ARTAXERXES,

an Opera,

Composed by

Dr. THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE,

Arranged by

Dr. John Clarke.

Entd. at Sta. Hall.

Price £1,6,0.

LONDON,

Printed & Sold by Birchall & Co. 133, New Bond Street.

DAMES

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Allen A. Brown
Aug 11, 1894

PREFACE.

IN offering the following adaptation of Artaxerxes to the Public, I have been chiefly actuated by the desire of rendering the performance of it practicable to those who have not made the scientific part of Music their peculiar study. At all events, I shall enjoy the gratification of having been tributary to the memory of one who, in the versatility of his genius, the graceful simplicity of his Melodies, the unsophisticated progression of his Harmonies, and the number of his Compositions, may be allowed the envied distinction of ranking next to HENRY PURCELL.

In justice to the memory of those who first stampt celebrity on the vocal parts by their performance of them, I have inserted their names, in the Index, to each Song and Duet.

As the effect of a Musical Composition is always diminished, and sometimes destroyed, by transposition, I have written all the Songs, &c. in their original Keys, excepting "In infancy our hopes and fears," which, in modern times, it would be found rather difficult for any Gentleman to sing in the Key of C. In the other Songs, where the Melodies run either too high or too low for the generality of Singers, I have, for their accommodation, added small Notes (corresponding with the Harmonies) to those of the Text; which may be adopted or rejected at their pleasure.

On comparing my adaptation with the Score, it will appear that I have taken no liberties but with the *rapid violin passages;* and then only, if liberties they may be called, by changing the position of a very few Chords, or Notes, in order to render the execution of them less embarrassing to the Accompanist, without the slightest deviation from the original Harmonies, or, I trust, lessening the effect intended to be produced by the Composer.

JOHN CLARKE WHITFELD.

Hereford, April 28, 1821.

Artaxerxes was first performed at Covent-Garden Theatre in 1763; revived there in 1787, the part of Mandane by Mrs. Billington; and at the Crow-Street Theatre, Dublin, in 1795, or 1796, the part of Mandane by the unrivalled MARA.—*(Editor's Note).*

A

BRIEF MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE OF ARNE.

EXTRACTED FROM BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

ge 659.
l. IV.

"THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE was the son of Arne, the celebrated Upholsterer, of King-street, Covent-garden, at whose house the Indian Kings lodged in the reign of Queen Anne, as mentioned in the Spectator, No. 50.

"Arne had a good school education, having been sent to Eton by his father, who intended him for the Law. But I have been assured by several of his school-fellows, that his love for Music operated upon him too powerfully, even while he was at Eton, for his own peace or that of his companions; for with a miserable cracked common flute, he used to torment them night and day, when not obliged to attend the school. And he told me himself, that when he left Eton, such was his passion for Music, that he used to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery, and going into the upper gallery of the Opera, which was appropriated to domestics. At home he had contrived to secrete a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he used to practise in the night, while the rest of the family were asleep; for had his father discovered how he spent his time, he would, probably, have thrown the instrument out of the window, if not the player. This young votary of Apollo was at length obliged to serve a three-years' clerkship to the Law, without ever intending to make it his profession; but even during this servitude, he dedicated every moment he could obtain fairly, or otherwise, to the study of Music. Besides practising on the spinet and studying composition by himself, he contrived, during his clerkship, to acquire some instructions on the violin, of Festing, upon which instrument he had made so considerable a progress, that soon after he had quitted his *legal* master, his father accidentally calling at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood upon business, found him engaged with company; but sending in his name, he was invited up stairs, where there was a large company, and a concert, in which, to his great astonishment, he caught his son in the very act of playing the first fiddle!

"Finding him more admired for his musical talents than knowledge in the law, he was soon prevailed upon to forgive his unruly passion, and to let him try to turn it to some account. No sooner was the young musician able to practise aloud in his father's house, than he bewitched the whole family. In discovering that his sister was not only fond of music, but had a very sweet-toned and touching voice, he gave her such instructions as soon enabled her to sing for Lampe, in his Opera of *Amelia*: and finding her so well received in that performance, he soon prepared a new character

for her, by setting Addison's Opera of *Rosamond*, in which he employed his younger brother likewise, in the character of the Page. This Musical Drama was first performed March 7th, 1733, at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where Mrs. Barbier performed the part of the King; Leveridge, Sir Trusty; Page, Master Arne, who had never appeared in public; Messenger, Mr. Corfe; Queen, Mrs. Jones; Grideline, Miss Chambers; and the part of Rosamond by Mrs. Arne. The Opera was performed ten nights successively, and with great applause; the last time, for the benefit of Mr. Arne, jun., the Composer. Having succeeded so well in a serious Opera, our young musician tried his powers at a Burletta, and fixed upon Fielding's *Tom Thumb* for that purpose, which, under the title of *Tragedy of Tragedies*, having met with great success in 1731, he now got it transformed into the *Opera of Operas*, and setting it to music, "after the Italian manner," had it performed May 31st, at the New Theatre in the Haymarket; the part of Tom Thumb by Master Arne, his brother. Princess Amelia and the Duke of Cumberland honoured the second representation with their presence; the Prince of Wales the sixth; the youngest Princesses the eighth; and afterwards it had a considerable run.

Page 659. "In 1738, Arne established his reputation as a Lyric Composer, by the admirable manner in which he set Milton's *Comus*. In this Masque he introduced a light, airy, original, and pleasing melody, wholly different from that of Purcell or Handel, whom all English Composers had hitherto either pillaged or imitated. Indeed, the melody of Arne at this time, and of his Vauxhall Songs afterwards, forms an æra in English Music; it was so easy, natural, and agreeable to the whole kingdom, that it had an effect upon our national taste; and till a more modern Italian style was introduced in the pasticcio English Operas of Messrs. Bickerstaff and Cumberland, it was the standard of all perfection at our theatres, and public gardens.

Page 663. "Mr. Arne, afterwards Dr. Arne, on his return from Ireland, in autumn 1744, was engaged as Composer to Drury-Lane playhouse.

Page 667. "Dr. Greene was now at the head of our Cathedral Music and the King's band, and Mr. Arne and Mr. Boyce were frequently concurrents at the theatres, and in each other's way, particularly at Drury-Lane. Arne was aspiring, and always regarded Handel as a tyrant and usurper, against whom he frequently rebelled, but with as little effect as Marsyas against Apollo. The late Mr. Tyers, proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, who by his taste in laying them out, paintings of Hayman, band of music, good wines, and cold collations, had attracted much company thither, and rendered it a favourite and delightful place of public amusement in fine weather; in the summer of 1745, added, for the first time, vocal to his instrumental performances; engaging Mrs. Arne, Messrs. Lowe and the elder Reinhold, to sing. On this occasion the orchestra was enlarged, and Mr. Arne's ballads, dialogues, duets, and trios, were performed here with great applause, and circulated all over the kingdom. During this first summer, his little dialogue of Colin and Phœbe, written by the late Mr. Moore, author of Fables for the Female Sex, was constantly *encored* every night for more than three months successively.

Page 673. "In 1762, Arne quitted the former style of melody, in which he had so well set *Comus*, and furnished Vauxhall and the whole kingdom with such Songs as had improved and polished our national taste; and when he set the bald translation of Metastasio's Opera of *Artaserses*, he crouded the airs, particularly in the part of Mandane, for Miss Brent, with all the Italian divisions and difficulties which had ever been heard at the opera. This drama, by the novelty of the music to English ears, with the talents of Tenducci, Peretti, and the Doctor's scholar Miss Brent,

had very great success; and still continues to be represented whenever singers can be found who are possessed of sufficient abilities for its performance. But in setting *Artaxerxes*, though the melody is less original than that of *Comus*, Arne had the merit of first adapting many of the best passages of Italy, which all Europe admired, to our own language, and of incorporating them with his own property, and with what was still in favour of former English Composers.

" The general melody of our countryman, if analyzed, would perhaps appear to be neither Italian nor English, but an agreeable mixture of Italian, English, and Scots. Many of his ballads, indeed, were professed imitations of the Scots style; but in his other songs he frequently dropped into it, perhaps without design. Arne was never a close imitator of Handel, nor thought, by the votaries of that great musician, to be a sound contrapuntist. However, he had an inward and secret reverence for his abilities, and for those of Geminiani, as well as for the science of Pepusch; but except when he attempted Oratorios, theirs was not the merit requisite for him, a popular composer who had different performers and different hearers to write for. In the science of Harmony, though he was chiefly self-taught, yet being a man of genius, quick parts, and great penetration in his art, he betrayed no ignorance or want of study in his scores. The Oratorios he produced were so unfortunate, that he was always a loser whenever they were performed. And yet it would be unjust to say that they did not merit a better fate; for though the Chorusses were much inferior in force to those of Handel, yet the Airs were frequently admirable. But besides the great reputation of Handel, with whom he had to contend, Arne never was able to have his music so well performed, as his competitor had always a numerous and select band, a better organ, which he played himself, and better singers.

" None of this ingenious and pleasing Composer's capital productions had full and unequivocal success but *Comus* and *Artaxerxes*, at the distance of 24 years from each other. Rosamond, his first musical drama, had a few songs in it that were long in favour; and the *Judgment of Paris* many; but except when his sister, Miss Arne, afterwards Mrs. Cibber, sung in them, he never gained any thing by either. *Thomas and Sally*, indeed, as a Farce, with very little musical merit, was often acted; and previous to that, Eliza was a little while in favour; but the number of his unfortunate pieces for the Stage was prodigious (The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, Fall of Phæton, King Pepin's Campaign, Don Saverio, Temple of Dulness, Guardian Outwitted, Achilles in Petticoats, &c. &c.); yet none of them were condemned or neglected for want of merit in the music, but words, of which the Doctor was too frequently guilty of being the author. Upon the whole, though this Composer, who died March 5, 1778, had formed a new style of his own, there did not appear that fertility of ideas, original grandeur of thought, or those resources upon all occasions which are discoverable in the works of his predecessor, Purcell, both for the church and stage; yet, in secular music, he must be allowed to have surpassed him in ease, grace, and variety; which is no inconsiderable praise, when it is remembered that, from the death of Purcell to that of Arne, a period of more than four score years, no candidate for musical fame among our countrymen had appeared, who was equally admired by the nation at large.

" Of near a hundred and fifty Musical Pieces that have been brought on the Stage at our two National Theatres within these forty years, thirty of them, at least, were set by Arne."

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B. M'Millan, Printer,
Bow Street, Covent-Garden.

Overture

to the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

Dr ARNE,

Arranged by Dr John Clarke.

Price 2s

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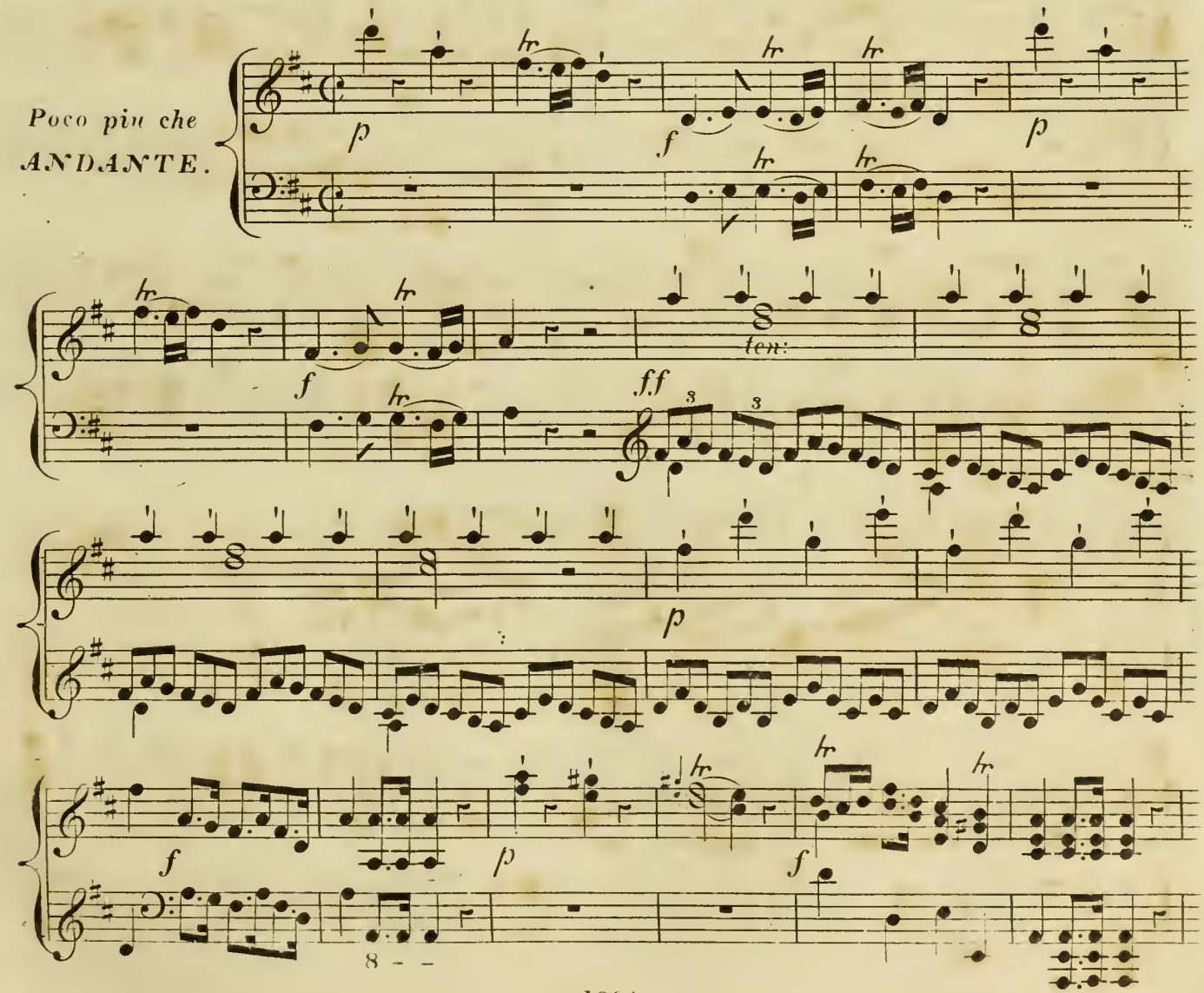

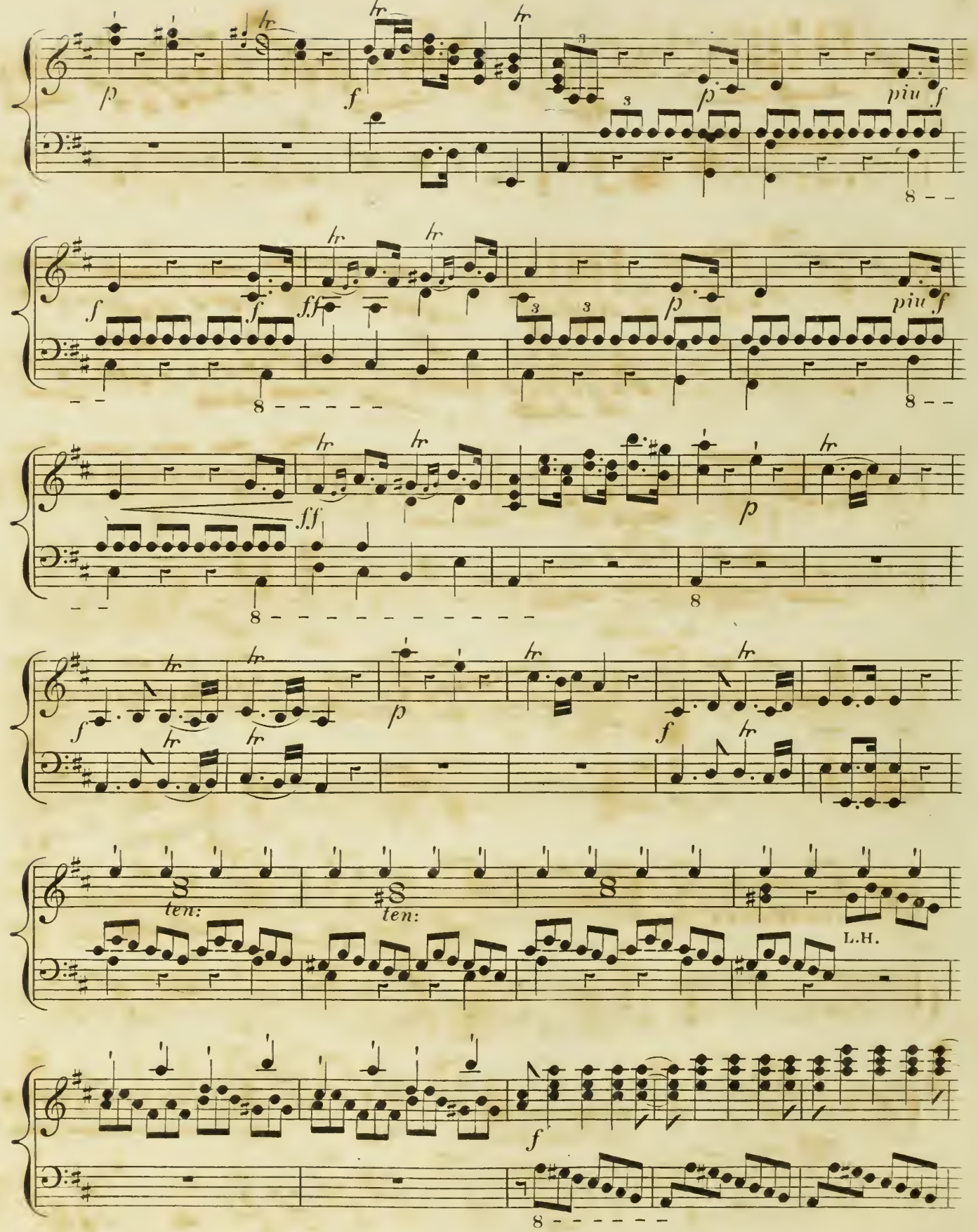
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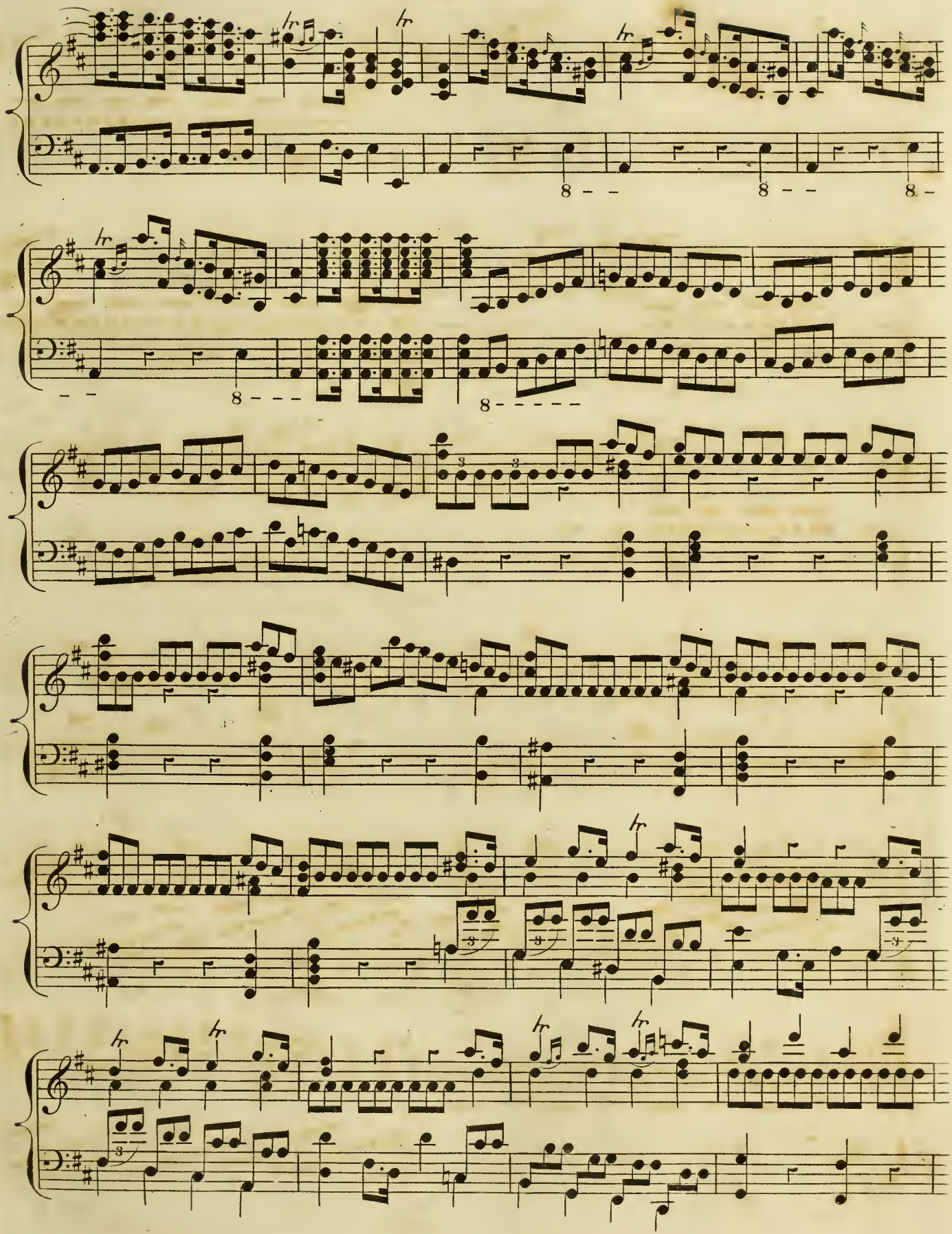

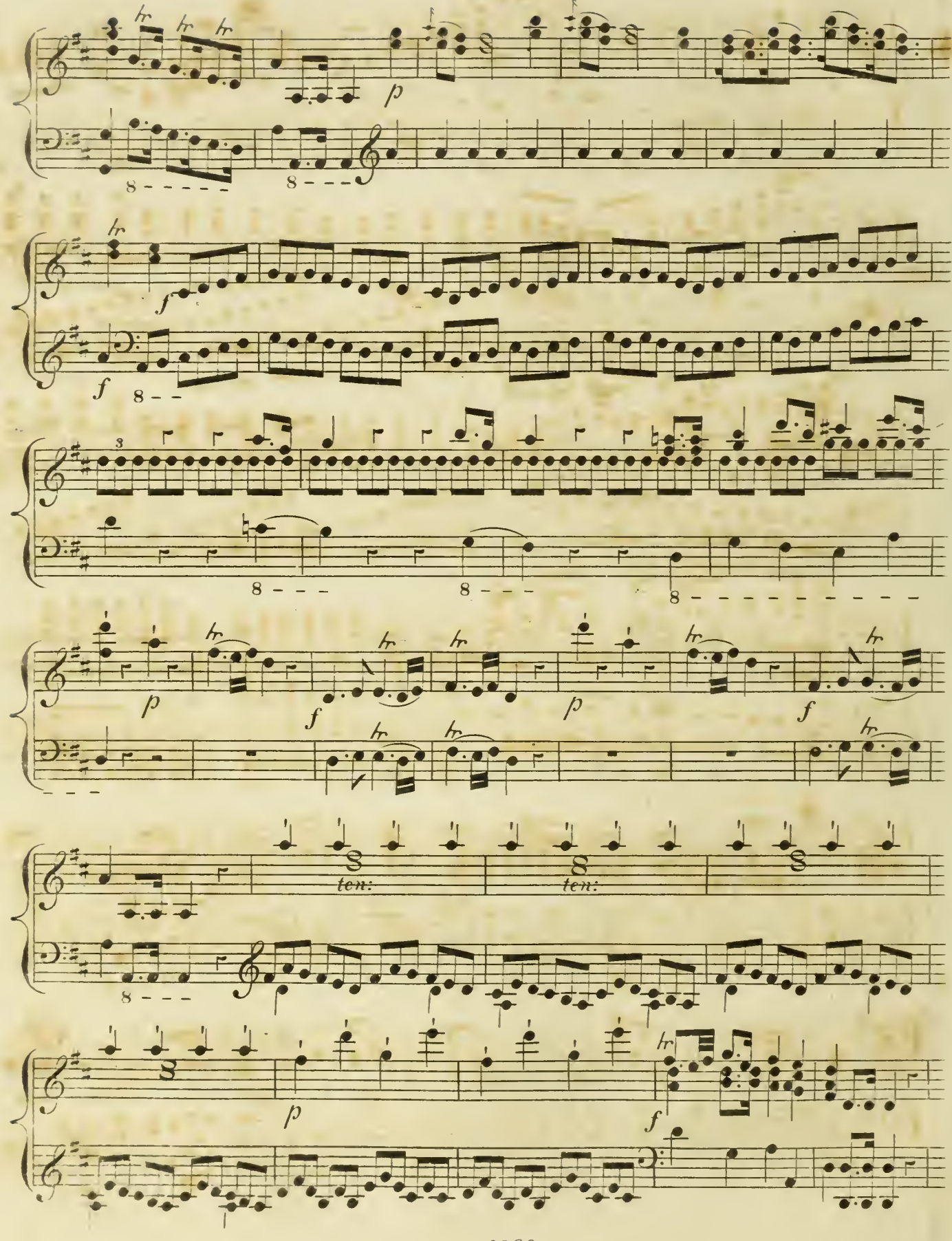
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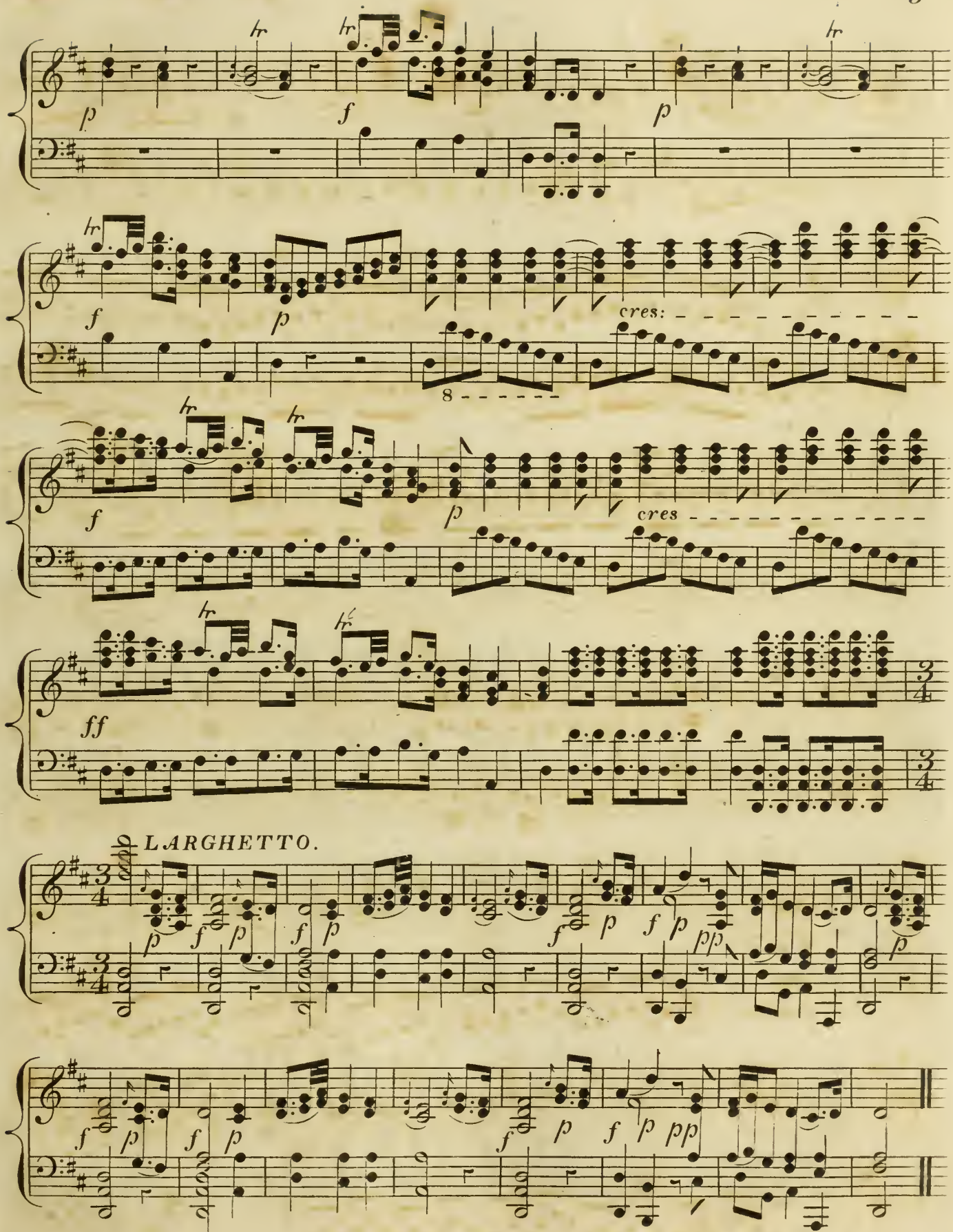
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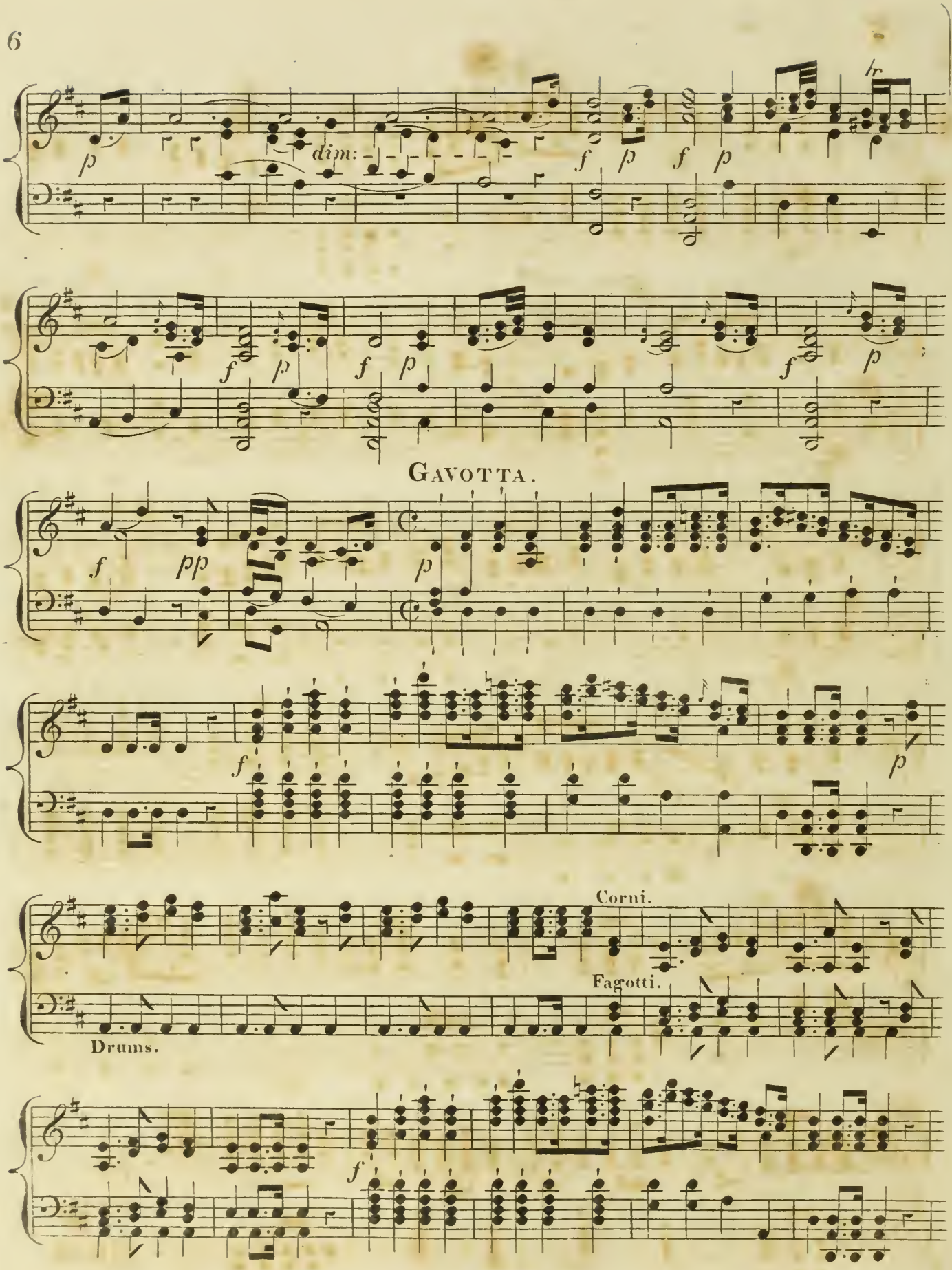
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Fagotti.
Drums.
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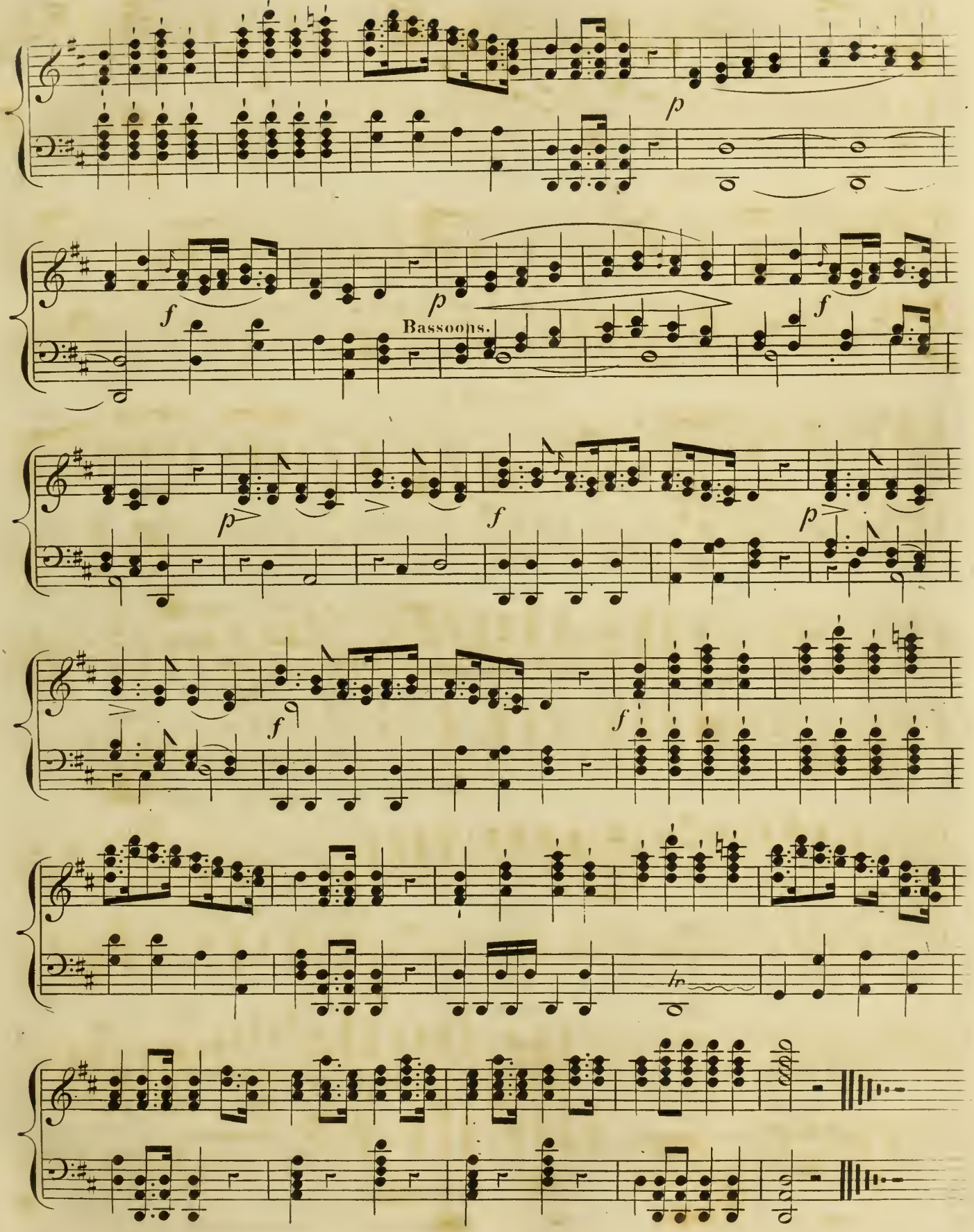
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Bassoons.
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lv

Fair Aurora further stay,

DUET, in the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

D.r ARNE,

Arranged by D.r John Clarke.

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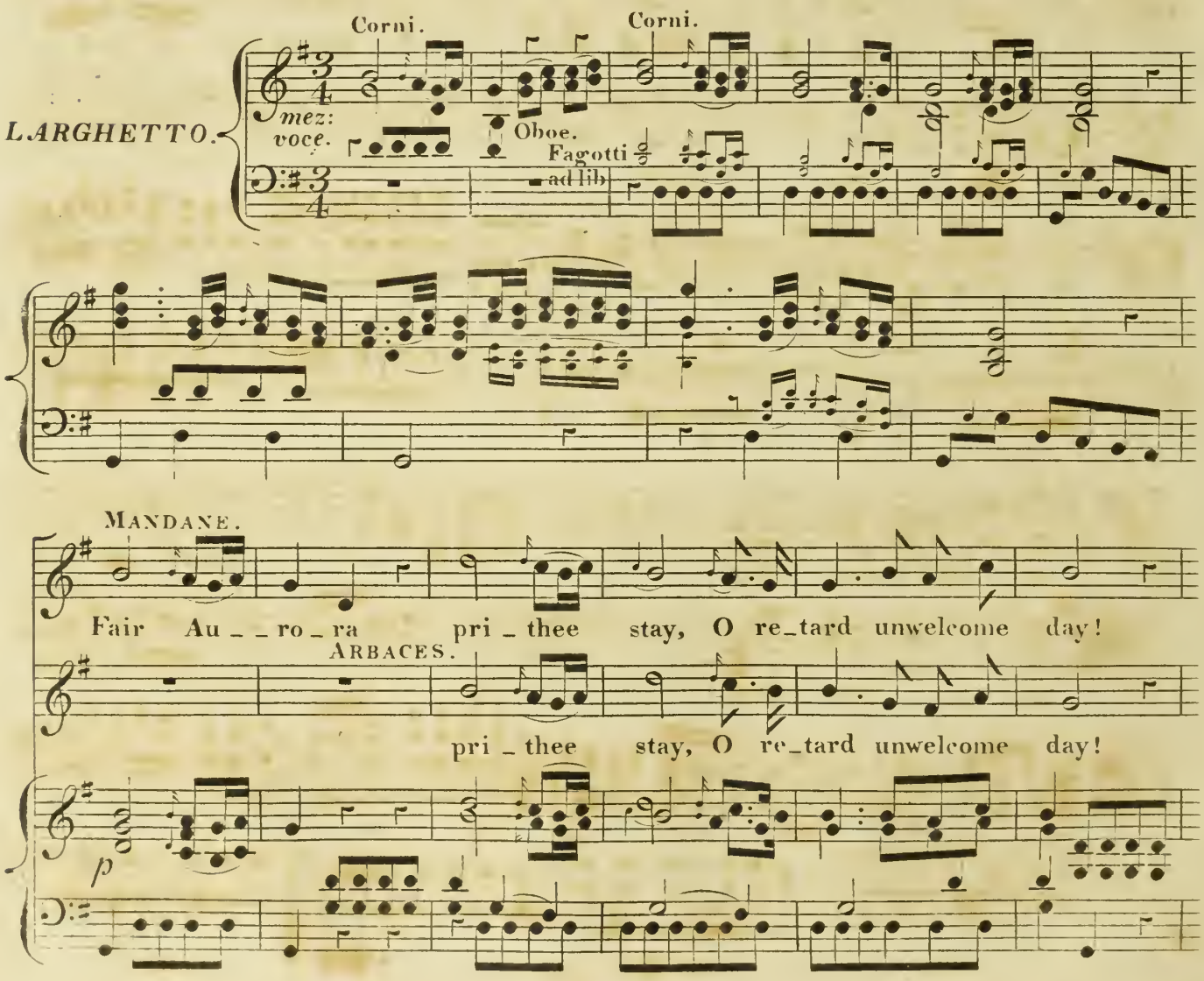

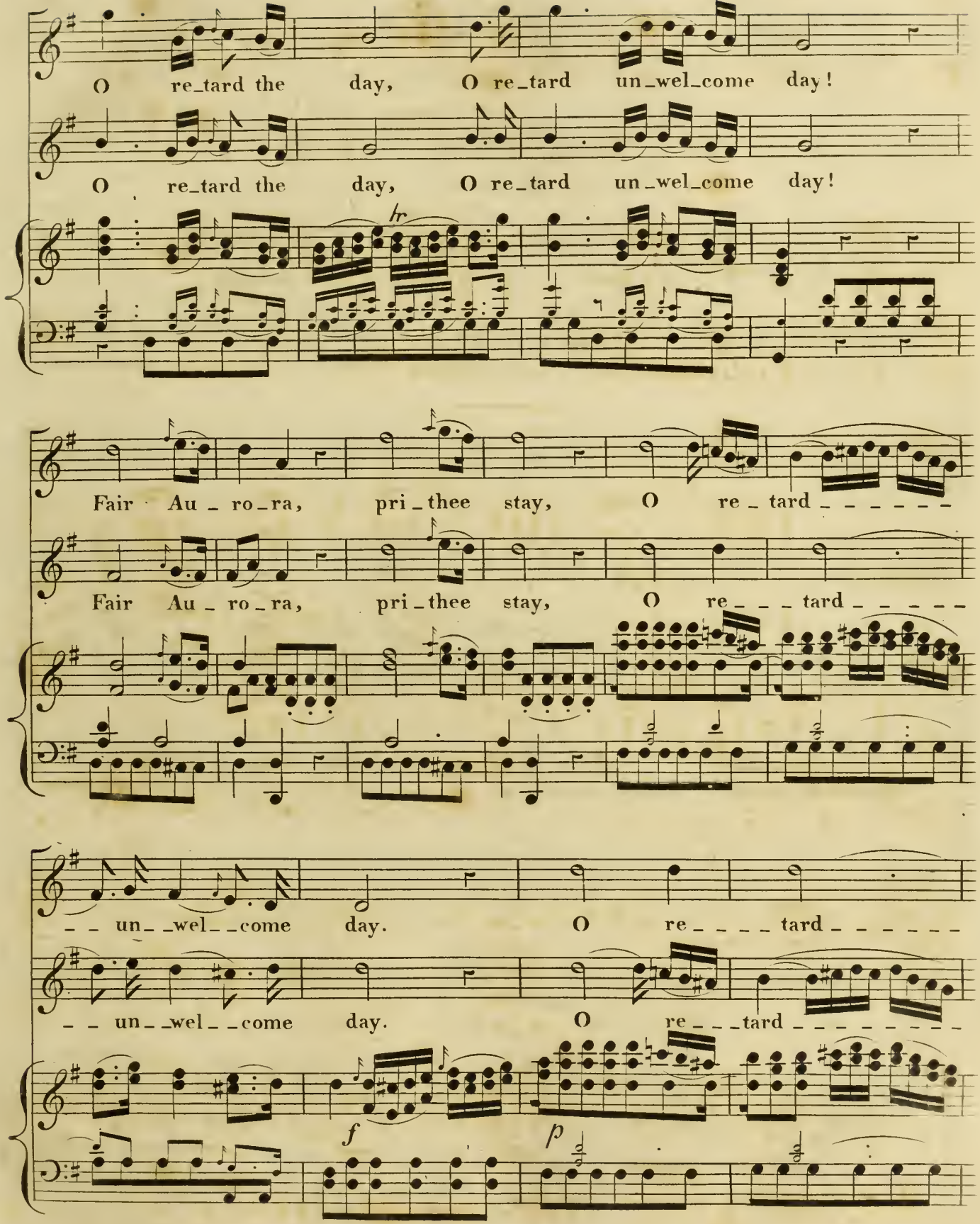
O re_tard the day, O re_tard un_wel_come day!
O re_tard the day, O re_tard un_wel_come day!
hr
Fair Au_ro_ra, pri_thee stay, O re_tard
Fair Au_ro_ra, pri_thee stay, O re_tard
un_wel_come day. O re_tard
un_wel_come day. O re_tard
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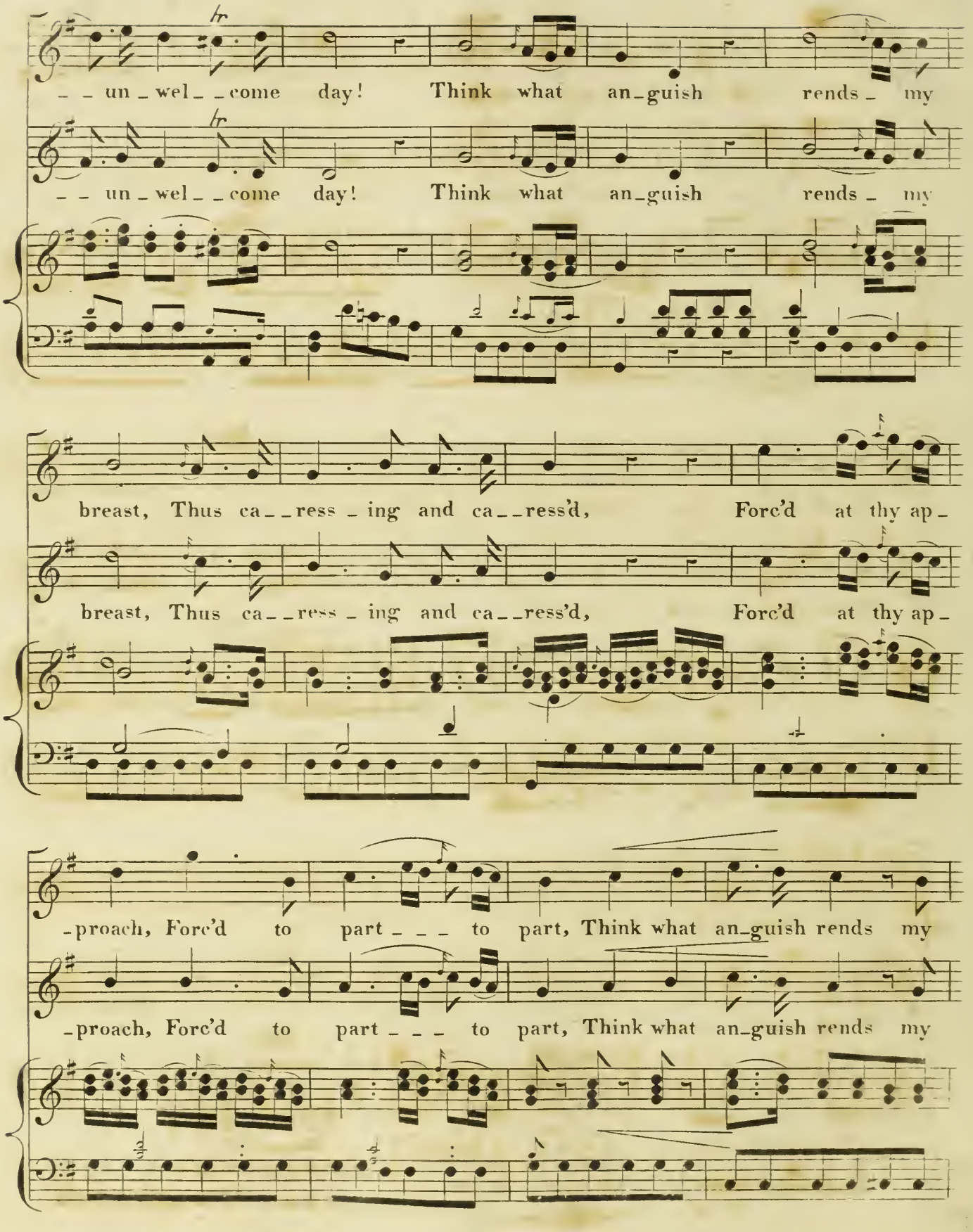
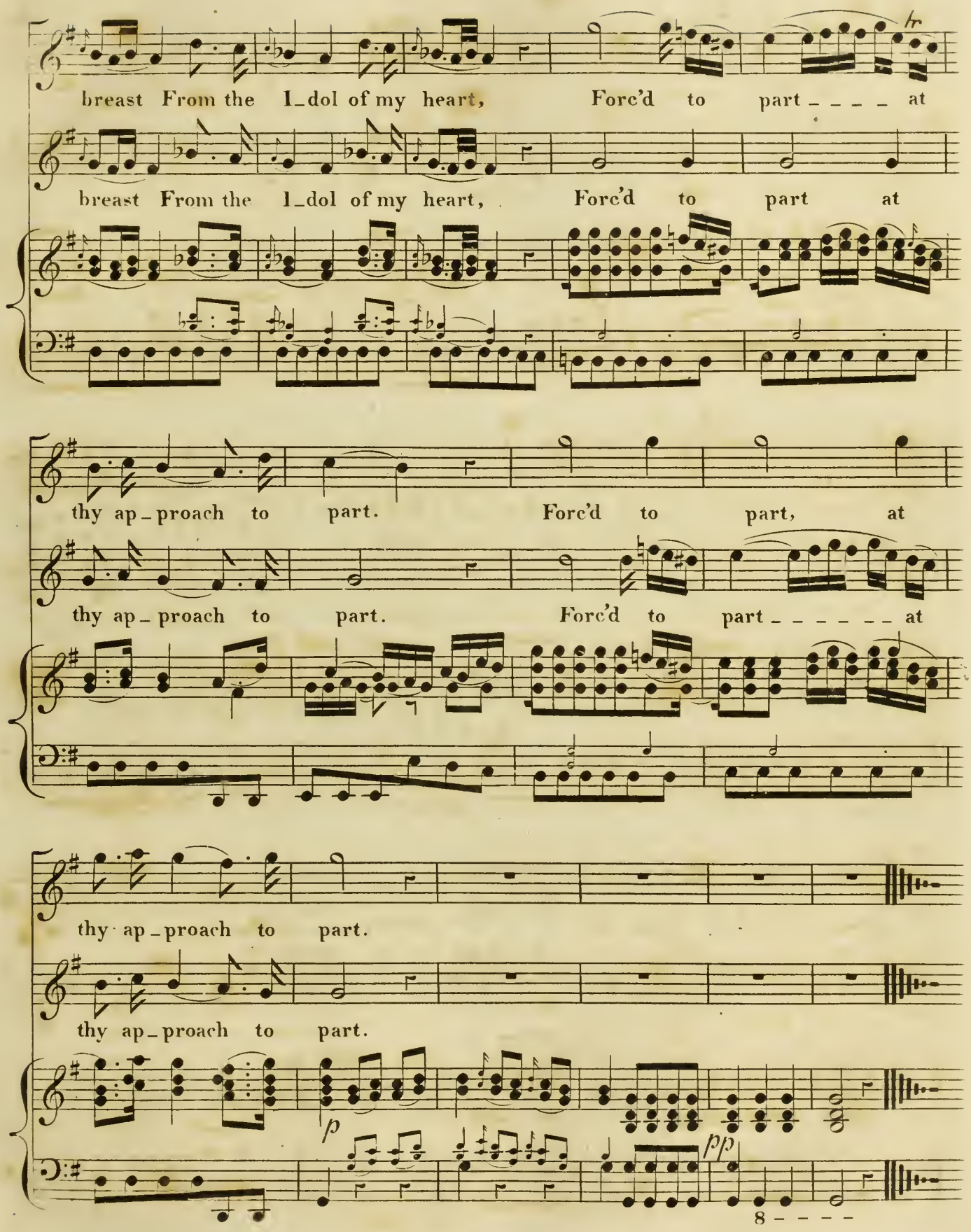

– – un – wel – – come day! Think what an–guish rends – my
– – un – wel – – come day! Think what an–guish rends – my
breast, Thus ca – – ress – ing and ca – – ress'd, Forc'd at thy ap –
breast, Thus ca – – ress – ing and ca – – ress'd, Forc'd at thy ap –
–proach, Forc'd to part – – – to part, Think what an–guish rends my
–proach, Forc'd to part – – – to part, Think what an–guish rends my


breast From the I_dol of my heart, Forc'd to part_ _ _ _ at
breast From the I_dol of my heart, Forc'd to part at
thy ap_proach to part. Forc'd to part, at
thy ap_proach to part. Forc'd to part_ _ _ _ _ _ at
thy ap_proach to part.
thy ap_proach to part.
p
pp
8_ _ _ _

