC

5 6 6 4 13

248

S Ve - nus here will choose her dwell - ing and for - sake her Cy - prian groves.

BC

5 6 6 4 13

256

S Cu - pid, from his fav' - rite na - tion Care and en - vy will re - move;

BC

6/4 6/4

264

S Je - a - lou - sy, that poi - sons pas - sion, And des - pair that dies for love.

BC

6 6 6 6 7 6/4 5/3

272

S Gen - tle mur - murs, sweet com - plain - ing, Sighs that blow the fire of love;

BC

5 6 6 4 13

280

S Soft re - pul - ses, kind dis - dain - ing, Shall be all the pains you prove.

BC

5 6 6 4 13

288

S Ev' - ry swain shall pay his du - ty, Grate - ful ev' - ry nymph shall prove;

BC

6/4 6/4

296

S And as these ex - cel in beau - ty, Those shall be re - nown'd in Love.

BC

6 6 6 6 7 6 6/4 5/3

Dialogue – You say 't is Love creates the pain

NYPHÉ

S *You say, 'tis love cre - ates the pain, Of which so sad - - -*

BC $\frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{6}{5}$

307

S *- ly you com-plain; And yet would fain en-gage my heart In that un - ea - sy cru -*

BC 6 $\frac{6}{5}$

S *- el, cru - - el part. But how, a-las! how, a-las! think you, that*

BC 7 6 4 3 $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{6}{5}$

314

S *I Can bear the wound of which you die? how, a - las!*

BC $\frac{6}{4}$ 7 5 6 7 6

317

S *how, a - las! think you, that I Can bear the wound of which you die?*

BC # b $\frac{6}{4}$ #

320

BERGER

B *'Tis not my pas - sion makes my care But your in - diff - rence gives de - spair: The*

BC $\frac{3}{4}$ 6

328
 B *lus - ty Sun, the lus - ty Sun be - gets no Spring 'Till gen - tle*
 BC

335
 B *show'rs, 'till gen - tle show'rs as - sis - tance bring; So love that scorch - es*
 BC

342
 B *and de - stroys, Till kind - ness aids, till kind - ness aids, can cause no joys.*
 BC

350
 S *NYPHE*
Love has a thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand ways to please,
 BC
 6 7 6 #

354
 S *Love has a thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand ways to*
 BC
 6 7 6

357
 S *please, But more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our*
 BC
 # 6

360
 S *ease; But more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease;*
 BC
 6

364

S *For wake - ful nights, and care - ful days, From hours of plea - -*

BC

368

S *- - - sure he re - pays; But ab - sence*

BC

371

S *soon, or jea - lous fears, O'er - flow_____ the joys, o'er - flow_____ the*

BC

374

S *joys_____ with floods of tears. But ab - sence soon, or jea - lous*

BC

377

S *fears, O'er - flow_____ the joys, o'er - flow_____ the joys_____ with floods of tears.*

BC

381

B **BERGER**
But one soft mo - ment makes a - mends For all the tor - - ment that at -

BC

B *tends, one soft mo - ment makes a - mends For all the tor - - ment that at - tends.*

BC

S *Let us love, let us love and to hap - pi - ness haste, haste,*

B *Let us love, let us love and to hap - pi - ness haste, haste,*

BC

392

S *haste, haste, haste, Let us love, let us love and to hap - pi - ness*

B *haste, haste, haste, Let us love, let us love and to hap - pi - ness*

BC

396

S *haste, haste, haste, haste, haste. Age and wis - dom come too*

B *haste, haste, haste, haste, haste. Age and wis - dom come too*

BC

400

S *fast; Youth for lov - ing was de - sign'd, Youth for lov - ing, youth for*

B *fast; Youth for lov - ing was de - sign'd, Youth for lov - ing*

BC

404

S *lov - ing was de - sign'd. You be cons - tant,*

B *was de - sign'd. I'll be cons - tant, you be kind,*

BC

408

S *I'll be kind, I'll be kind, I'll be kind, kind, I'll, I'll be*

B *I'll be cons - tant, I'll be cons - tant, I'll be cons - tant, I'll be*

BC

412

S *kind. Heav'n can give no grea - - - - - ter*

B *kind. Heav'n can give no grea - - - - - ter bless - ing, no*

BC

416

S *bless - ing Than faith - ful love, and kind, and kind pos - sess - ing, than*

B *grea - - - - - ter bless - ing, Than faith - ful love, and kind, and kind pos -*

BC

420

S *faith - ful love, than faith - ful love, and kind, and kind pos - sess - ing, and*

B *sess - ing, than faith - ful love, and kind, and kind pos - sess - ing, and*

BC

424

S *kind, and kind, and kind pos - sess - ing.*

B *kind, and kind, and kind pos - sess - ing.*

BC

15 4 3

VIOLON
&
TROMPETTE

VIOLA

CONTINUO

432

438

444

Air - St. George, the patron of our Isle

Trompette

Honneur

Continuo

HONNEUR
Saint George Saint George, Saint George

456

Tpt

S

BC

the pa - tron of our isle!