Adieu thou lovely youth,

AIR, in the Opera of

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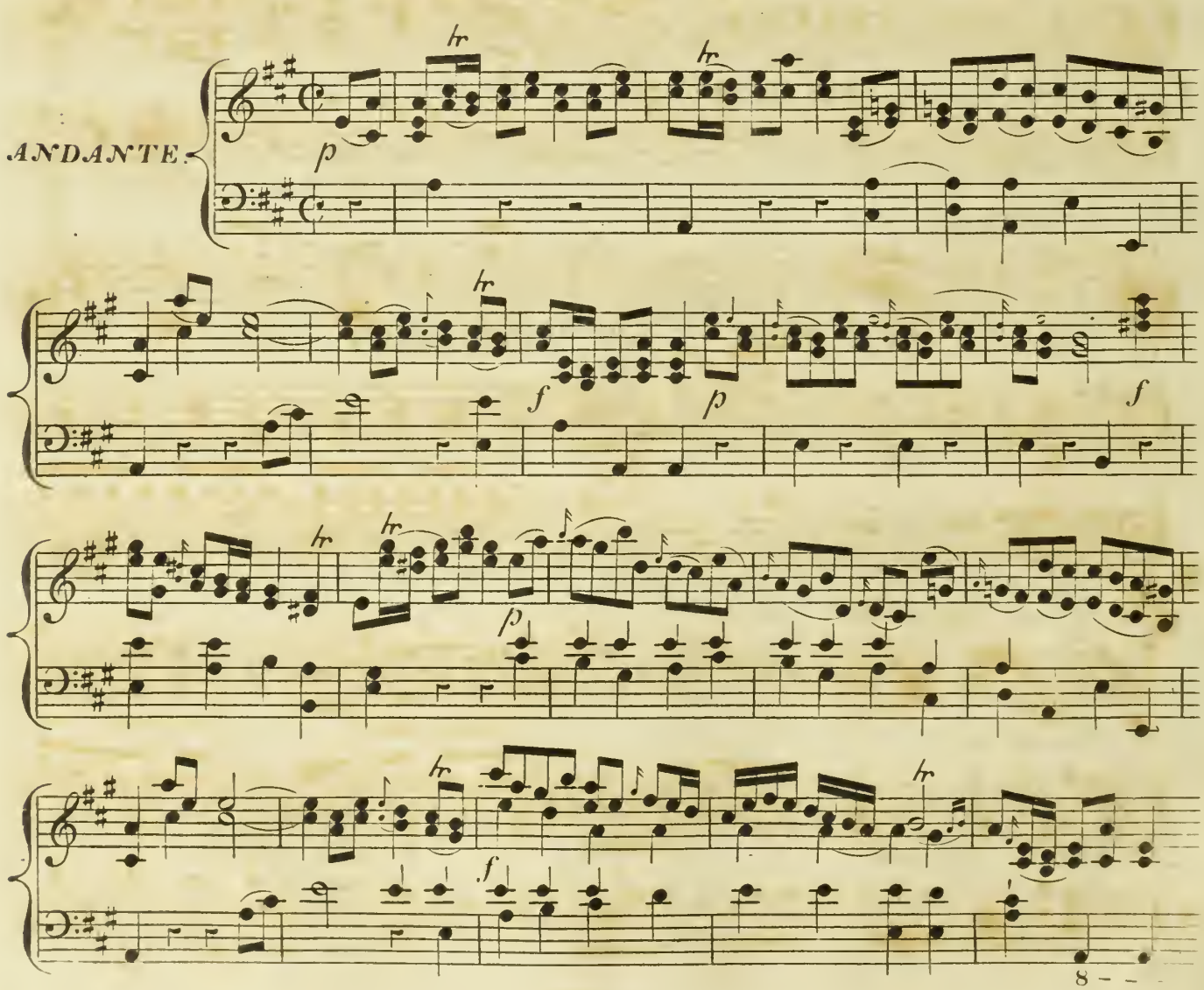
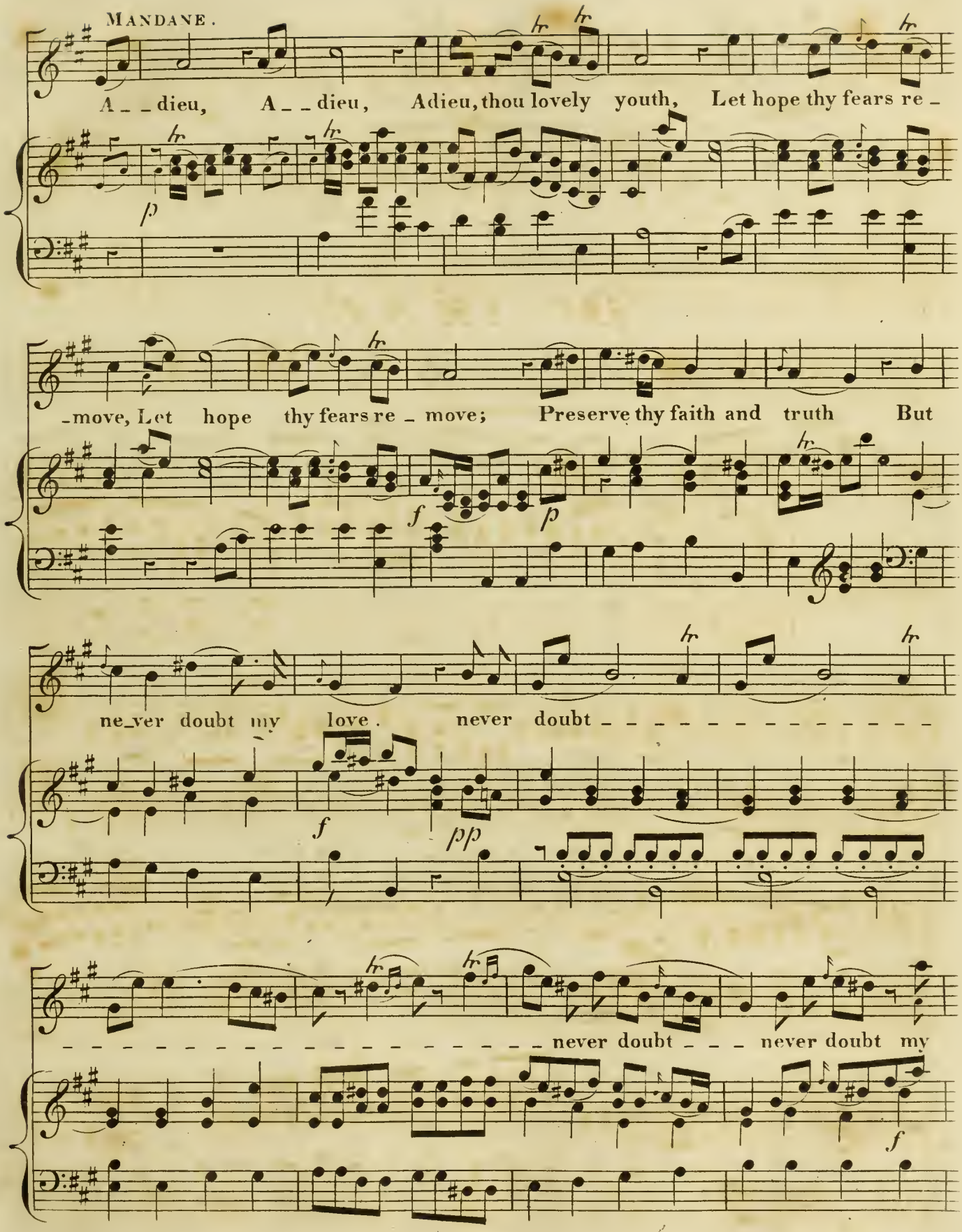
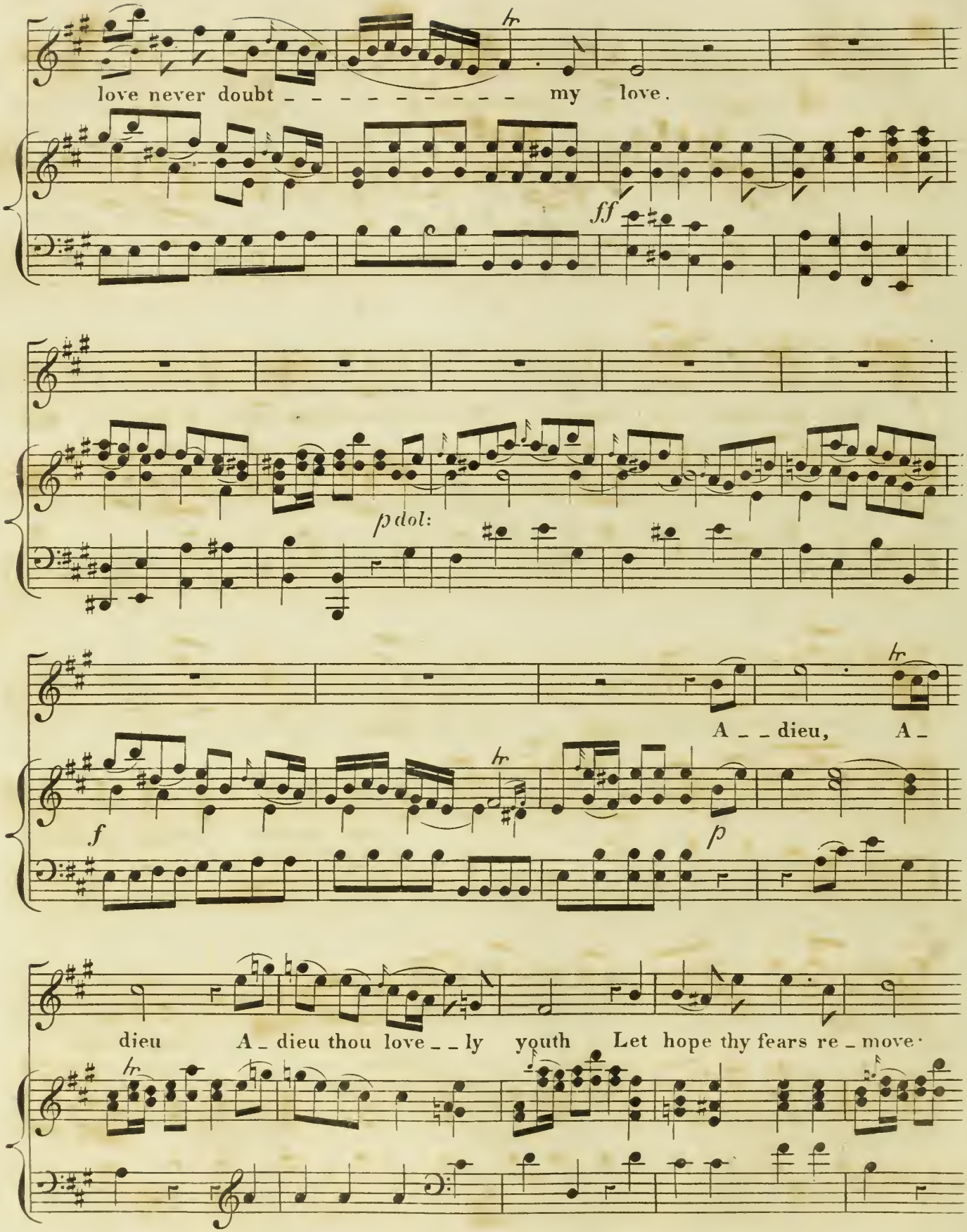



MANDANE.
A_ _dieu, A_ _dieu, Adieu, thou lovely youth, Let hope thy fears re_
move, Let hope thy fears re move; Preserve thy faith and truth But
ne_ver doubt my love. never doubt _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
never doubt _ _ _ never doubt my


love never doubt _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ my love.
ff
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A _ _ dieu, A _
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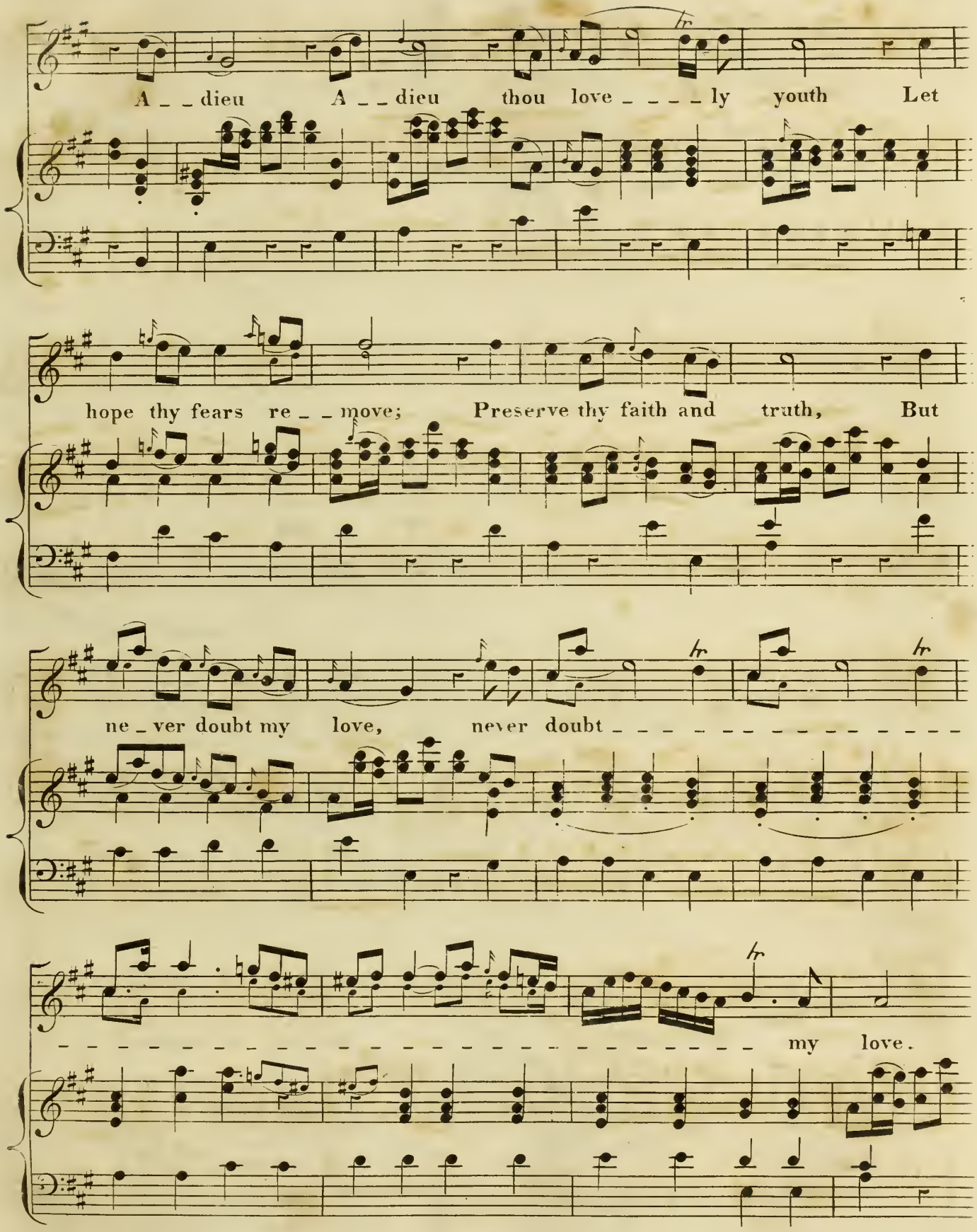
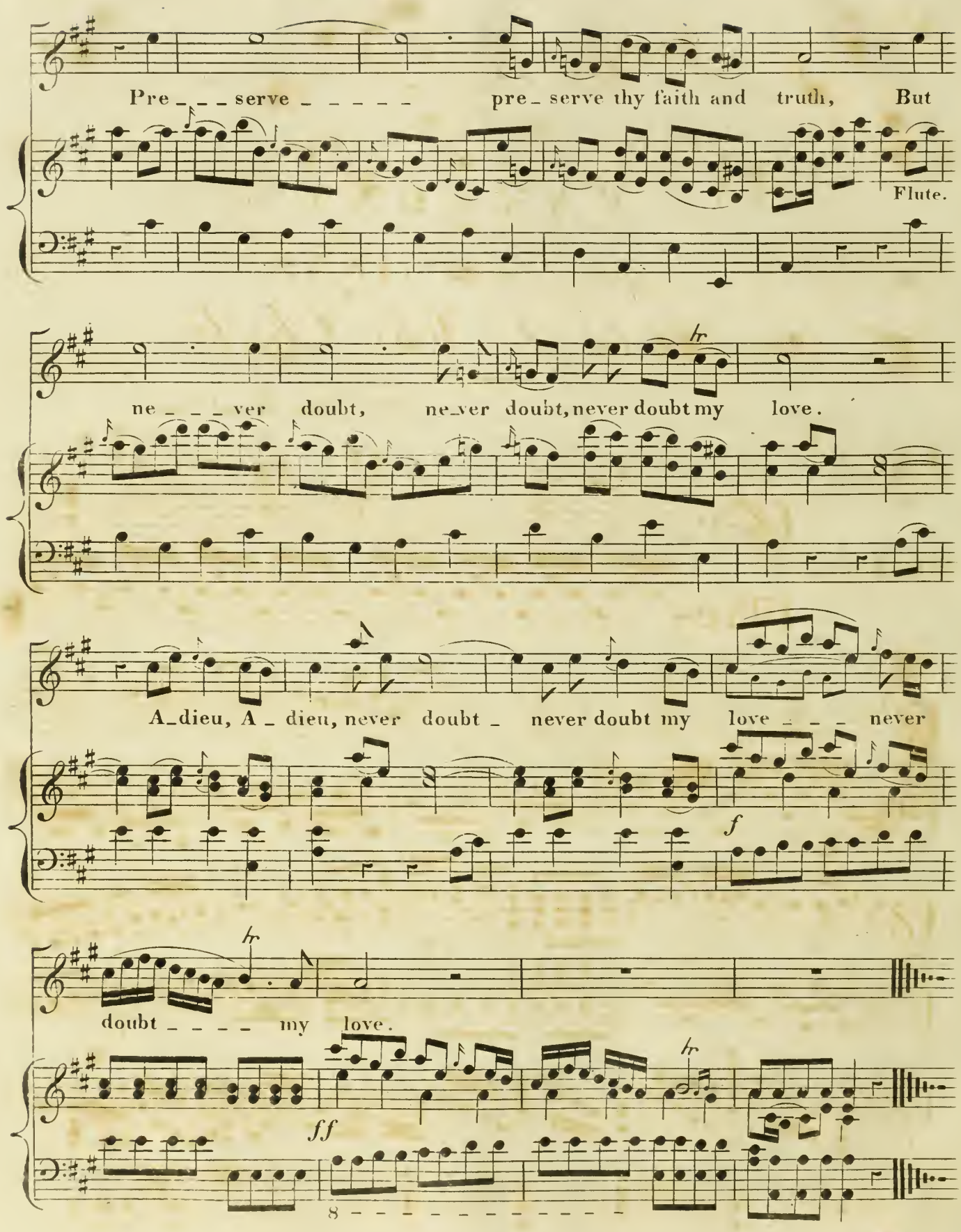
dieu A _ dieu thou love _ _ ly youth Let hope thy fears re _ move


A _ _ dieu A _ _ dieu thou love _ _ _ _ ly youth Let
hope thy fears re _ _ move; Preserve thy faith and truth, But
ne _ ver doubt my love, never doubt _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ my love.


Pre _ _ _ serve _ _ _ _ _ pre _ serve thy faith and truth, But
Flute.
ne _ _ _ ver doubt, ne_ver doubt, never doubt my love.
A_dieu, A _ dieu, never doubt _ never doubt my love _ _ _ never
f
doubt _ _ _ _ my love.
ff
8

Amid a thousand racking woes

AIR, in the Opera of

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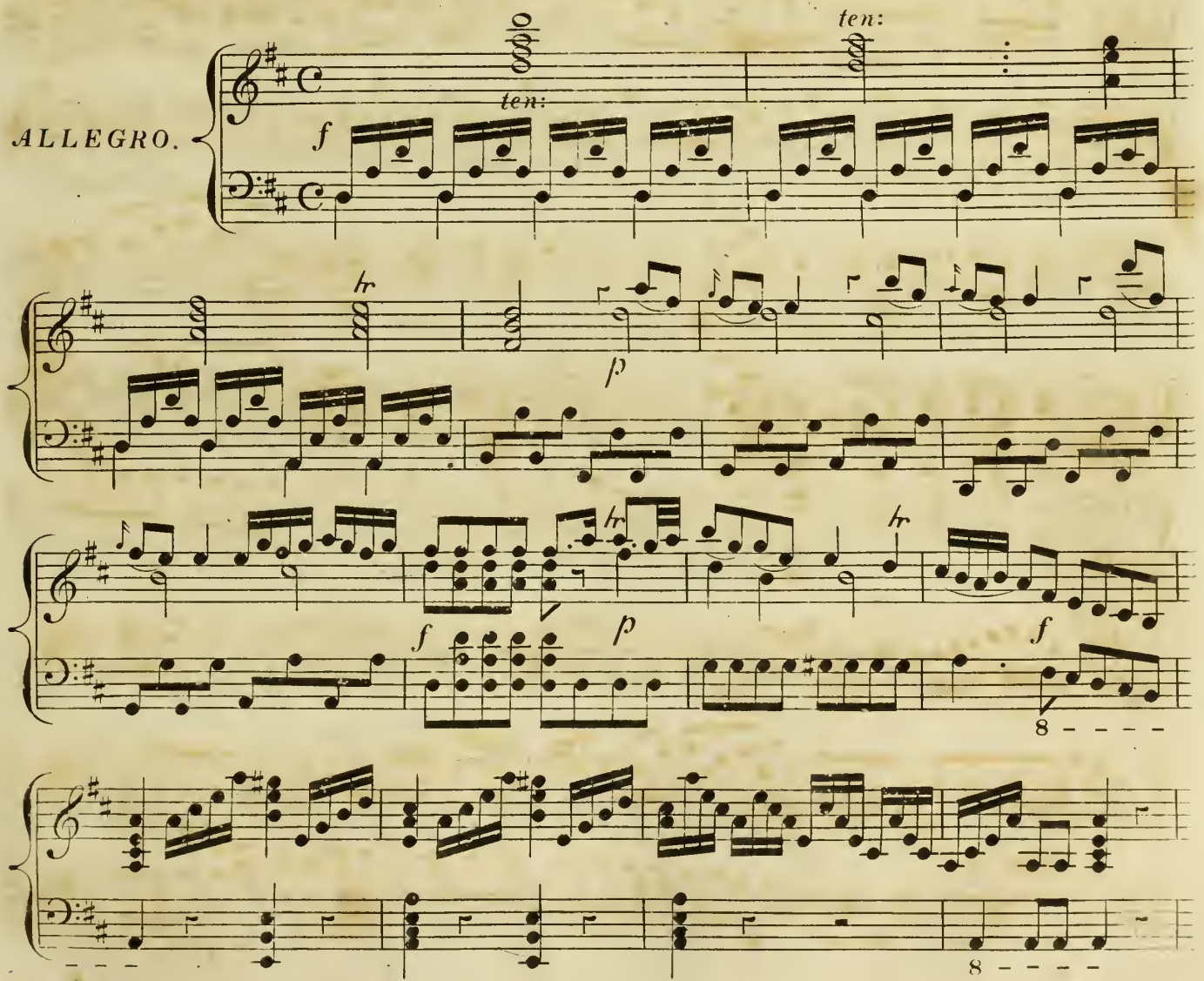


(or Quavers)

p

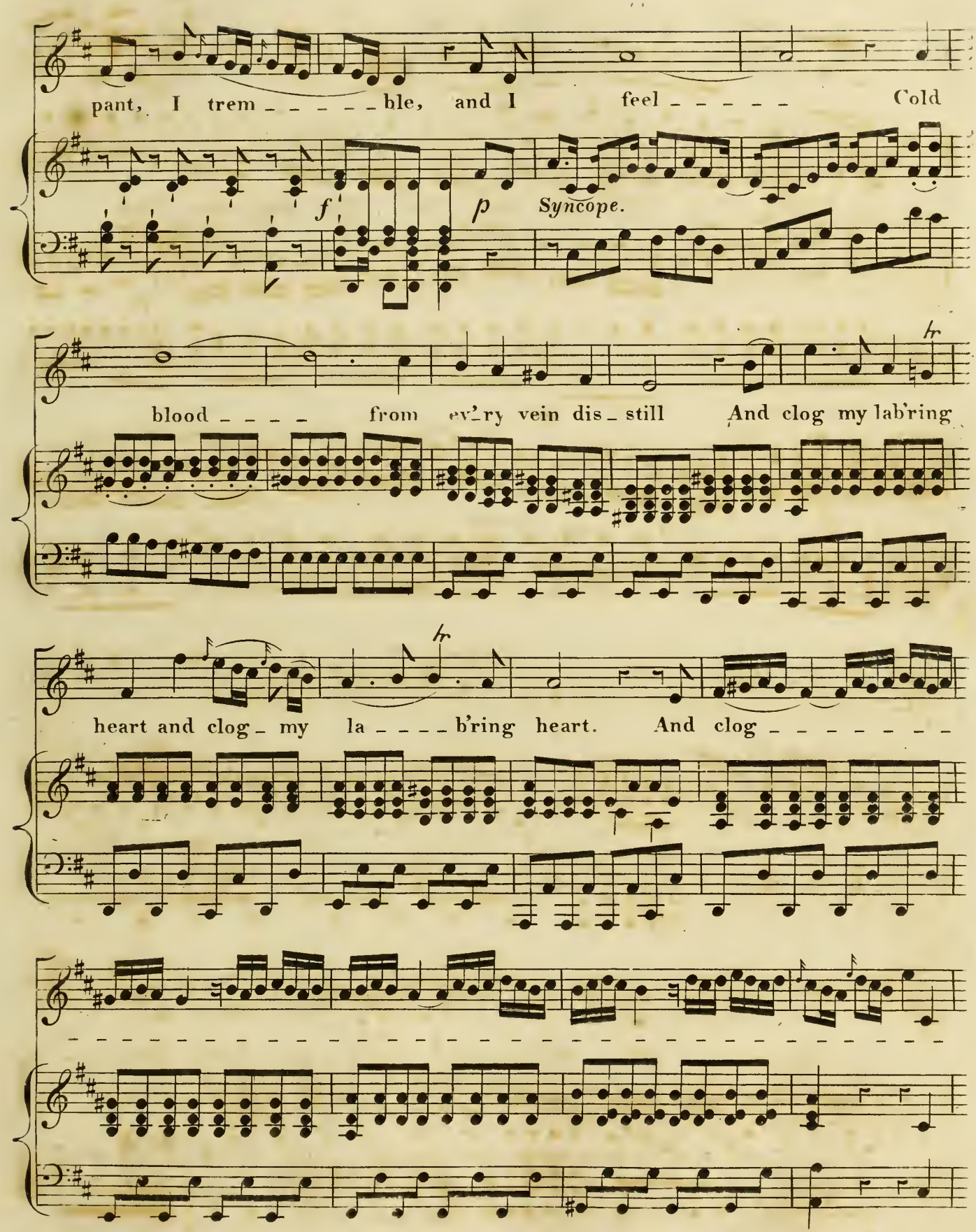
f *p* *f*

ARBACES.

A - - - mid a thou - - - - sand

p

rack - - - - - - ing woes I pant, I tremble, I


pant, I trem _ _ _ _ _ ble, and I feel _ _ _ _ _ Cold
f
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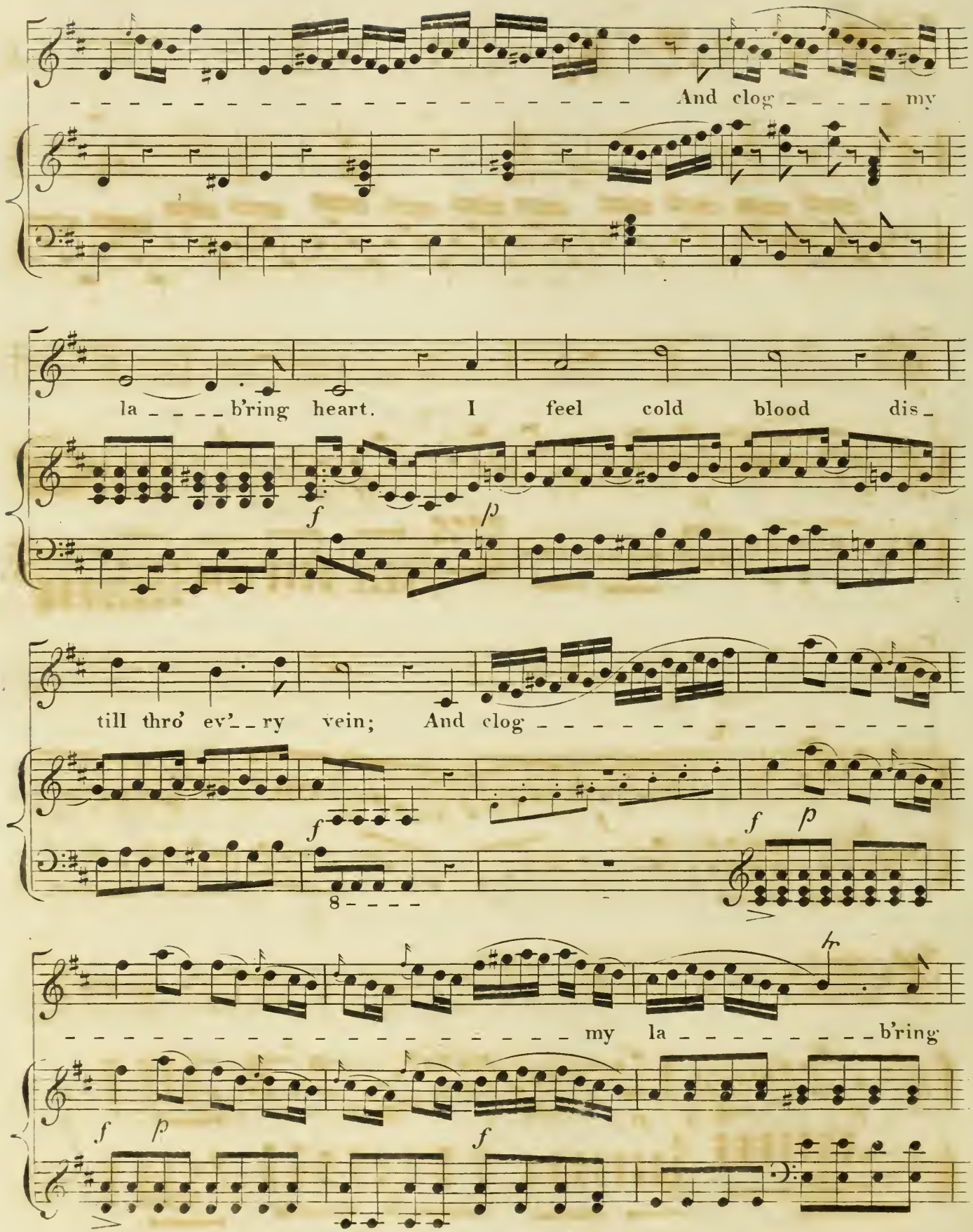
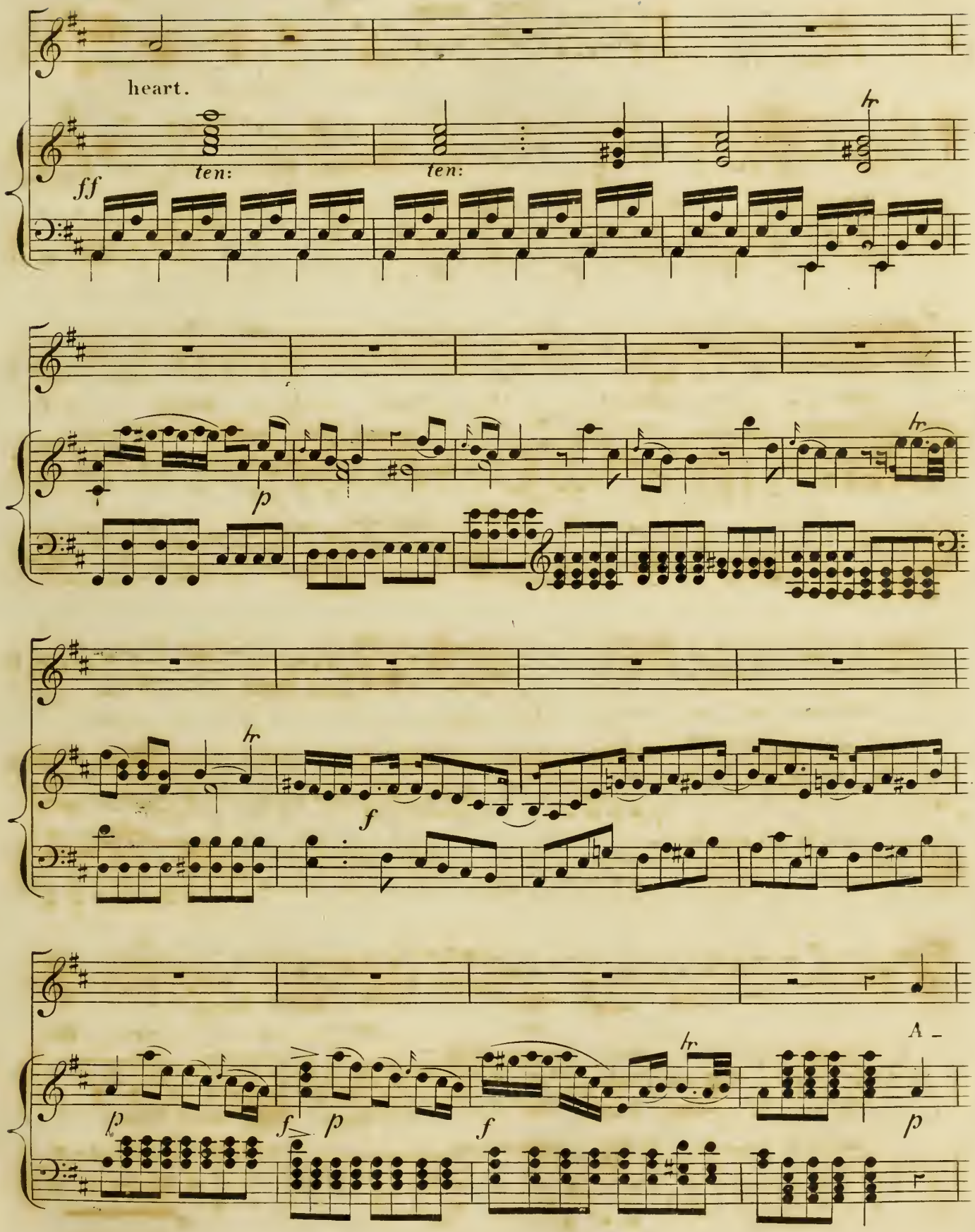
Syncope.
blood _ _ _ _ from ev'ry vein dis _ still And clog my lab'ring
heart and clog _ my la _ _ _ _ b'ring heart. And clog _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _


And clog my
la b'ring heart. I feel cold blood dis_
till thro' ev'_ry vein; And clog
8
my la b'ring


heart.
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tr
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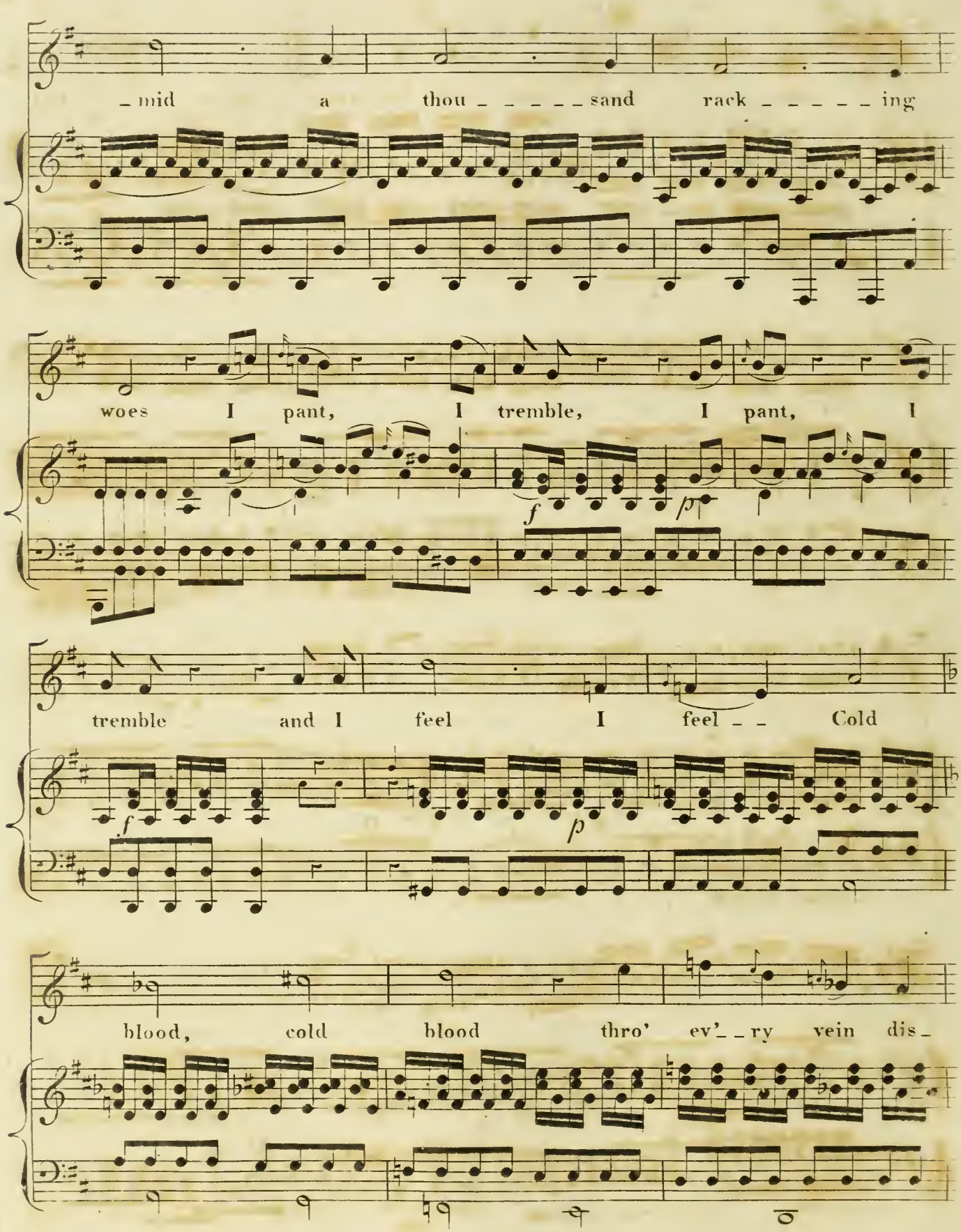
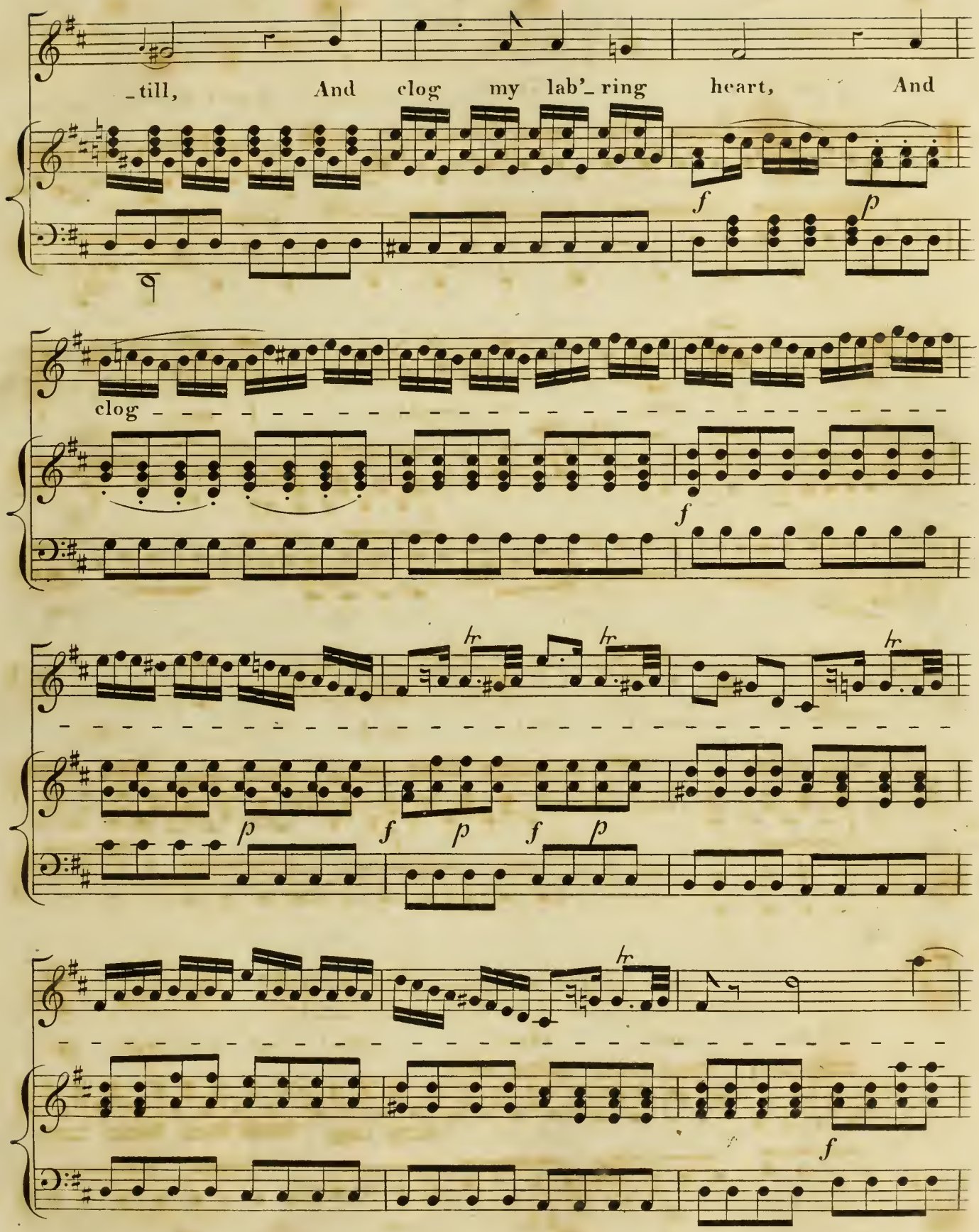
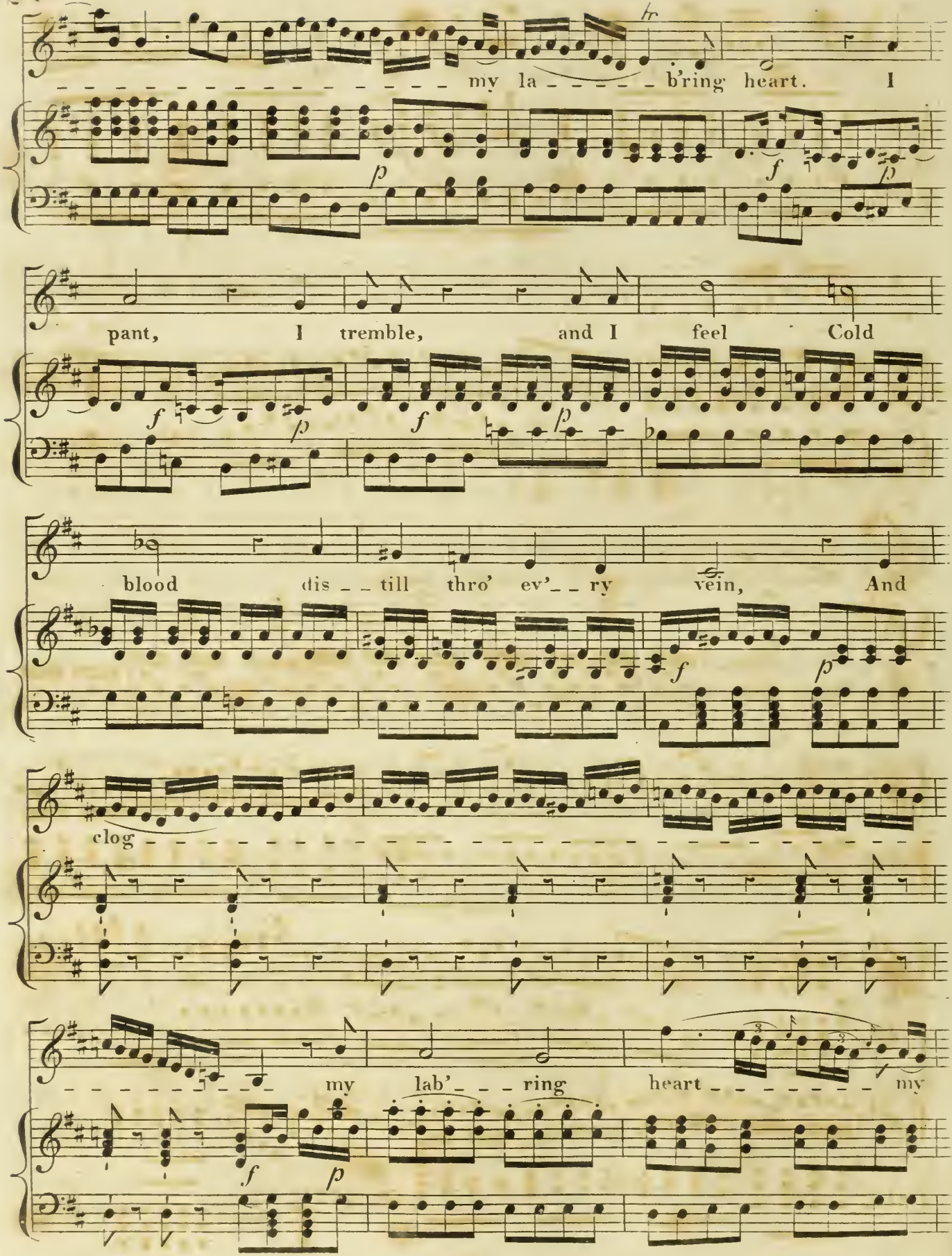
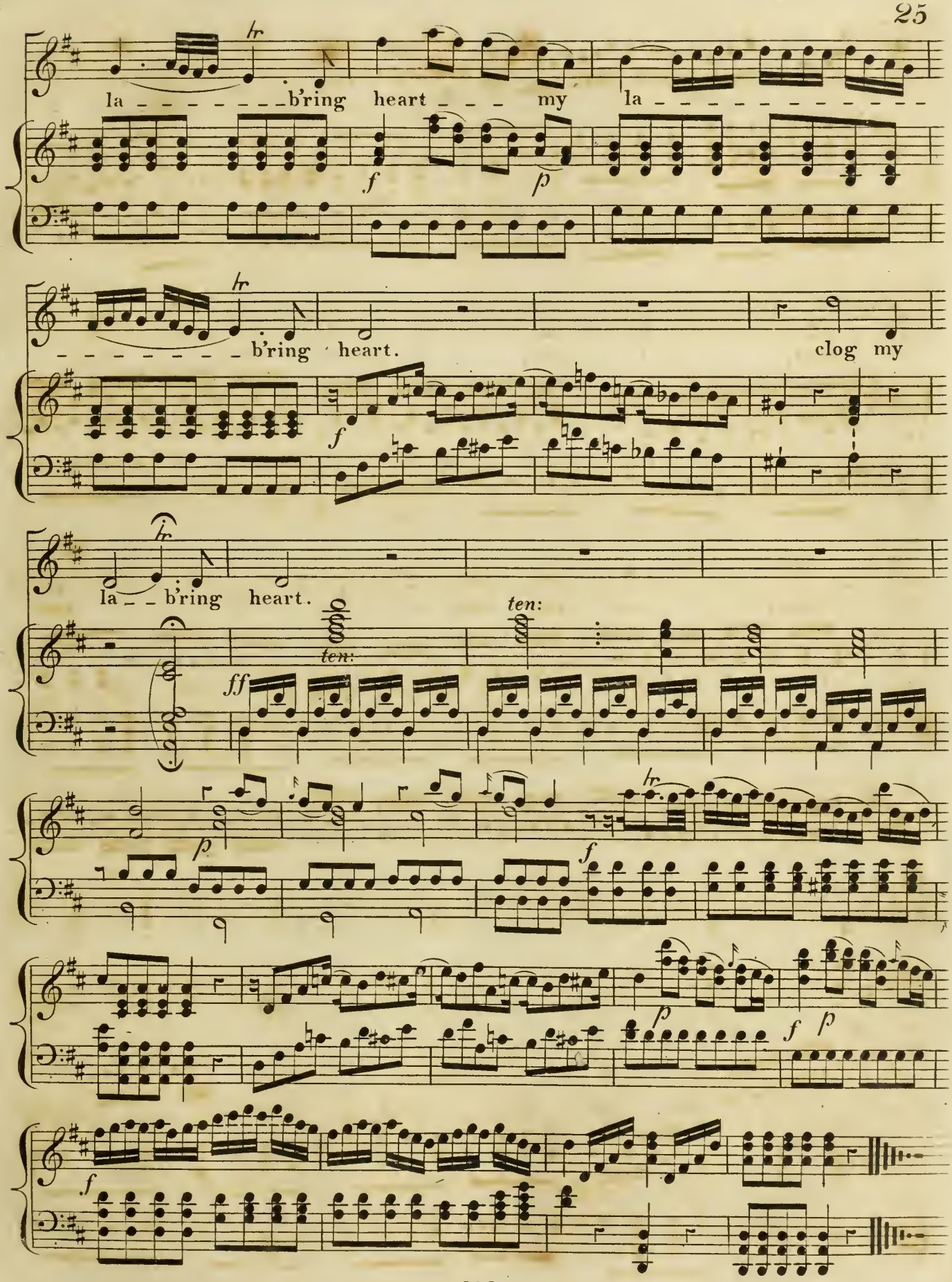
tr
f
tr
A -
p
f
p
f
p


_mid a thou _ _ _ _ _ sand rack _ _ _ _ _ ing
woes I pant, I tremble, I pant, I
f p
tremble and I feel I feel _ _ Cold
f p
blood, cold blood thro' ev'_ _ry vein dis_


_till, And clog my lab'_ring heart, And
f
p
clog
f
tr
p
f
p
f
p
f


my la b'ring heart. I
pant, I tremble, and I feel Cold
blood dis till thro' ev'ry vein, And
clog
my lab' ring heart my


la _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ b'ring heart _ _ _ my la _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ b'ring heart. clog my
la _ _ b'ring heart.
ten:
ten:
ff
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f

Behold on Lethe's dismal Strand;

AIR, in the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

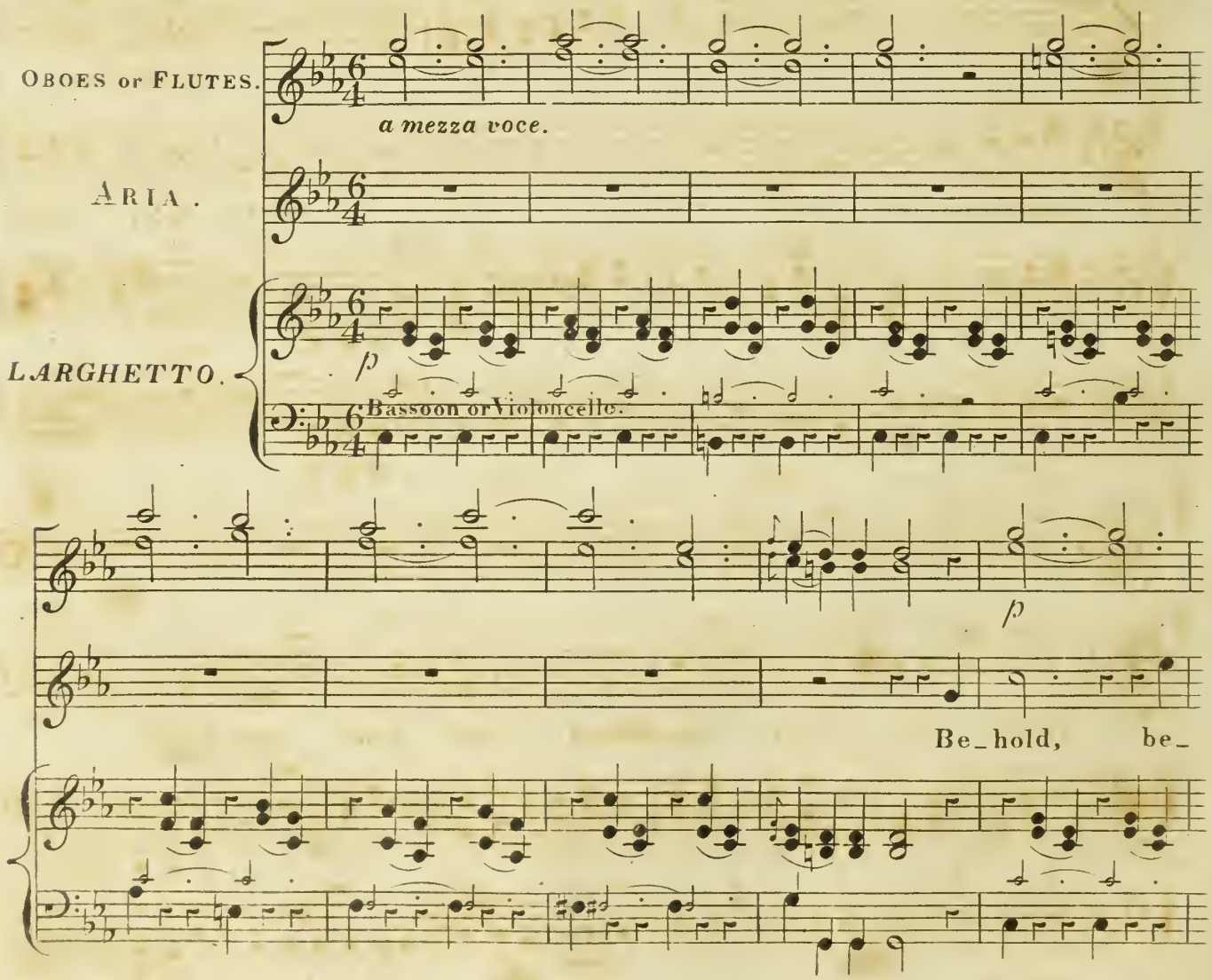
Composed by

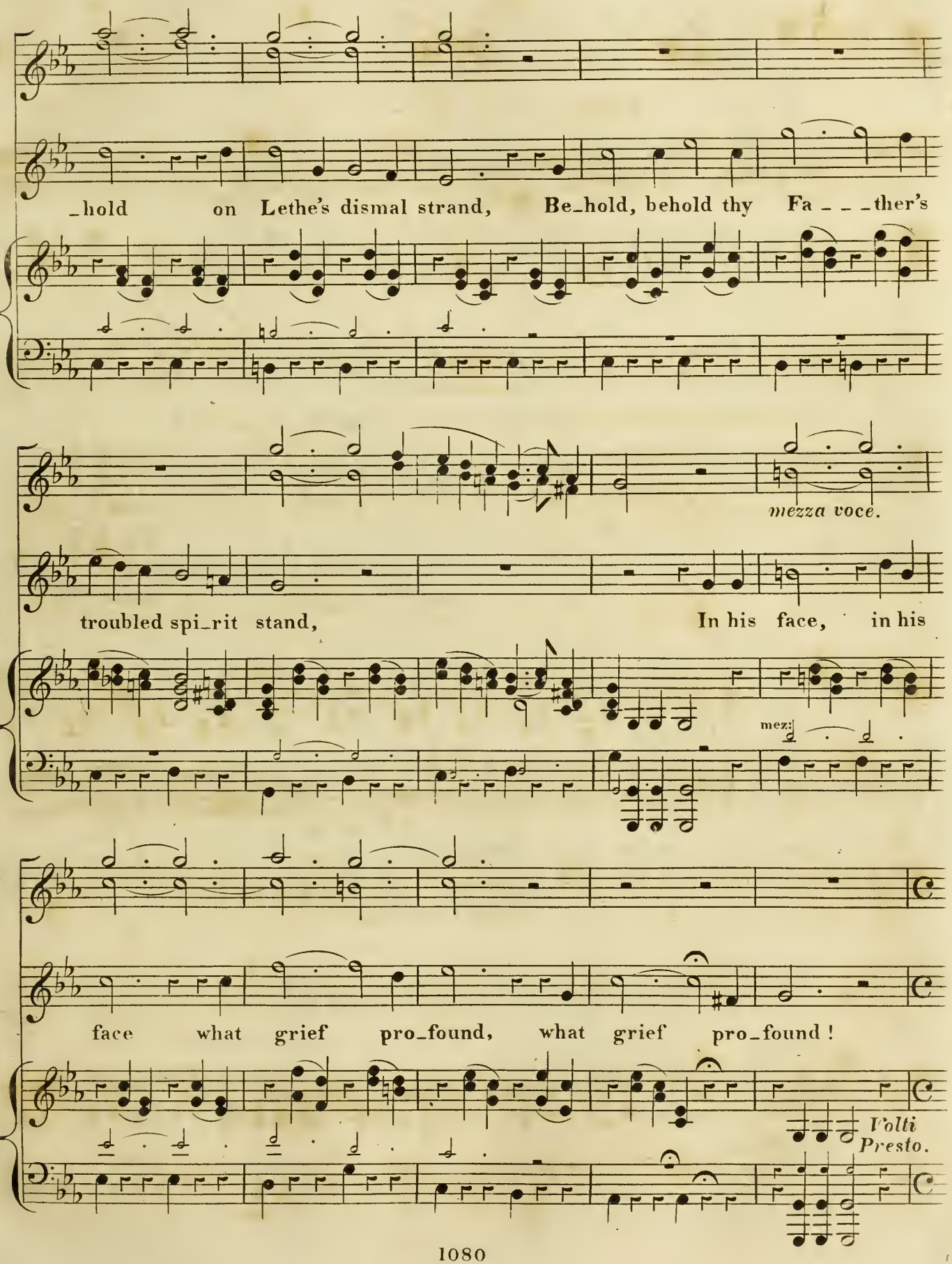
Dr ARNE,

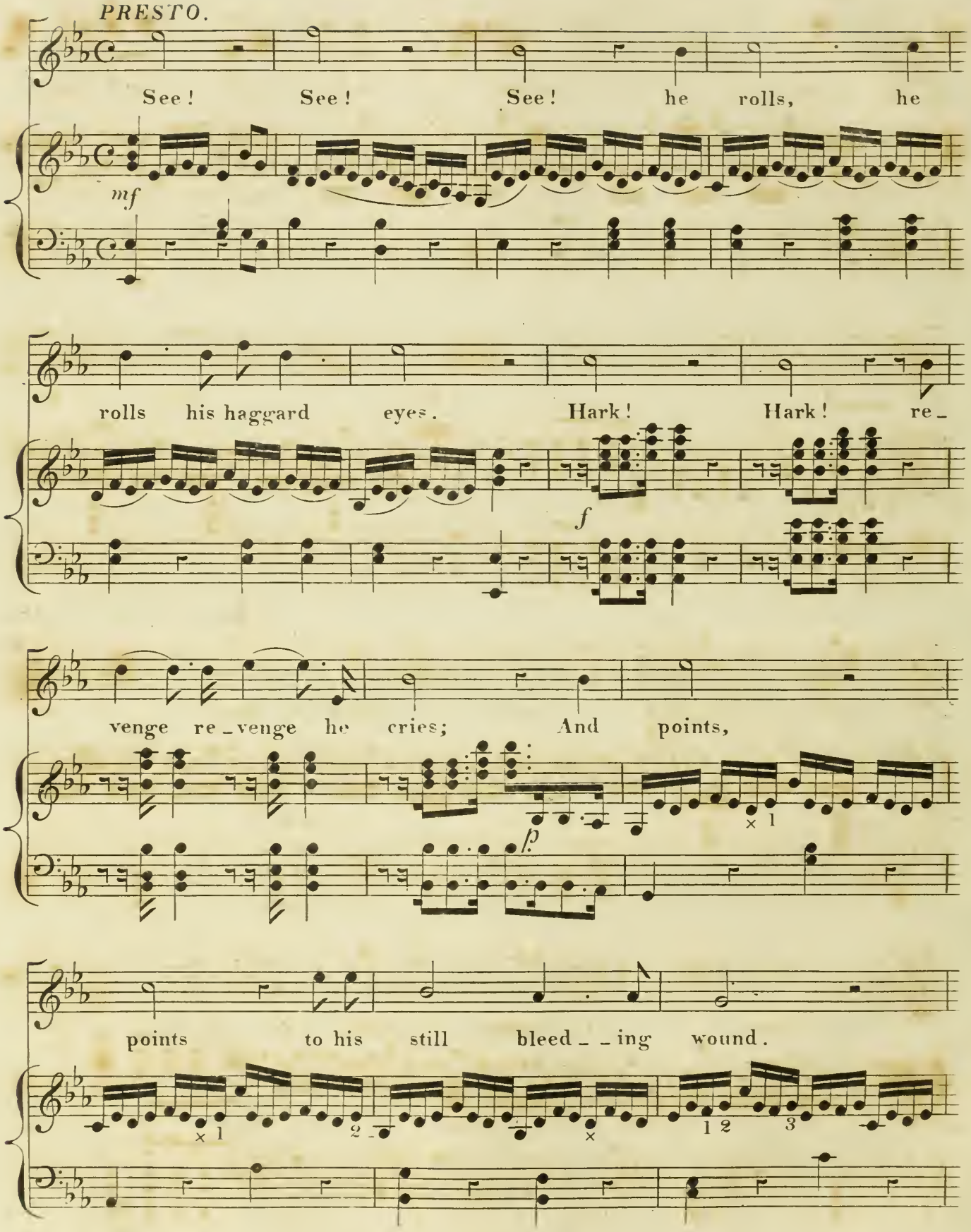
Arranged by Dr. John Clarke.

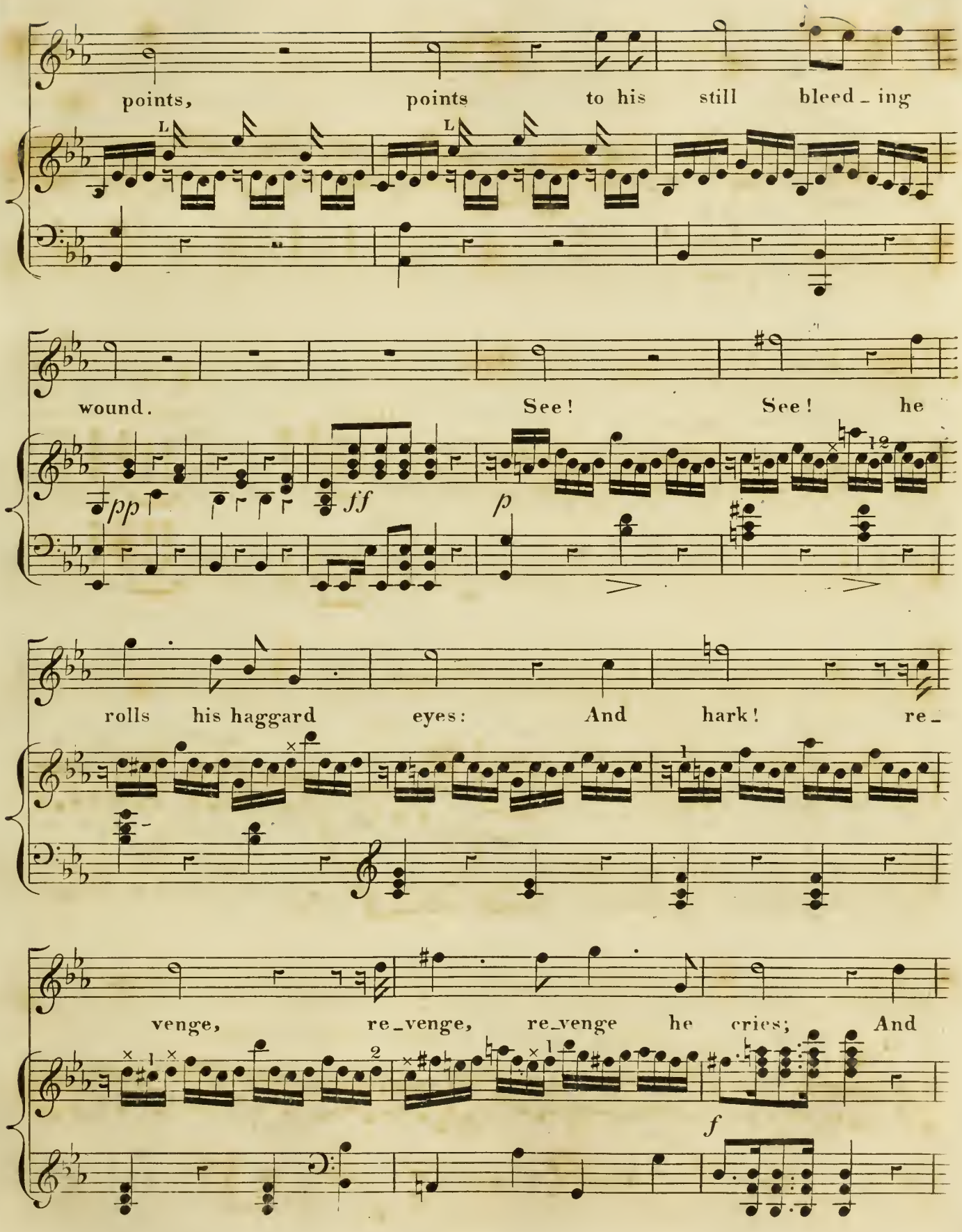
Price 2s

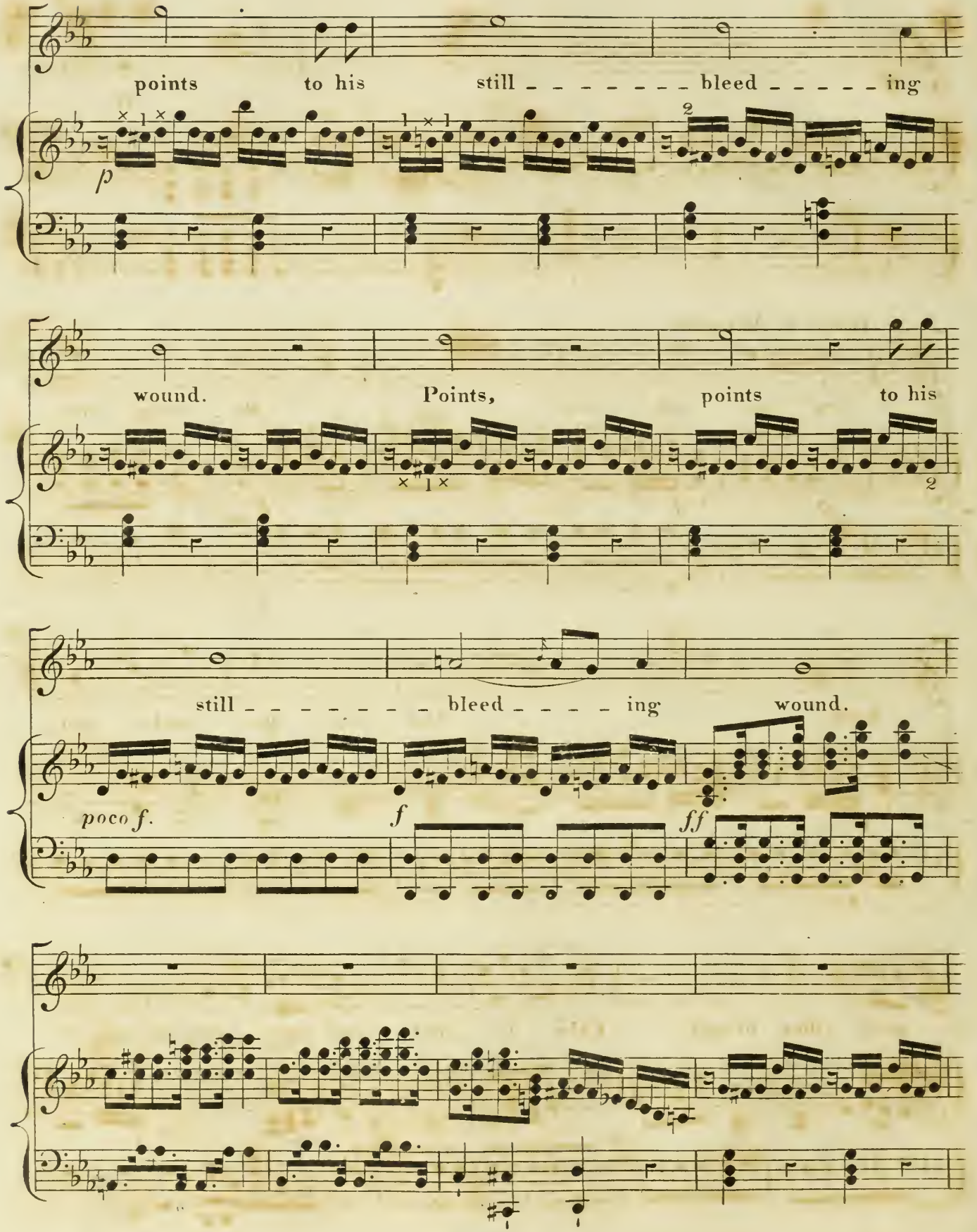
London Printed & Sold by Birchall & Co. 133 New Bond Street.

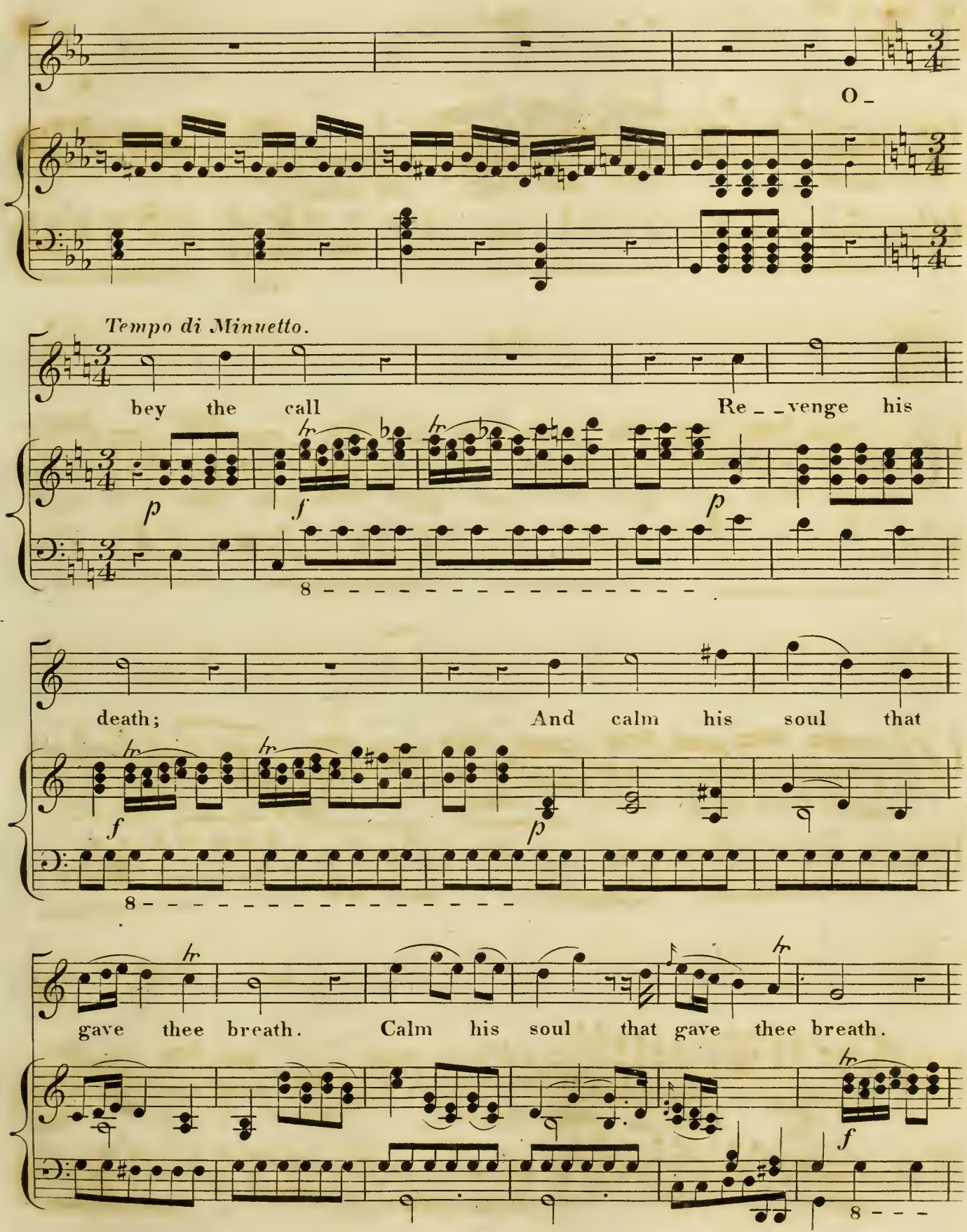


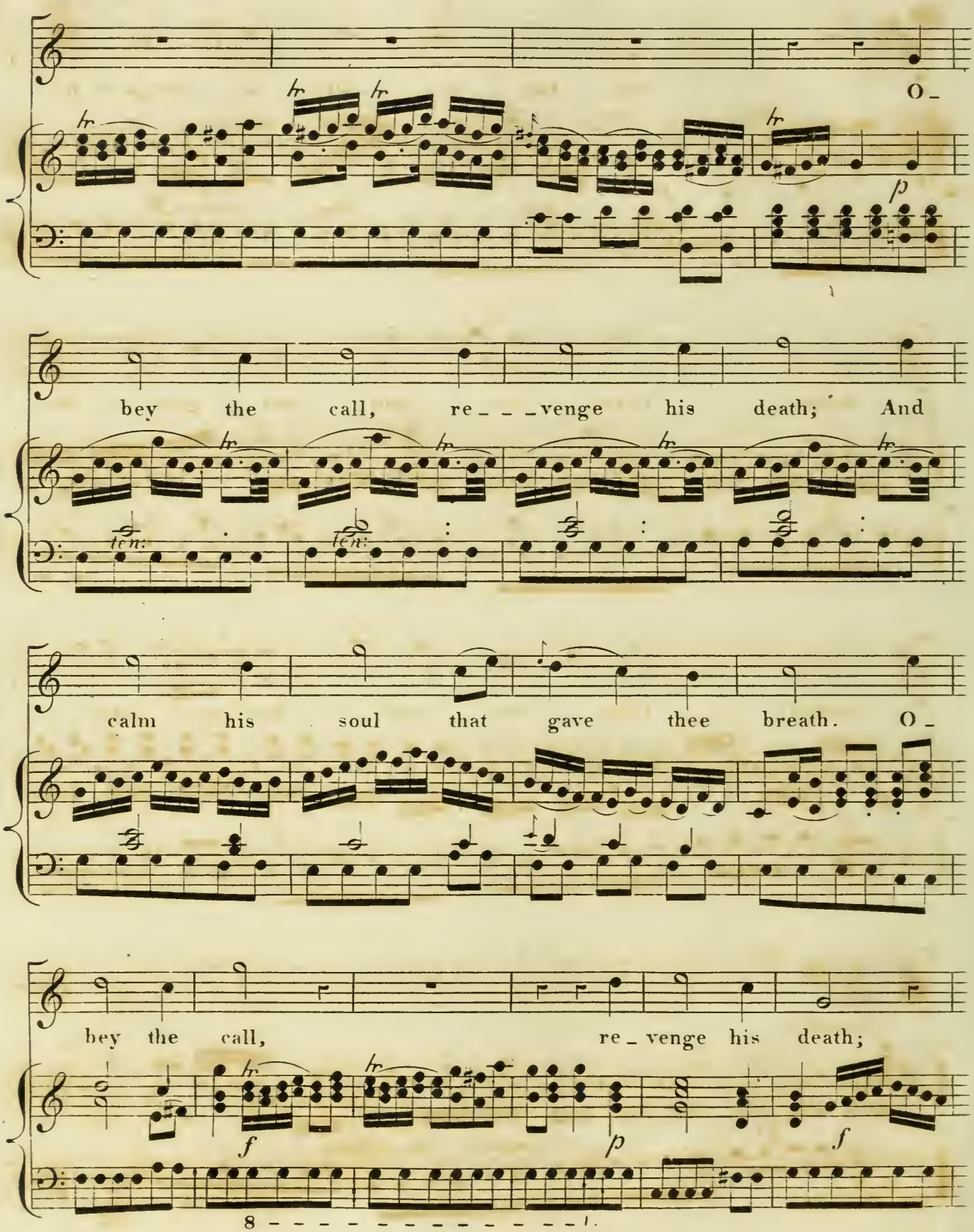

_hold on Lethe's dismal strand, Be_hold, behold thy Fa _ _ _ther's
mezza voce.
troubled spi_rit stand, In his face, in his
mezz
face what grief pro_found, what grief pro_found!
Volti
Presto.

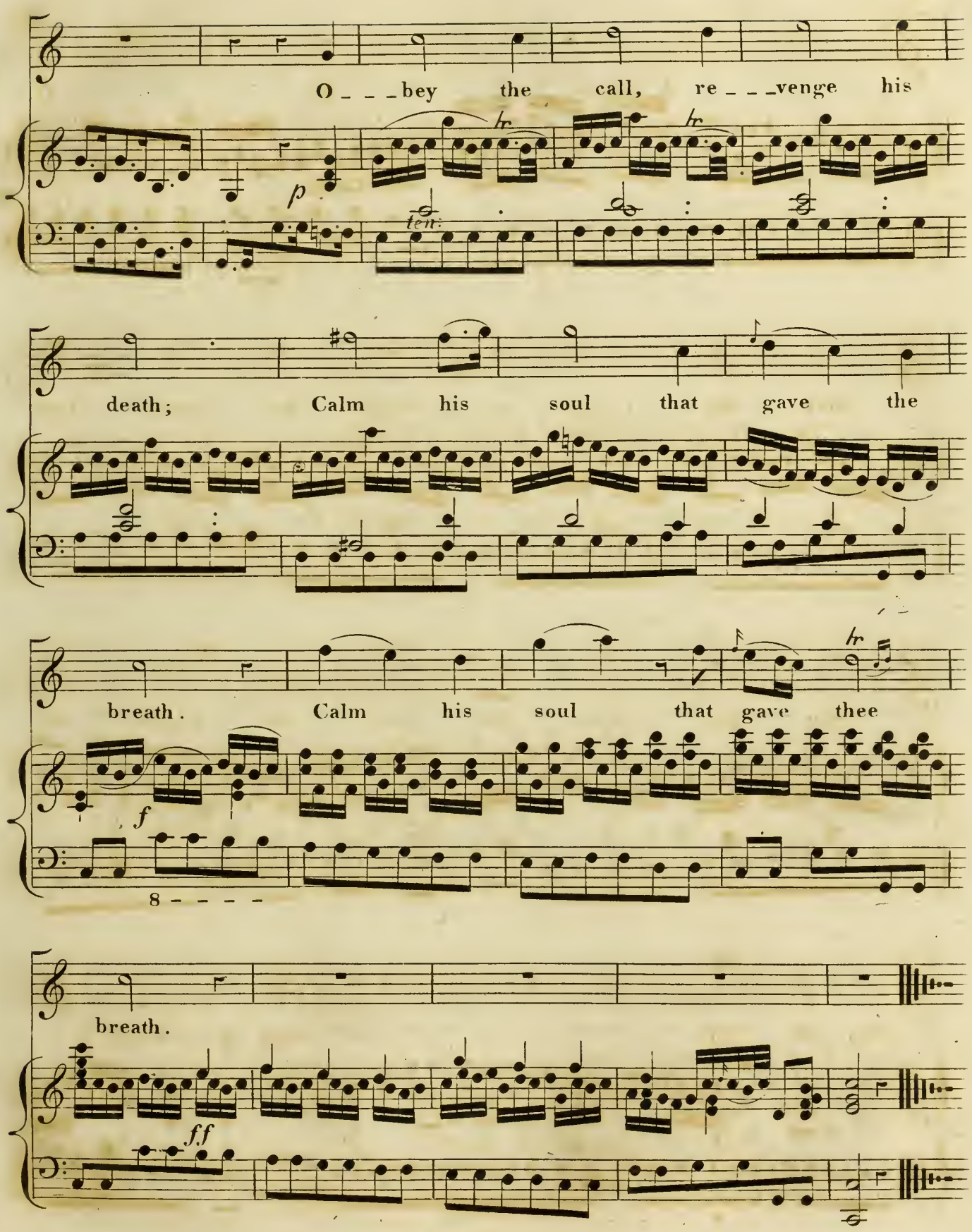

PRESTO.
See! See! See! he rolls, he
mf
rolls his haggard eyes. Hark! Hark! re_
f
venge re_venge he cries; And points,
p
points to his still bleed_ _ing wound.


points, points to his still bleed_ing
wound. See! See! he
pp
ff
p
rolls his haggard eyes: And hark! re_
venge, re_venge, re_venge he cries; And
f


points to his still bleed ing
p
wound. Points, points to his
still bleed ing wound.
poco f.
f
ff


O_
Tempo di Minuetto.
bey the call
Re_ _venge his
death;
And calm his soul that
gave thee breath.
Calm his soul that gave thee breath.


O_
bey the call, re_ _ _venge his death; And
calm his soul that gave thee breath. O_
bey the call, re_venge his death;
tr
ten.
p
f
8


O - - - bey the call, re - - - venge his
p
ten.
death; Calm his soul that gave the
breath. Calm his soul that gave thee
f
8 - - - -
breath.
ff

Fair Semira lovely Maid

Air,

In the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

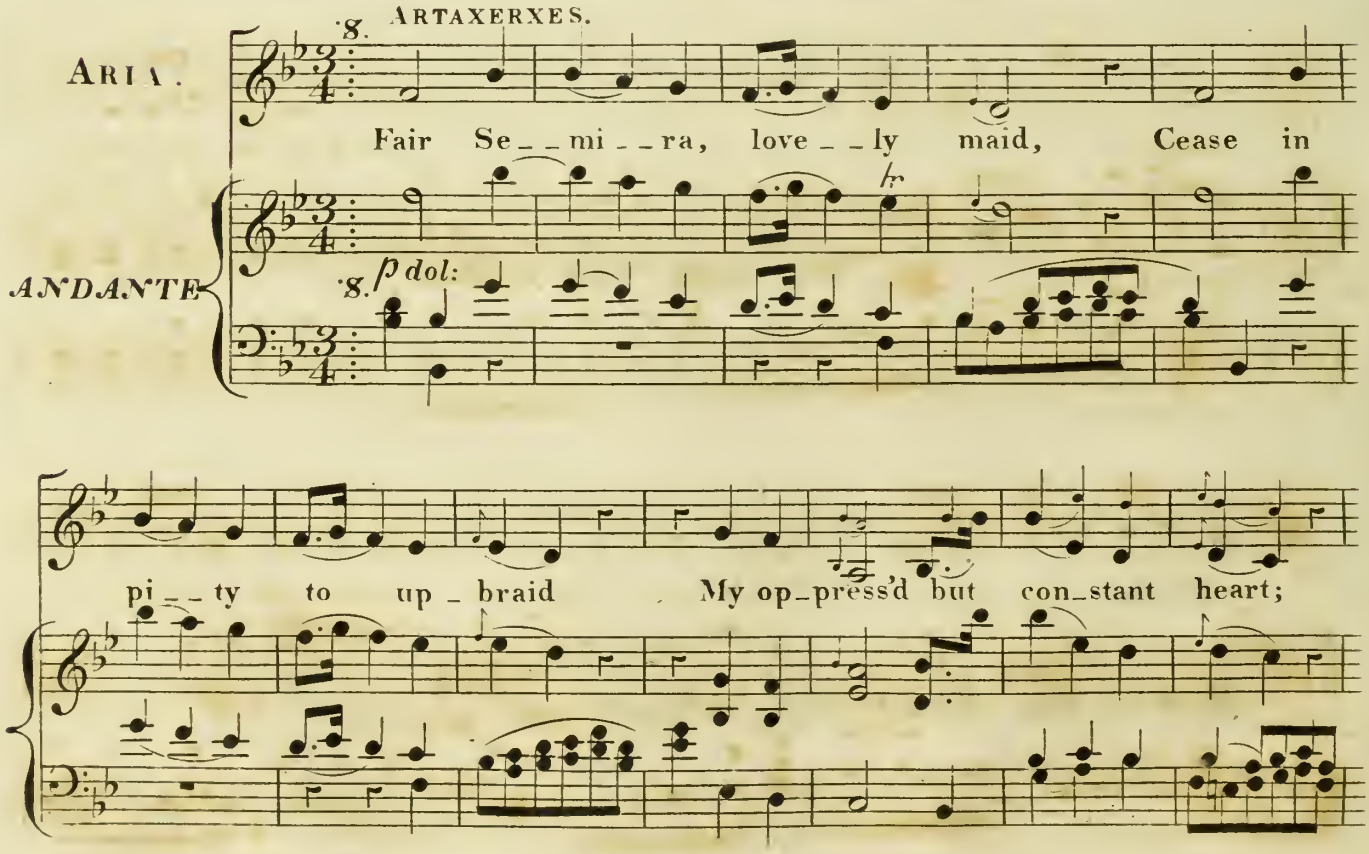
Composed by

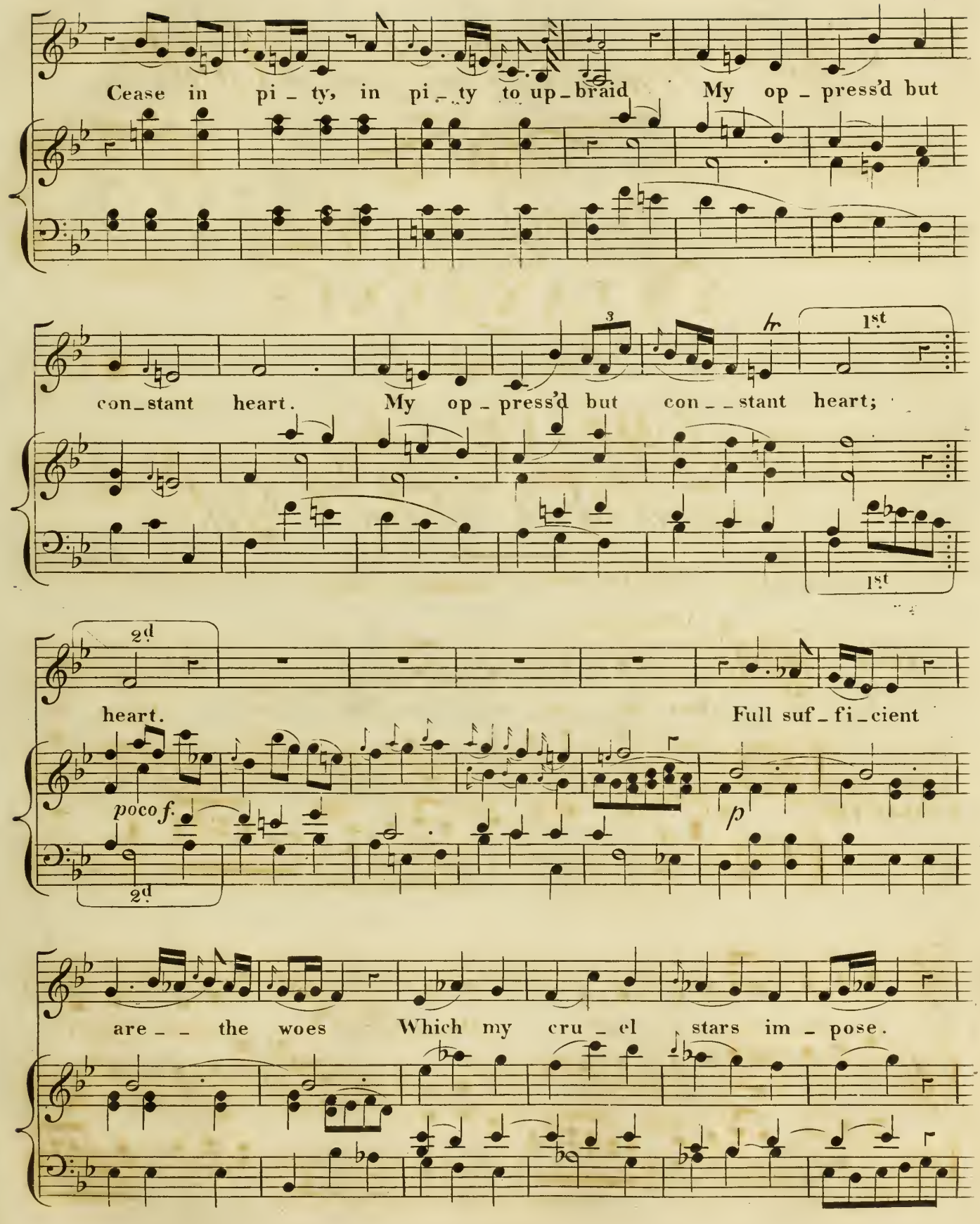
Dr. ARNE,

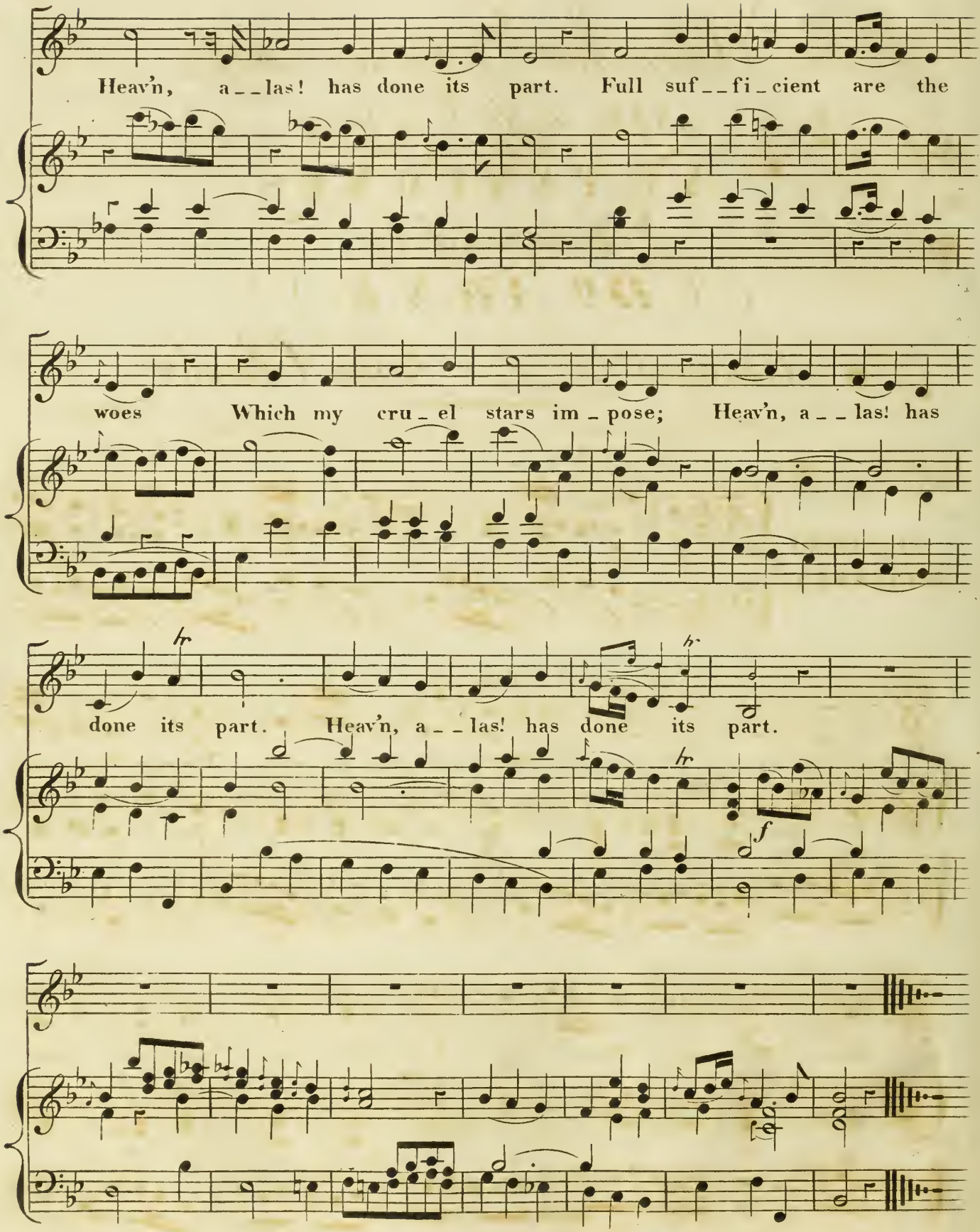
Arranged by Dr. John Clarke.

Price 1s.

London, Printed & Sold by Birchall & Co. 133, New Bond Street




Cease in pi - ty, in pi - ty to up - braid My op - press'd but
con - stant heart. My op - press'd but con - - stant heart;
1st
1st
2d
heart.
Full suf - fi - cient
poco f.
p
2d
are - - the woes Which my cru - el stars im - pose.


Heav'n, a_ _las! has done its part. Full suf_ _fi_cient are the
woes Which my cru_el stars im_pose; Heav'n, a_ _las! has
done its part. Heav'n, a_ _las! has done its part.
f

When real joys we miss.

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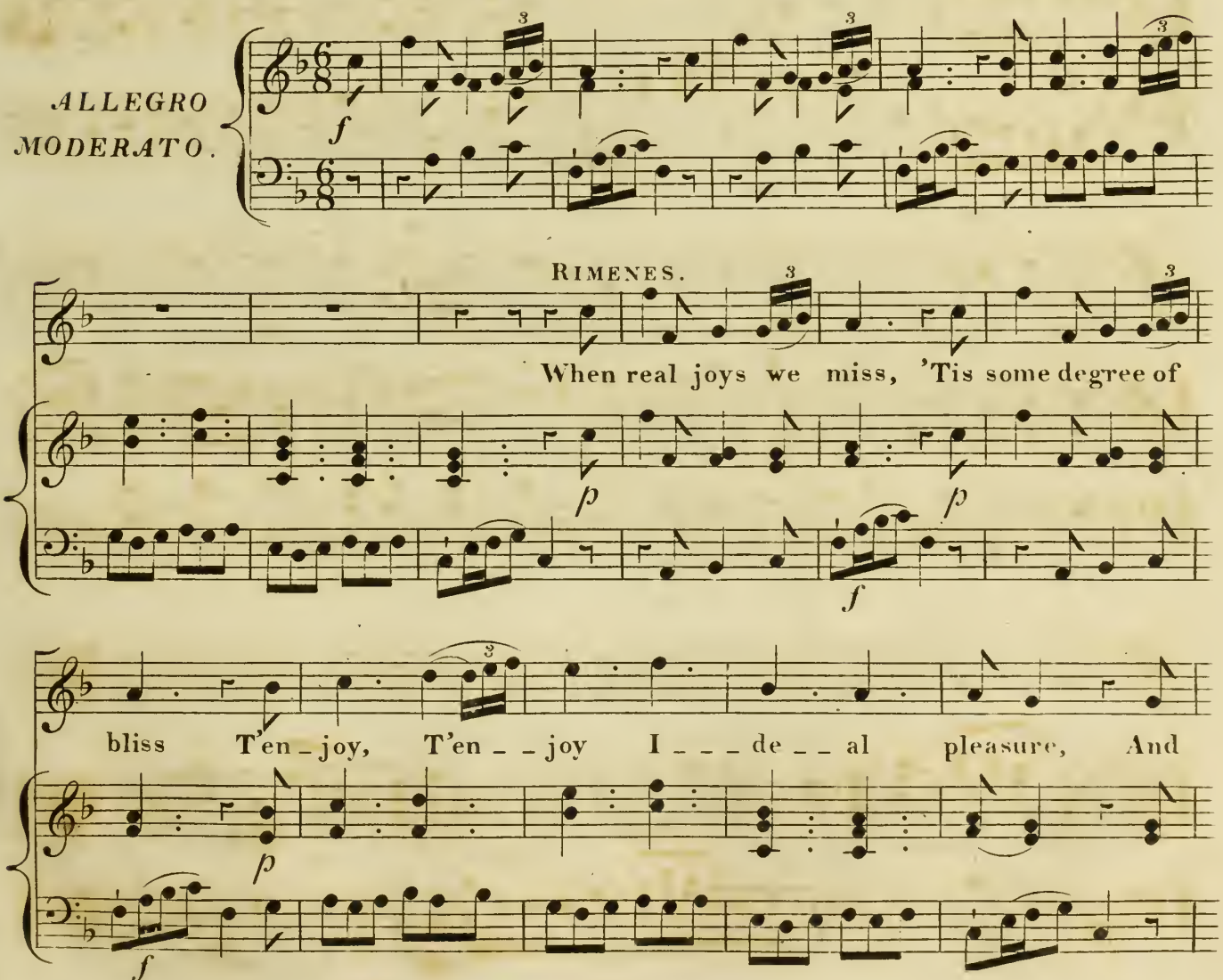
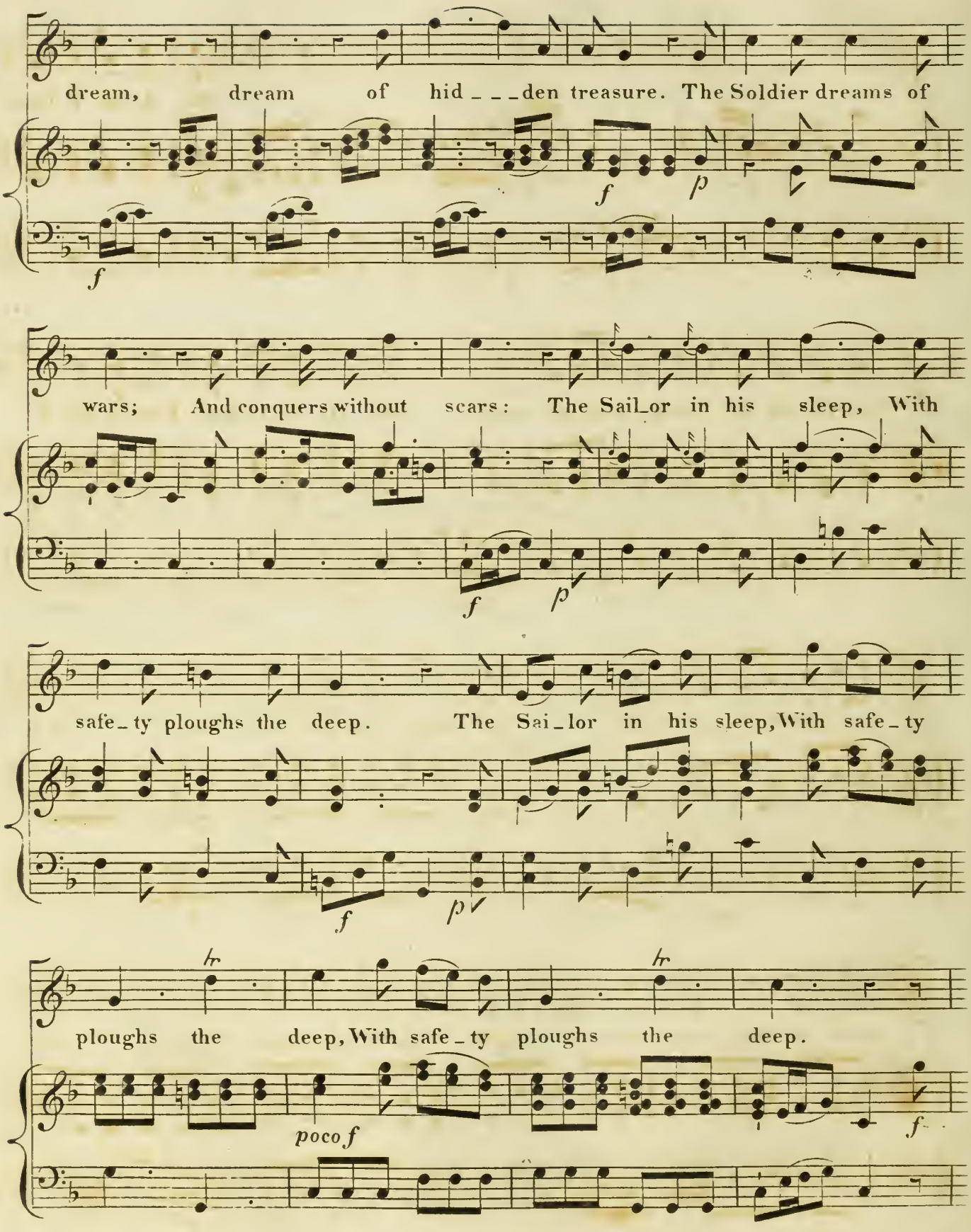
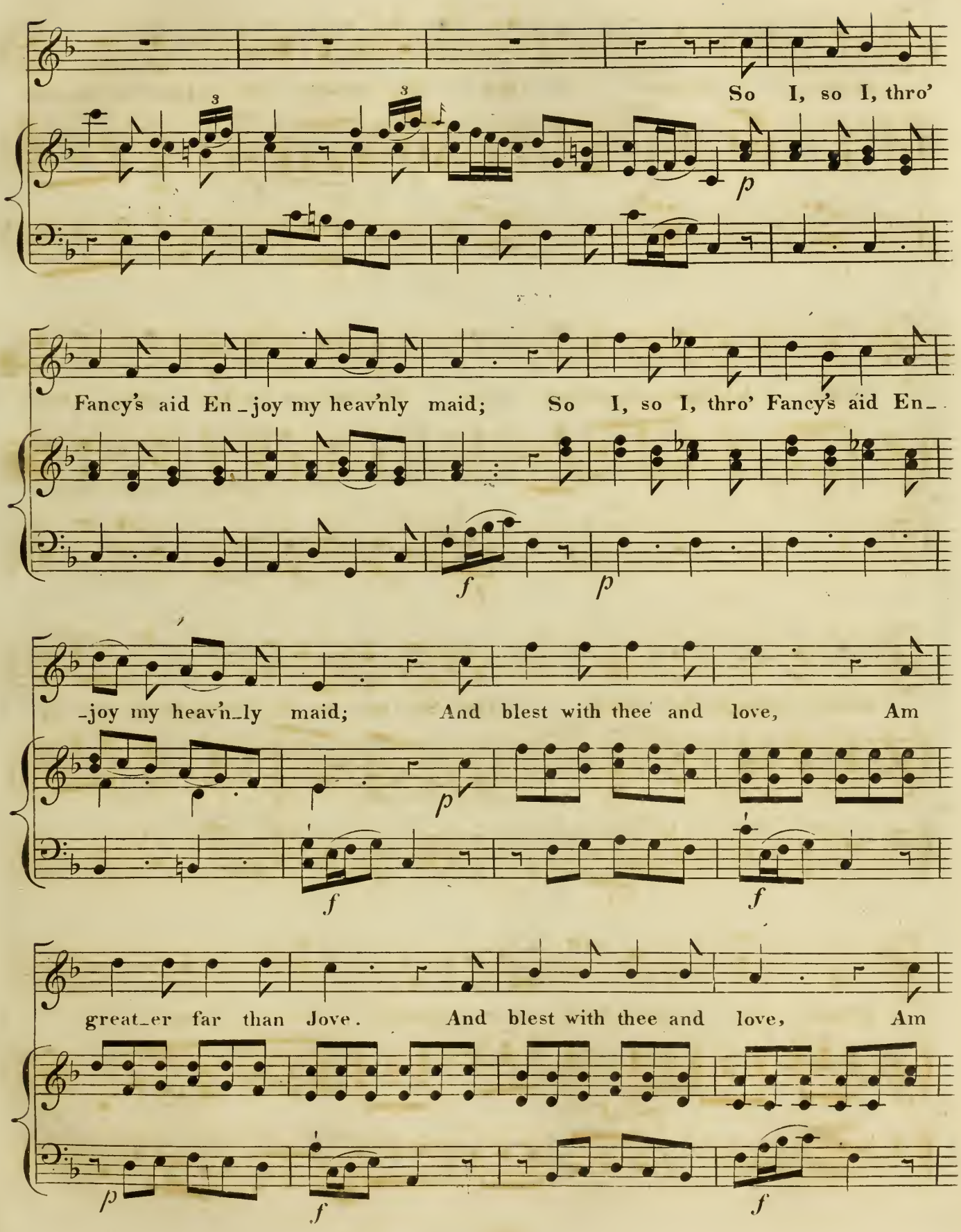
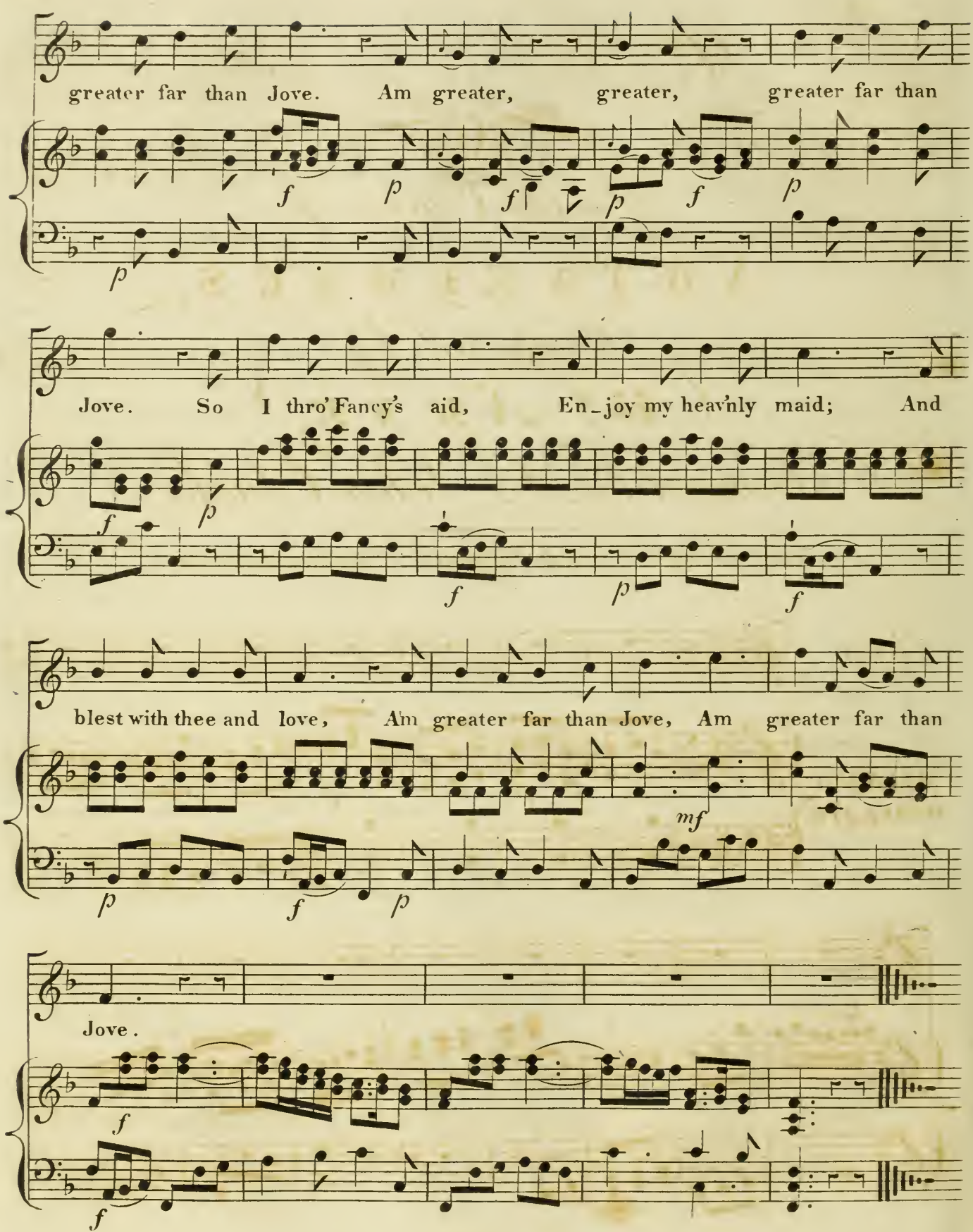



dream, dream of hid _ _ _den treasure. The Soldier dreams of
wars; And conquers without scars: The Sail_or in his sleep, With
safe_ty ploughs the deep. The Sai_lor in his sleep, With safe_ty
ploughs the deep, With safe_ty ploughs the deep.
poco f


So I, so I, thro'
p
Fancy's aid En_joy my heav'nly maid; So I, so I, thro' Fancy's aid En_
f
p
_joy my heav'n_ly maid; And blest with thee and love, Am
p
f
f
great_er far than Jove. And blest with thee and love, Am
p
f
f


greater far than Jove. Am greater, greater, greater far than
Jove. So I thro' Fancy's aid, En_joy my heav'nly maid; And
blest with thee and love, Am greater far than Jove, Am greater far than
Jove.