465

Tpt

S

BC

Saint George Saint George, Saint George the

473

Tpt

S

BC

pa - tron of our isle! Saint George, A sol - dier and a saint!

481

Tpt

S

BC

On that, that au - spicious or - der smile, On

488

Tpt

S

BC

that, that au - spicious or - der smile, Which love and arms will plant.

495

Tpt

S

BC

Saint George, Saint George! Saint

503

Tpt

S

BC

George, Saint George the pa - tron of our isle, On that, that au -

510

Tpt

S
spi-cious or - der smile _____ Which love and arms will plant, On this, this au -

BC

516

Tpt

S
spi-cious or - der smile _____ Which love and arms _____

BC

522

Tpt

S
_____ will plant, On this, this au - spi-cious or - der smile _____ Which

BC

528

Tpt

S
love and arms _____ will plant.

BC

534

Tpt

S

BC

541

Tpt

S

BC

Chœur – Our natives not alone appear

Trompette

Violon

Viola

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Basse

Continuo

Our na - tives not a - lone ap - pear To court this mar - tial prize; But

Our na - tives not a - lone ap - pear To court this mar - tial prize; But

Our na - tives not a - lone ap - pear To court this mar - tial prize; But

Our na - tives not a - lone ap - pear To court this mar - tial prize; But

6 6 6 6 3

5 5 4 3

552

Tpt

Vln

Vla

S
fo - reign kings a - dopt - ed here Their crowns at home des - pise. Our sov' - reign high,

A
fo - reign kings a - dopt - ed here Their crowns at home des - pise. Our sov' - reign

T
fo - reign kings a - dopt - ed here Their crowns at home des - pise. Our sov' - reign

B
fo - reign kings a - dopt - ed here Their crowns at home des - pise. Our sov' - reign

BC

6 6 7 6 5
5 4 3 #

557

Tpt

Vln

Vla

S
our sov' - reign high in aw - ful state His hou - nours shall be - stow; And

A
high, our sov' - reign high in aw - ful state His hou - nours shall be - stow;

T
high, our sov' - reign high in aw - ful state His hou - nours shall be - stow; And see his

B
high, our sov' - reign high in aw - ful state His hou - nours shall be - stow;

BC

6 6 5 6
2

Tpt

Vln

Vla

S
see his scep - tred sub - jects wait On his com - mands be - low, and see, And

A
And see his scep - tred sub - jects wait On his com - mands, And

T
scep - tred sub - jects wait On his com - mands be - low, On his com - mands, And

B
And see his scep - tred sub - jects wait, And

BC

6 # 6

Tpt

Vln

Vla

S
see his scep - tred sub - jects wait On his com - mands be - low.

A
see his scep - tred sub - jects wait On his com - mands be - low.

T
see his scep - tred sub - jects wait On his com - mands be - low.

B
see his scep - tred sub - jects wait On his com - mands be - low.

BC

La grande danse

Violon

Viola

Continuo

6 6 7 6 7 6 9 8 6 5 3

577

Vln

Vla

BC

6 7 6 7 6 6 9 8 7 3

585

Vln

Vla

BC

4/2 4+ 6 7 6 6 9 6 5 4 7 3

594

Vln

Vla

BC

601

Vln

Vla

BC

6 7 6 7 6 5 6 5 6 5 3 4 3

609

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6 6 5 6 6 6

618

Vln

Vla

BC

6 6 5 5 6 4 3

625

Vln

Vla

BC

634

Vln

Vla

BC

5 6 5 6 5 6 6 6 7

642

Vln

Vla

BC

6 5 6 6 6 6 3 5 4 3

650

Vln

Vla

BC

6 7 6 6 6 4 4

658

Vln

Vla

BC

5 6 7 6 5 6 6 5 6 7 4 4

666

Vln

Vla

BC

4+
2

6

6
5

9 8 7
5

674

Vln

Vla

BC

6

5

6
4

5
3

6
4

5
4

7
6

6
5

5
4

682

Vln

Vla

BC

6

5 6

5 6

6

6

6
5

6
4

5
3

689

Vln

Vla

BC

6

7

6

7

6

6

6
5

6
5

5
4

3

Annexe

Ouverture

Maestoso

Trompette

Violon

Viola

Continuo

The first system of the score covers measures 1 to 3. The Trompette and Violon parts have rests in the first measure. The Viola part has a rest in the first measure. The Continuo part plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the first measure. In the second measure, the Trompette and Violon parts play a melodic line, while the Viola part has a rest. The Continuo part has a rest in the second measure. In the third measure, the Trompette and Violon parts have rests, while the Viola part plays a melodic line. The Continuo part plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the third measure.