How hard is the fate,

A Air,

In the Opera of

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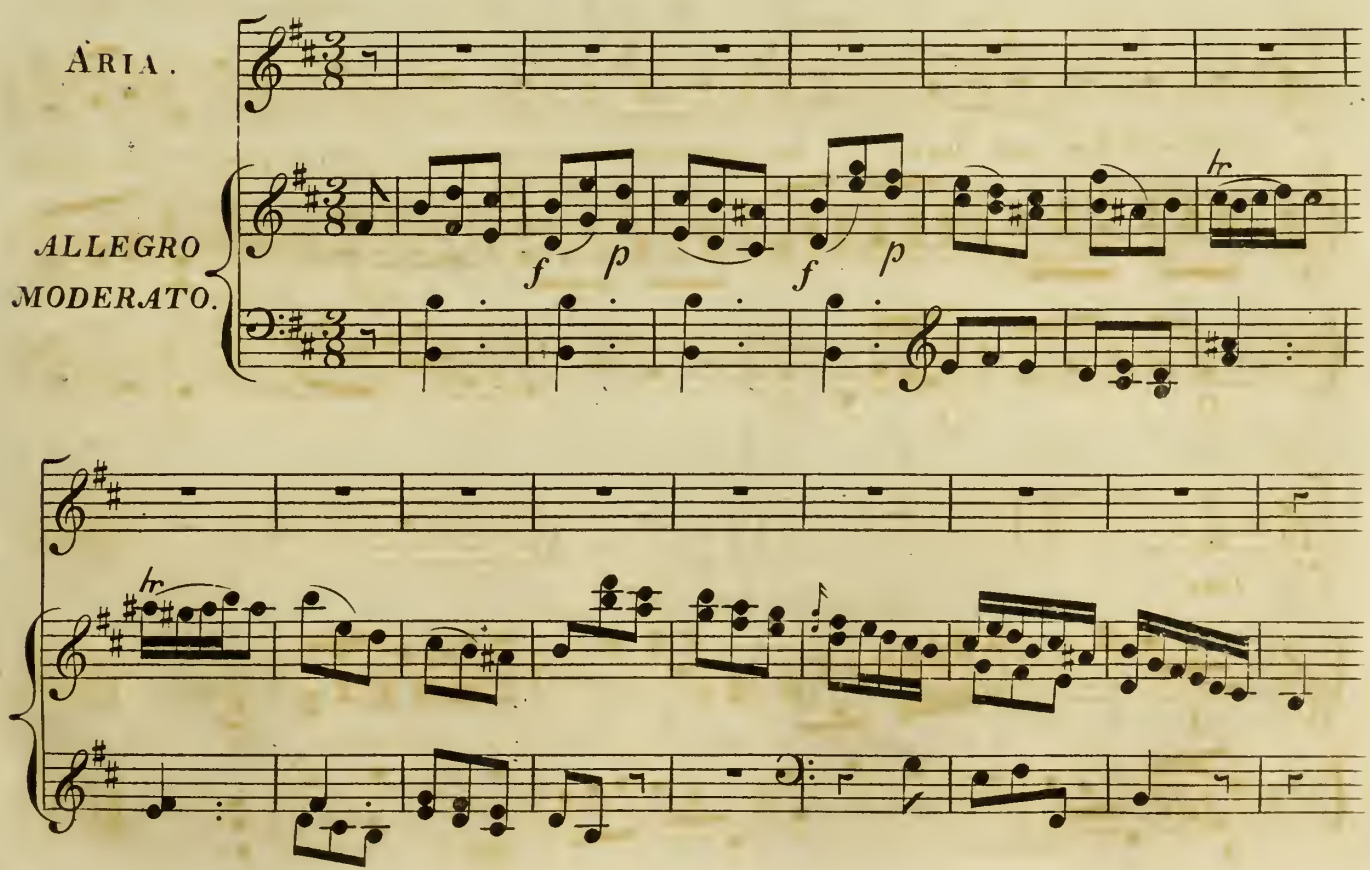
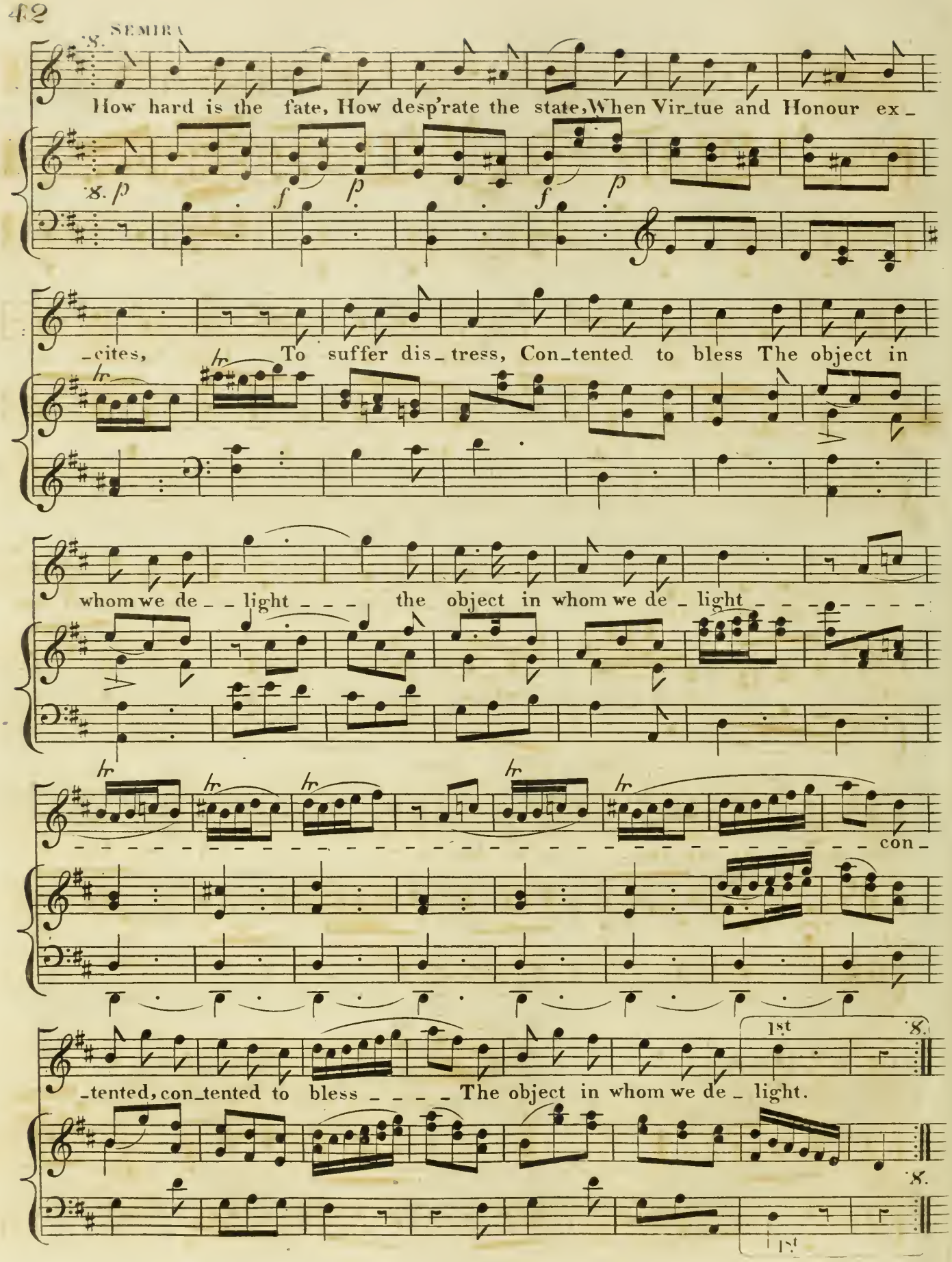
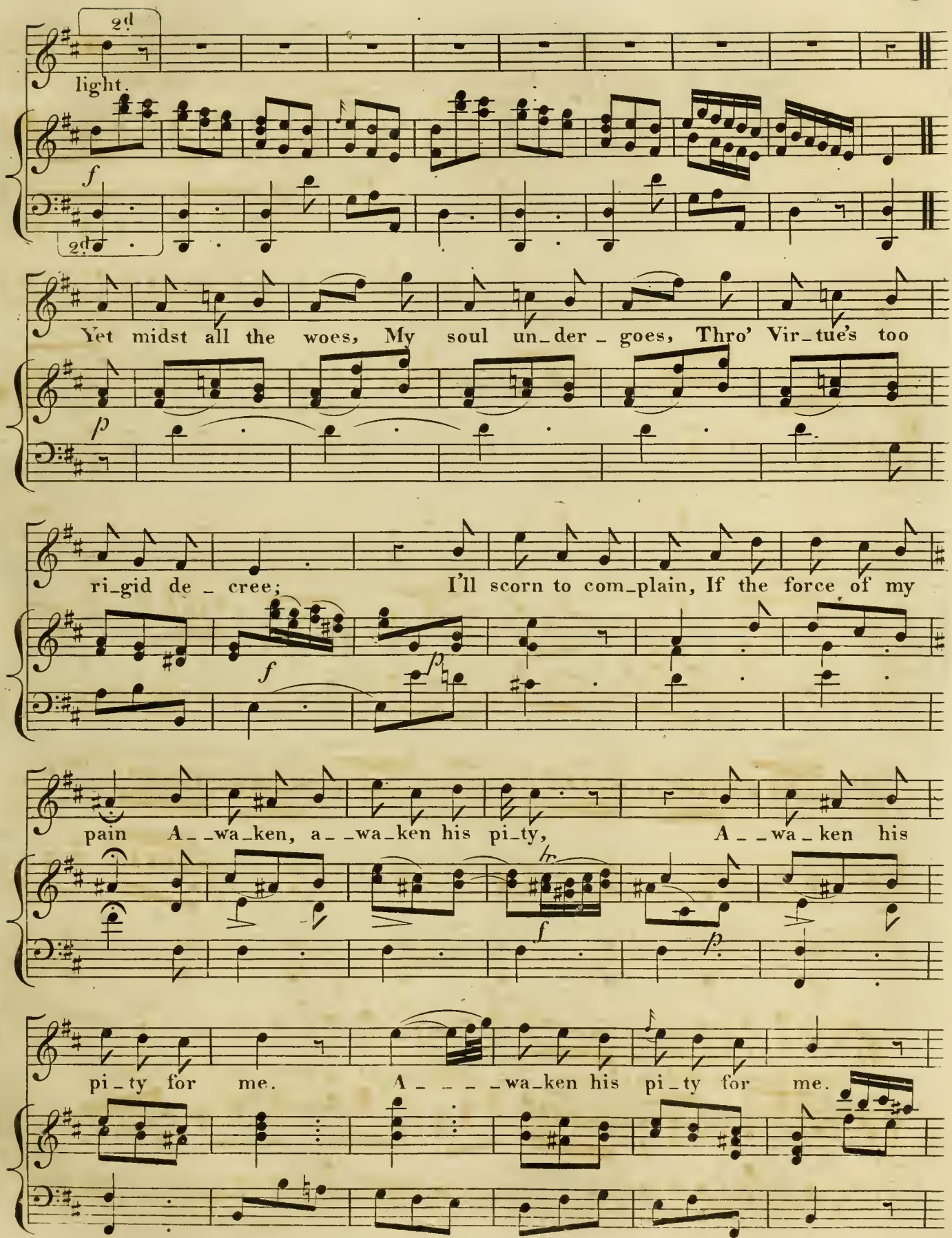
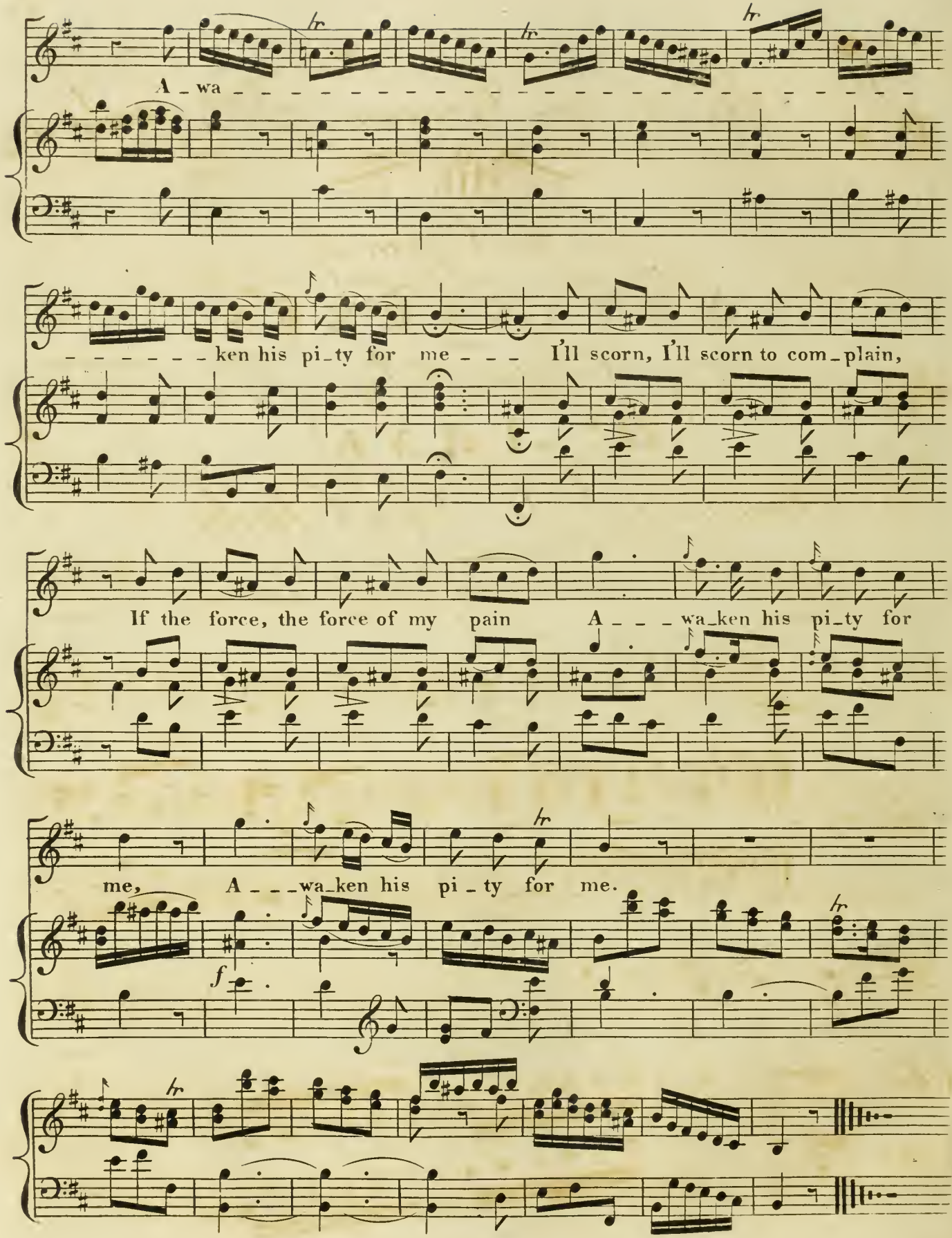



SEMIRA
How hard is the fate, How desp'rate the state, When Vir_tue and Honour ex_
_cites, To suffer dis_tress, Con_tented to bless The object in
whom we de_light the object in whom we de_light
con_
1st
_tented, con_tented to bless The object in whom we de_light.
1st


2d
light.
f
2d
Yet midst all the woes, My soul un_der_goes, Thro' Vir_tue's too
p
ri_gid de_cree; I'll scorn to com_plain, If the force of my
f
p
pain A_wa_ken, a_wa_ken his pi_ty, A_wa_ken his
fz
f
p
pi_ty for me. A_wa_ken his pi_ty for me.


A _ wa
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ ken his pi_ty for me _ _ _ I'll scorn, I'll scorn to com_plain,
If the force, the force of my pain A _ _ _ wa_ken his pi_ty for
me, A _ _ _ wa_ken his pi _ ty for me.
f

Thy Father, away! I renounce the soft claim;

Air,

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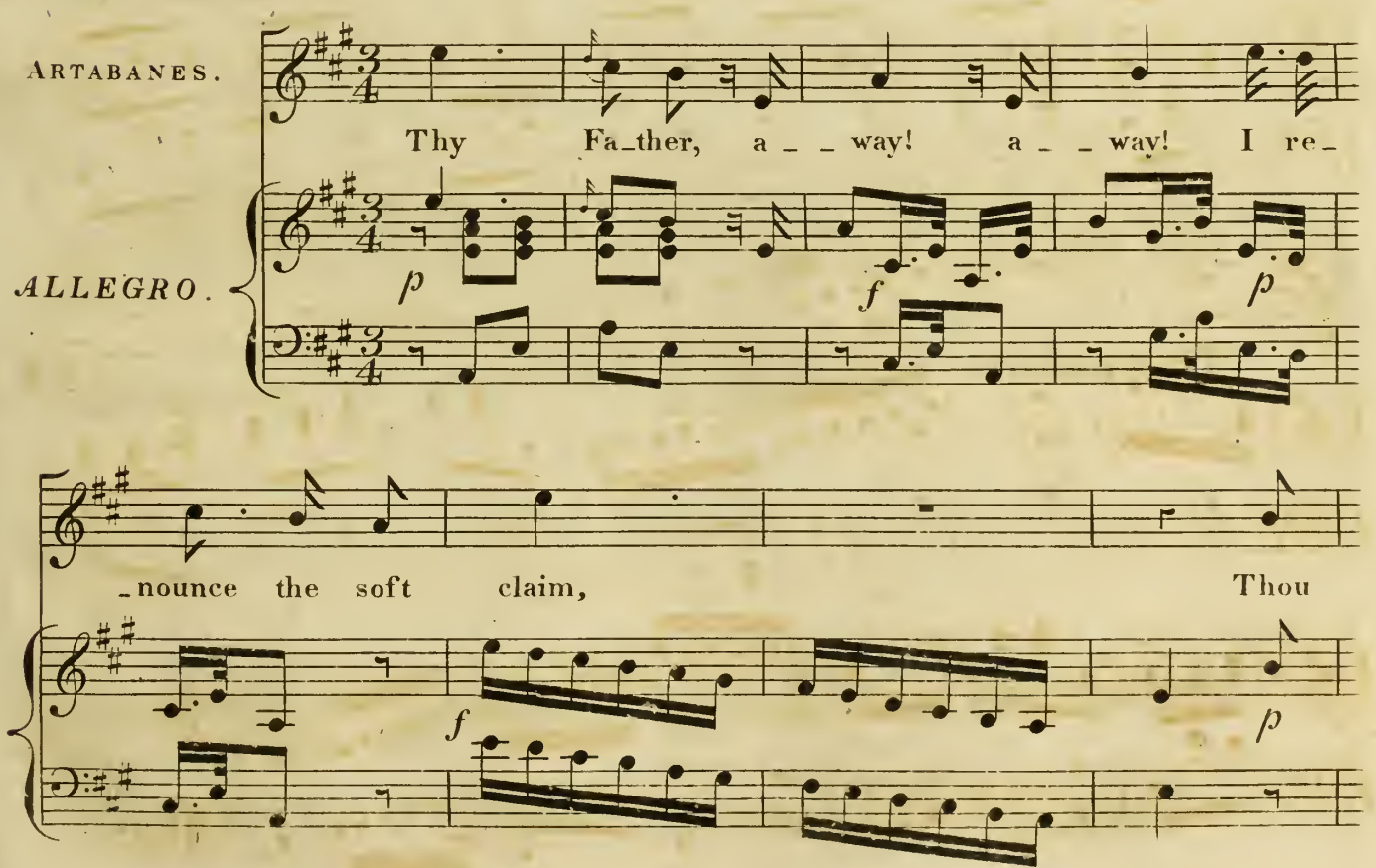
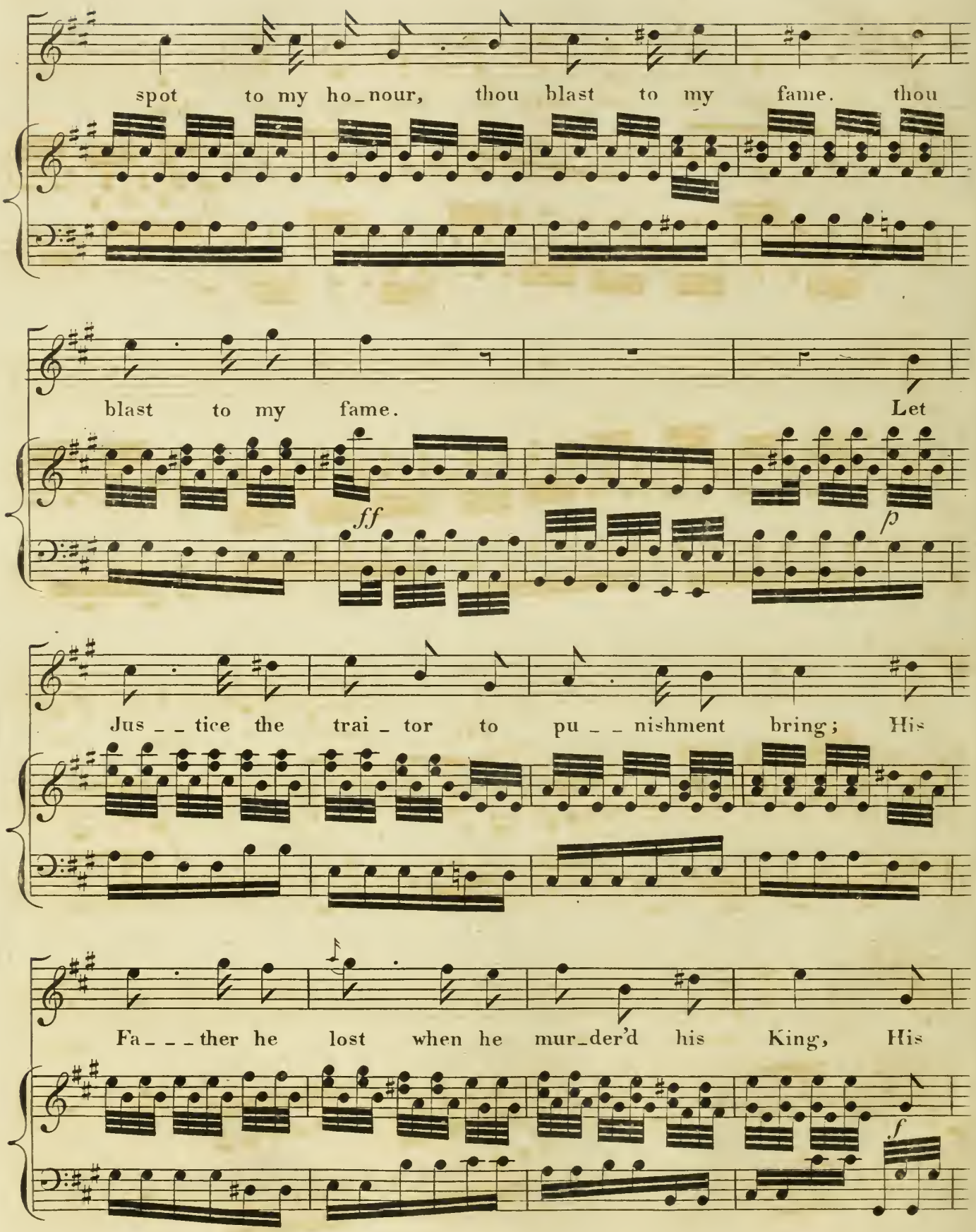
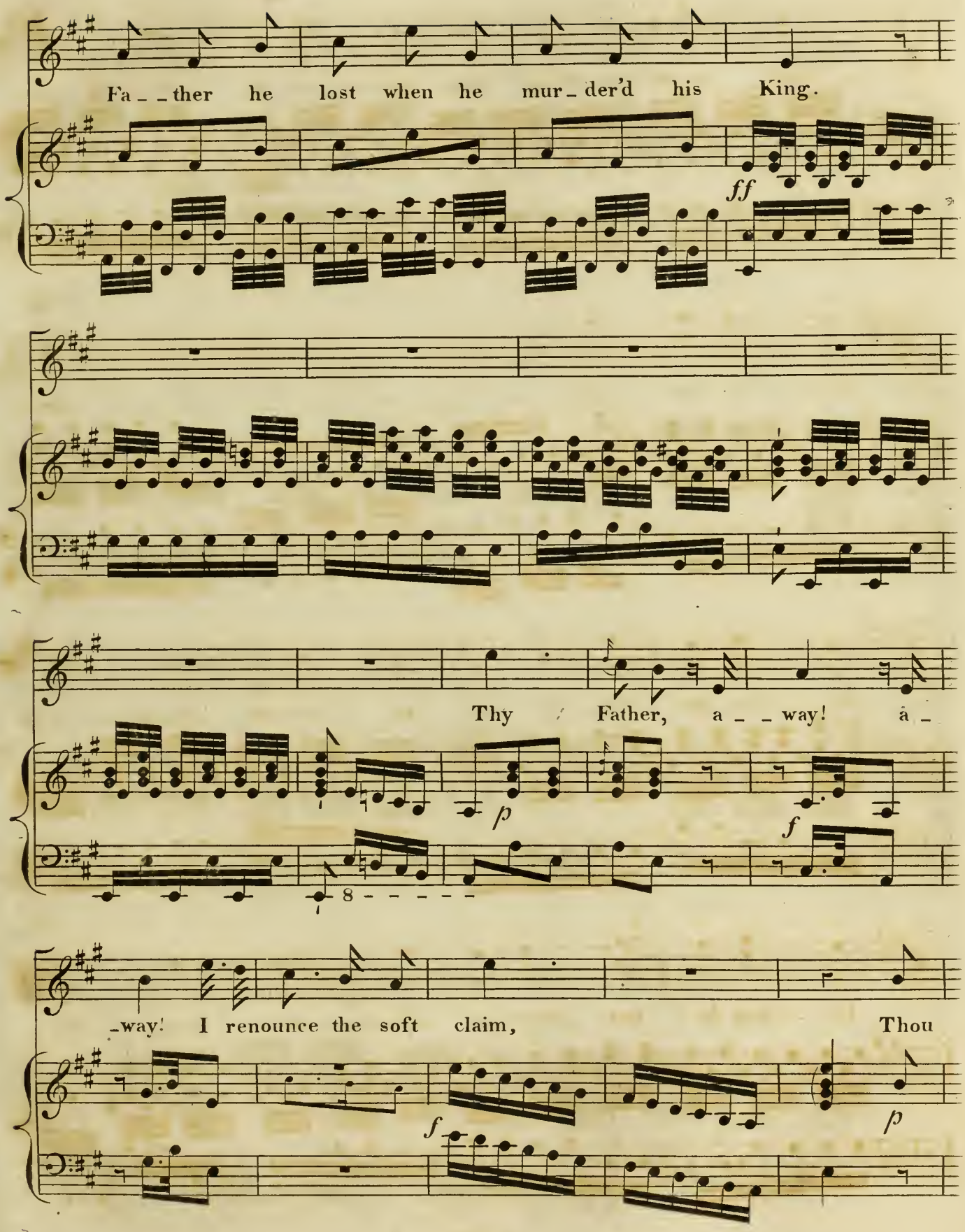
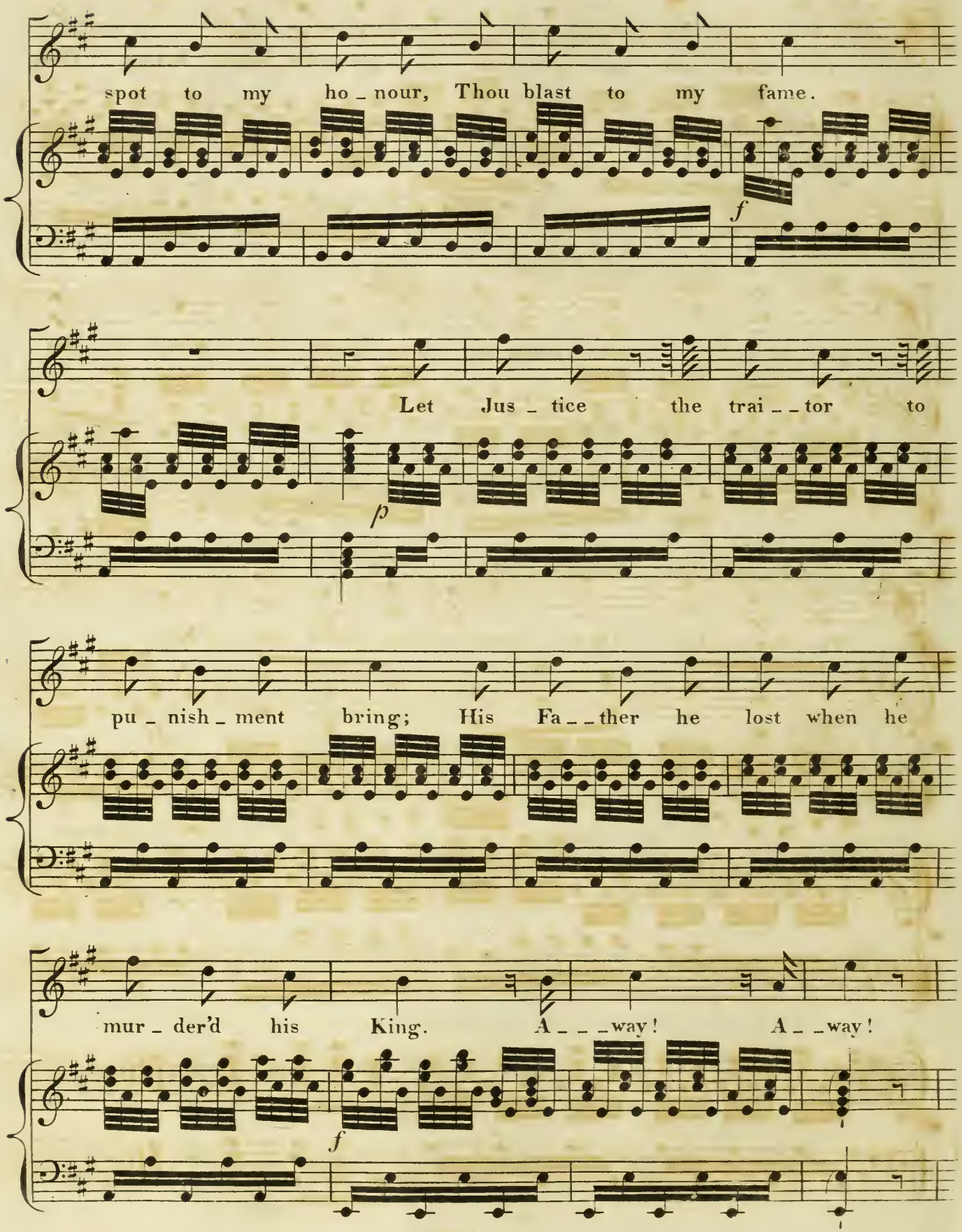
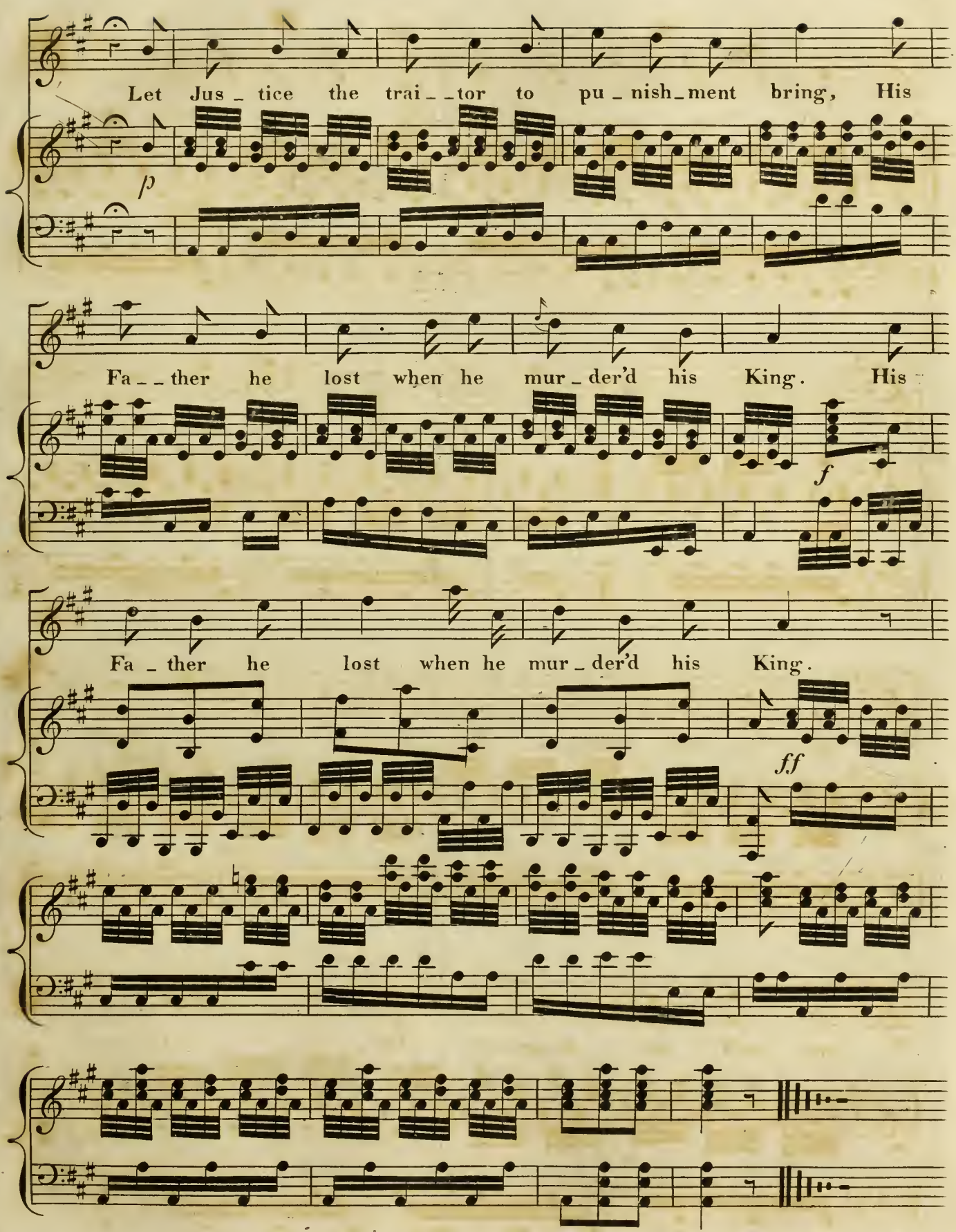



spot to my ho_nour, thou blast to my fame. thou
blast to my fame. Let
ff
p
Jus _ _ tice the trai _ tor to pu _ _ nishment bring; His
Fa _ _ _ ther he lost when he mur_der'd his King, His
f


Fa _ _ ther he lost when he mur _ der'd his King.
ff
Thy Father, a _ _ way! a _
p
f
8
_way! I renounce the soft claim, Thou
f
p


spot to my ho_nour, Thou blast to my fame.
f
Let Jus_tice the trai__tor to
p
pu_nish_ment bring; His Fa__ther he lost when he
mur_der'd his King. A___way! A__way!
f


Let Jus _ tice the trai _ _ tor to pu _ nish _ ment bring, His
p
Fa _ _ ther he lost when he mur _ der'd his King. His
f
Fa _ ther he lost when he mur _ der'd his King.
ff

Acquit thee of this foul offence!

Air,

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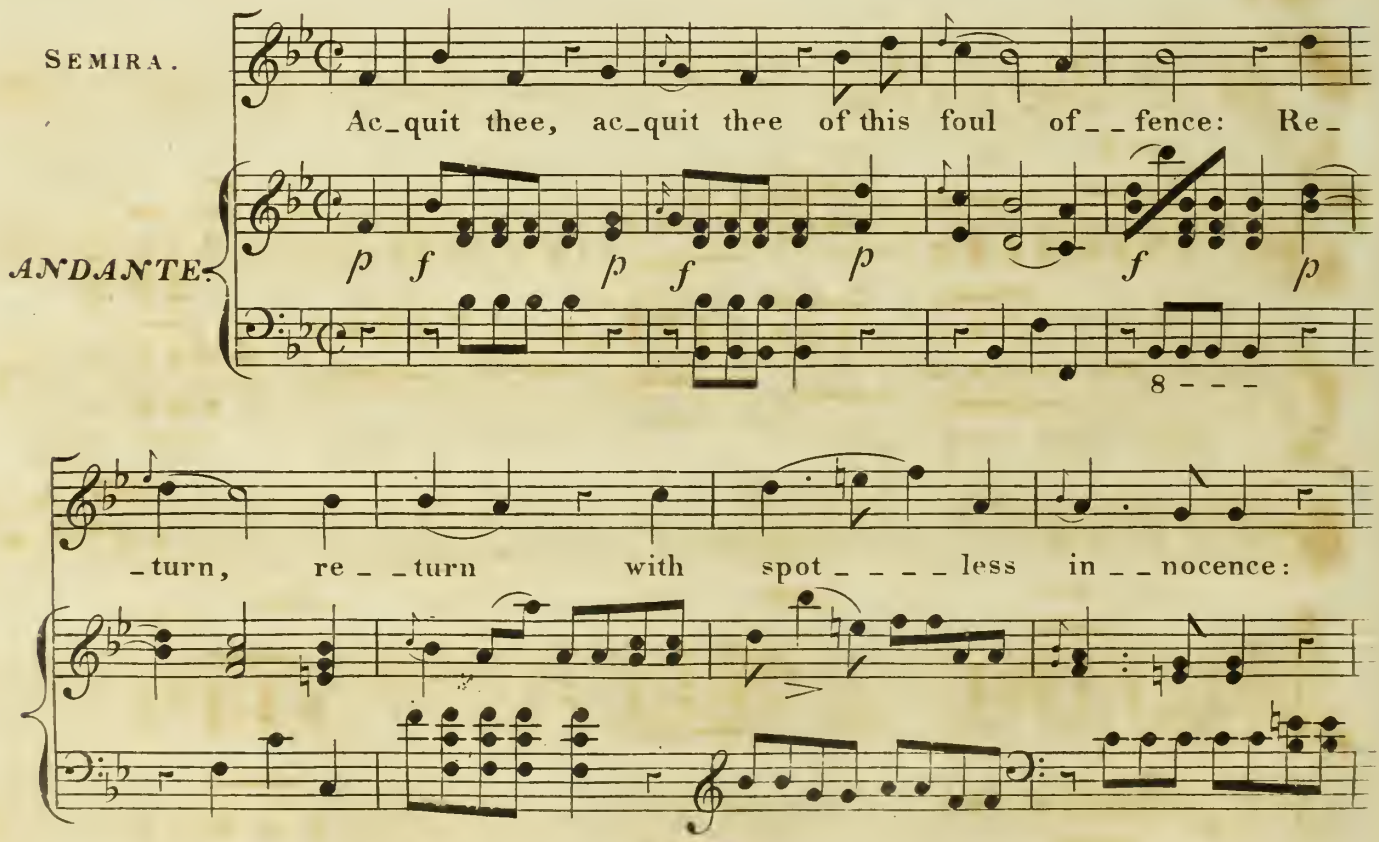
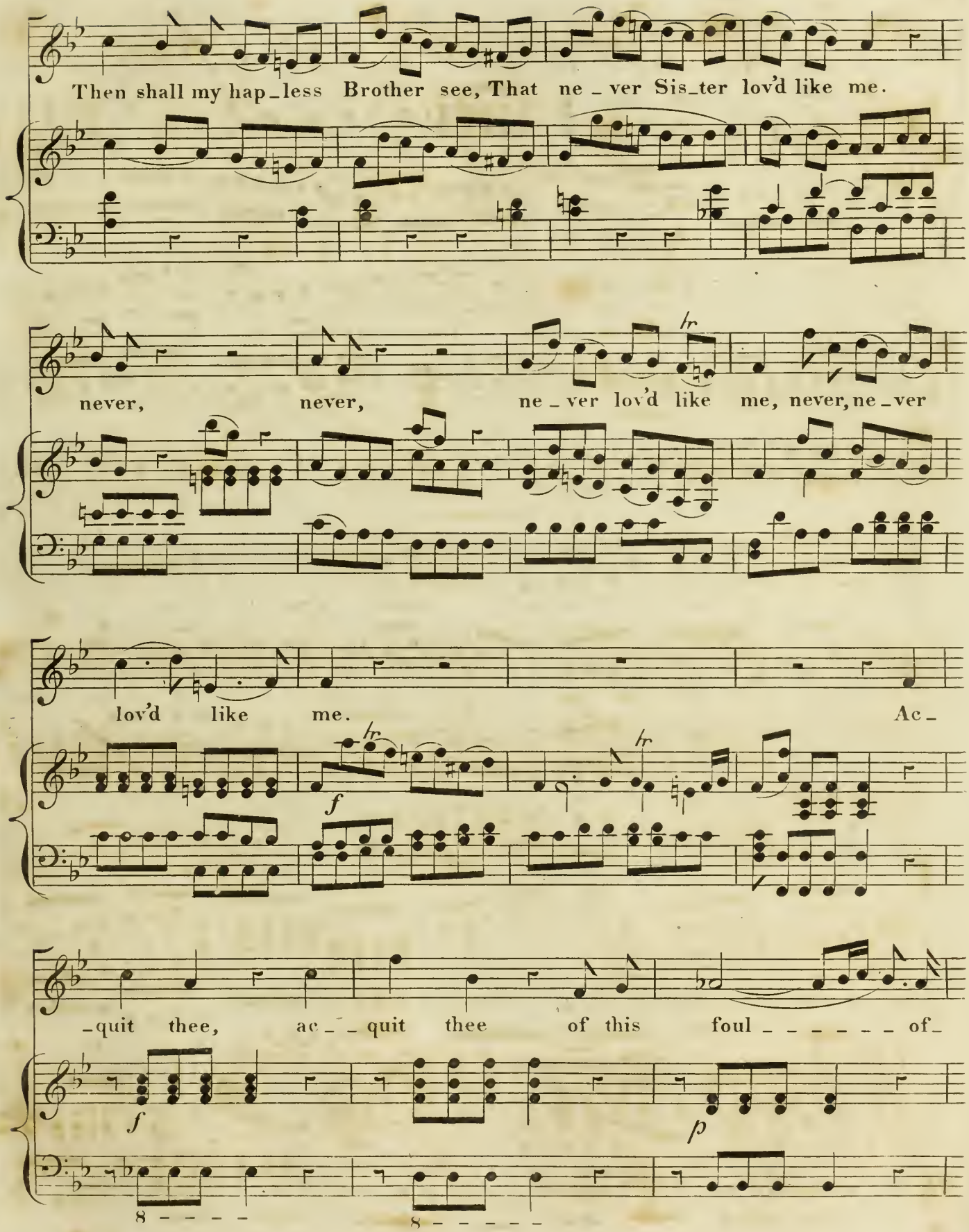
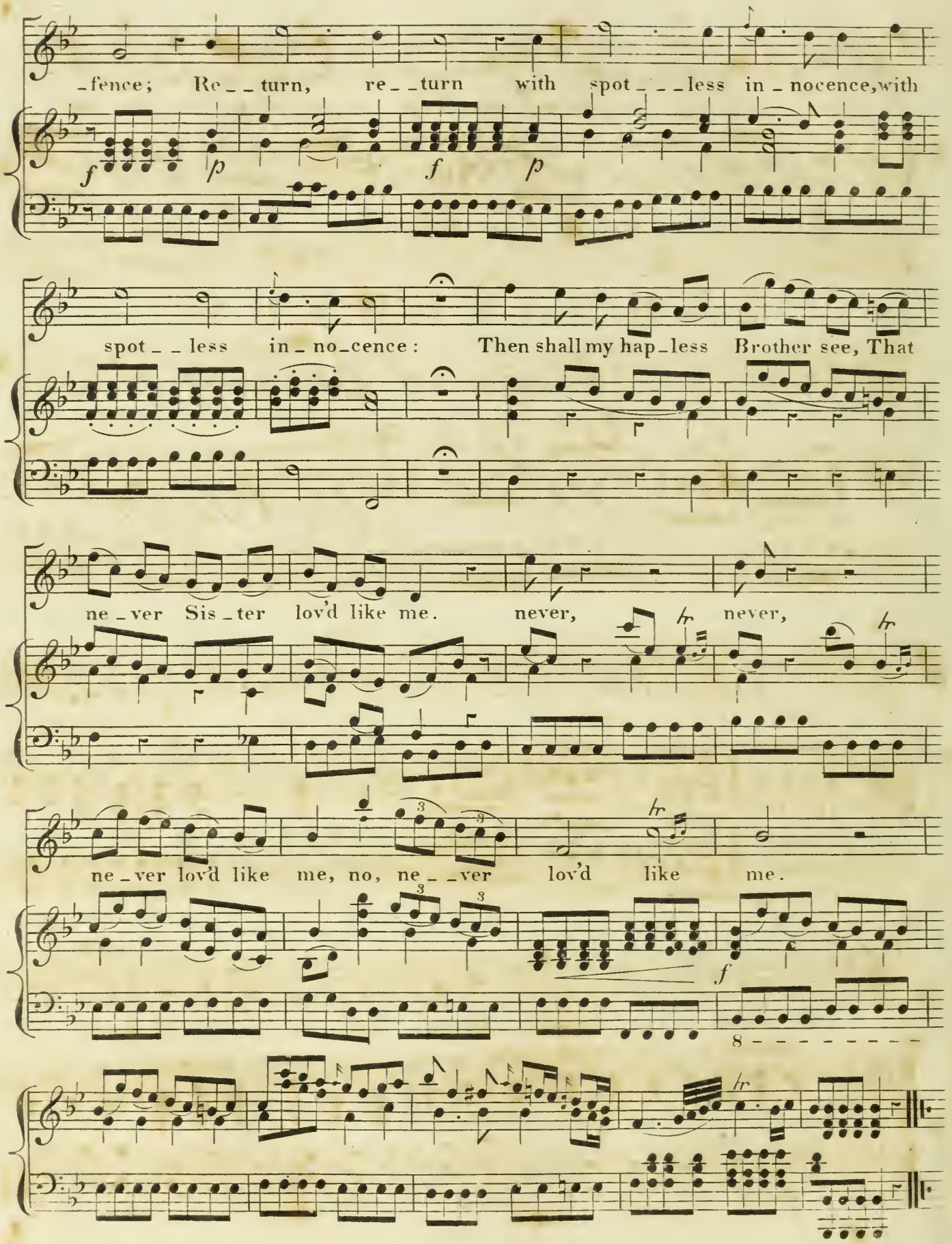



Then shall my hap_less Brother see, That ne_ver Sis_ter lov'd like me.
never, never, ne_ver lov'd like me, never, ne_ver
lov'd like me. Ac_
quit thee, ac _quit thee of this foul_ _ _ _ _ _ of_


-fence; Re- - turn, re- - turn with spot- - - less in-nocence, with
spot- - less in-no-cence: Then shall my hap-less Brother see, That
ne-ver Sis-ter lov'd like me. never, never,
ne-ver lov'd like me, no, ne- - ver lov'd like me.
f
p
f
p
f
8

O! too lovely, too unkind!

Air,

In the Opera of

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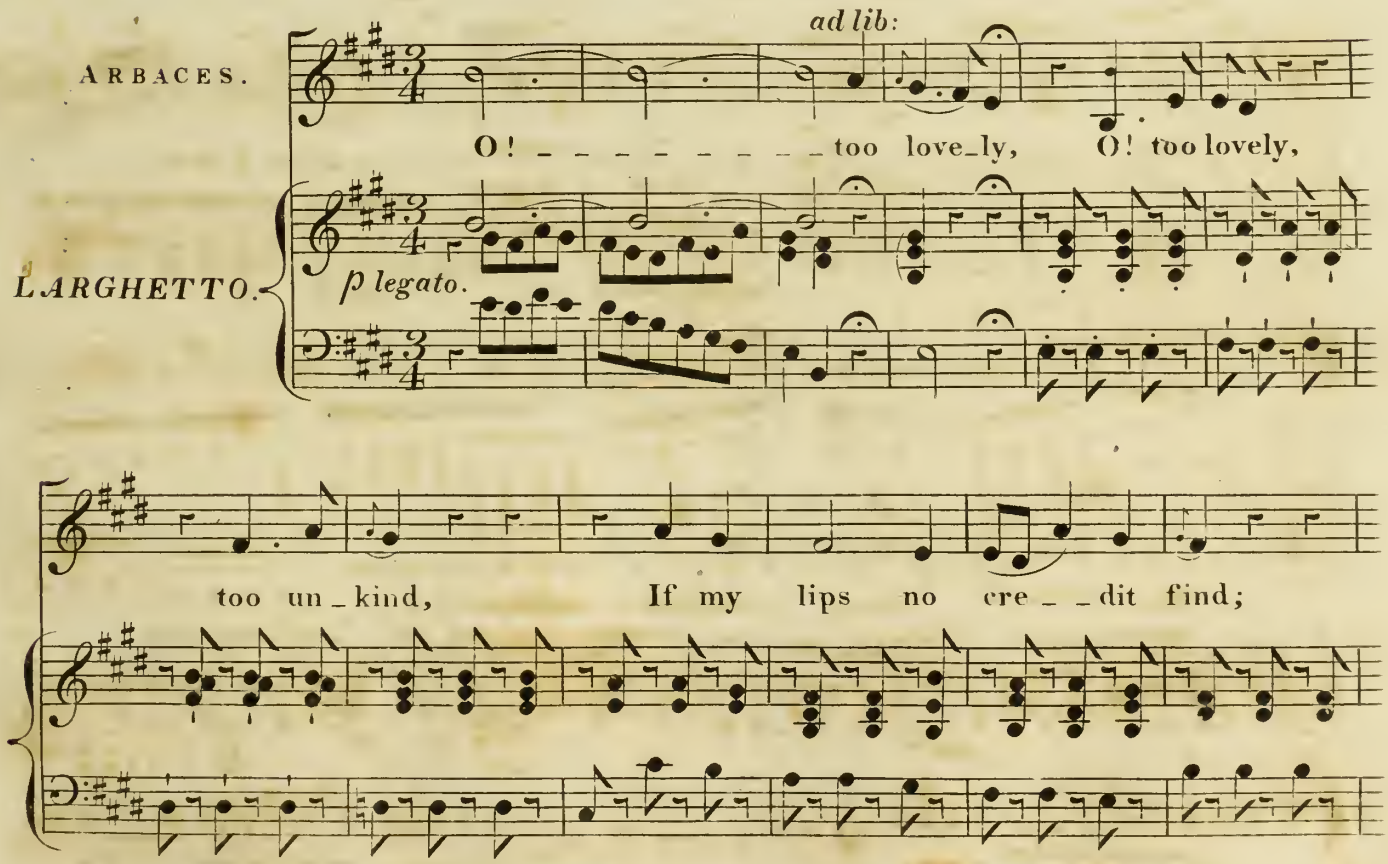
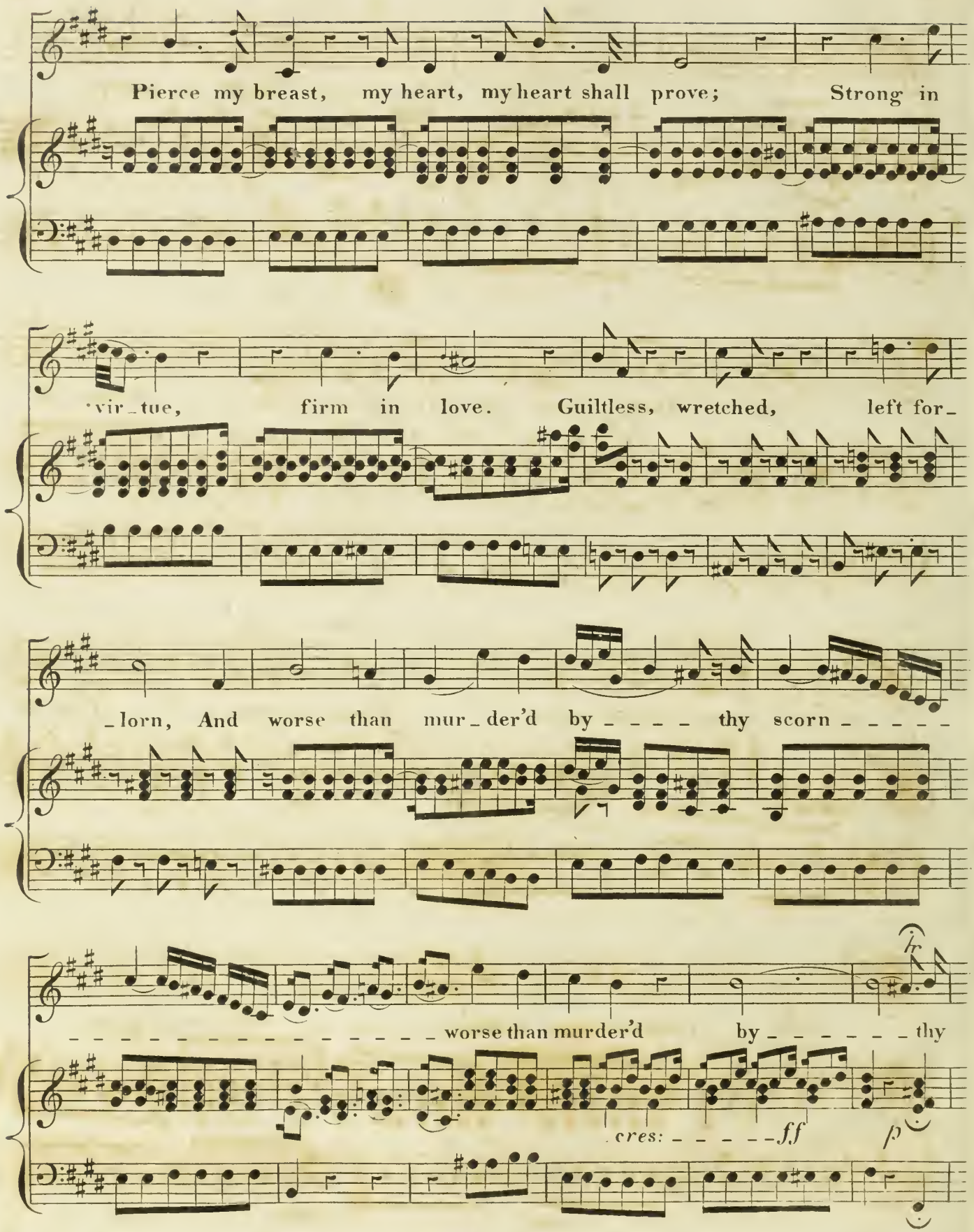
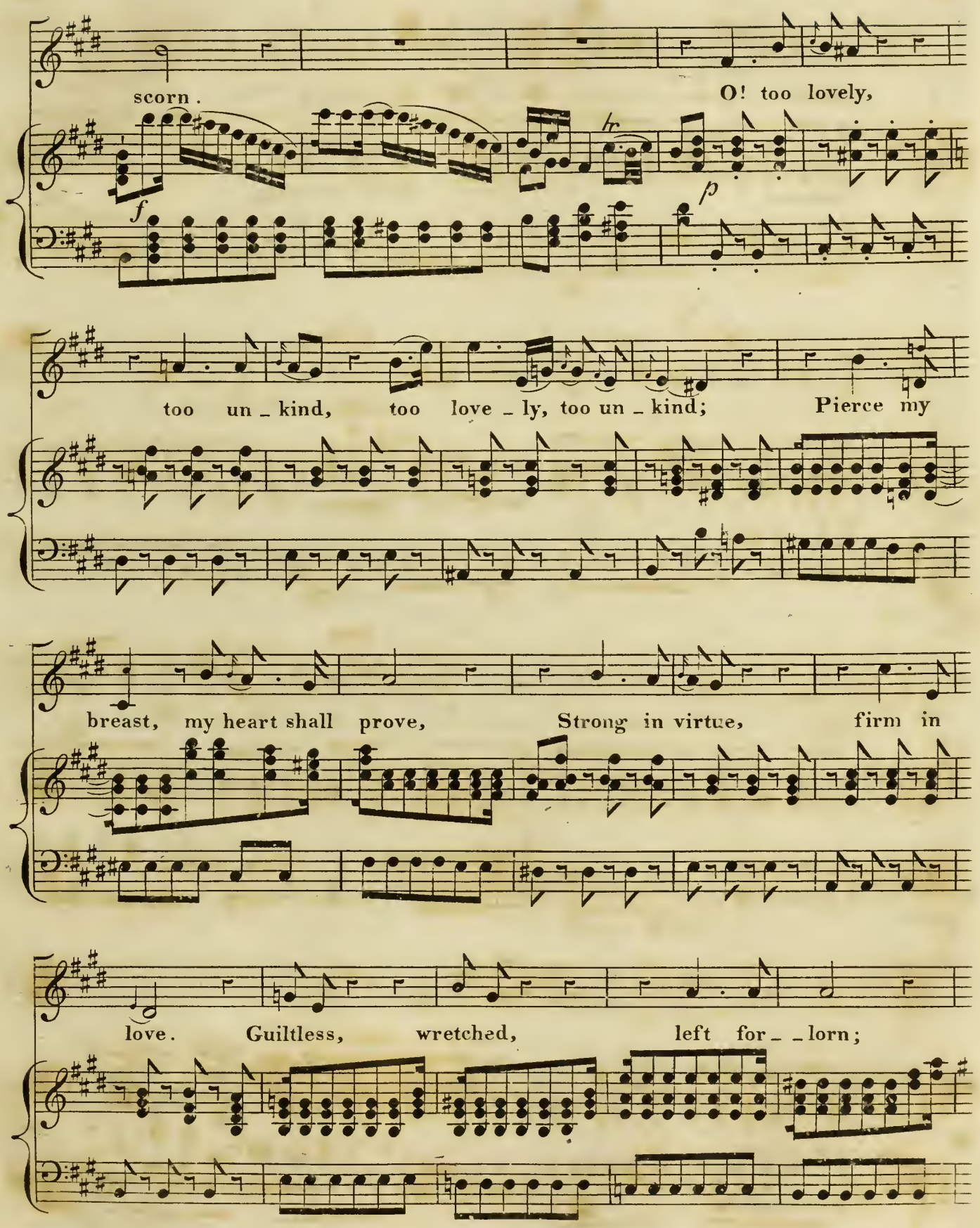
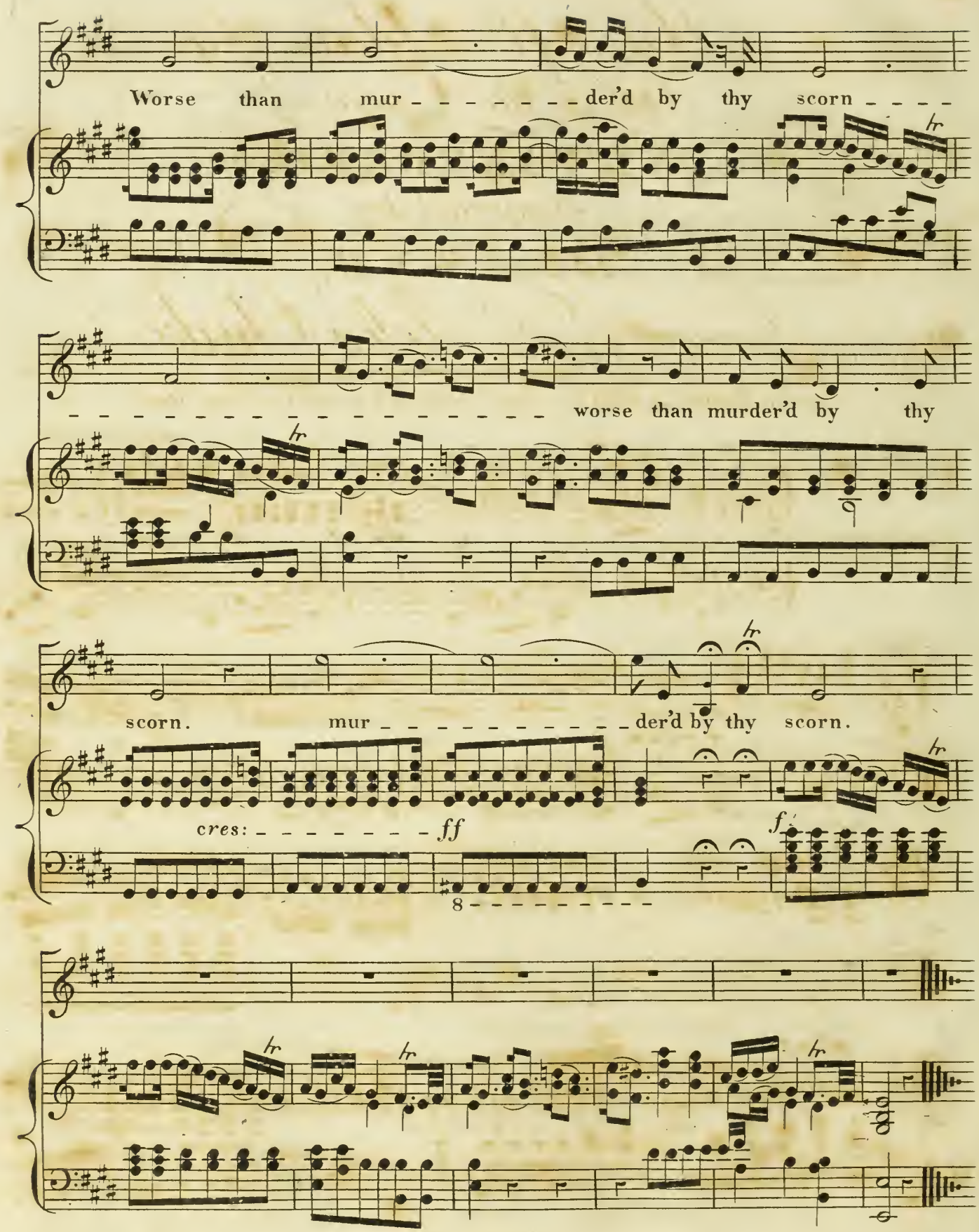



Pierce my breast, my heart, my heart shall prove; Strong in
vir_tue, firm in love. Guiltless, wretched, left for_
_lorn, And worse than mur_der'd by _ _ _ _ thy scorn _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ worse than murder'd by _ _ _ _ _ _ thy
cres: _ _ _ _ _ ff
p


scorn.
O! too lovely,
too un _ kind, too love _ ly, too un _ kind; Pierce my
breast, my heart shall prove, Strong in virtue, firm in
love. Guiltless, wretched, left for _ _ lorn;


Worse than mur - - - - - - - - der'd by thy scorn - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - worse than murder'd by thy
scorn. mur - - - - - - - - - - - - der'd by thy scorn.
cres: - - - - - - - - ff
f
8 - - - - - - - - -

Fly, soft Ideas fly,

AIR in the Opera of

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Arranged by L.r John Clarke.