4

Tpt

Vln

Vla

BC

The second system of the score covers measures 4 to 6. The Tpt part plays a melodic line in the first measure. The Vln part has a rest in the first measure. The Vla part has a rest in the first measure. The BC part has a rest in the first measure. In the second measure, the Tpt part has a rest, while the Vln part plays a melodic line. The Vla part has a rest in the second measure. The BC part has a rest in the second measure. In the third measure, the Tpt part has a rest, while the Vln part plays a melodic line. The Vla part plays a melodic line. The BC part has a rest in the third measure. In the fourth measure, the Tpt part has a rest, while the Vln part plays a melodic line. The Vla part has a rest in the fourth measure. The BC part plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the fourth measure.

8

Tpt

Vln

Vla

BC

6

11

Tpt

Vln

Vla

BC

6 5 3
4

14

Tpt

Vln

Vla

BC

6 7 6 6 7 7 6 6

Detailed description: This system contains measures 14 through 17. The Tpt part has a melodic line with some rests. The Vln and Vla parts have more active lines with eighth and sixteenth notes. The BC part features a bass line with a complex fingering pattern indicated by numbers 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6, 6 below the staff.

18

Tpt

Vln

Vla

BC

7 6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3 6/4 7/5 6/4 5 3

Detailed description: This system contains measures 18 through 21. The Tpt part has a melodic line with some rests. The Vln and Vla parts have more active lines with eighth and sixteenth notes. The BC part features a bass line with a complex fingering pattern indicated by numbers 7, 6/4, 5/3, 6/4, 5/3, 6/4, 7/5, 6/4, 5, 3 below the staff.

Allegro

Tpt

Vln

Vla

BC

5 6 7 7 5

Tpt

Vln

Vla

BC

5 5 # 7 6

38

Tpt

Vln

Vla

BC

4/2 6/5

46

Tpt

Vln

Vla

BC

Notes éditoriales

Acte premier

Solo & chœur – I call you all to Woden's hall
Troisième prêtre Saxon – paroles

I call *you* all... Where *ye* shall laugh

I call *ye* all... Where *you* shall laugh

Solo & chœur – Come, if you dare
Second prêtre Saxon & Chœur – paroles

Then return to our lasses...

We return to our lasses...

Acte deux

Solo & chœur – Hither, this way bend
Philidel – mesures 46, 51



Solo – Let not a moon-born elf
Grimbald – paroles

Follow the flames that wave before *thee*:

Follow the flames that wave before *ye*:

Solo & chœur – How blessed are shepherds
Tenor – mesure 281



Tutti – paroles

Let not youth fly away without *consenting*;

Let not youth fly away without *contenting*;

Duo – Shepherd, shepherd, leave decoying
Tutti – paroles

Pipes are sweet, *on* Summer's day; ...
... Set *your* marks that cannot write;

Pipes are sweet, *a* Summer's day; ...
... Set *their* marks that cannot write;

Acte trois

Chœur – See, we assemble
Tenor – mesure 193



Acte quatre

Duo – Two daughters of this aged stream
Tutti – paroles

And both our sea green locks have comb'd for *ye*.

And both our sea green locks have comb'd for *thee*.

Passacaille – *Solo & chœur* – How happy the lover
Alto – mesures 125, 129



Passacaille – *Solo & chœur* – How happy the lover
attribué à Soprano

attribué à Tenor

Passacaille – *Solo & chœur* – How happy the lover
Tutti – paroles

Then use the *sweet* blessing,
Whilst now in possessing.

Then use the *short* blessing,
That flies in possessing.

Acte cinq

Duo & chœur – Round thy coasts
Tutti – paroles

Learn from thee luxurious *feasting*.

Learn from thee luxurious *fasting*.

Duo & chœur – Round thy coasts
Tutti – paroles

For folded flocks *or* fruitful plains,

For folded flocks *on* fruitful plains,

Air – Fairest Isle, all isles excelling
Violon I – mesure 219



Vénus – mesures 243, 251, 275, 283



Vénus – paroles

Those shall be re -- nown'd *in* Love.

Those shall be re -- nown'd *for* Love.

Air – St. George, the patron of our Isle
Honneur – paroles

On *this* auspicious order smile

On *that* auspicious order smile