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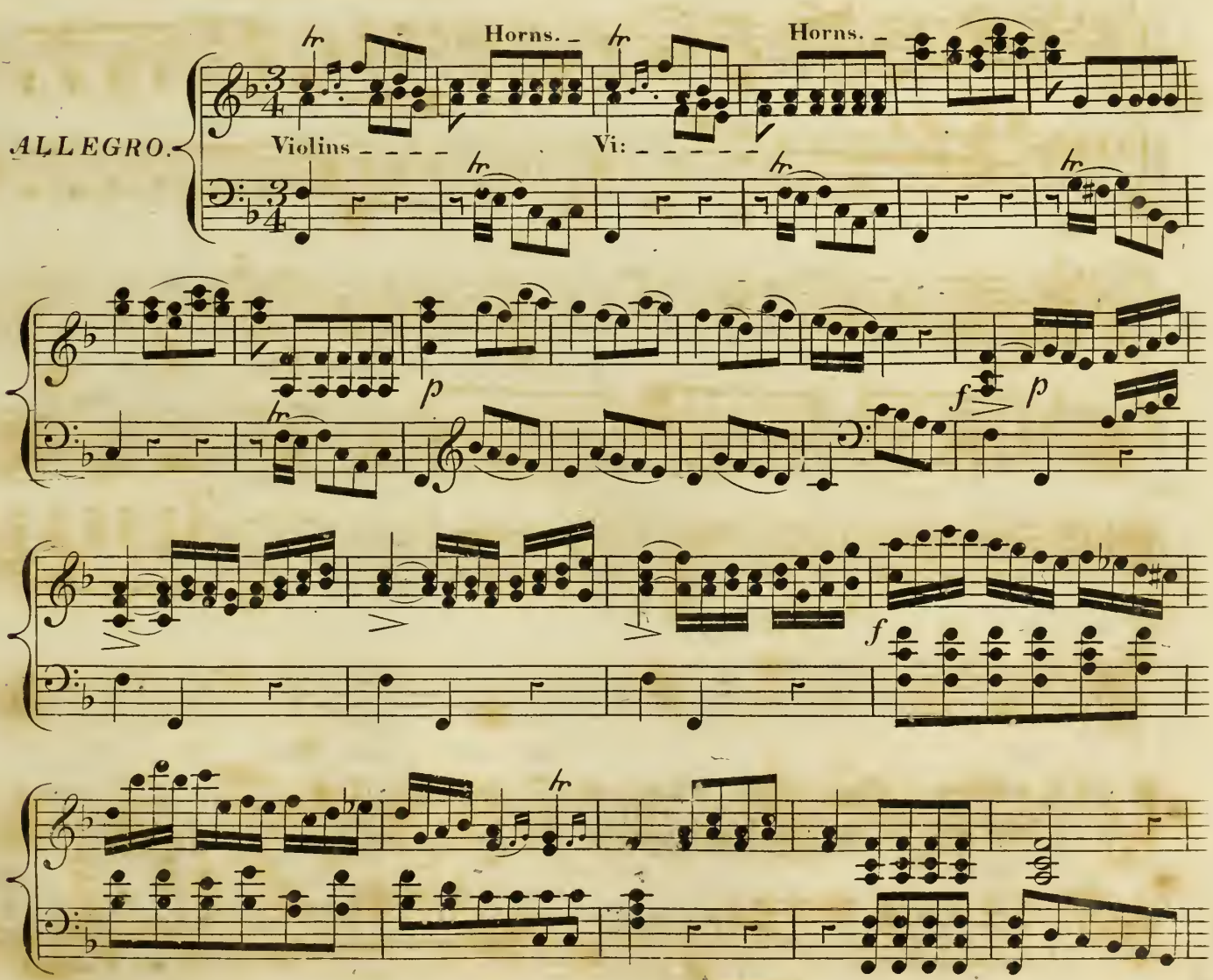
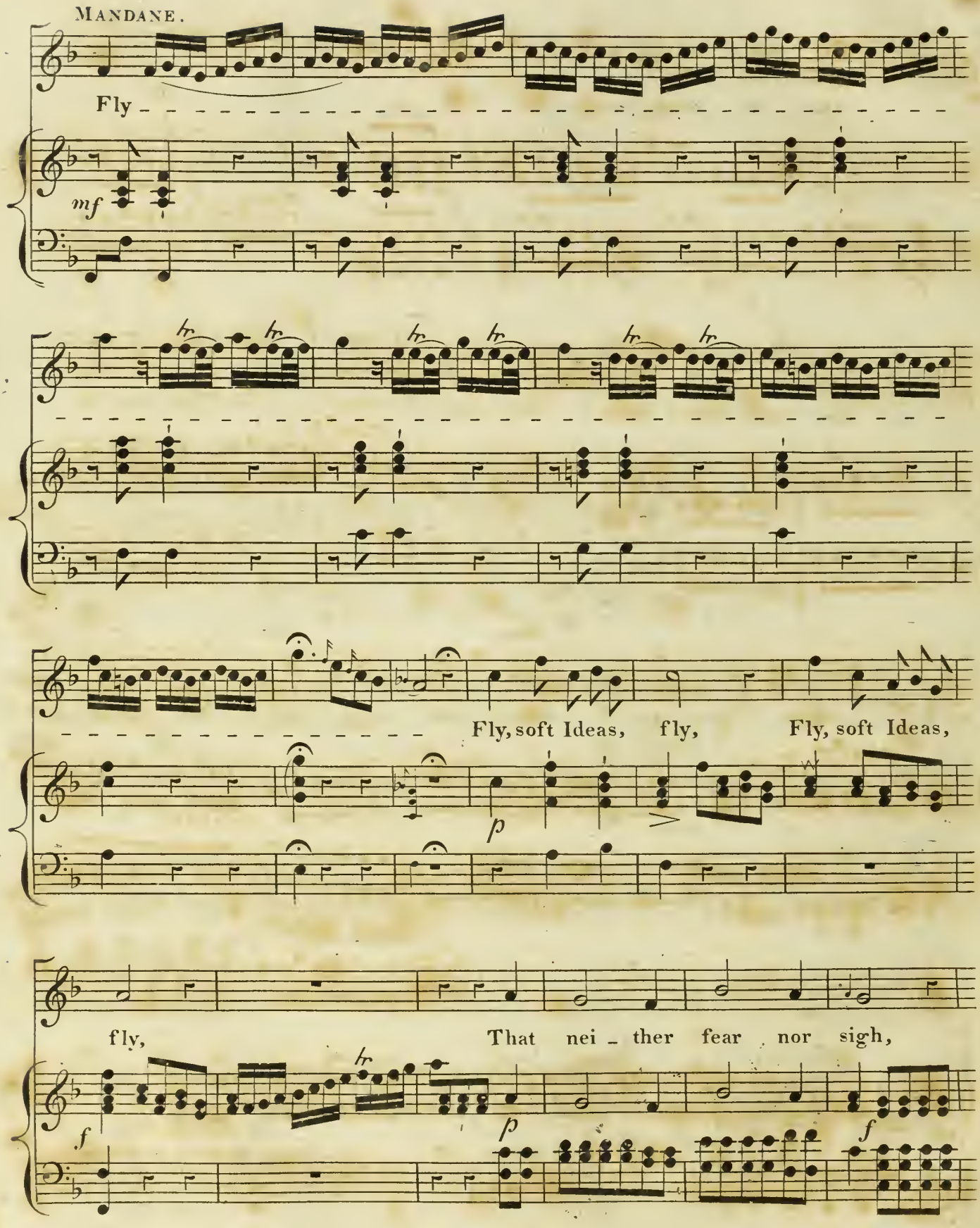
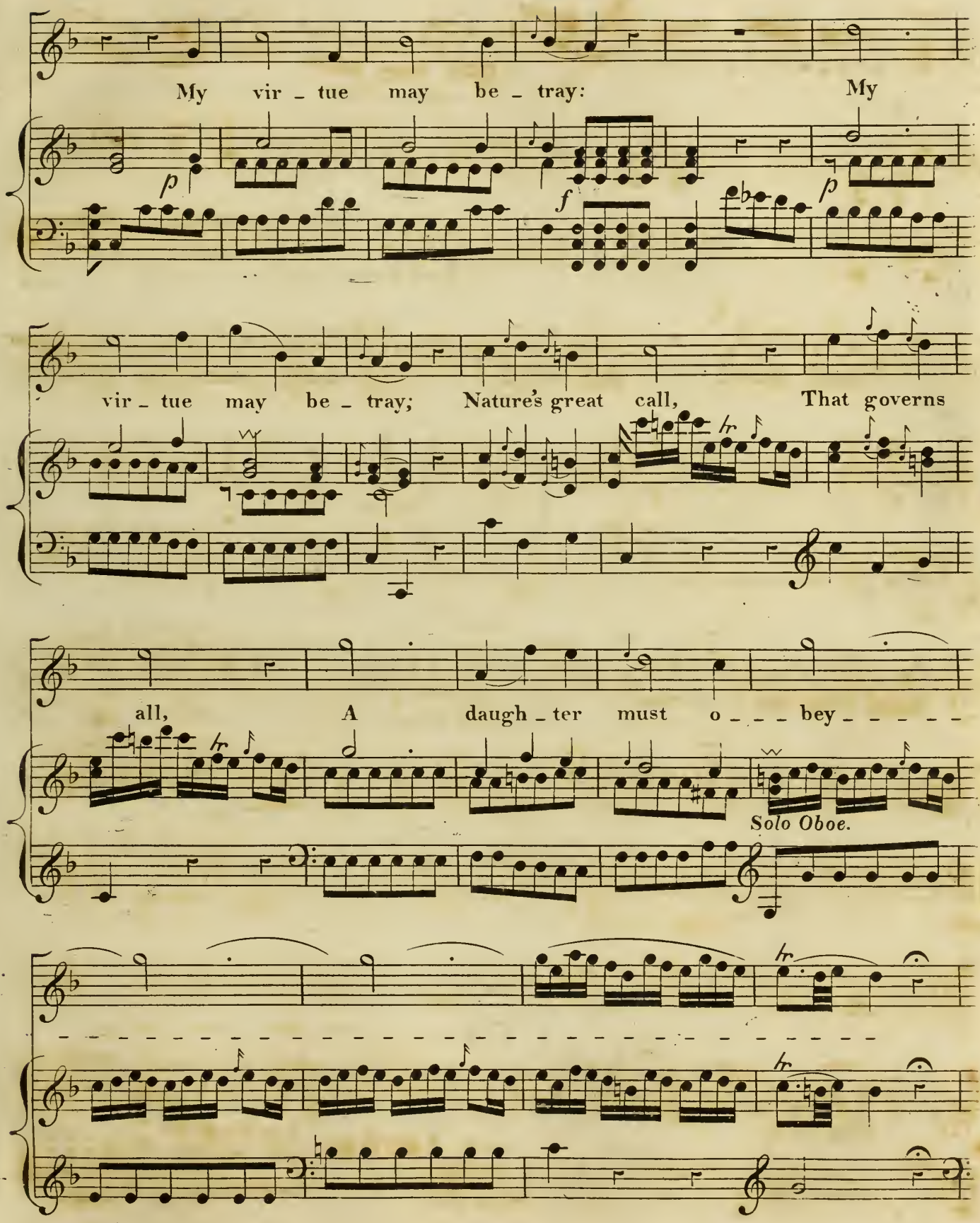
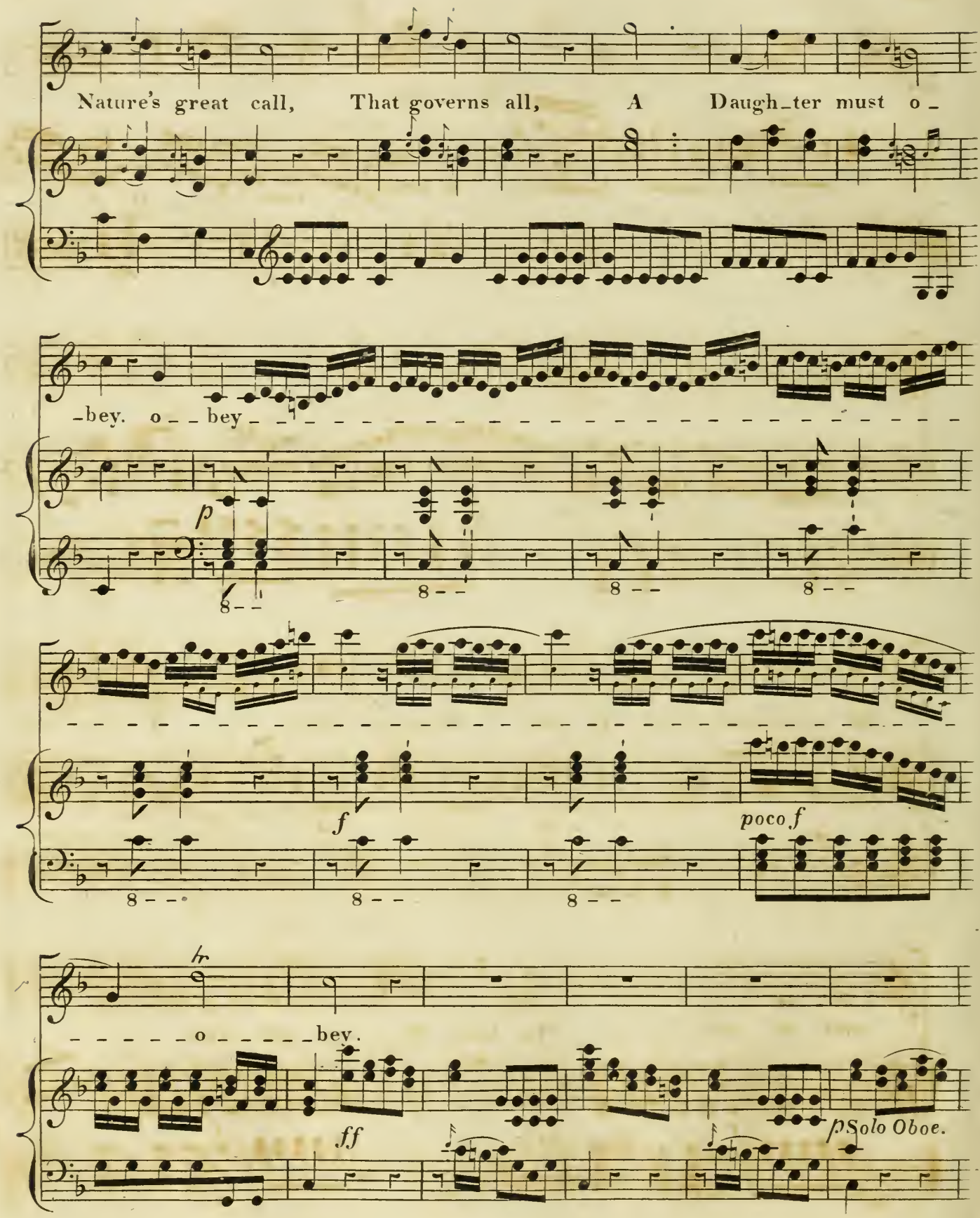


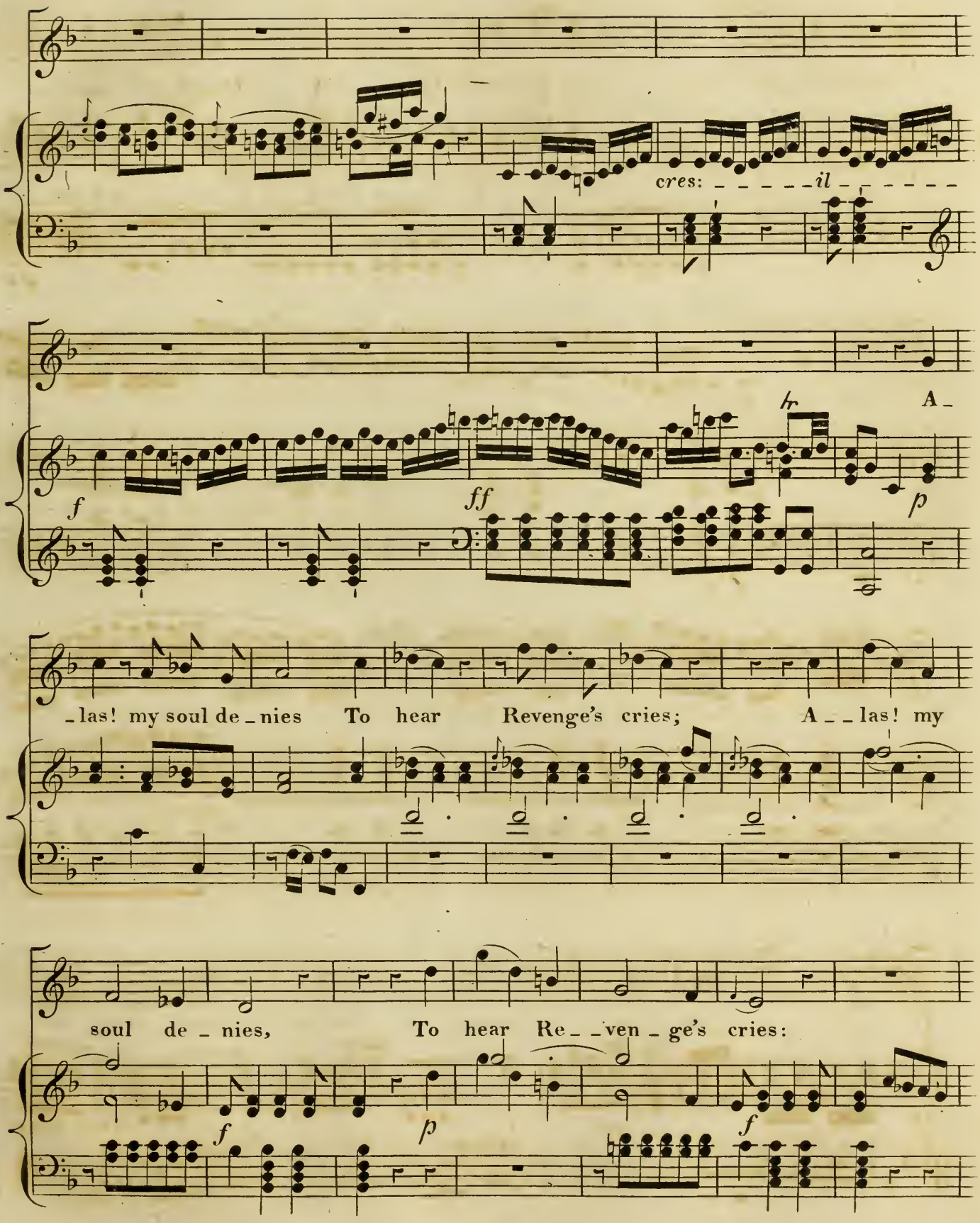

MANDANE.
Fly
mf
Fly, soft Ideas, fly,
Fly, soft Ideas,
p
fly,
That nei - ther fear nor sigh,
f
p
f

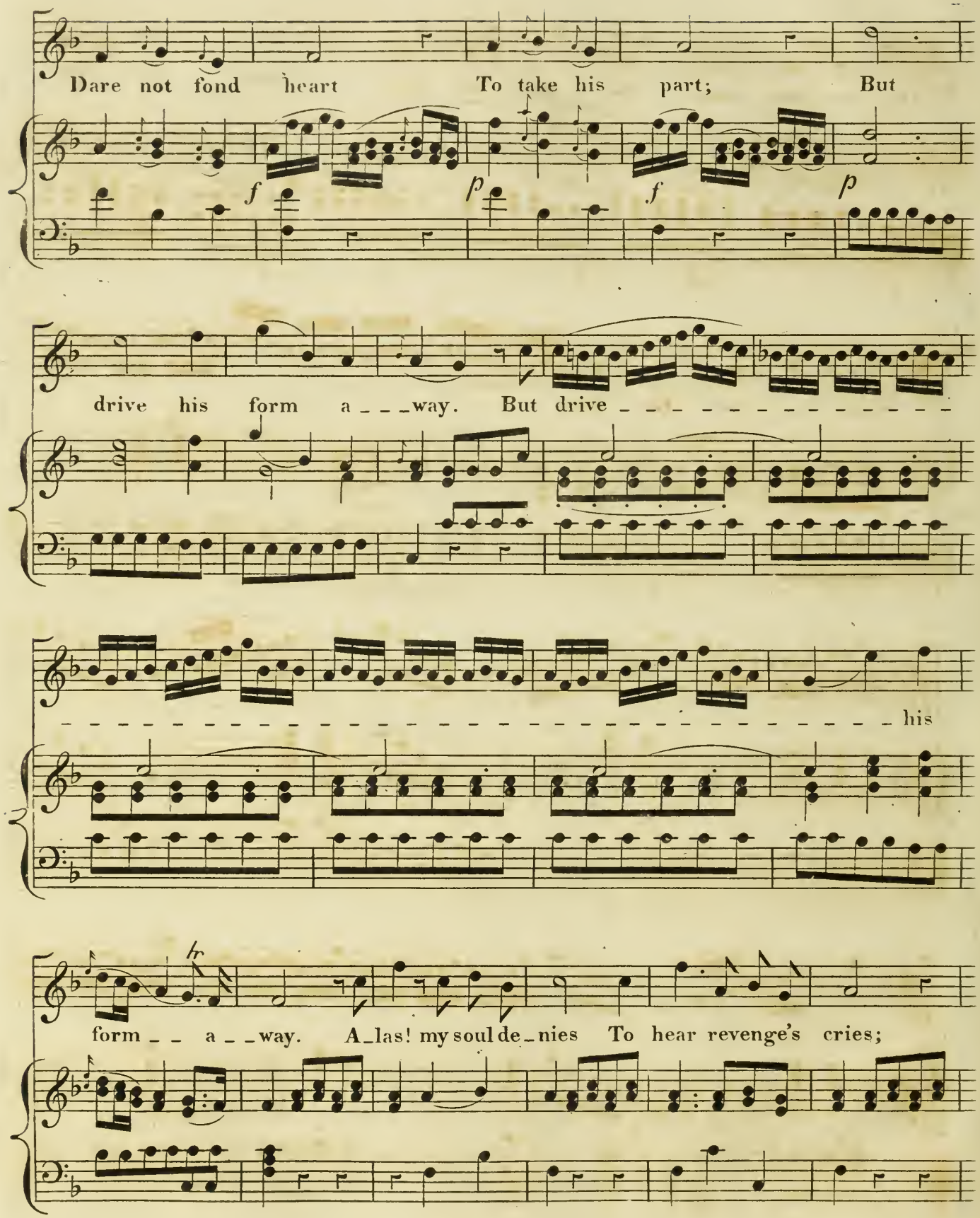

My vir _ tue may be _ tray: My
p
f
p
vir _ tue may be _ tray; Nature's great call, That governs
tr
all, A daugh _ ter must o _ _ _ bey _ _ _ _ _
tr
Solo Oboe.
tr
tr

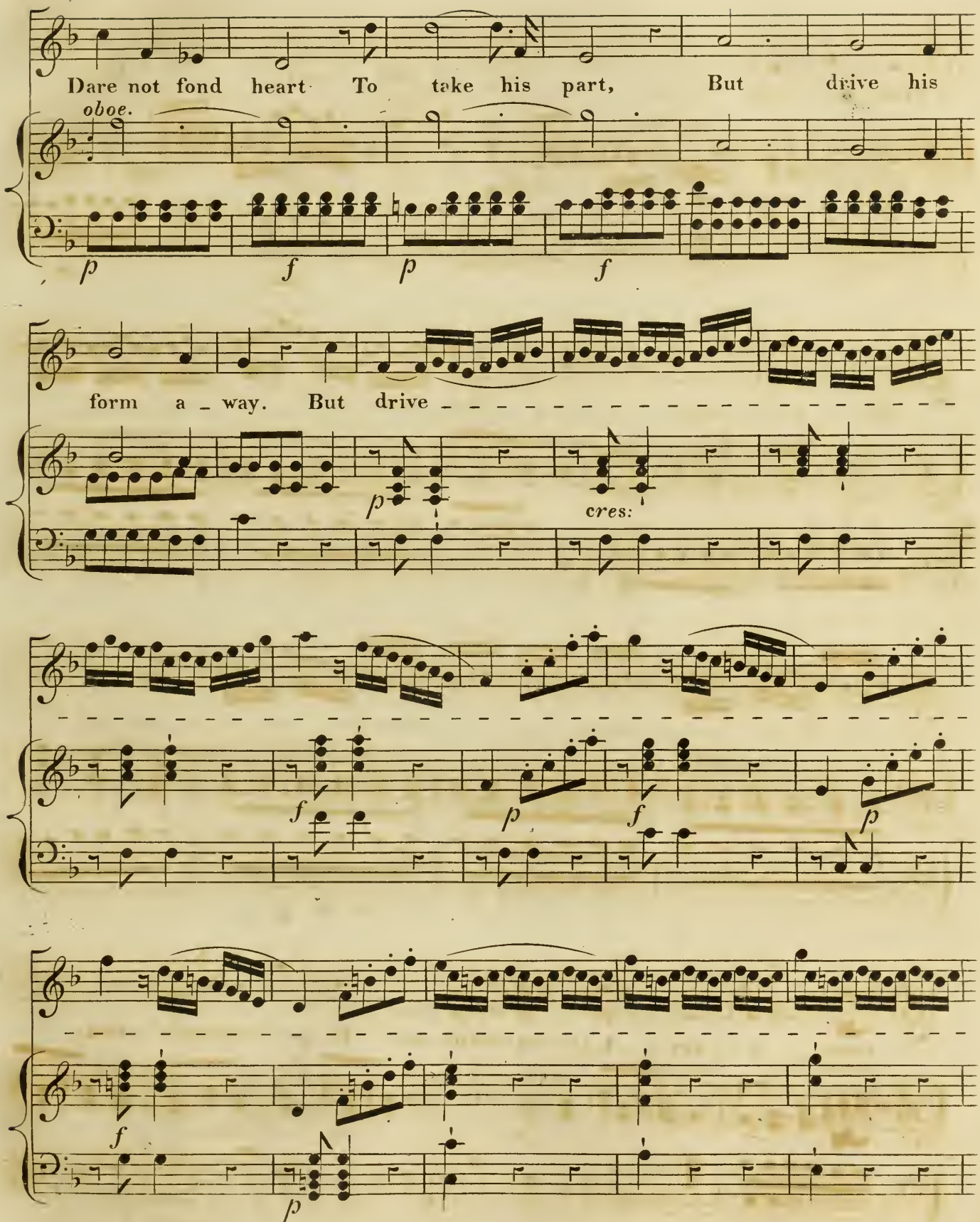

Nature's great call, That governs all, A Daugh_ter must o_
bey. o _ bey

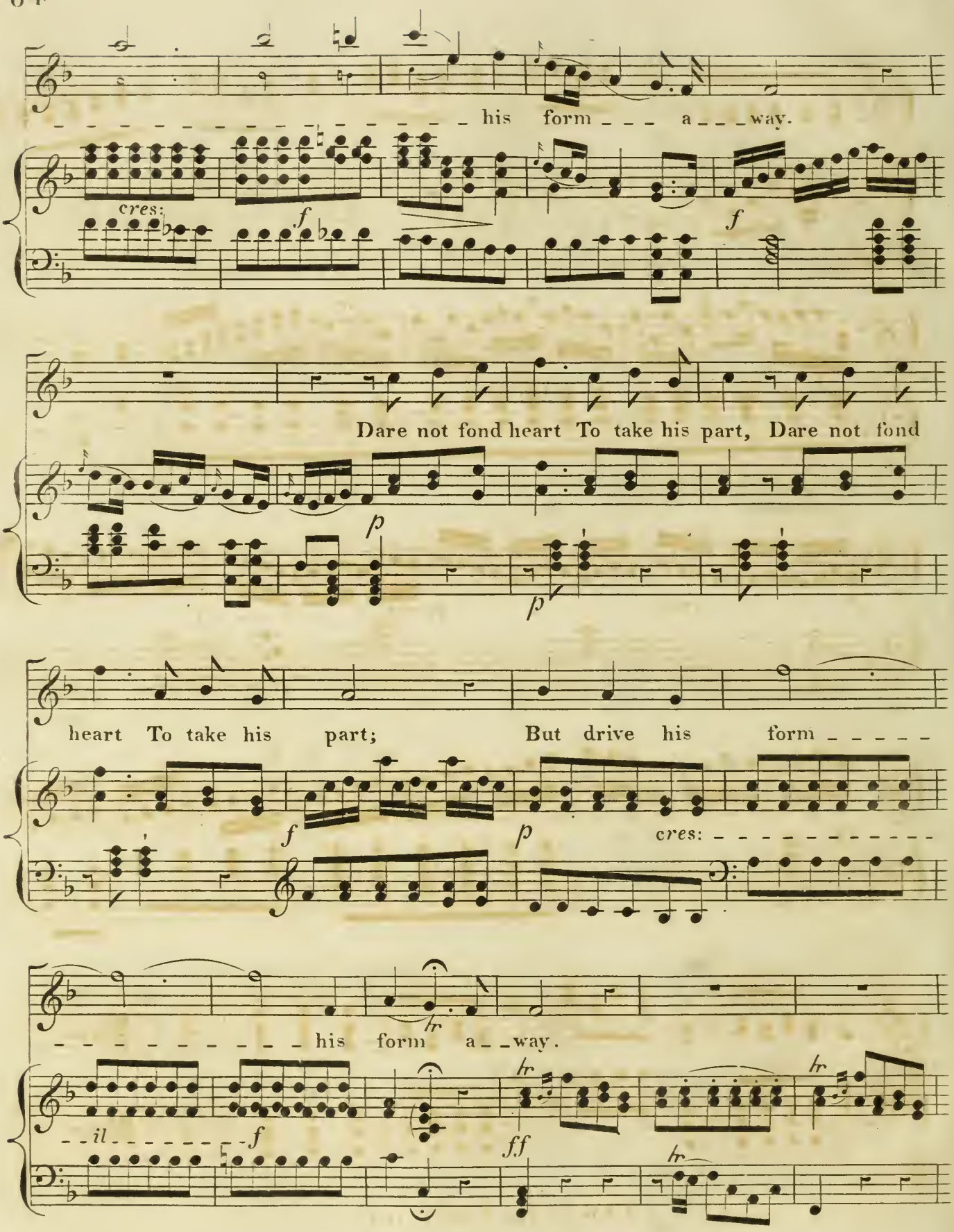
poco f
_ _ _ _ _ o _ _ _ _ _ bey.

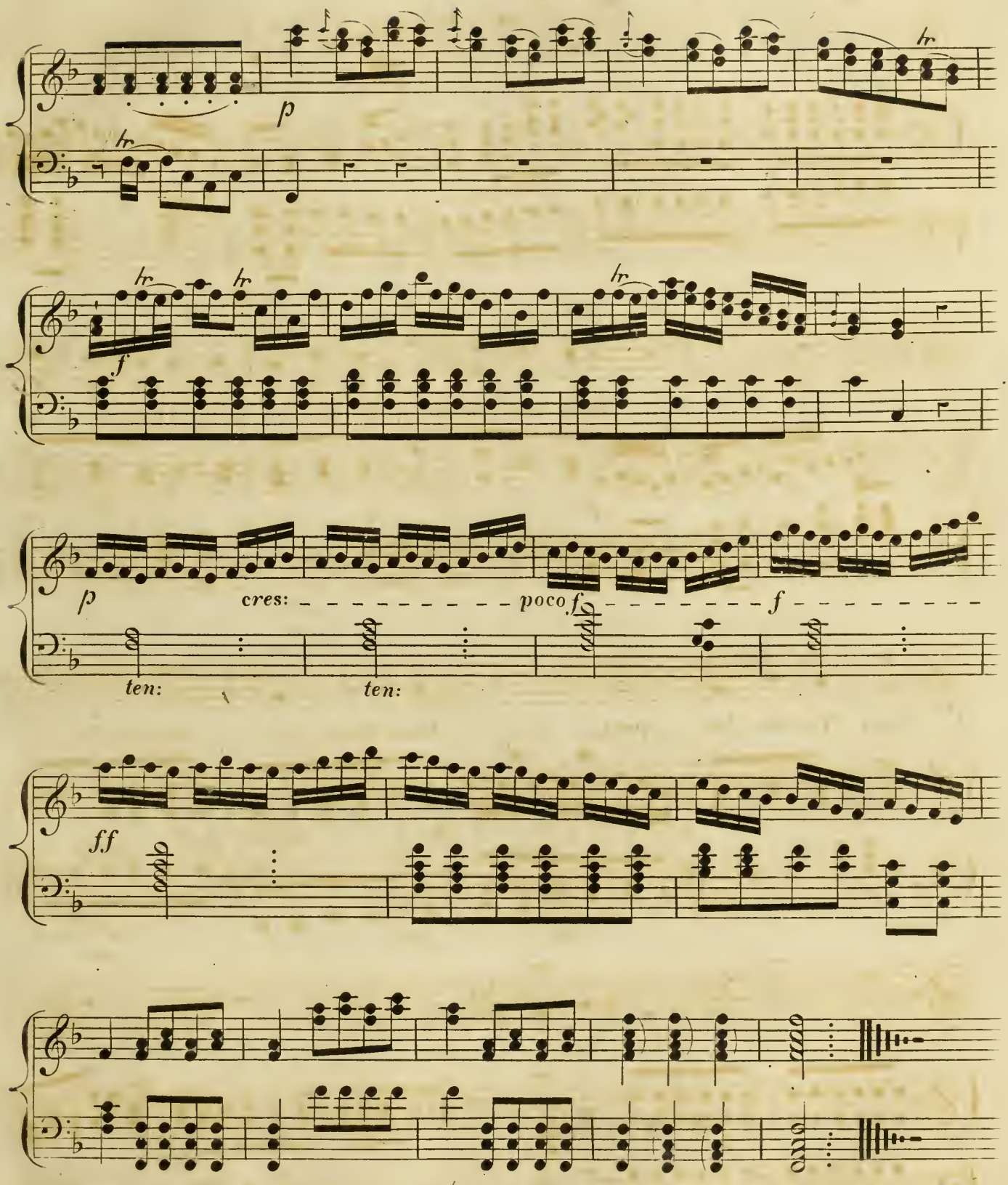
p Solo Oboe.


cres: _ _ _ _ _ il _ _ _ _ _ _
A _
_las! my soul de _ nies To hear Revenge's cries; A _ _ las! my
soul de _ nies, To hear Re _ _ ven _ ge's cries:


Dare not fond heart To take his part; But
f p f p
drive his form a_ _ _way. But drive _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ his
tr
form _ _ a _ _way. A_las! my soul de_nies To hear revenge's cries;


Dare not fond heart To take his part, But drive his
oboe.
p f p f
form a _ way. But drive
p
cres:
f p f p
f
p


his form a way.
cres:
f
f
Dare not fond heart To take his part, Dare not fond
p
p
heart To take his part; But drive his form
f
p
cres:
his form a way.
il
f
ff
tr



END OF THE FIRST ACT.

In Infancy our hopes & fears,

AIR, in the Opera of

ARTAXERXES.

Composed by

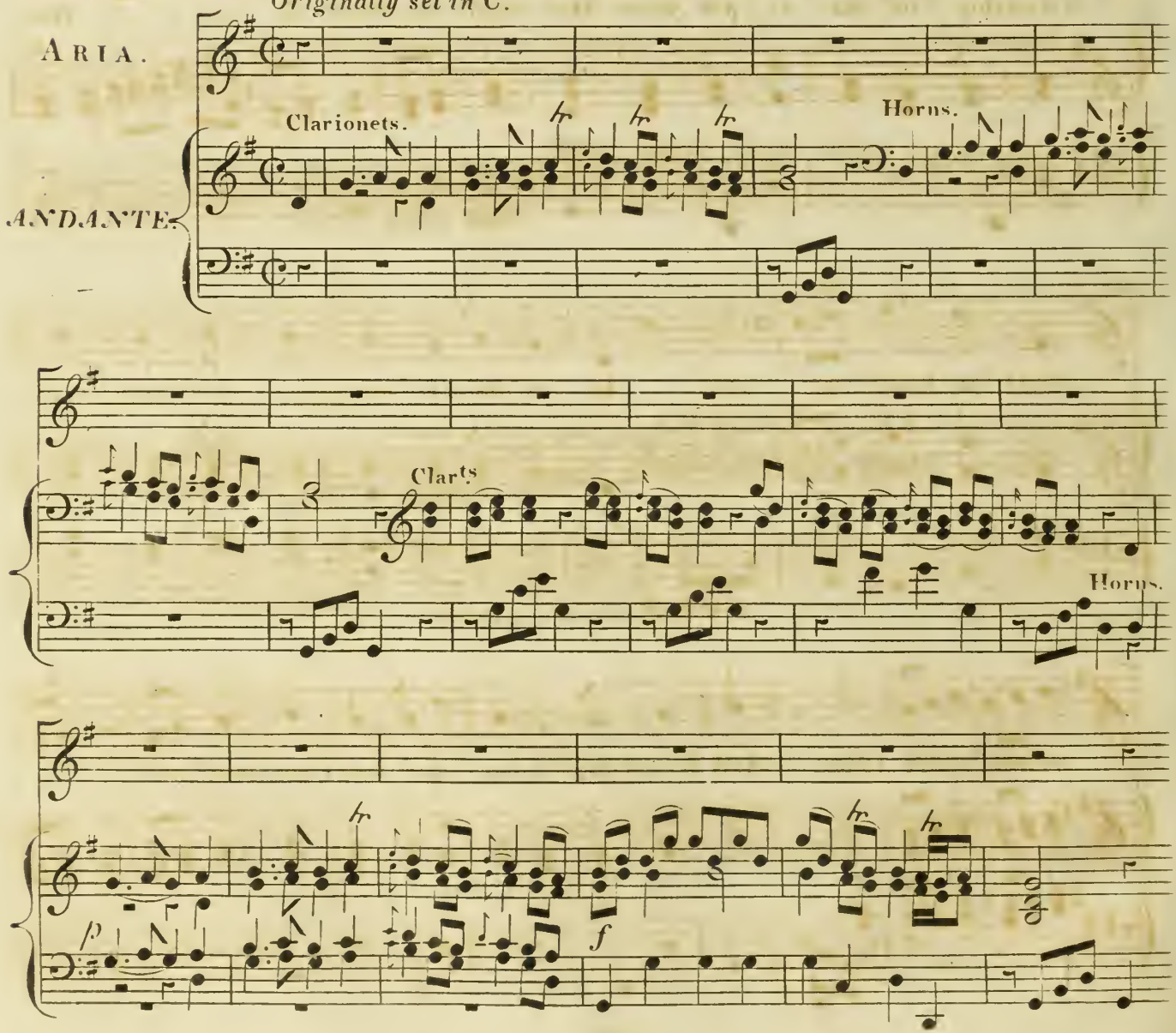
Dr. ARNE,

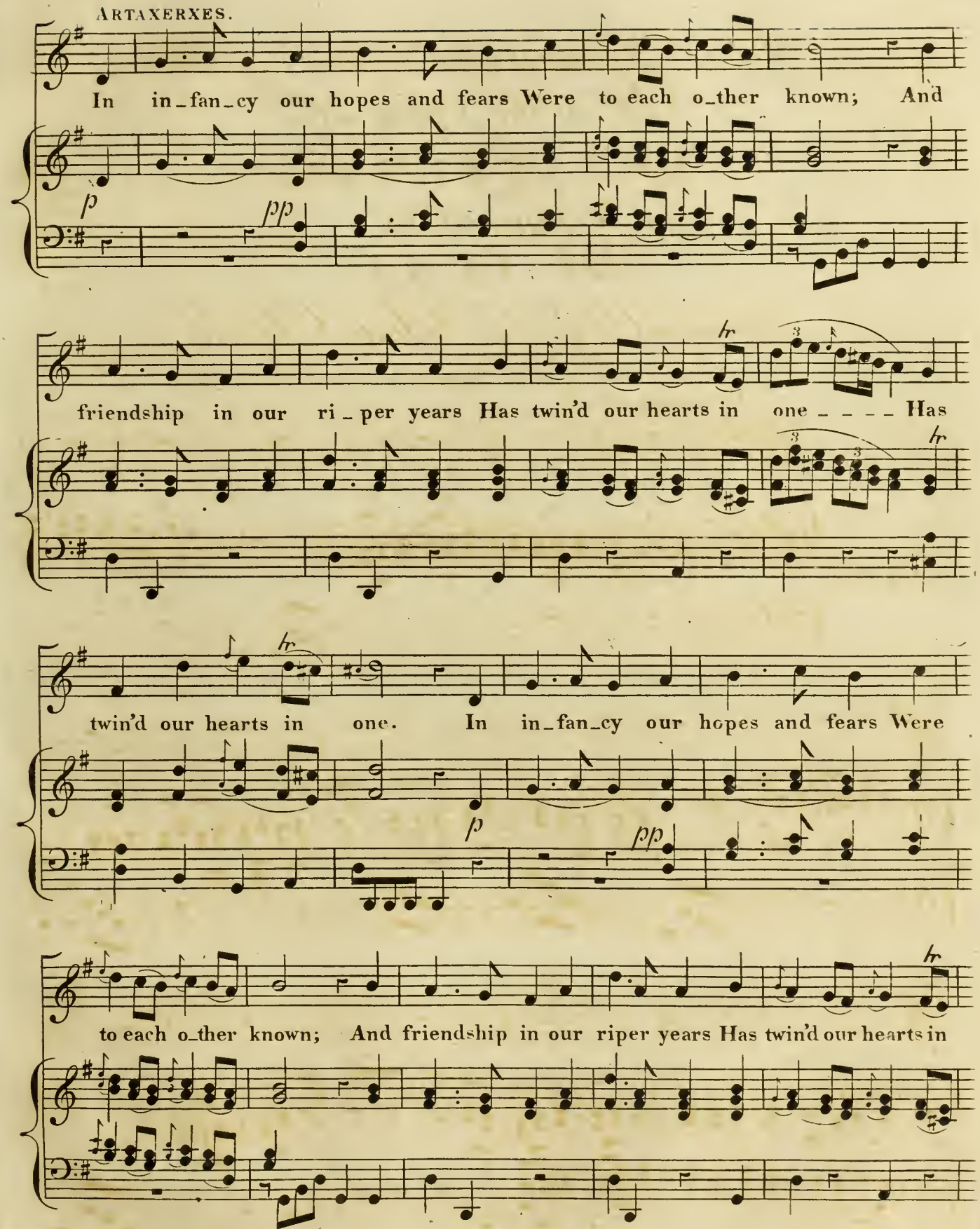
Arranged by Dr. John Clarke.

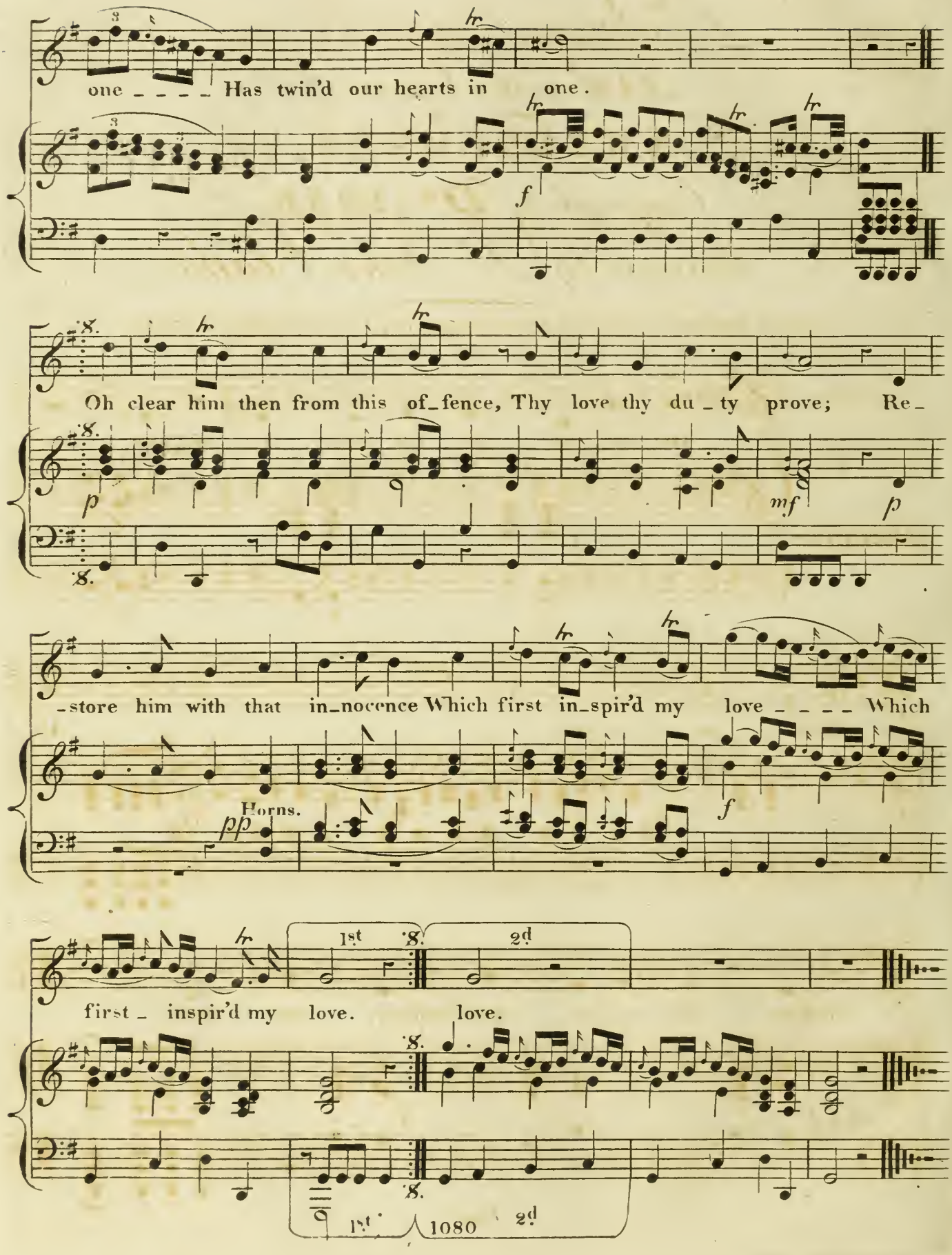
Price 1s

London, Printed & Sold by Mess.rs Birchall & Co.y 133 New Bond Street.

Originally set in C.




In in_fan_cy our hopes and fears Were to each o_ther known; And
p
pp
tr
friendship in our ri_per years Has twin'd our hearts in one _ _ _ _ Has
tr
twin'd our hearts in one. In in_fan_cy our hopes and fears Were
p
pp
tr
to each o_ther known; And friendship in our riper years Has twin'd our hearts in


one _ _ _ _ Has twin'd our hearts in one.
f
Oh clear him then from this of_fence, Thy love thy du _ ty prove; Re_
p
mf
p
_store him with that in_nocence Which first in_spir'd my love _ _ _ _ Which
pp
Horns.
f
first _ inspir'd my love. love.
1st
2d
1st
1080
2d

Disdainful you fly me!

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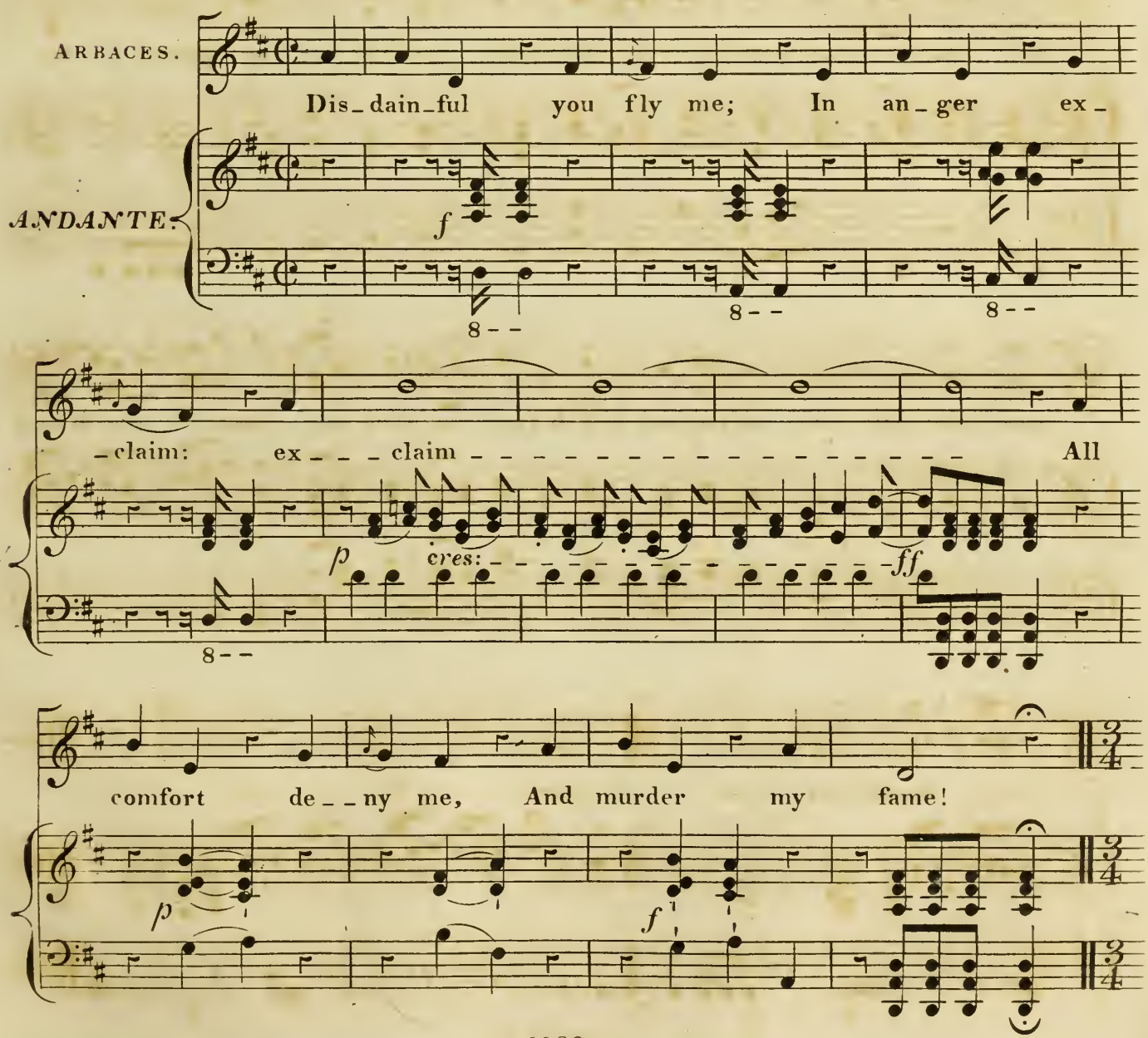
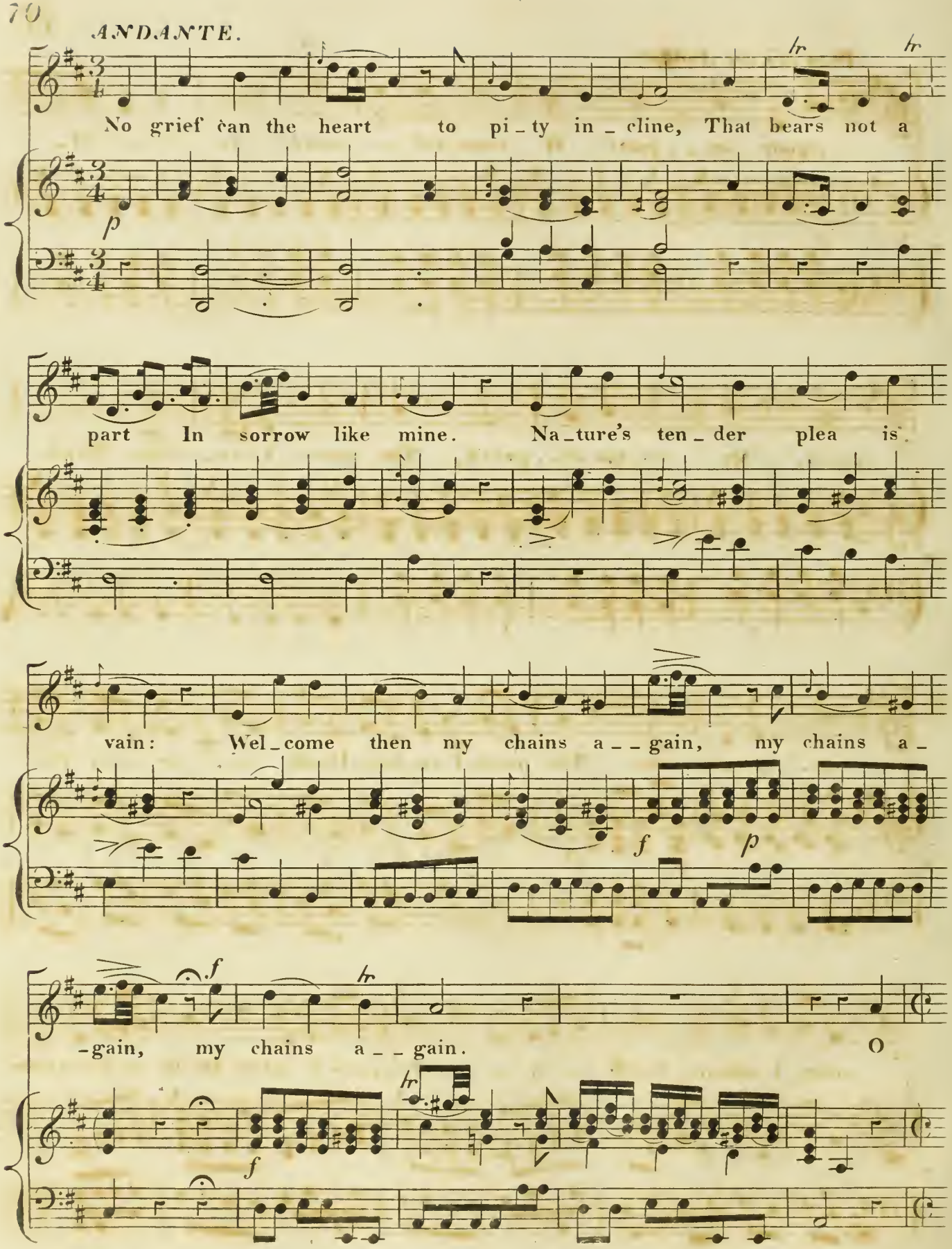
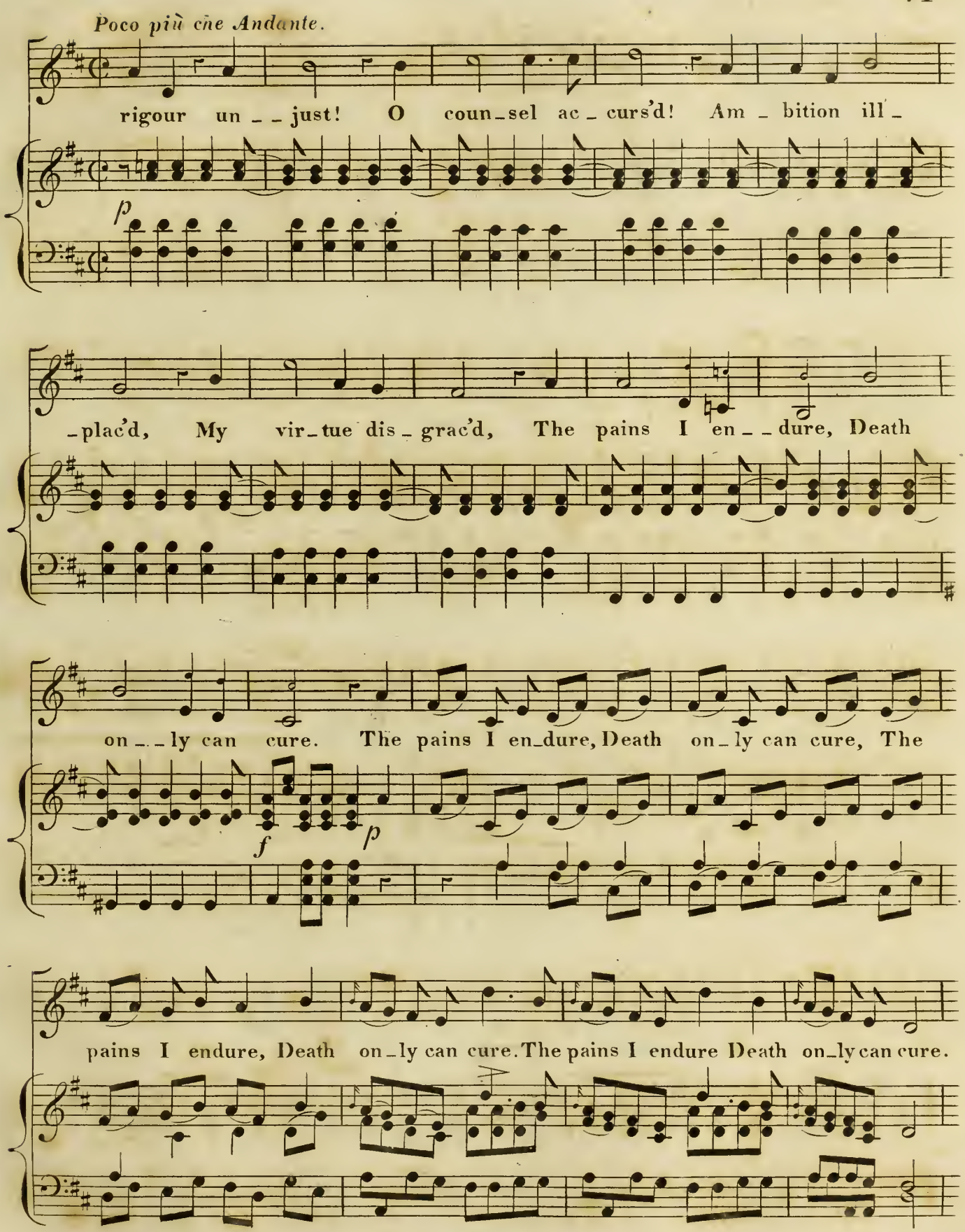
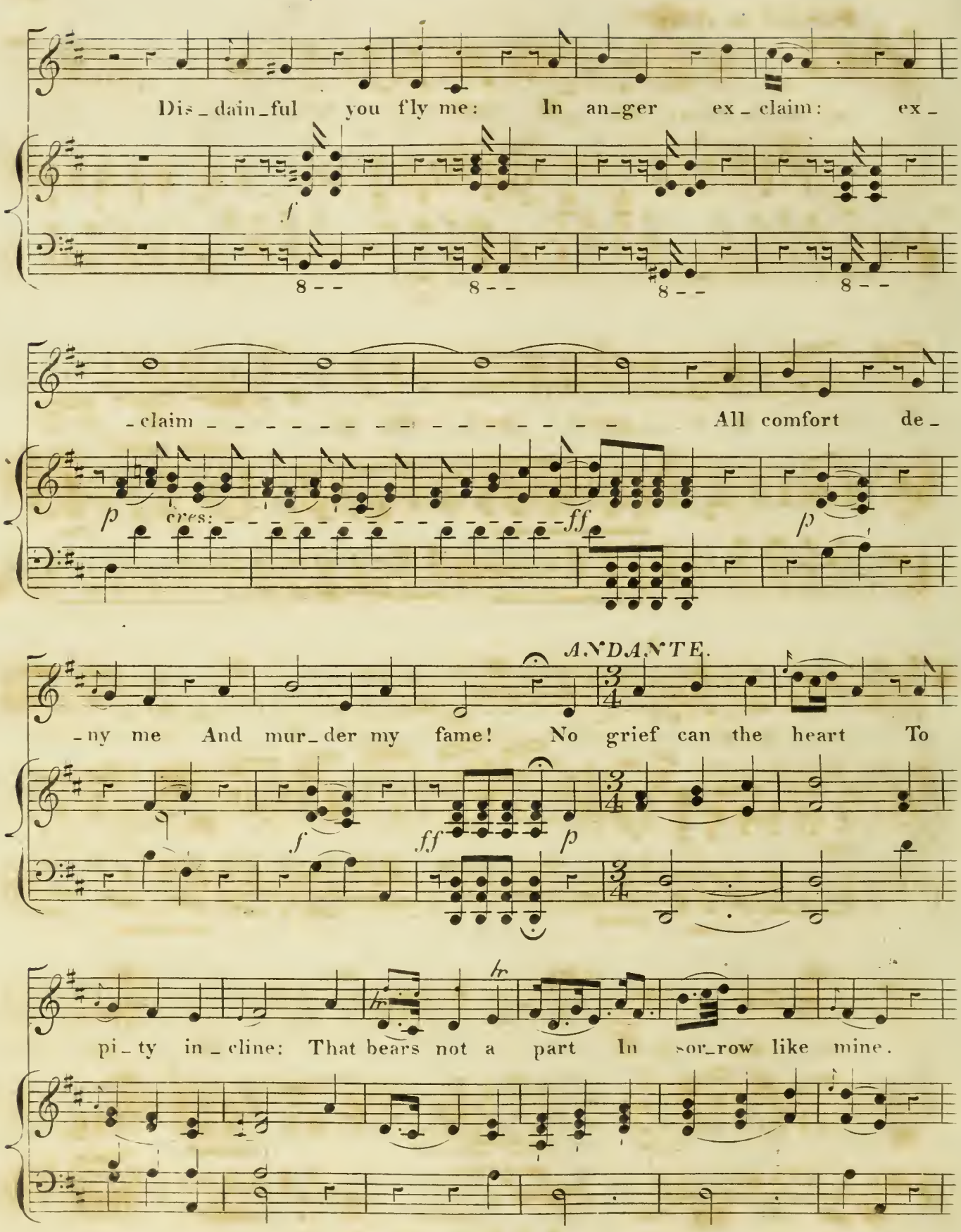
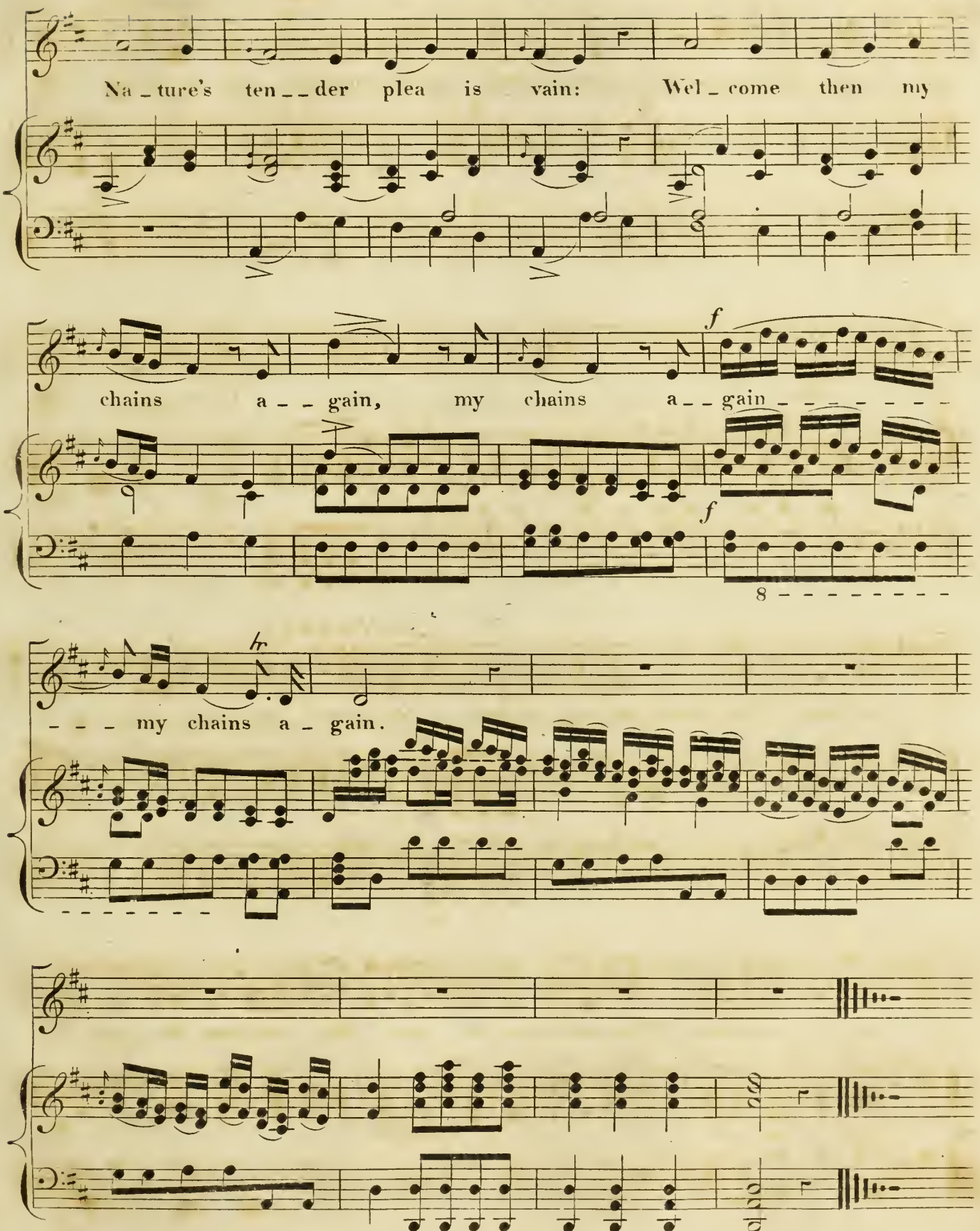



ANDANTE.
No grief can the heart to pi_ty in_cline, That bears not a
part In sorrow like mine. Na_ture's ten_der plea is
vain: Wel_come then my chains a__gain, my chains a_
_gain, my chains a__gain. O


Poco più che Andante.
rigour un _ _ just! O coun_sel ac_curs'd! Am_bition ill_
p
_plac'd, My vir_tue dis_grac'd, The pains I en_ _dure, Death
on_ _ly can cure. The pains I en_dure, Death on_ly can cure, The
f
p
pains I endure, Death on_ly can cure. The pains I endure Death on_ly can cure.


Dis_dain_ful you fly me: In an_ger ex_claim: ex_
f
8
8
8
8
claim All comfort de
p
cres:
ff
p
ANDANTE.
_ny me And mur_der my fame! No grief can the heart To
f
ff
p
pi_ty in_cline: That bears not a part In sor_row like mine.


Na _ ture's ten _ _ der plea is vain: Wel _ come then my
chains a _ _ gain, my chains a _ _ gain
f
f
8
_ _ _ my chains a _ gain.

To sigh & complain, alike I disdain,

AIR in the Opera of

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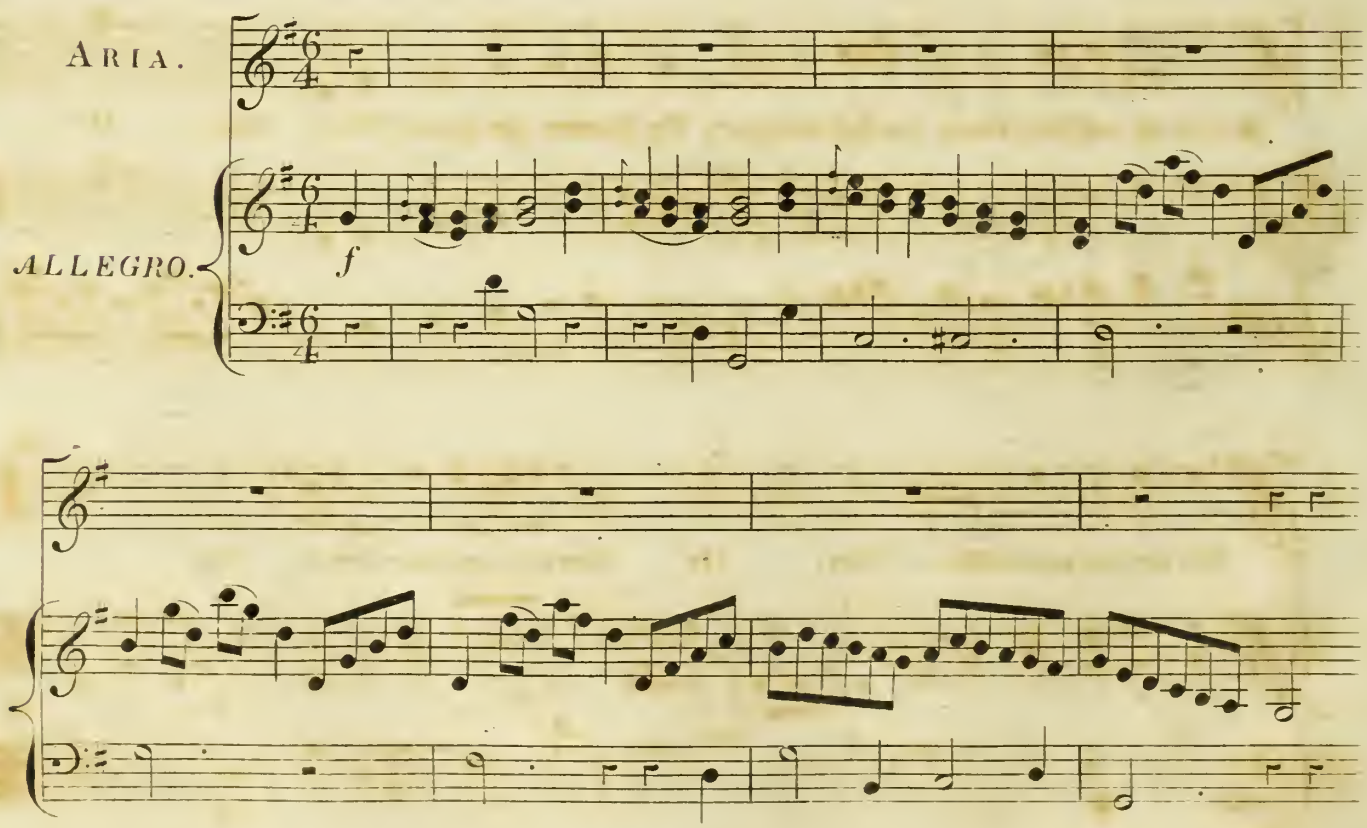
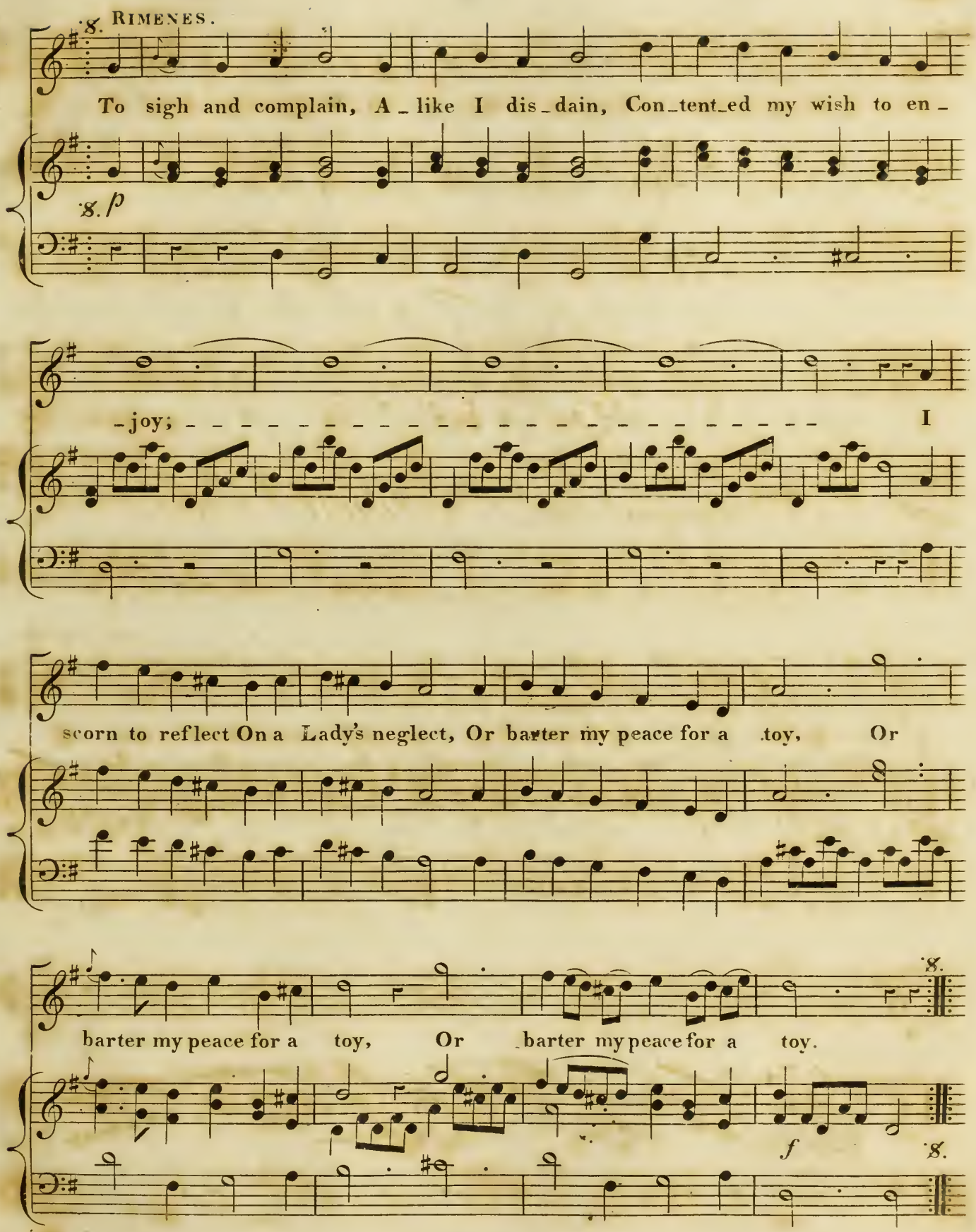
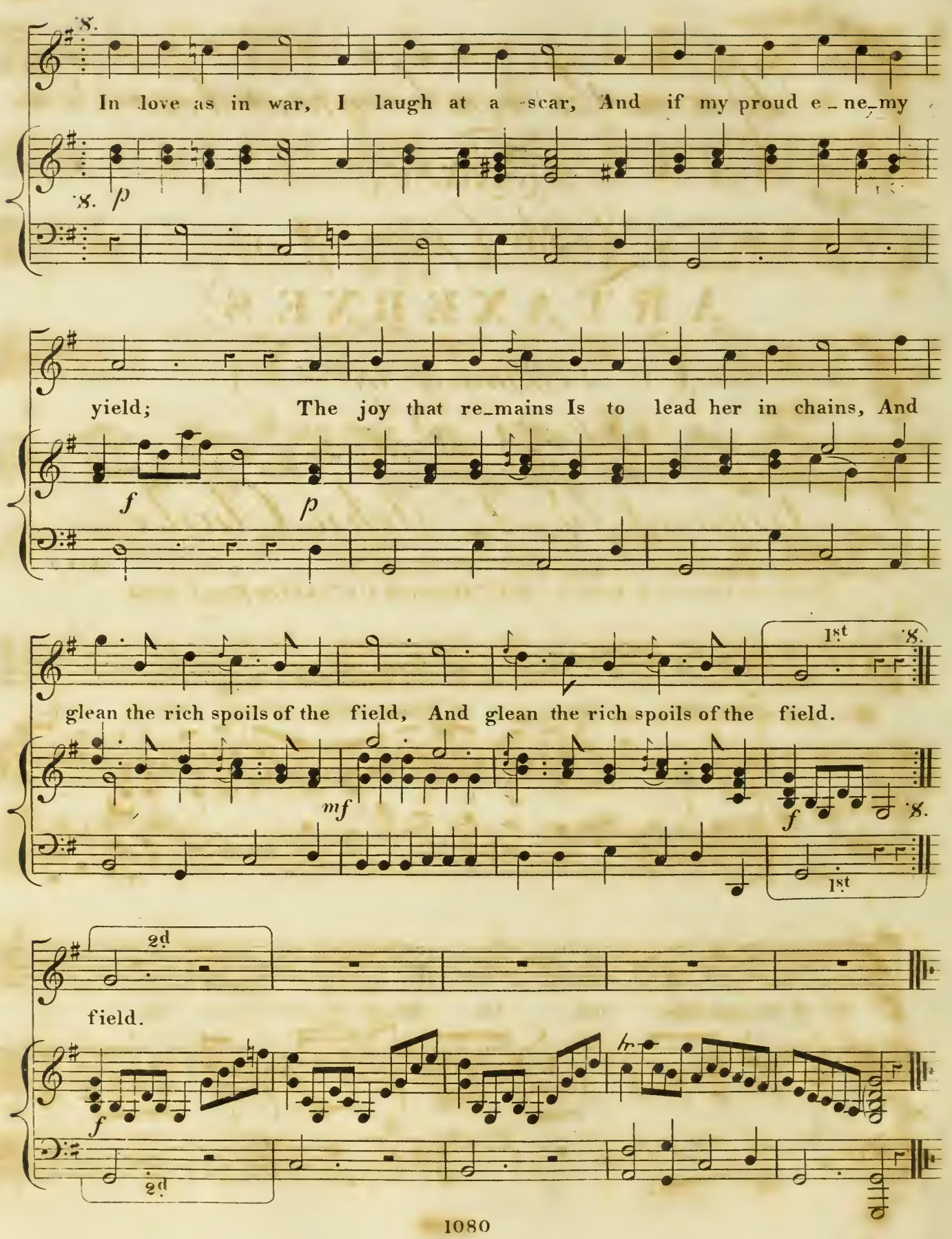



8. RIMENES.
To sigh and complain, A_like I dis_dain, Con_tent_ed my wish to en_
8. p
-joy; I
scorn to reflect On a Lady's neglect, Or barter my peace for a toy, Or
barter my peace for a toy, Or barter my peace for a toy.
8.
f
8.


In love as in war, I laugh at a scar, And if my proud e_ne_my
yield; The joy that re_mains Is to lead her in chains, And
glean the rich spoils of the field, And glean the rich spoils of the field.
field.

'If o'er the cruel tyrant love,'

Air.

In the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

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D.r ARNE,

Arranged by D.r John Clarke.

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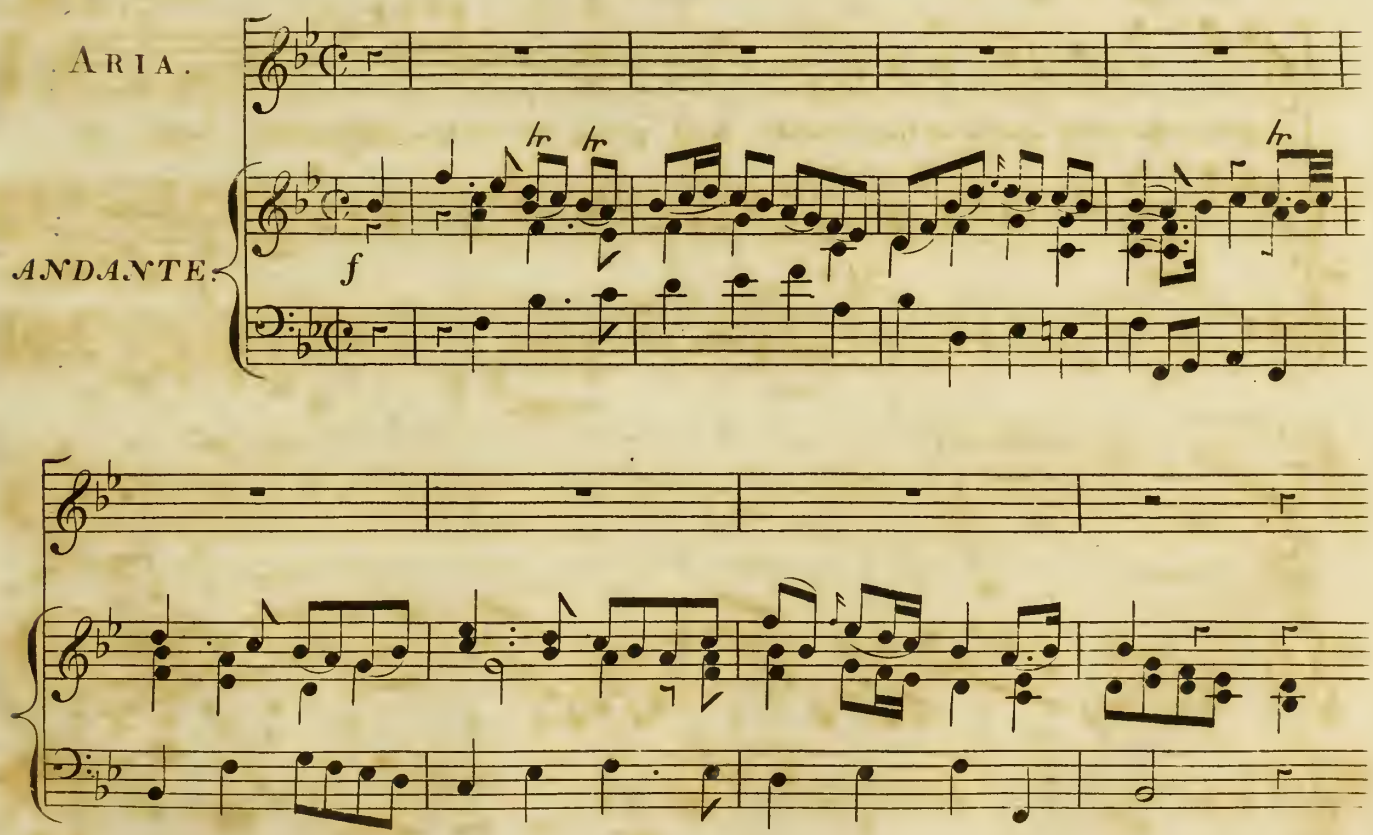
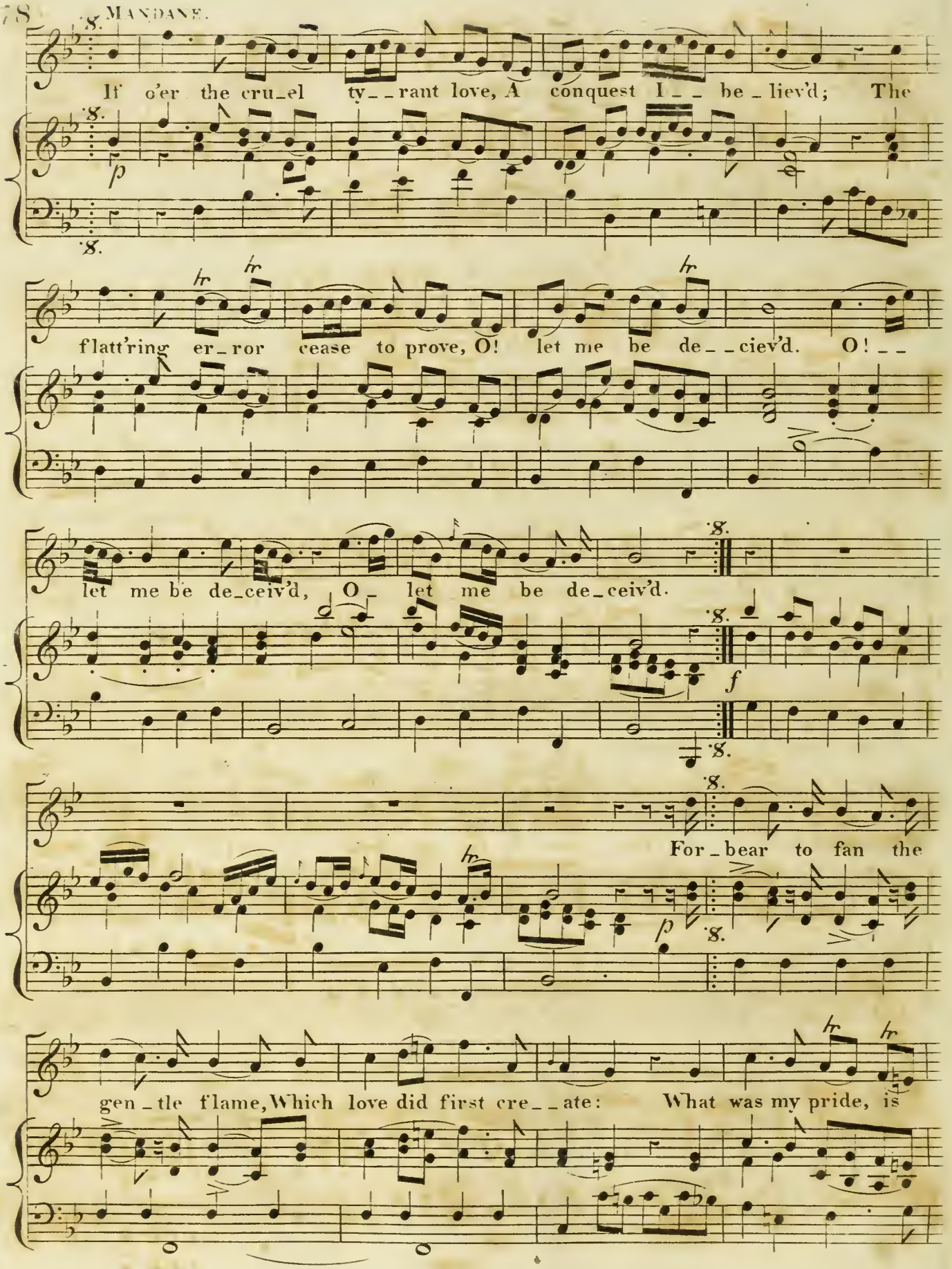
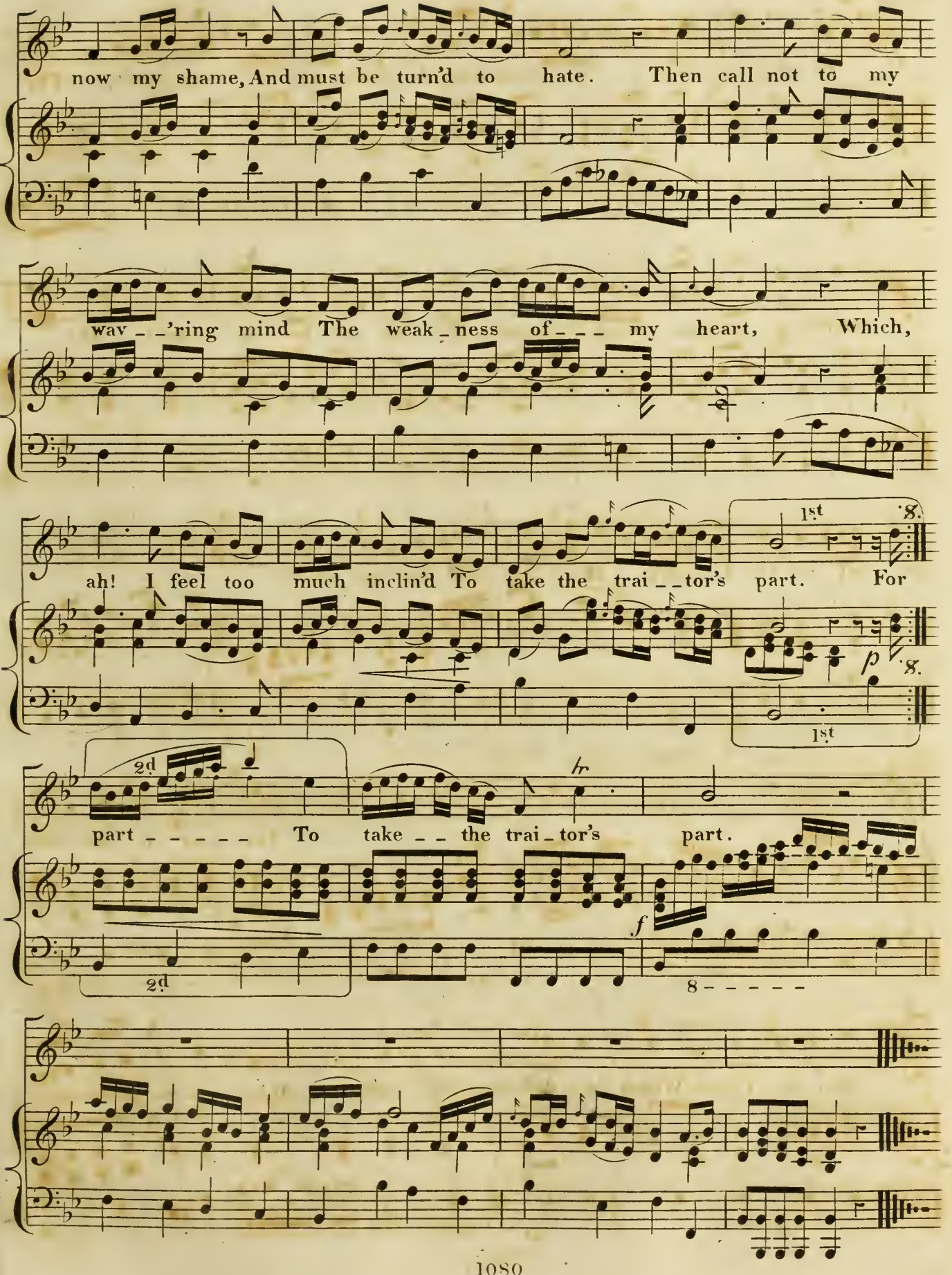



MANDANE.
If o'er the cru_el ty_ _ rant love, A conquest I_ _ be_liev'd; The
flatt'ring er_ror cease to prove, O! let me be de_ _ciev'd. O! _ _
let me be de_ceiv'd, O_ let me be de_ceiv'd.
For_bear to fan the
gen_tle flame, Which love did first cre_ _ate: What was my pride, is


now my shame, And must be turn'd to hate. Then call not to my
wav_'ring mind The weak_ness of___ my heart, Which,
ah! I feel too much inclin'd To take the trai__tor's part. For
1st
8.
p
1st
part_____ To take__ the trai_tor's part.
2d
hr
f
8_____

If the Rivers swelling waves

AIR in the Opera of

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Arranged by Dr. John Clarke

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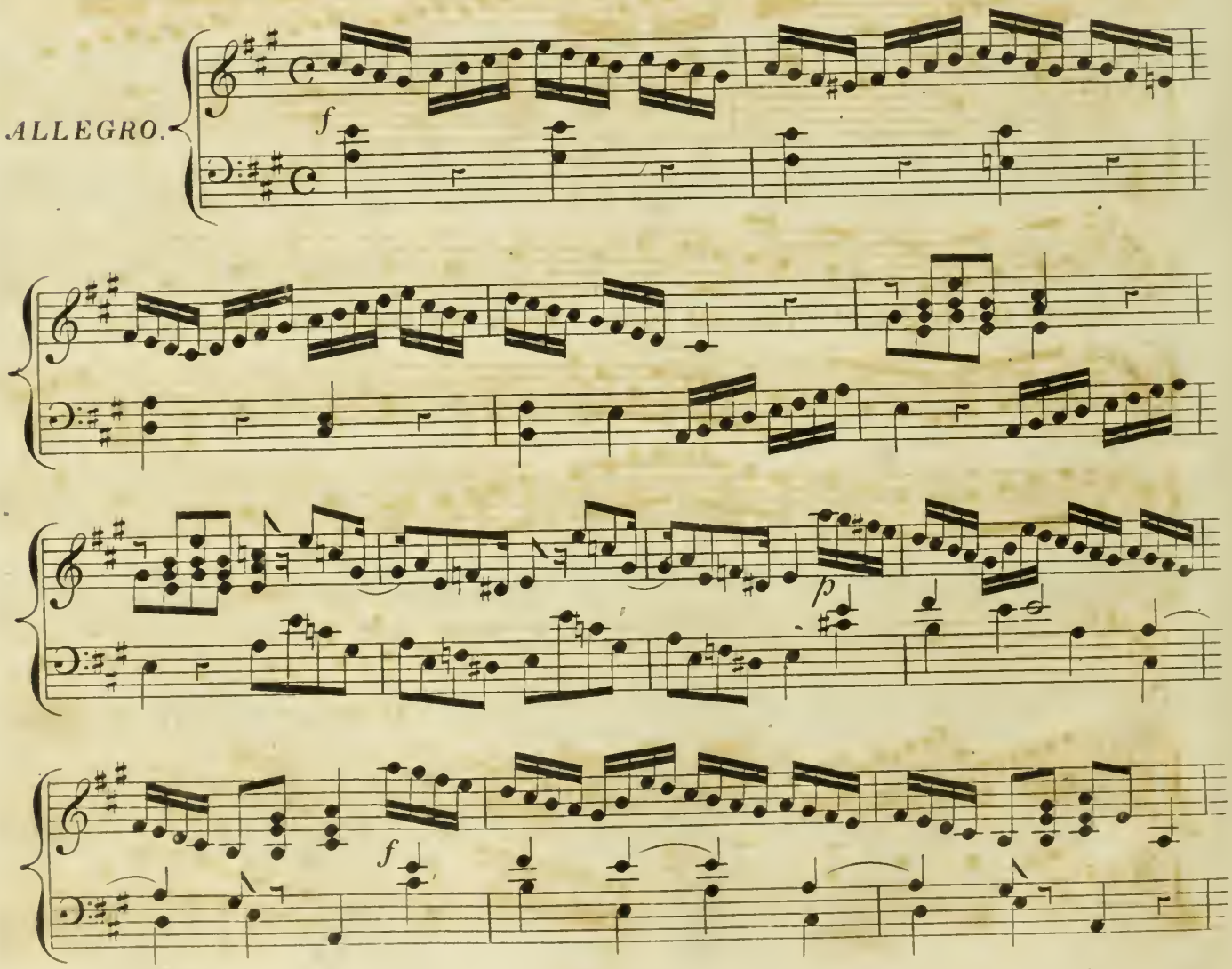
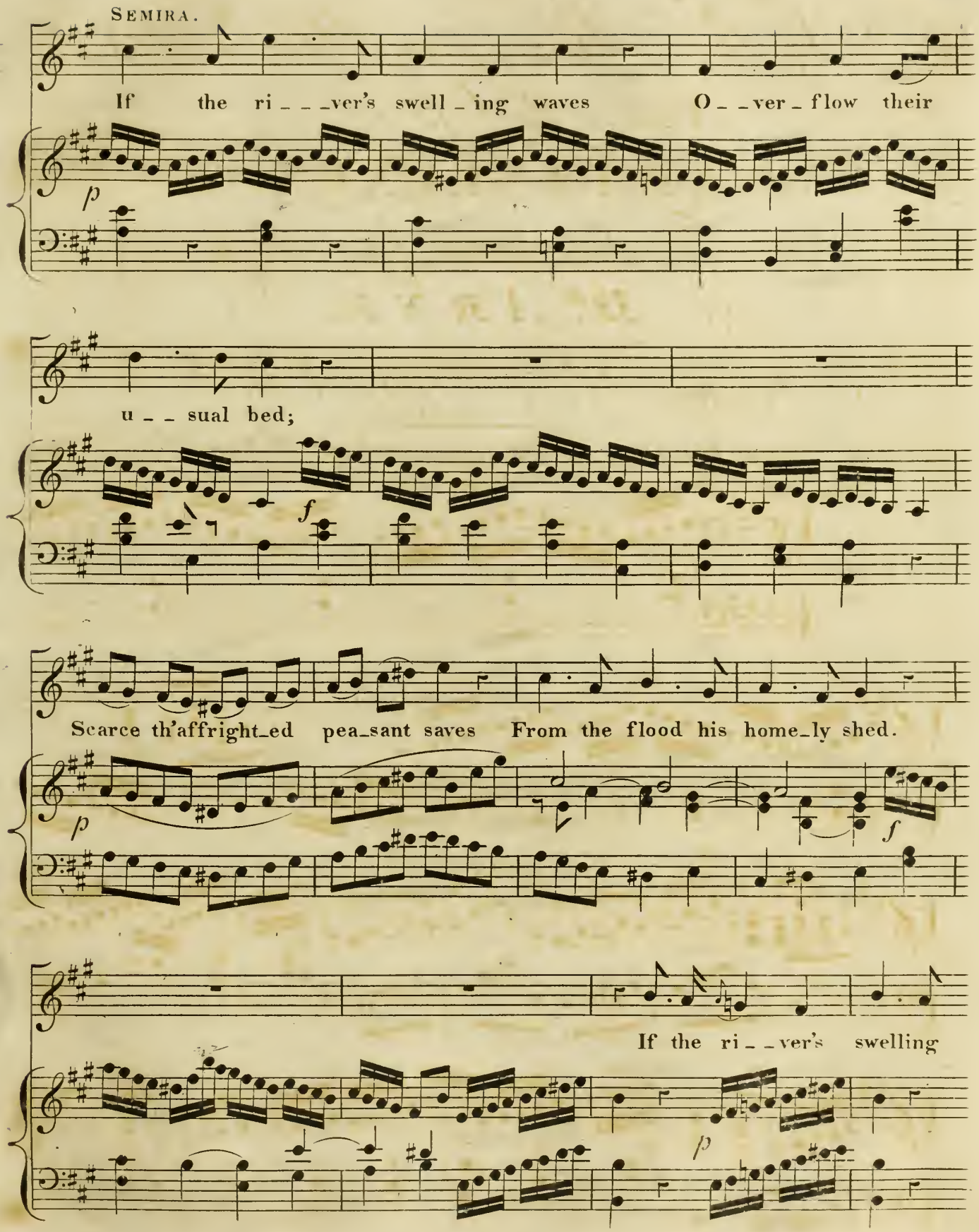
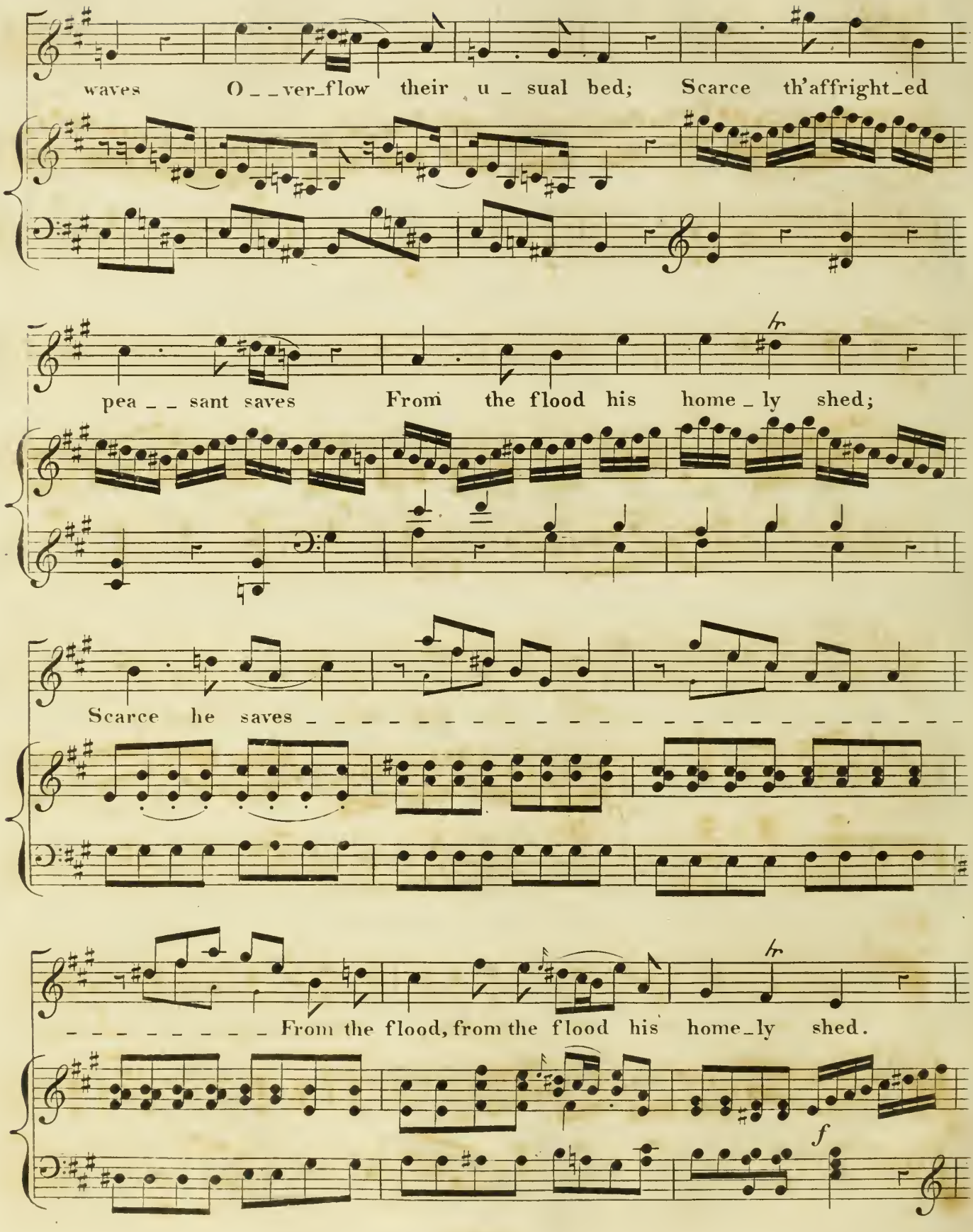
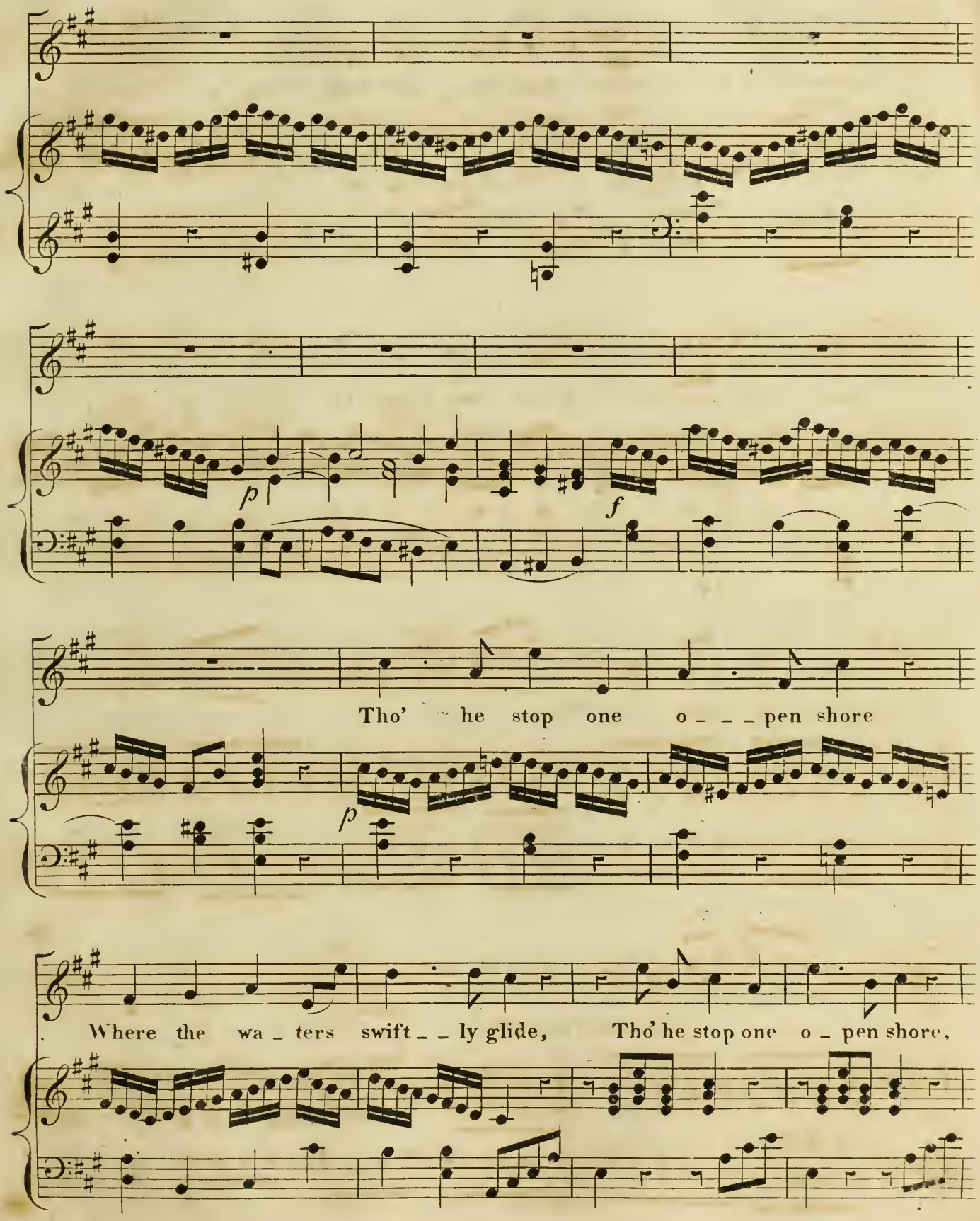
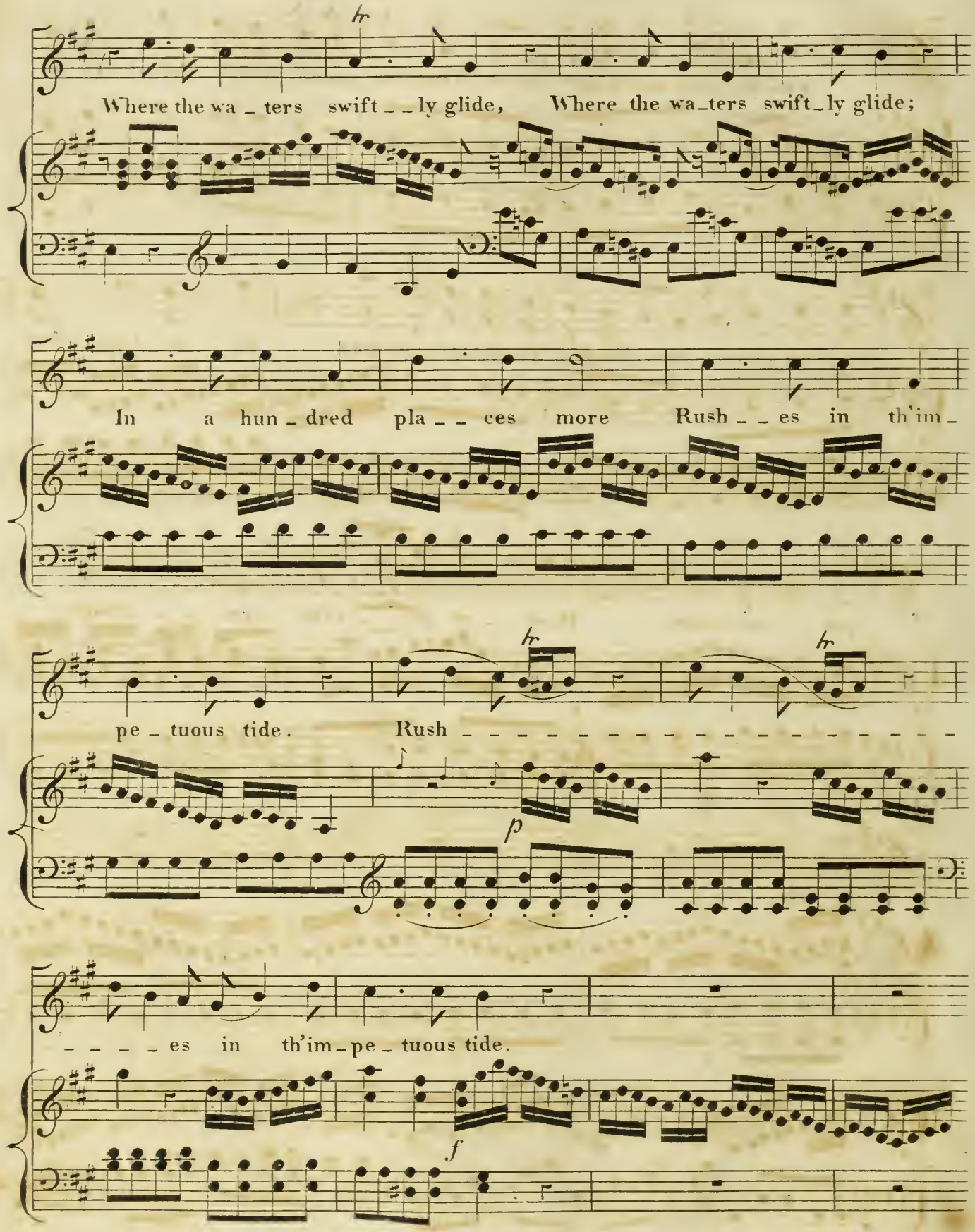
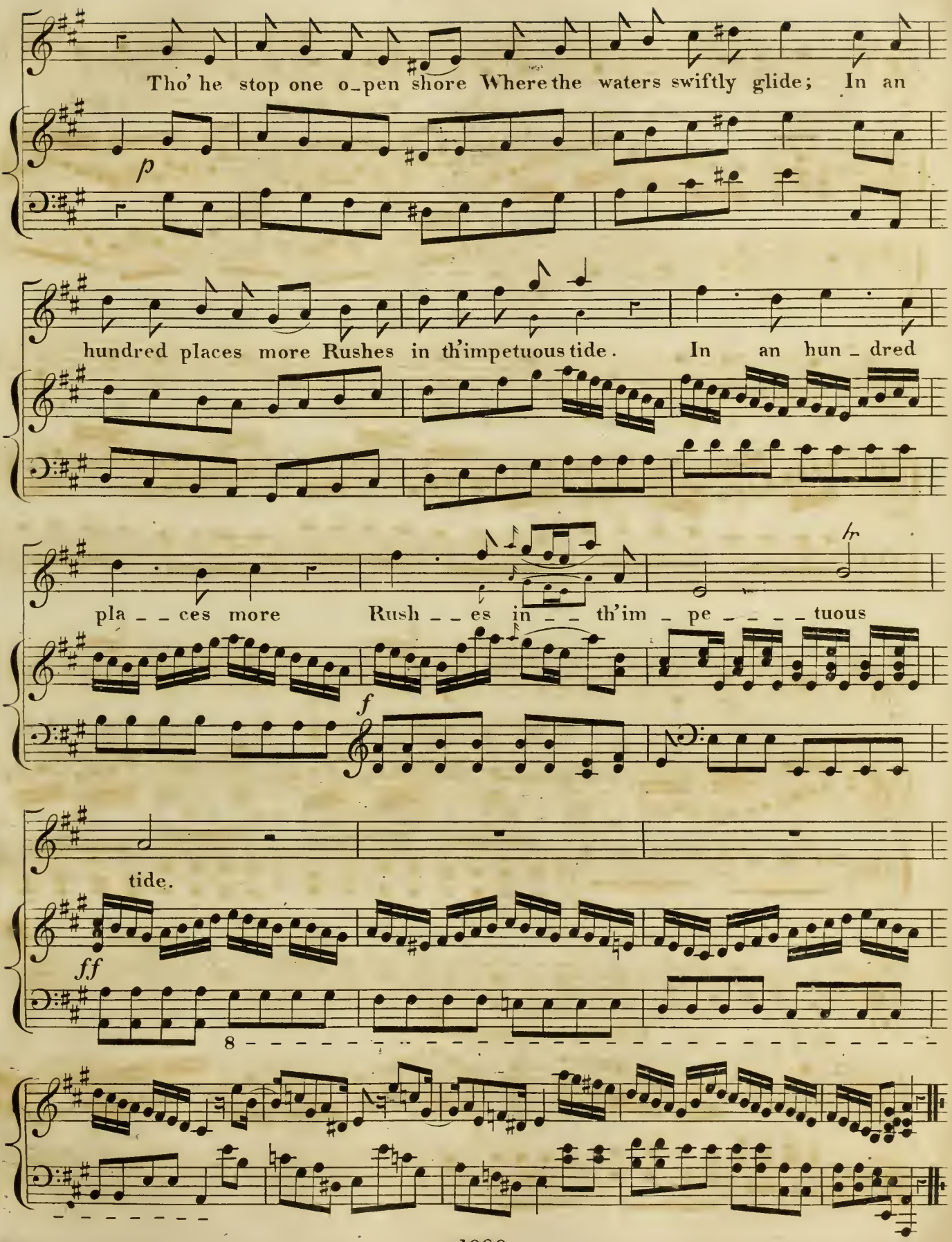



SEMIRA.
If the ri _ _ _ver's swell _ ing waves O _ _ver _ flow their
p
u _ _ sual bed;
f
Scarce th'affright_ed pea_sant saves From the flood his home_ly shed.
p
f
If the ri _ _ver's swelling
p


waves O_ _ver_flow their u_sual bed; Scarce th'affright_ed
pea_ _ sant saves From the flood his home_ly shed;
Scarce he saves _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ From the flood, from the flood his home_ly shed.
f


p
f
Tho' he stop one o _ _ _ pen shore
p
Where the wa _ ters swift _ _ ly glide, Tho' he stop one o _ pen shore,


Where the wa _ ters swift _ _ ly glide, Where the wa_ters swift_ly glide;
In a hun _ dred pla _ _ ces more Rush _ _ es in th'im _
pe _ tuous tide. Rush _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ _ es in th'im _ pe _ tuous tide.
p
f


Tho' he stop one o_pen shore Where the waters swiftly glide; In an
p
hundred places more Rushes in th'impetuous tide. In an hun_dred
pla__ces more Rush__es in__ th'im_pe_____tuous
tr
f
tide.
ff
8

'By that belov'd embrace'

Air,

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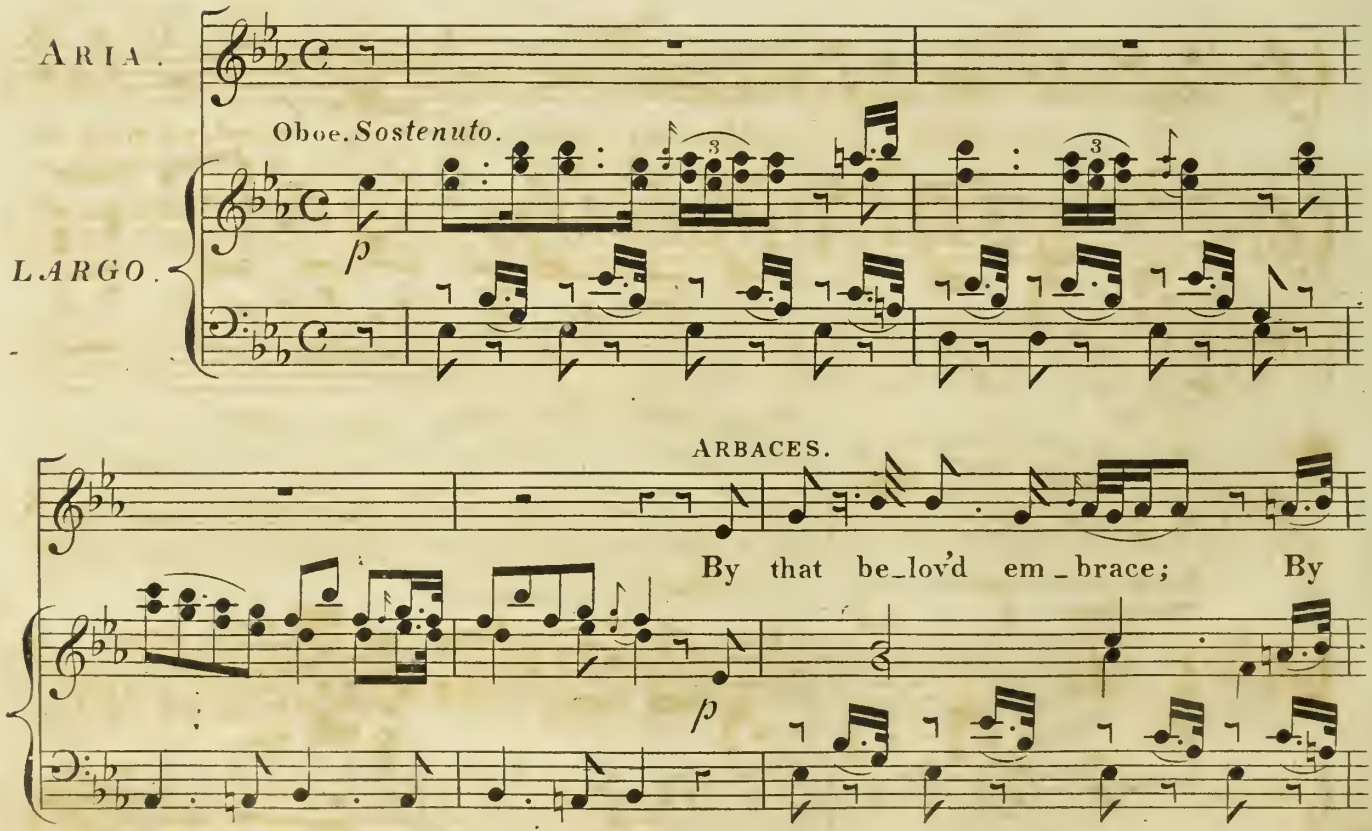
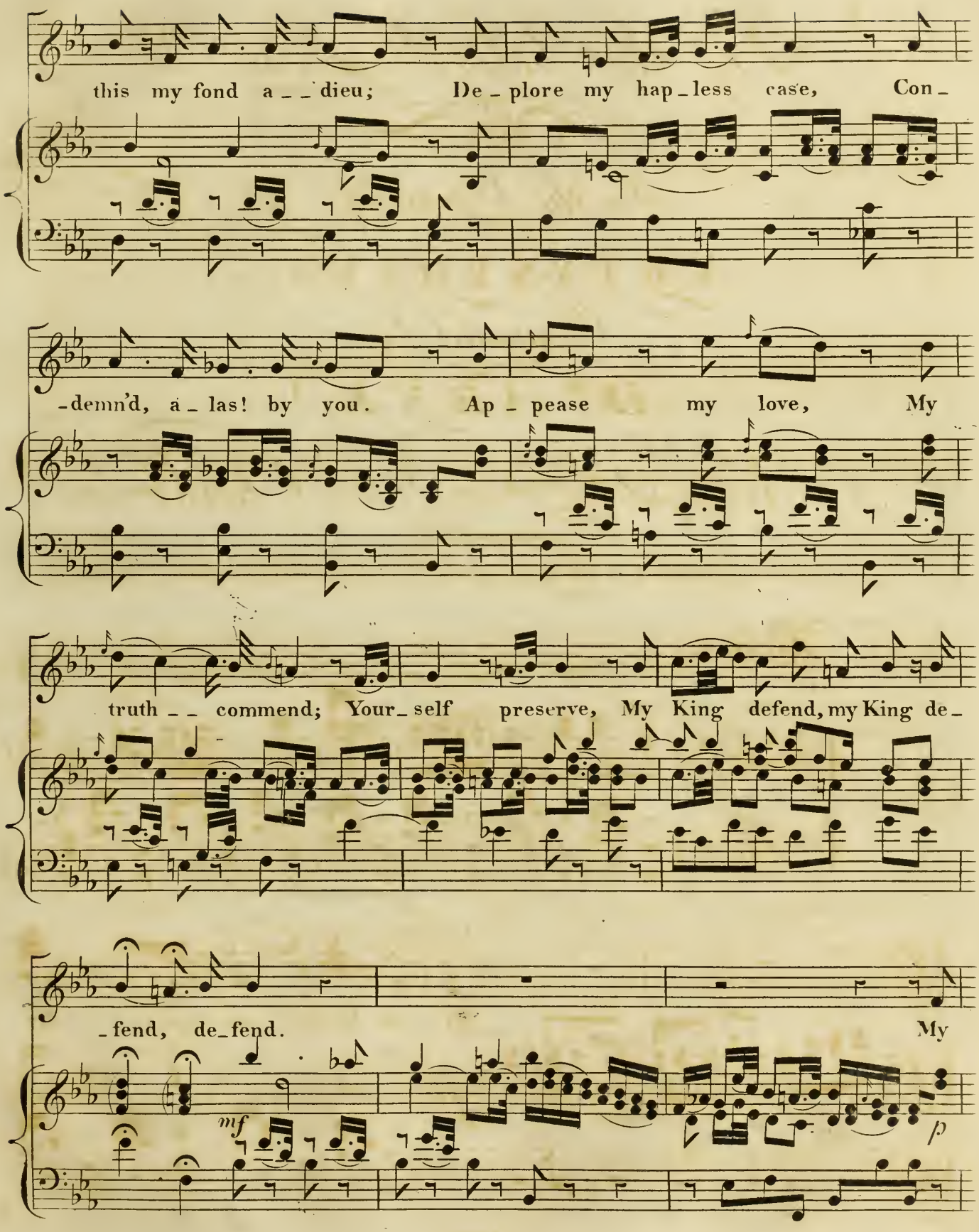
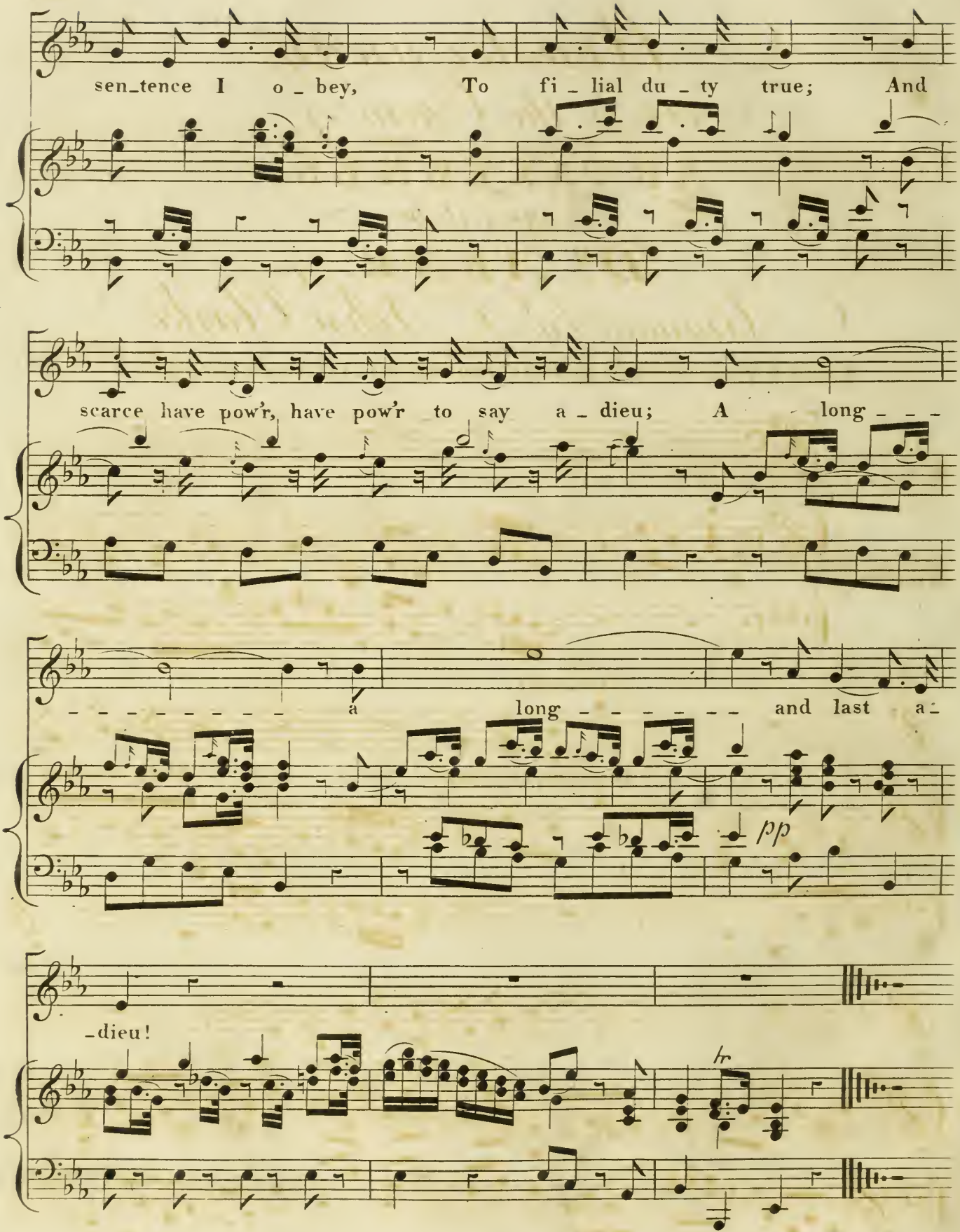



this my fond a_ _ dieu; De_plore my hap_less case, Con_
-demn'd, a_las! by you. Ap_pease my love, My
truth_ _ commend; Your_self preserve, My King defend, my King de_
_fend, de_fend. My
mf
p


sen_tence I o _ bey, To fi _ lial du _ ty true; And
scarce have pow'r, have pow'r to say a _ dieu; A long _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ a long _ _ _ _ _ _ _ and last a _
pp
_dieu!
tr

Monster away!

AIR in the Opera of

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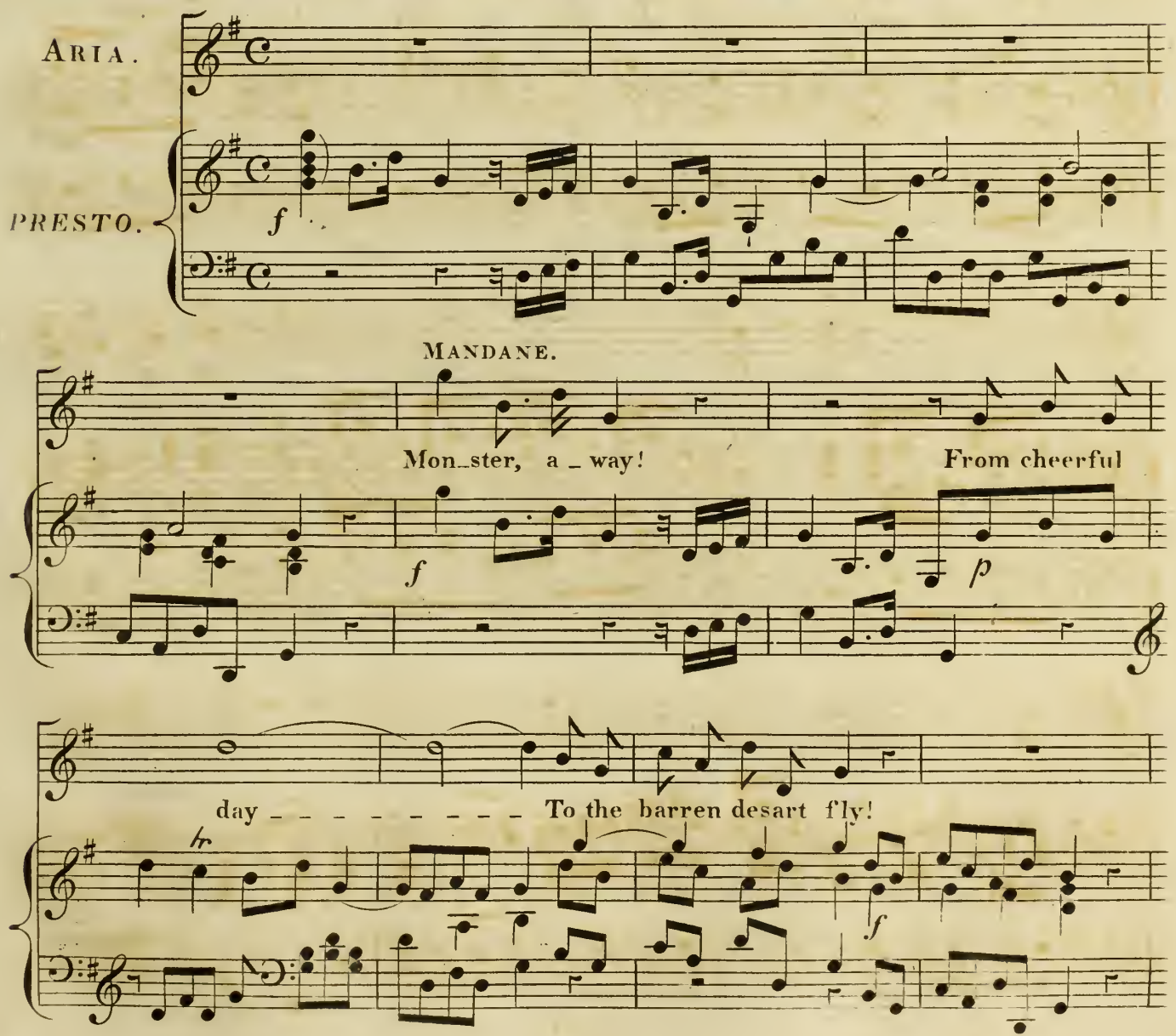
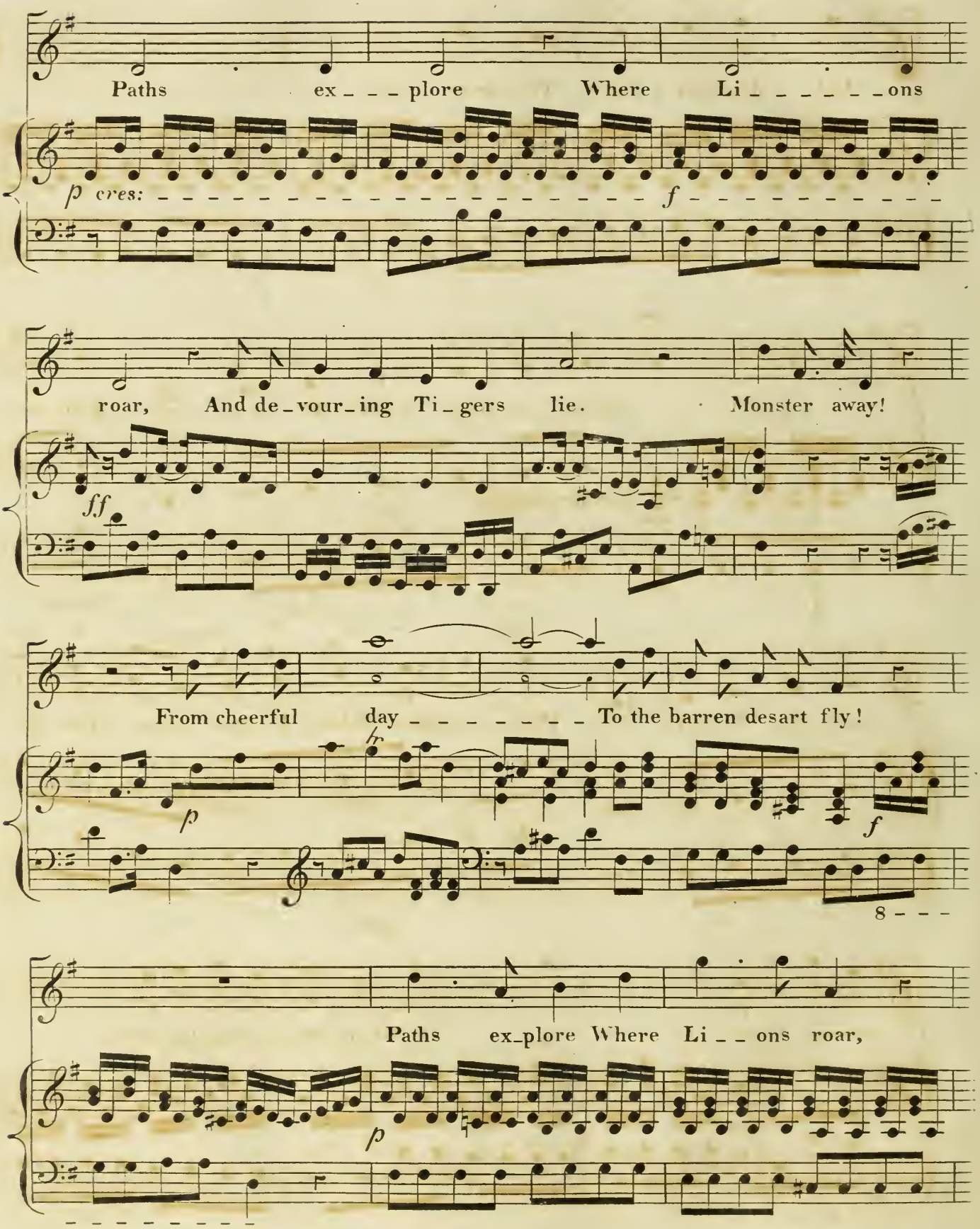
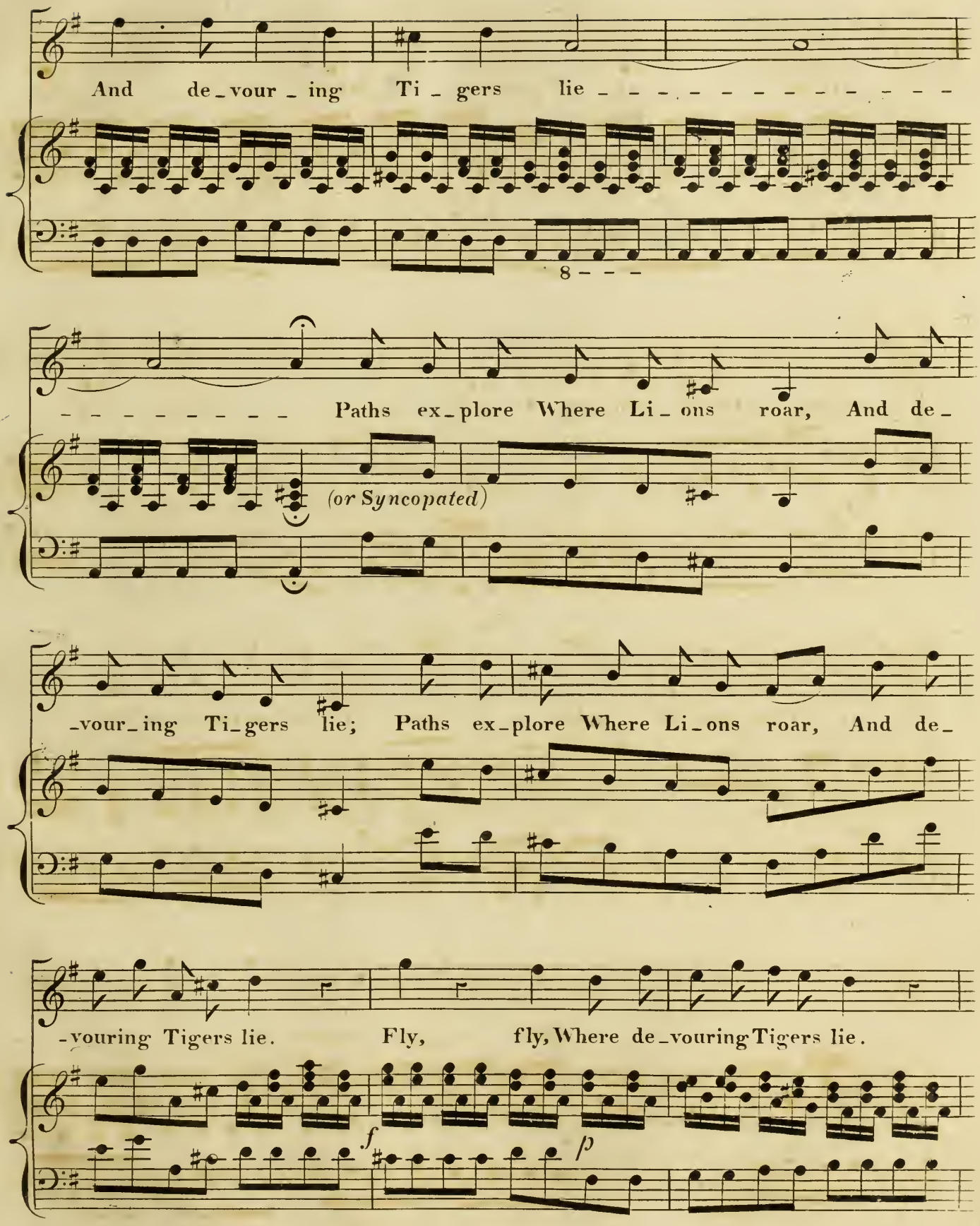
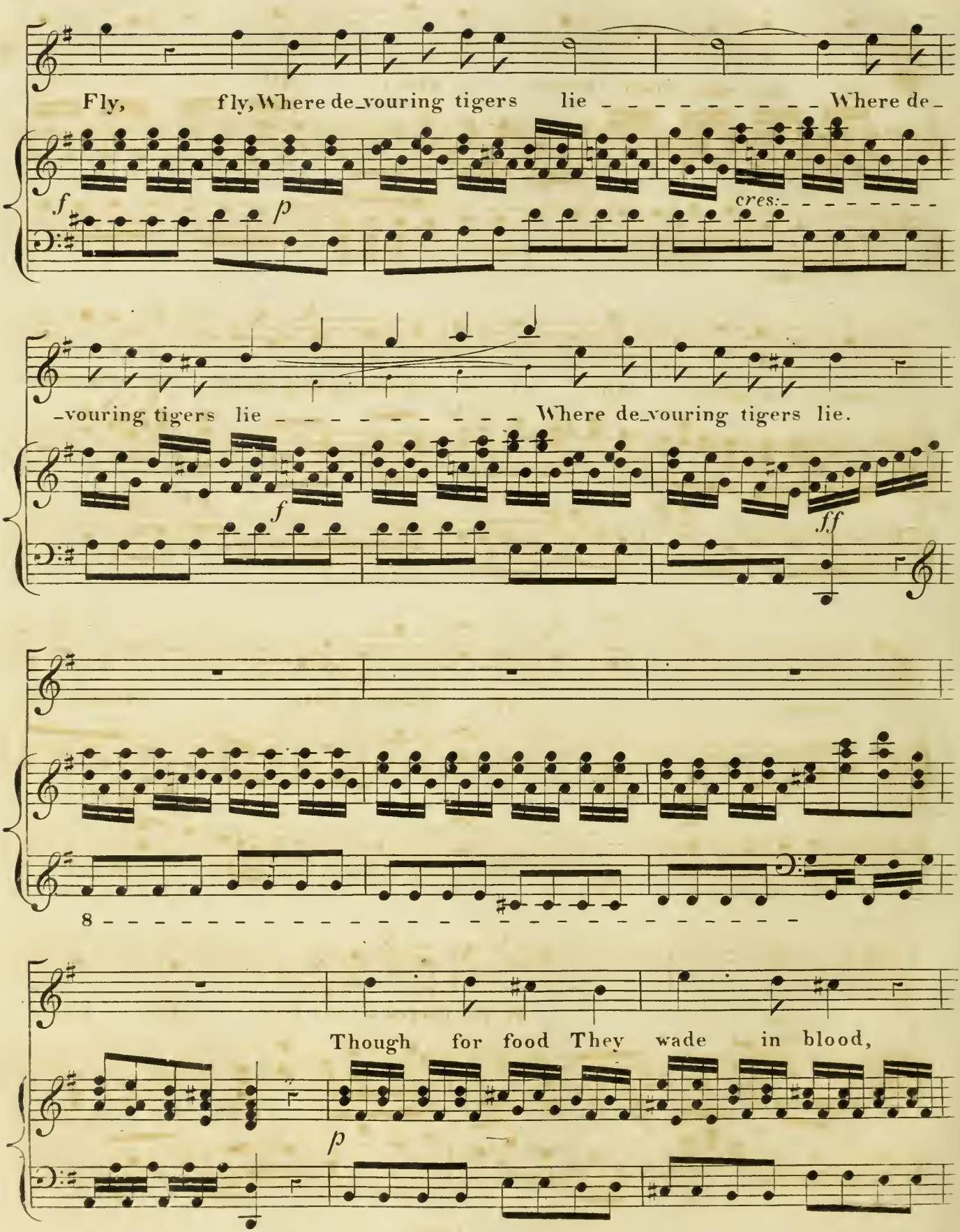
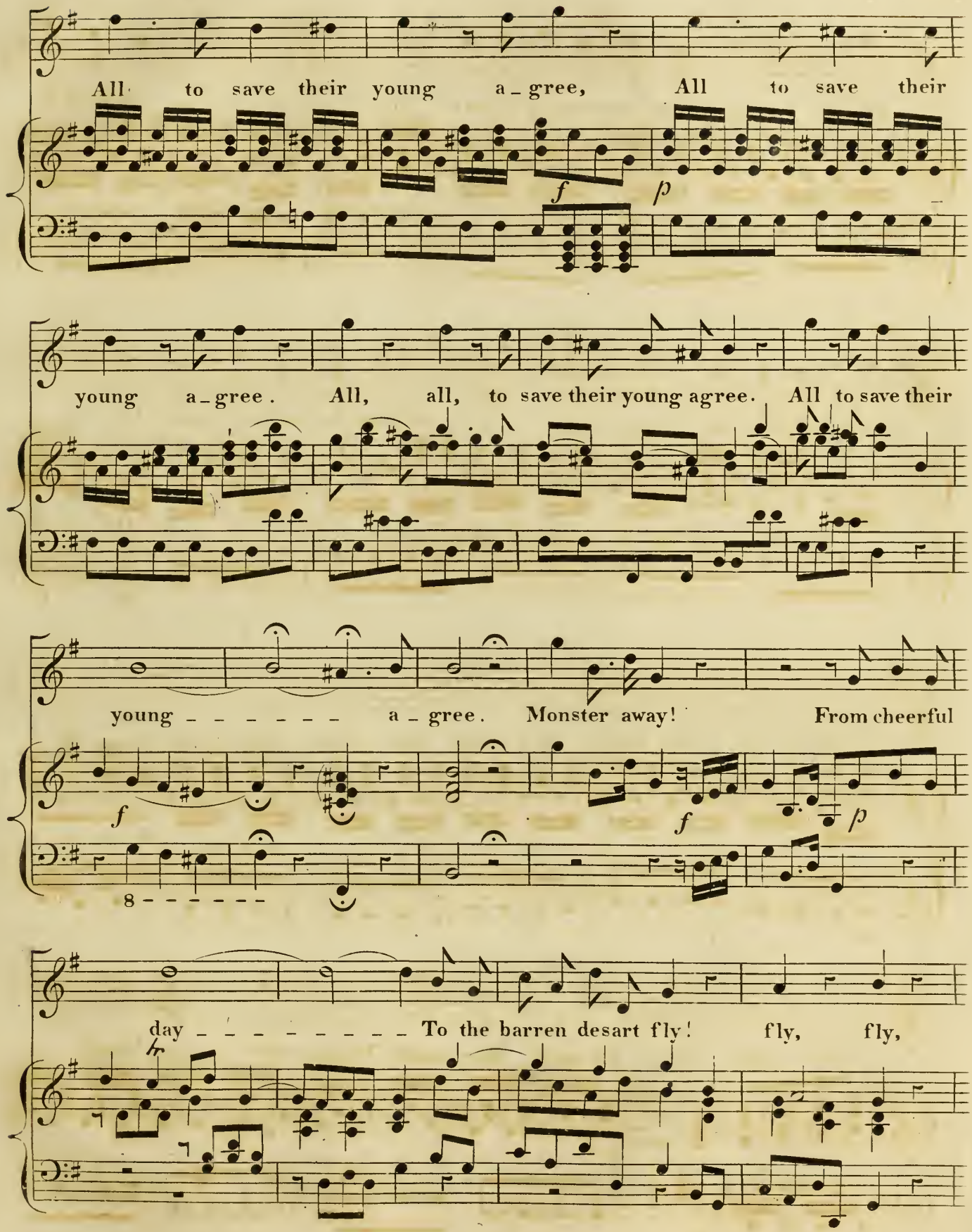
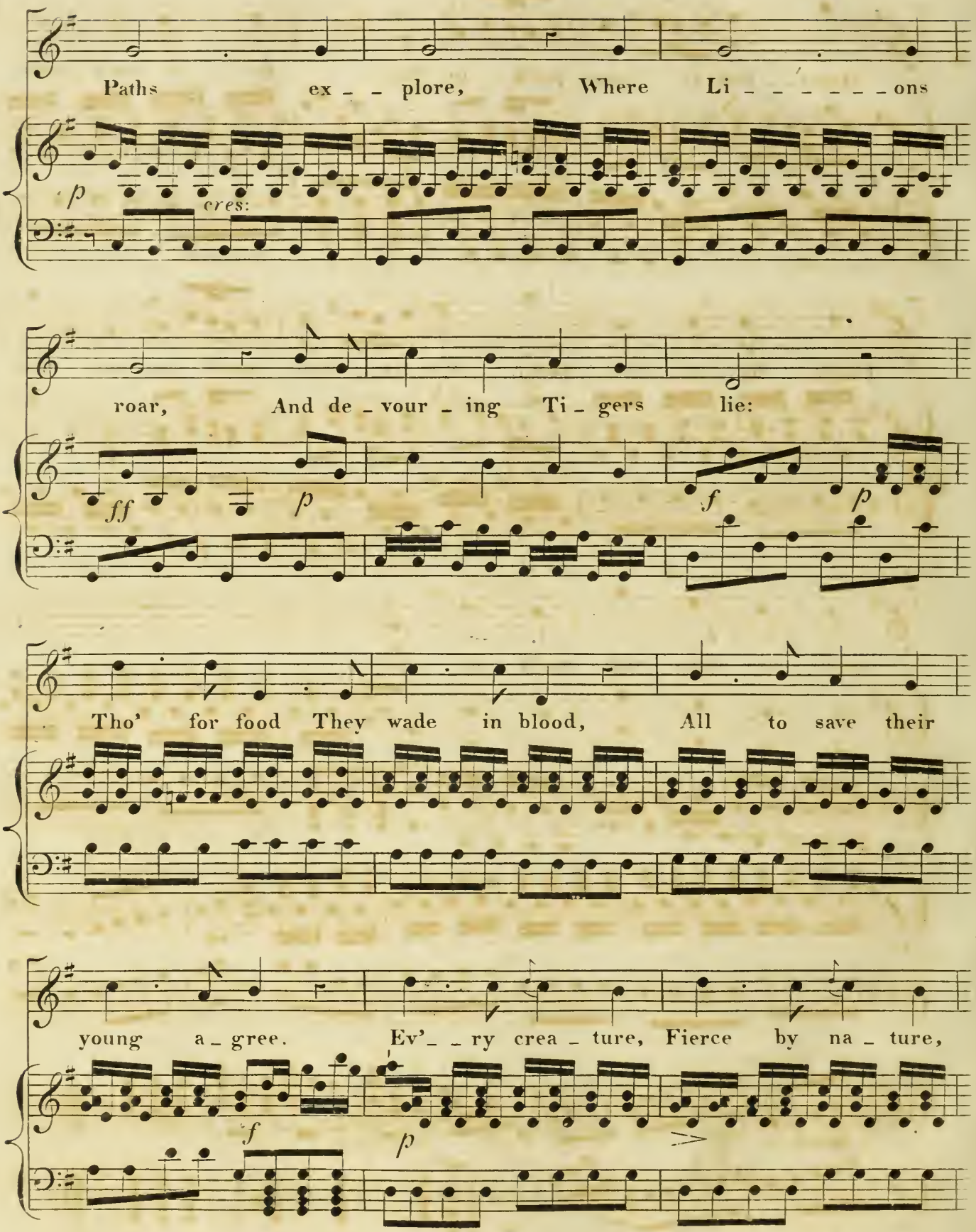


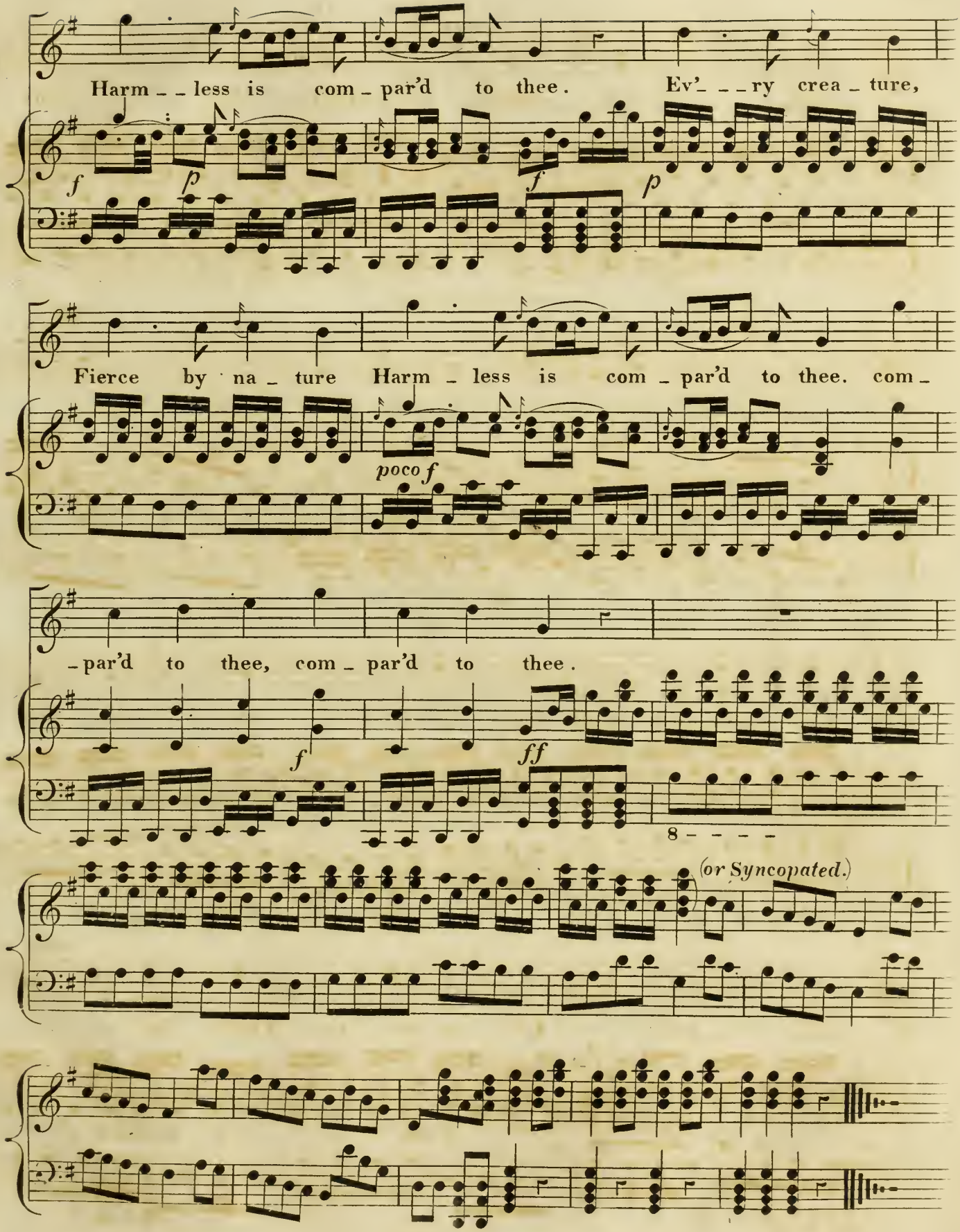

Paths ex - - - plore Where Li - - - - - - ons
p cres: - f - - - - - - - - - - -
roar, And de-vour-ing Ti-gers lie. Monster away!
ff
From cheerful day - - - - - - - - To the barren desart fly!
fr
p
f
8 - - -
Paths ex-plore Where Li - - ons roar,
p


And de_vour_ing Ti_gers lie _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
8 _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Paths ex_plore Where Li_ons roar, And de_
(or Syncopated)
_vour_ing Ti_gers lie; Paths ex_plore Where Li_ons roar, And de_
_vouring Tigers lie. Fly, fly, Where de_vouring Tigers lie.
f
p


Fly, fly, Where de_vouring tigers lie Where de_
f
p
cres:
_vouring tigers lie Where de_vouring tigers lie.
f
ff
8
Though for food They wade in blood,
p


All to save their young a_gree, All to save their
f
p
young a_gree. All, all, to save their young agree. All to save their
young _ _ _ _ _ _ a_gree. Monster away! From cheerful
f
f
p
8 _ _ _ _ _ _
day _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ To the barren desart fly! fly, fly,


Paths ex _ _ plore, Where Li _ _ _ _ _ _ ons
p
cres:
roar, And de _ vour _ ing Ti _ gers lie:
ff
p
f
p
Tho' for food They wade in blood, All to save their
young a _ gree. Ev'_ _ ry crea _ ture, Fierce by na _ ture,
f
p


Harm _ _ less is com _ par'd to thee. Ev'_ _ _ry crea _ ture,
f
p
f
p
Fierce by na _ ture Harm _ less is com _ par'd to thee. com _
poco f
_par'd to thee, com _ par'd to thee.
f
ff
8 - - - -
(or Syncopated.)

Then like the glorious Sun,

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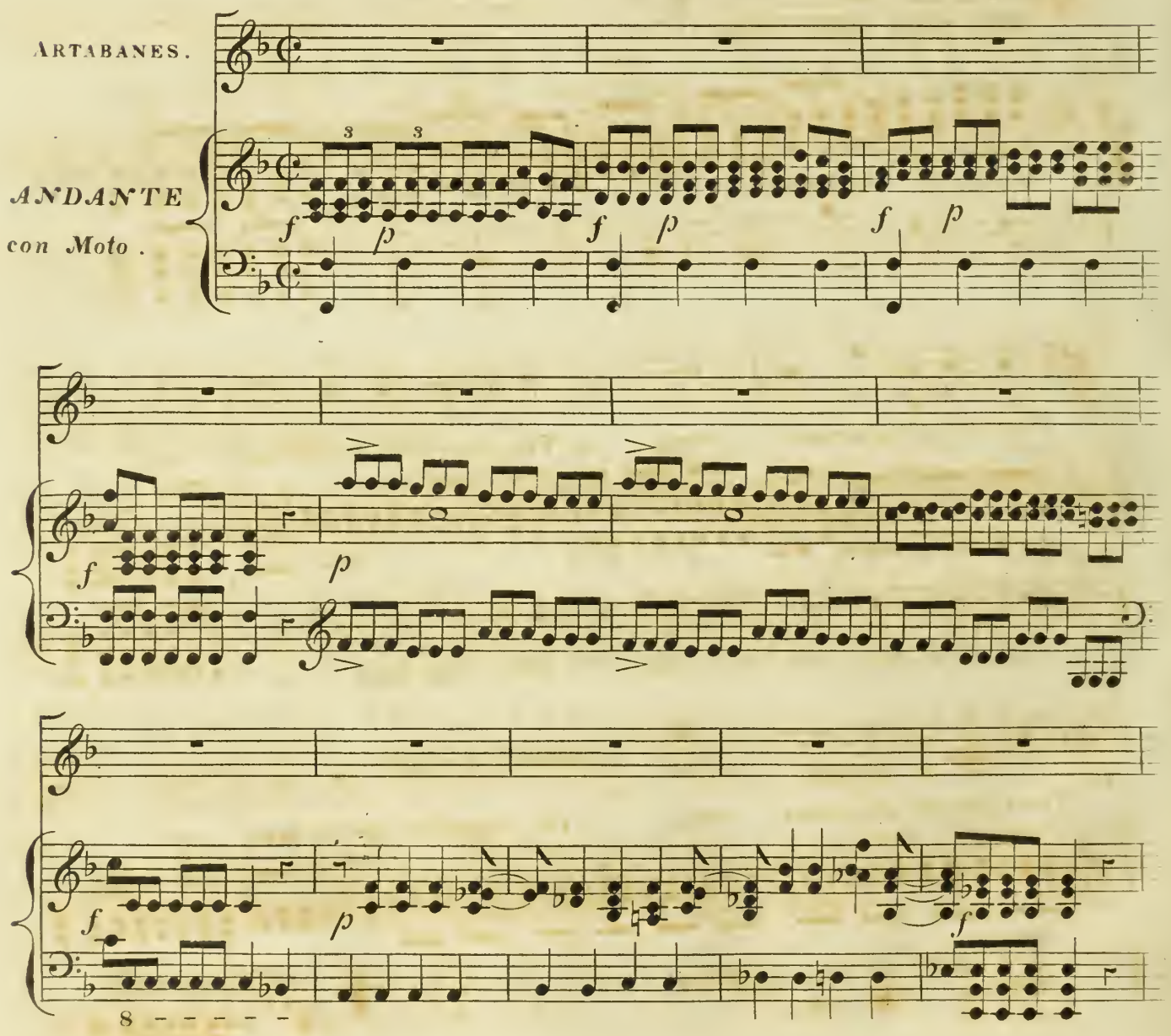
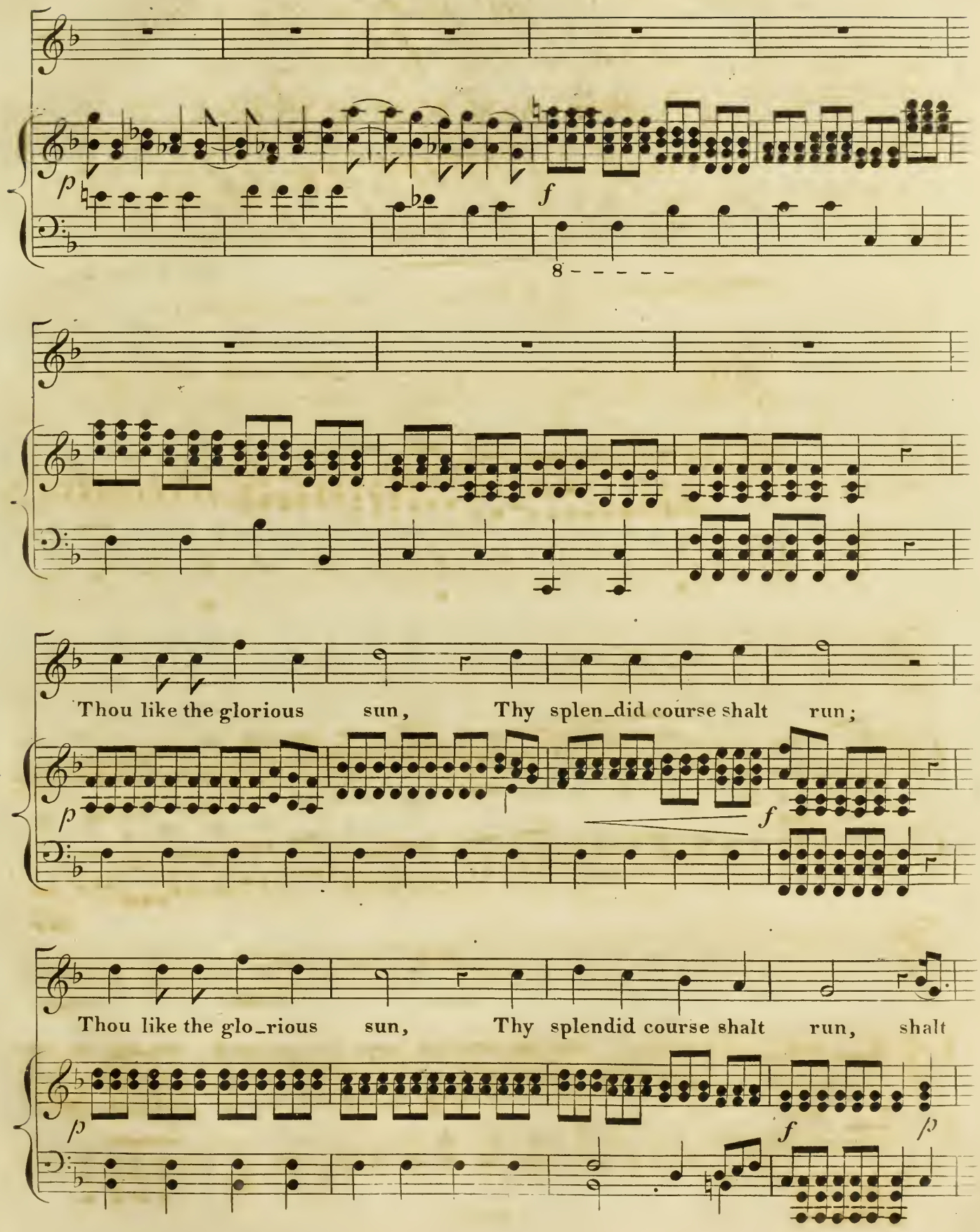
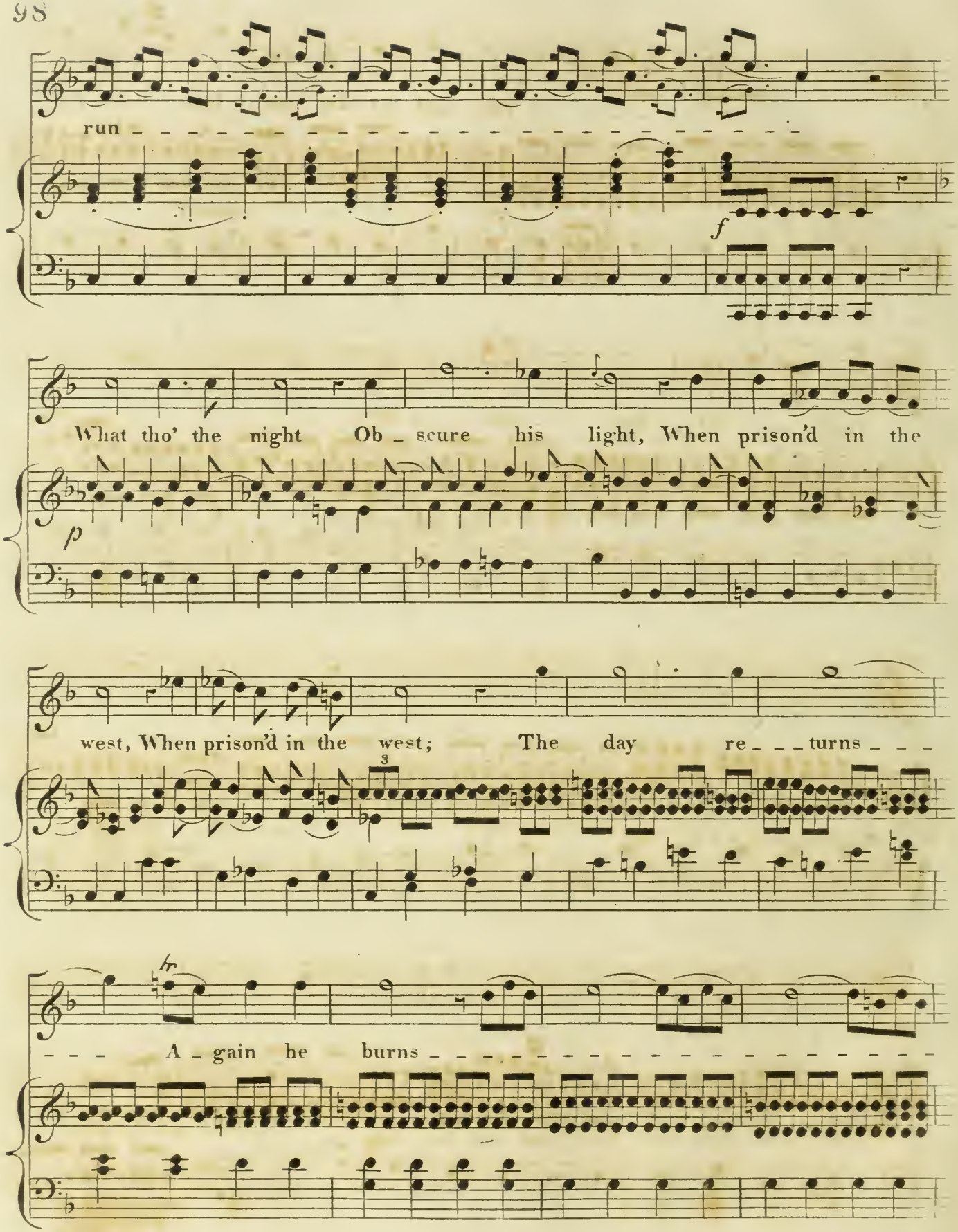
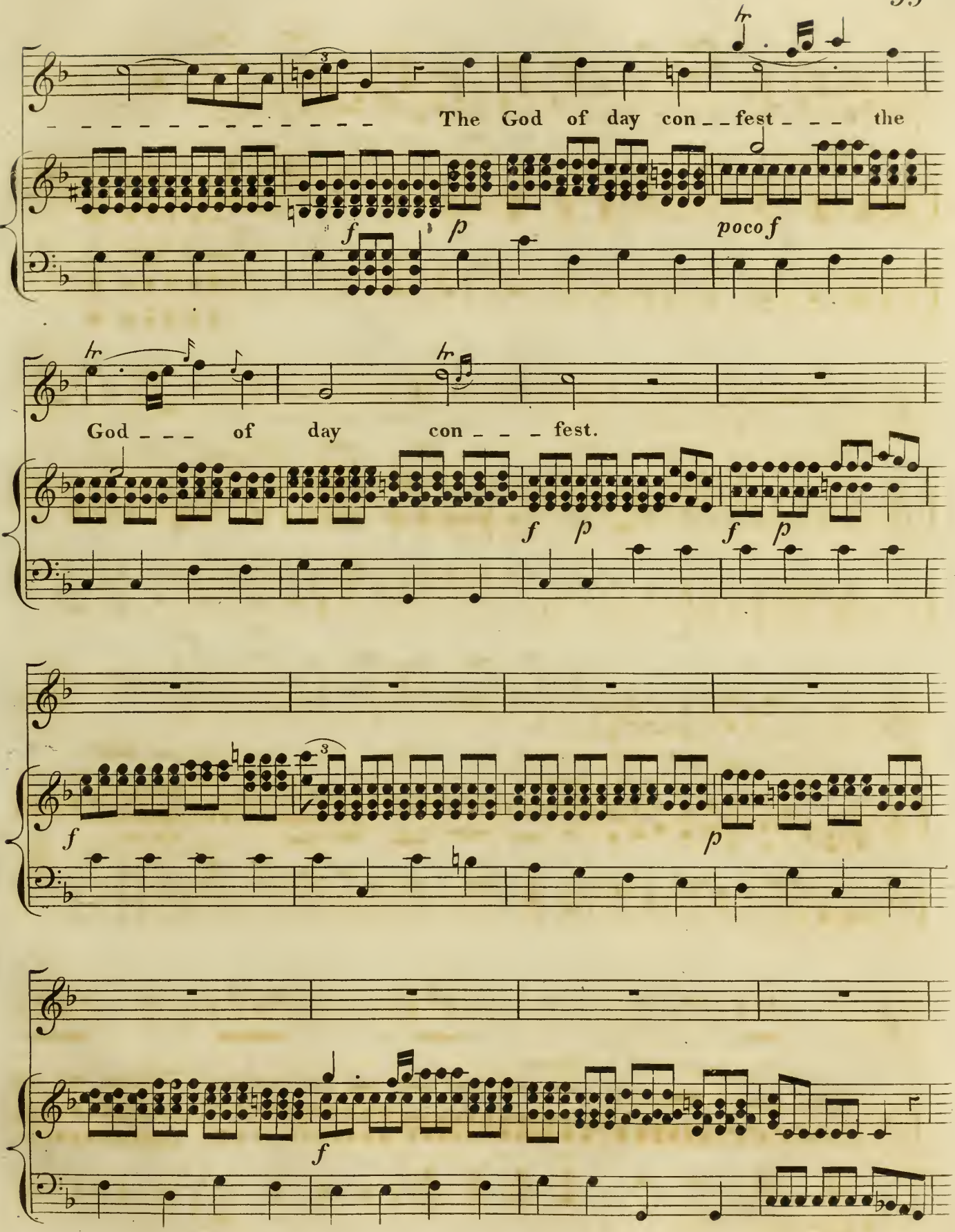
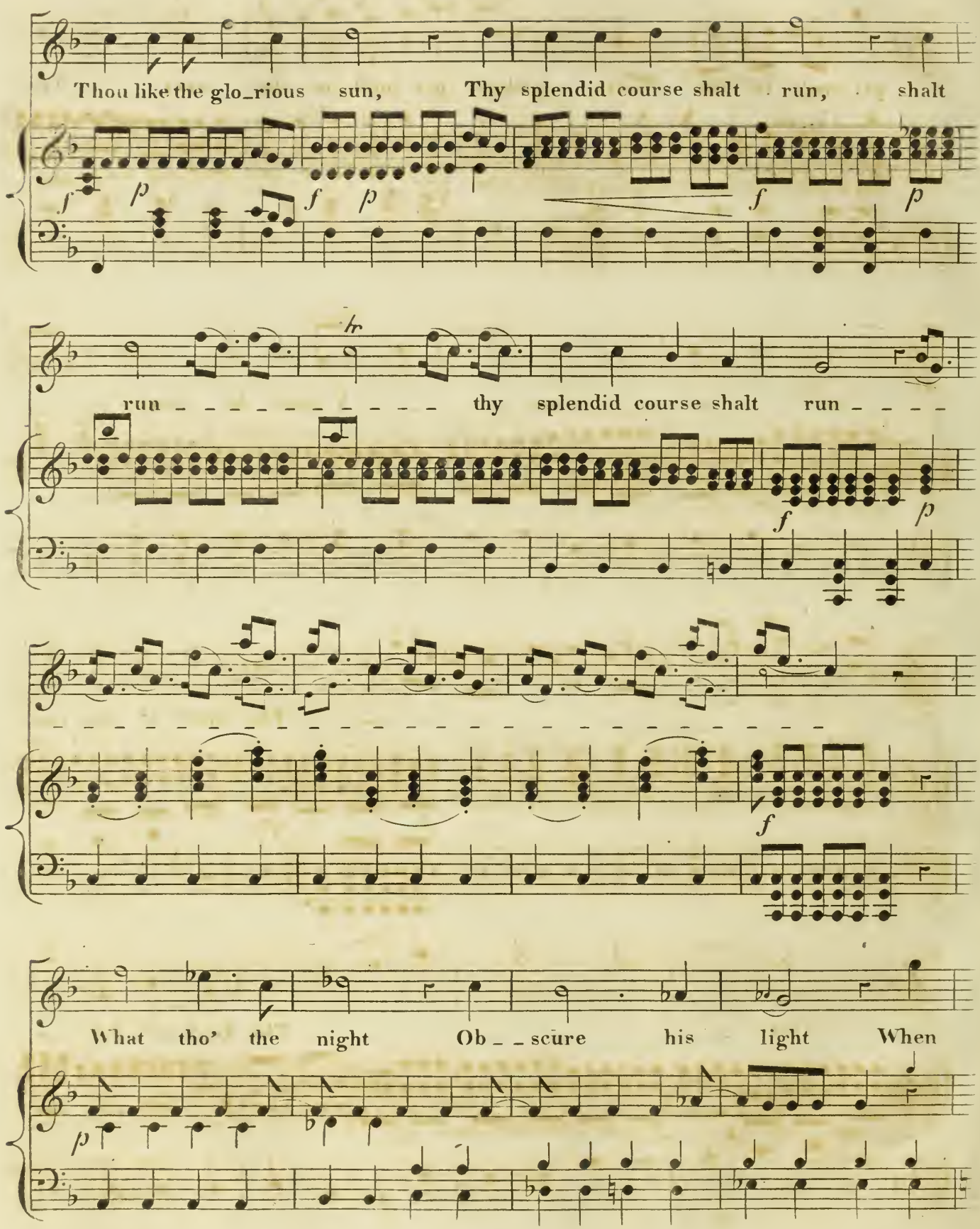
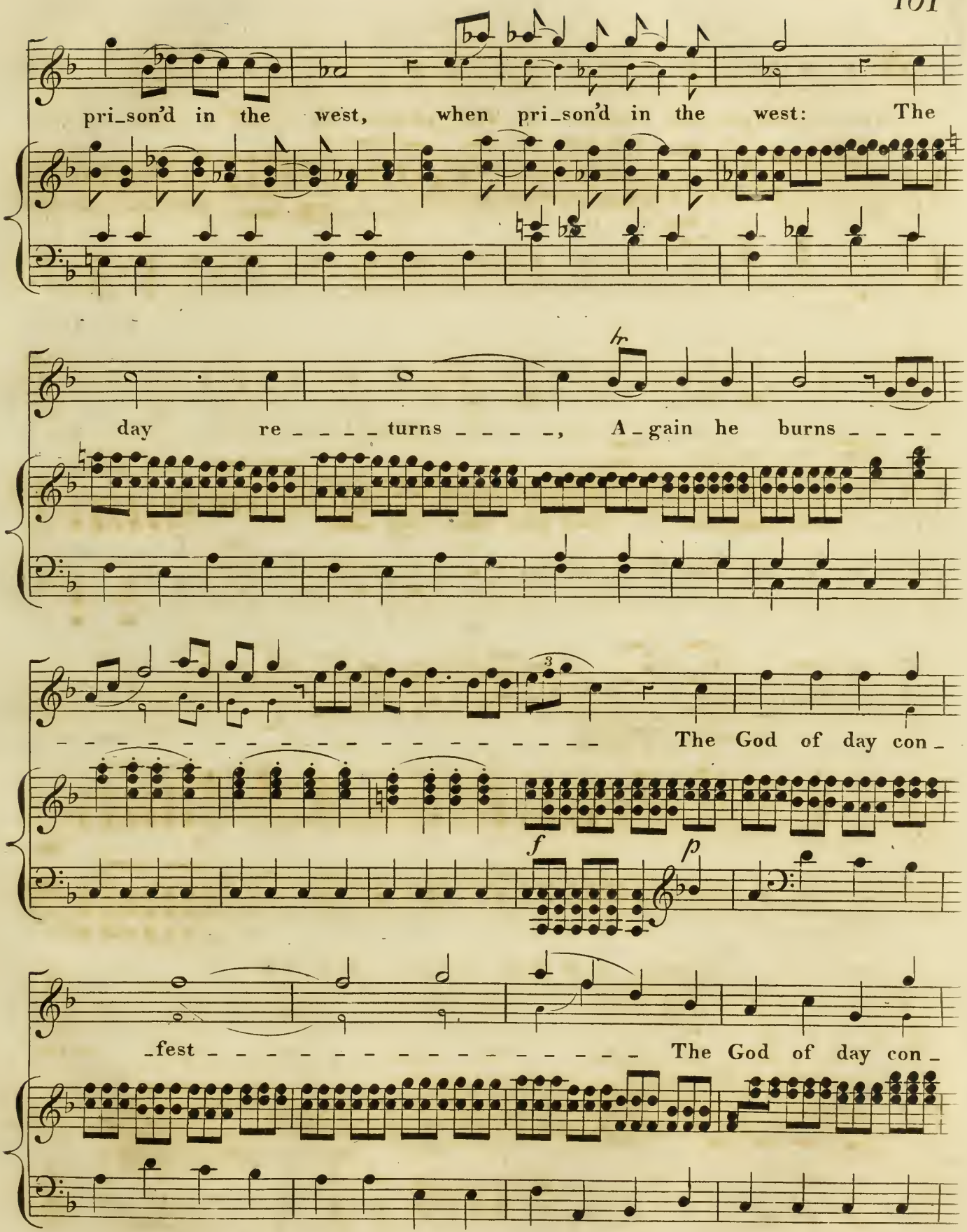


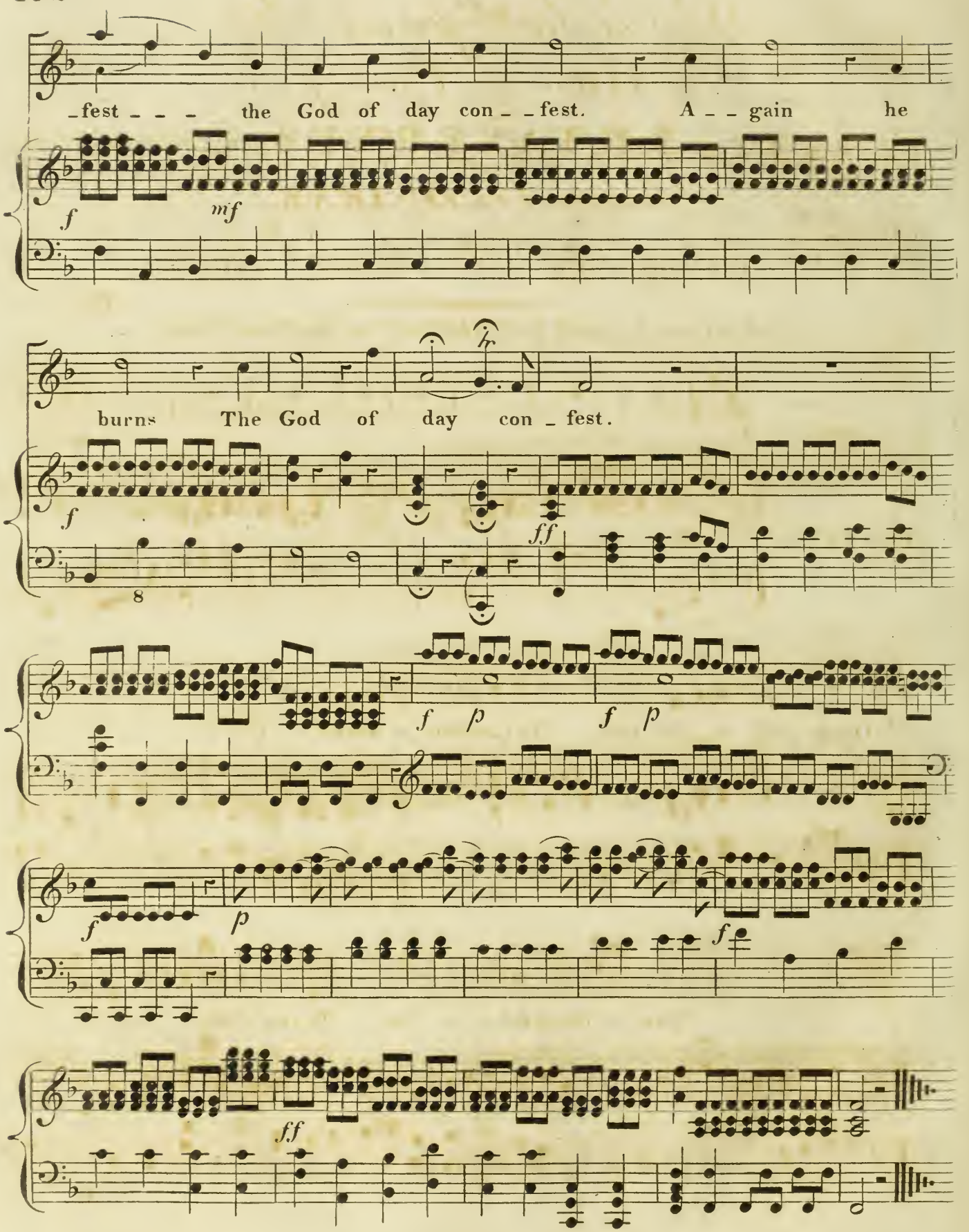

p
f
8
Thou like the glorious sun, Thy splen_did course shalt run;
p
f
Thou like the glo_rious sun, Thy splendid course shalt run, shalt
p
f
p


run
f
What tho' the night Ob _ scure his light, When prison'd in the
p
west, When prison'd in the west; The day re _ _ _turns _ _ _
3
_ _ _ A _ gain he burns


The God of day con__fest___ the
God___ of day con___fest.


Thou like the glo_rious sun, Thy splendid course shalt run, shalt
run - - - - - - - - - - - - thy splendid course shalt run - - - -
What tho' the night Ob_ _scure his light When


pri_son'd in the west, when pri_son'd in the west: The
day re _ _ _ _ turns _ _ _ _, A_gain he burns _ _ _ _
The God of day con_
f
p
_fest _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ The God of day con_


-fest - - - the God of day con - - fest. A - - gain he
f
mf
burns The God of day con - fest.
f
ff
8
f p
f p
f
p
f
ff

Why is death for ever late?

AIR, in the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by Dr. ARNE,

Arranged by Dr. John Clarke.

Price 1s.

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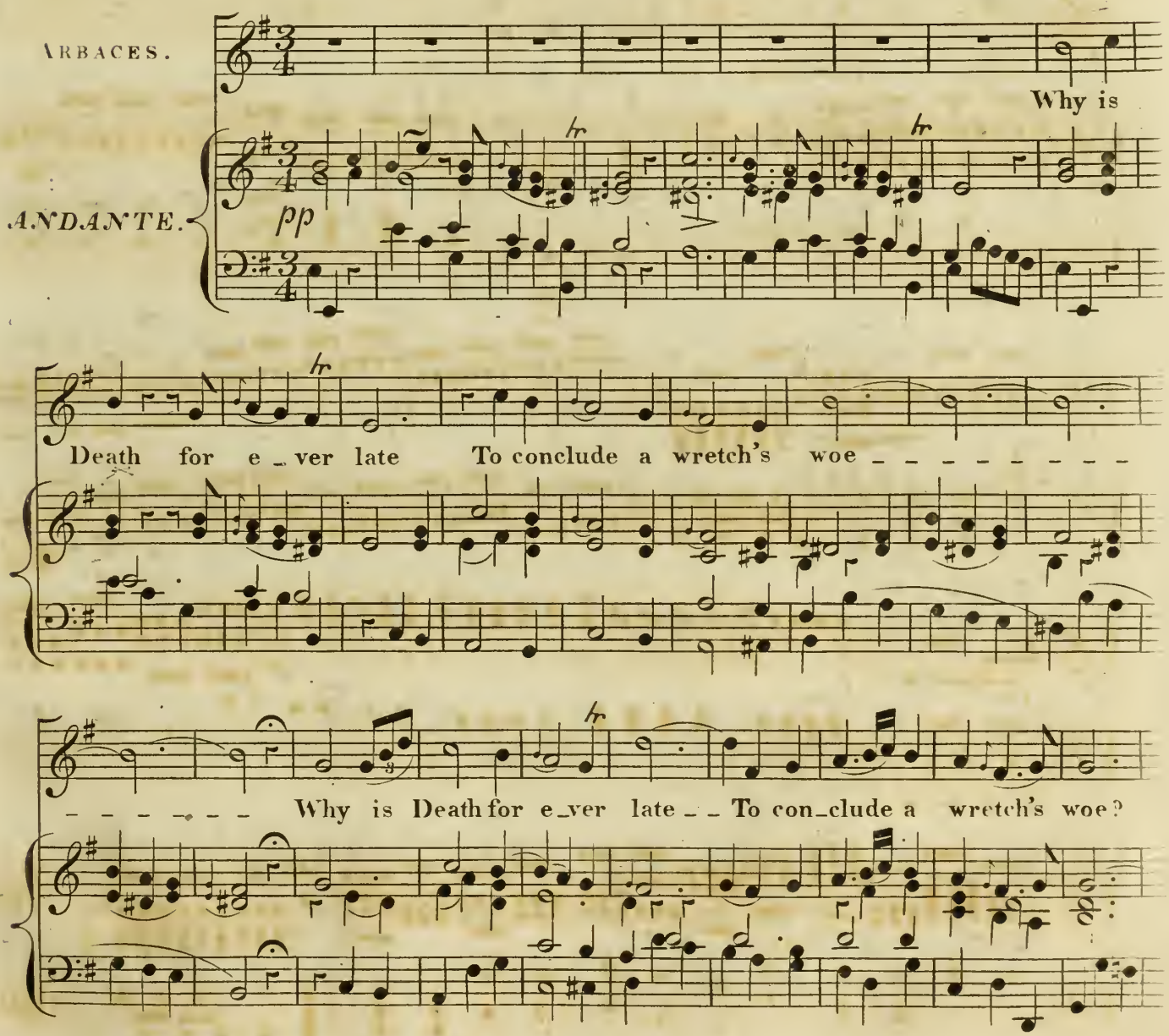

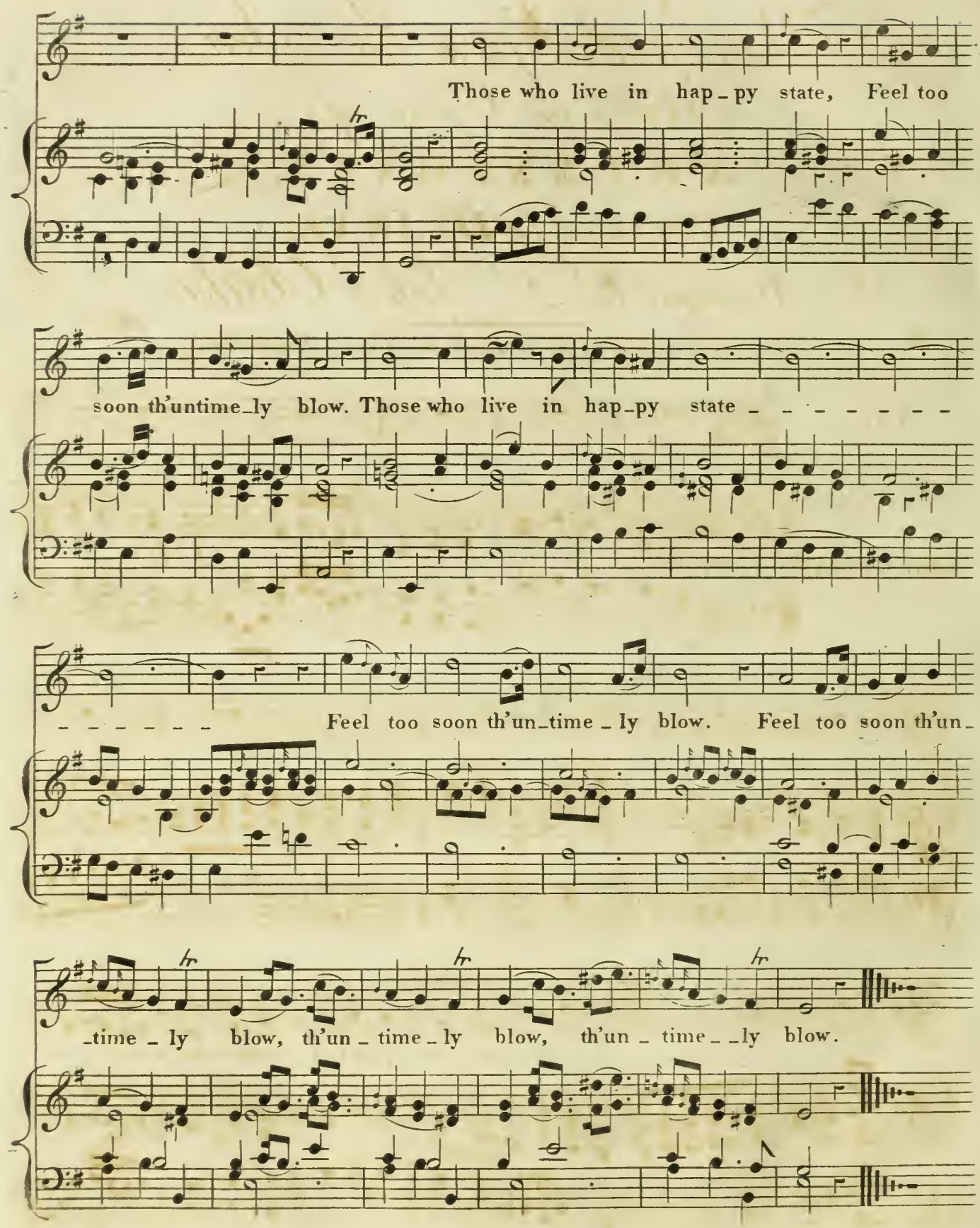
Those who live in hap_py state, Feel too
soon th'untime_ly blow. Those who live in hap_py state
Feel too soon th'un_time_ly blow. Feel too soon th'un_
_time_ly blow, th'un_time_ly blow, th'un_time__ly blow.

Water parted from the Sea.

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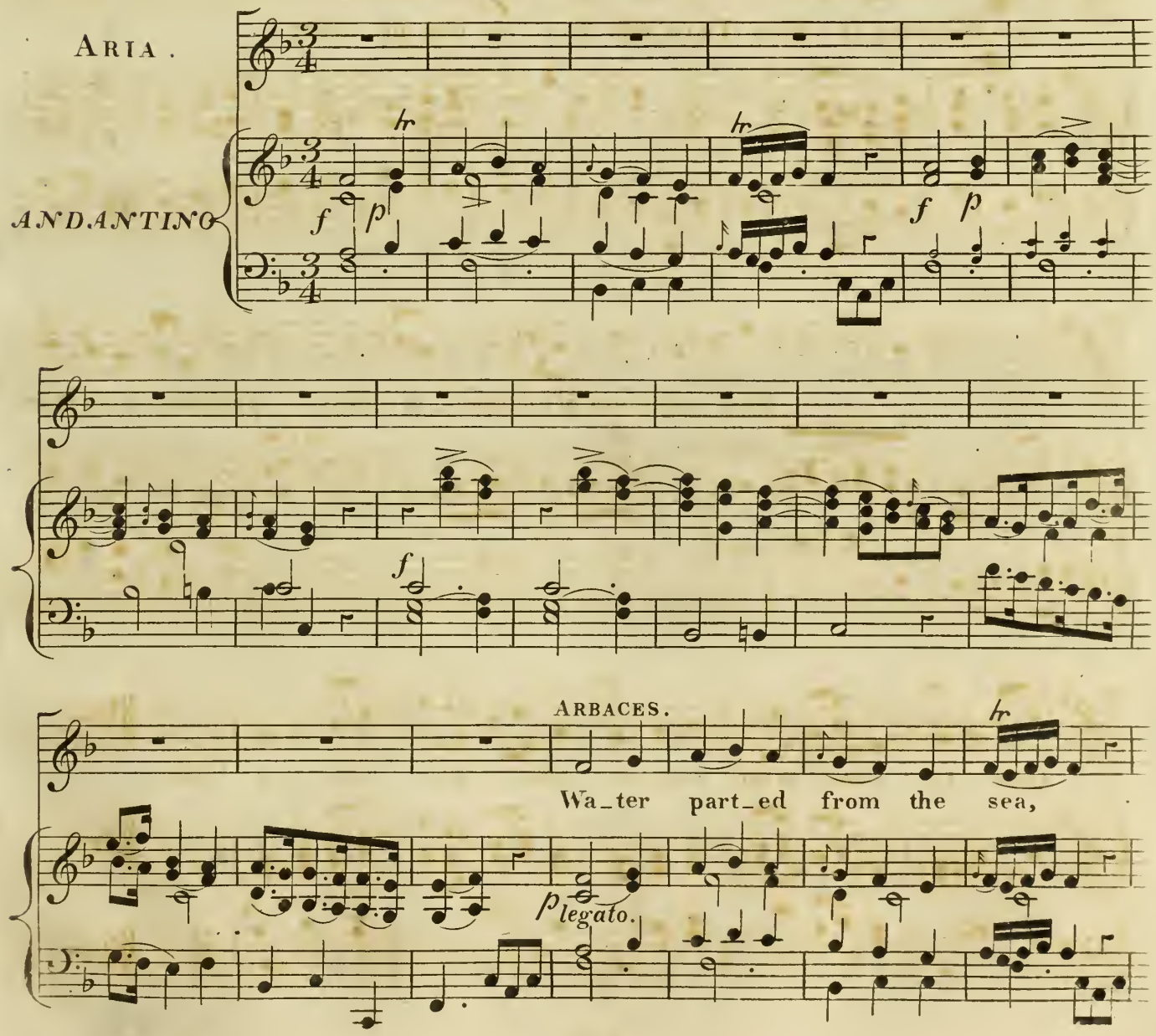
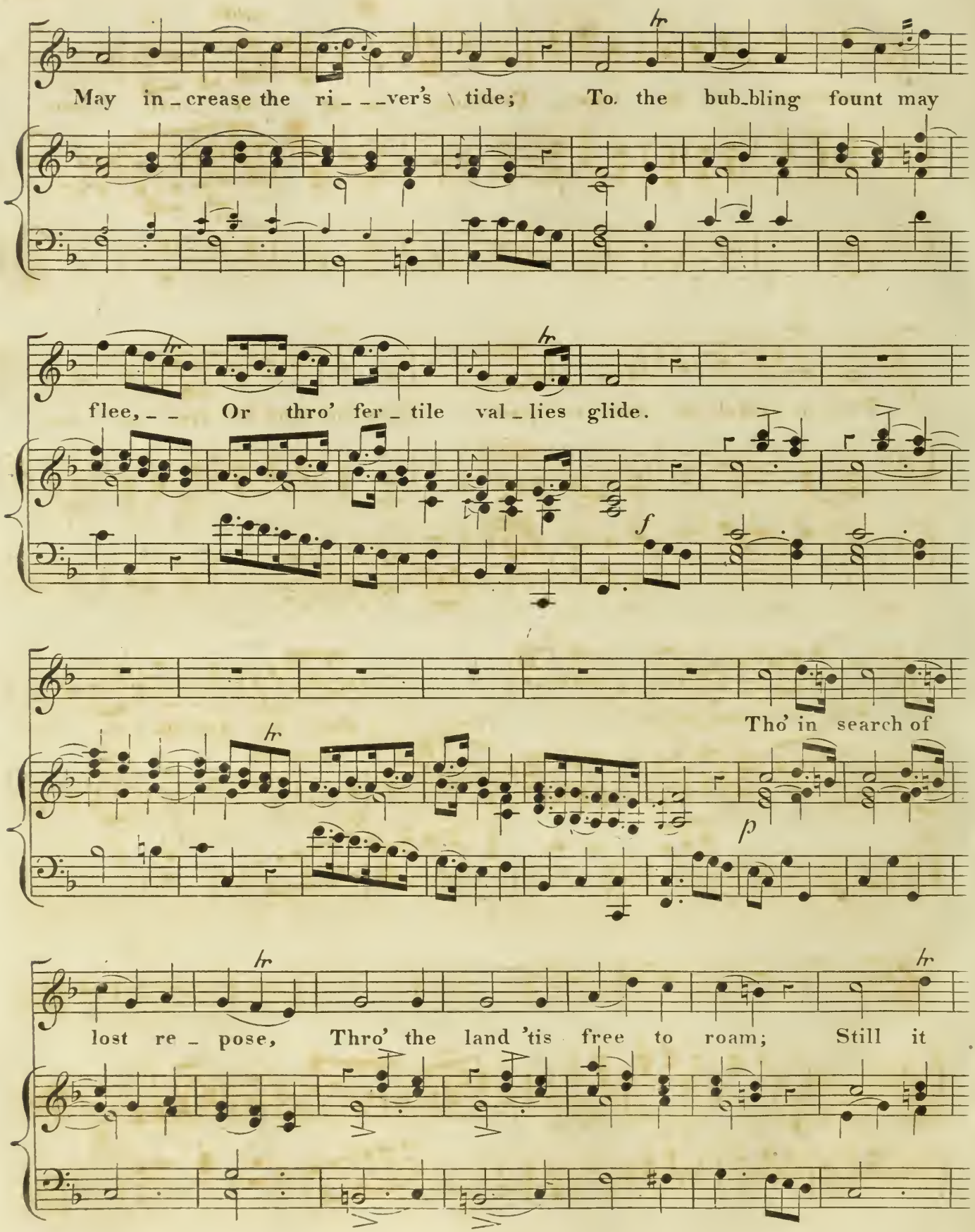
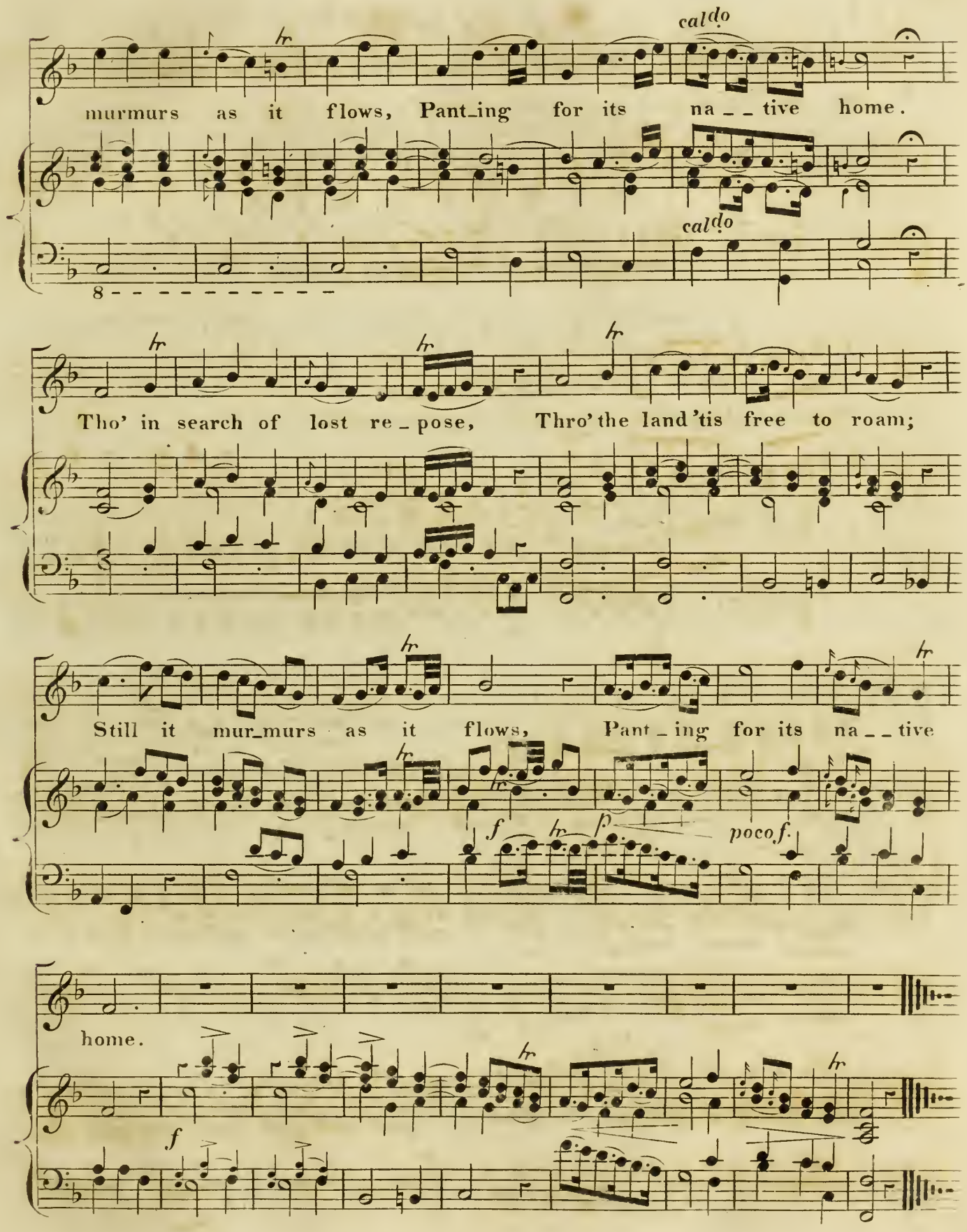



May in_crease the ri___ver's tide; To the bub_bling fount may
flee,__ Or thro' fer_tile val_lies glide.
Tho' in search of
lost re_pose, Thro' the land 'tis free to roam; Still it


murmurs as it flows, Pant_ing for its na__tive home.
cal do
cal do
Tho' in search of lost re_pose, Thro' the land 'tis free to roam;
Still it mur_murs as it flows, Pant_ing for its na__tive
f
p
poco f.
home.
f

She's a cloud with various shades,

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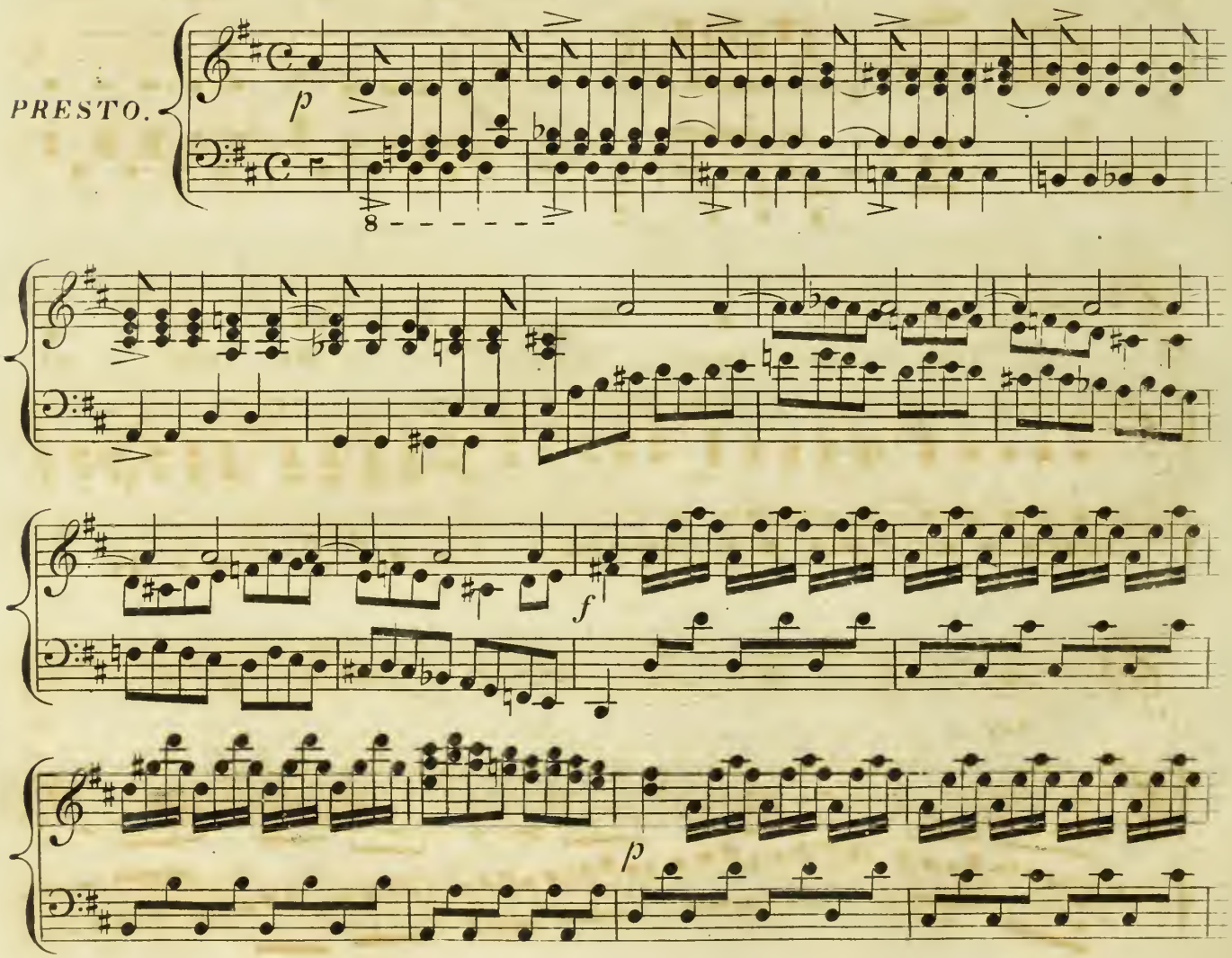
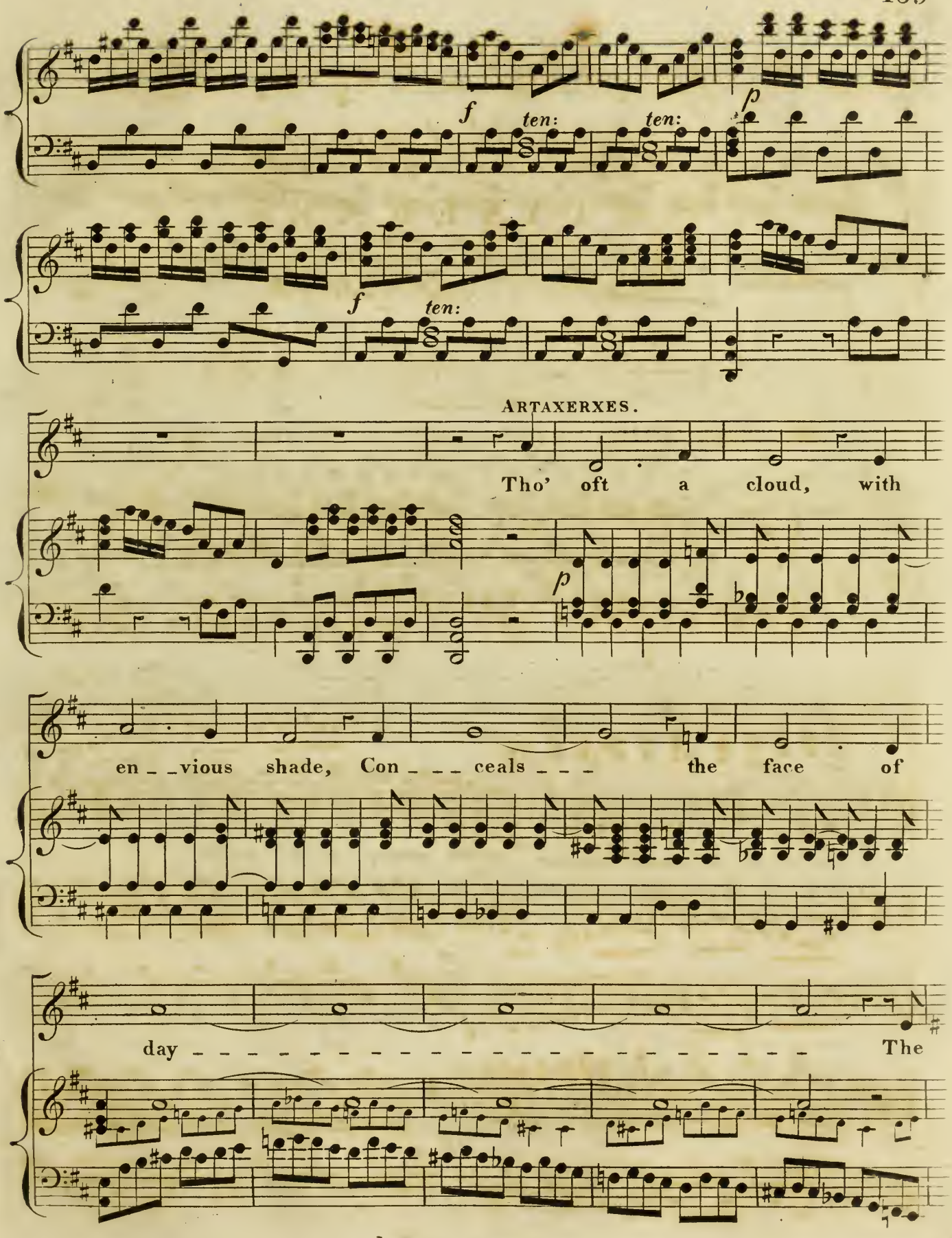
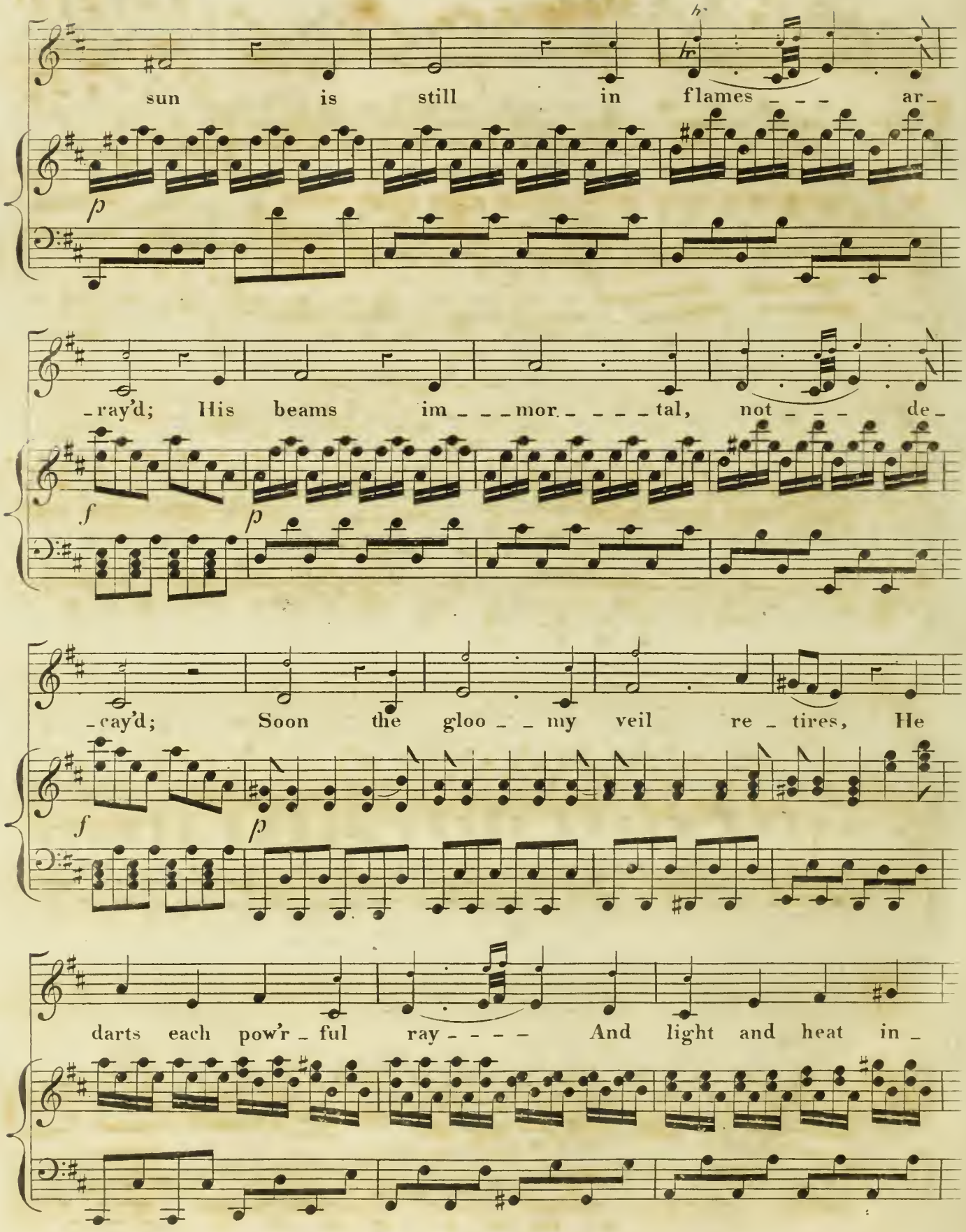
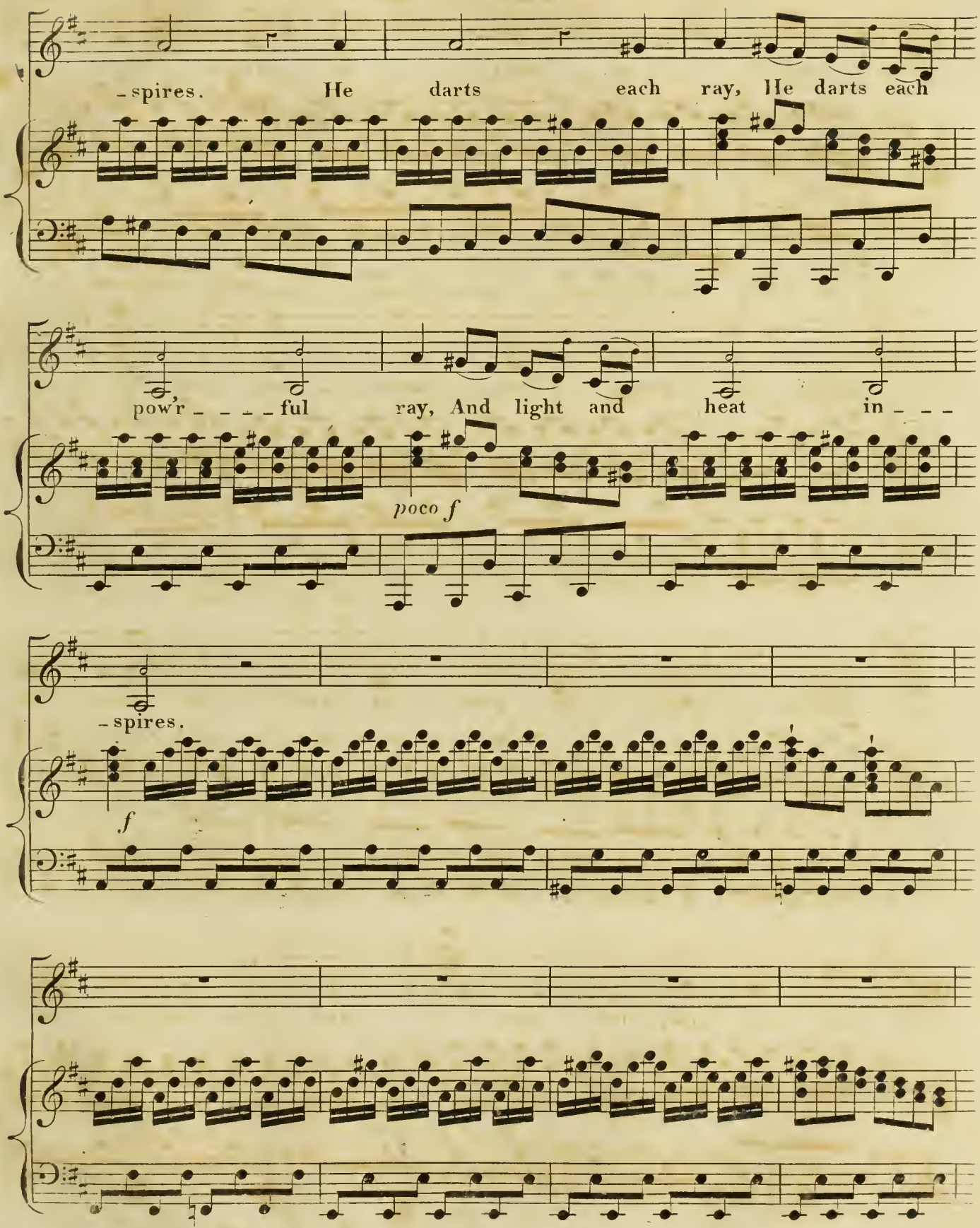
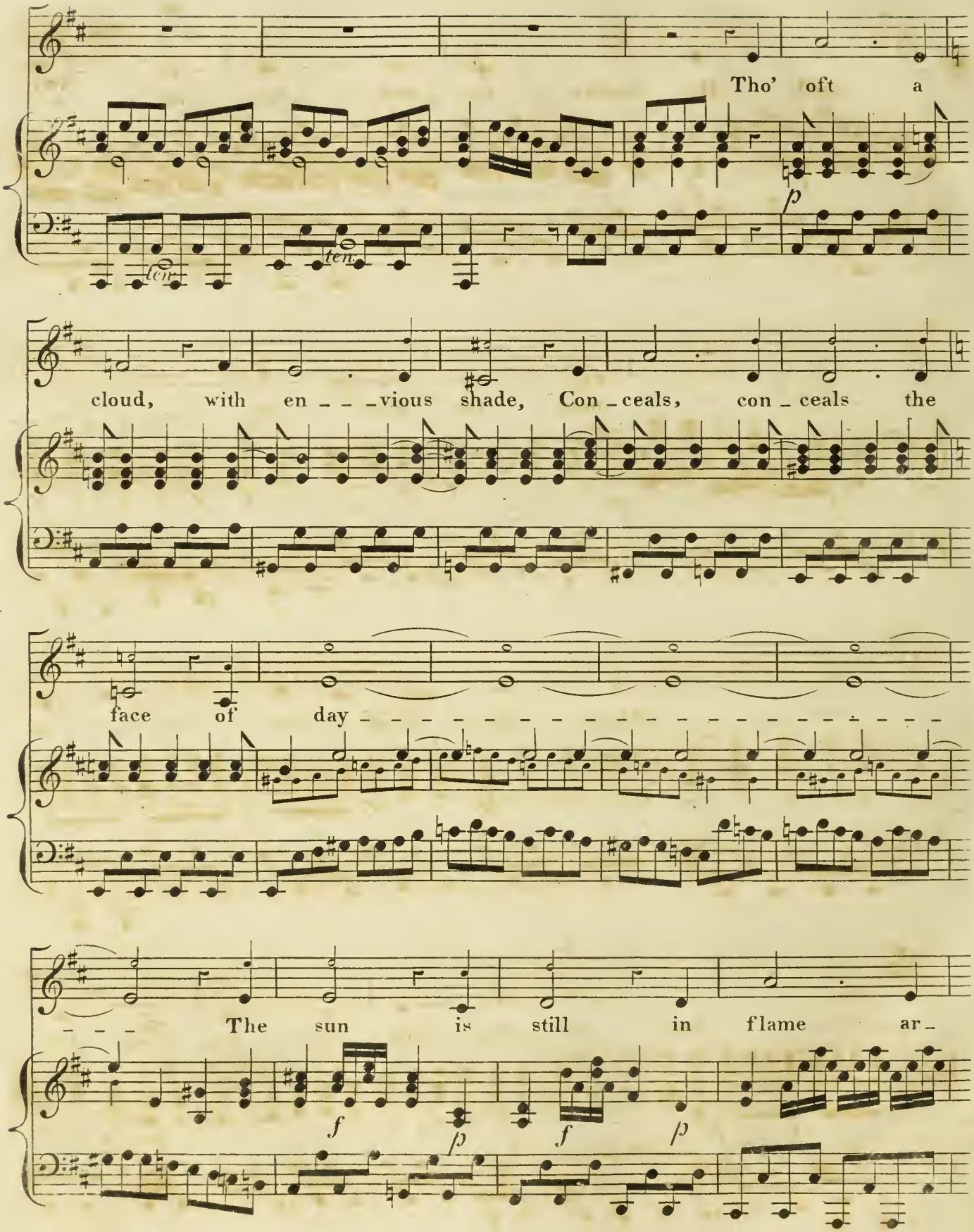
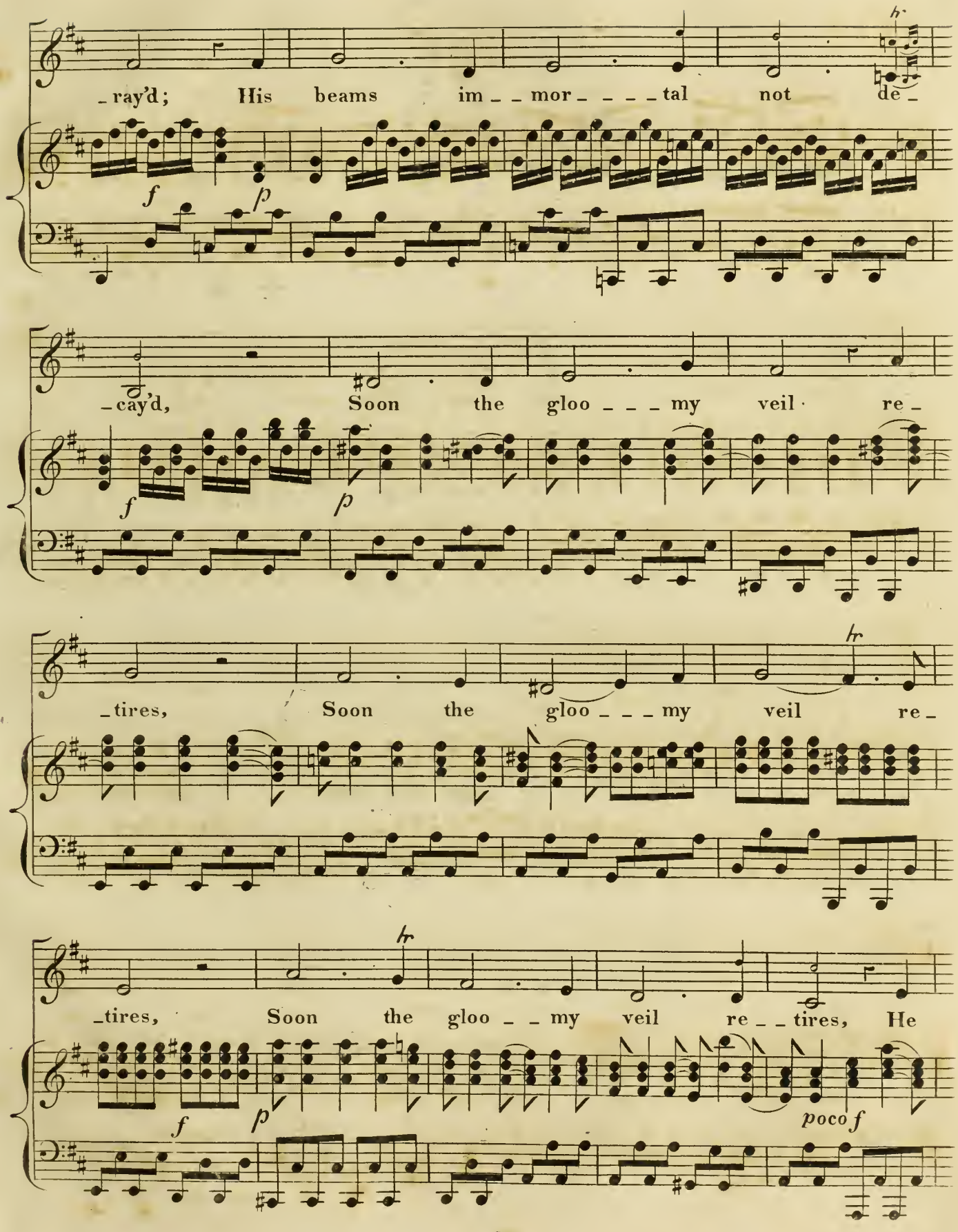


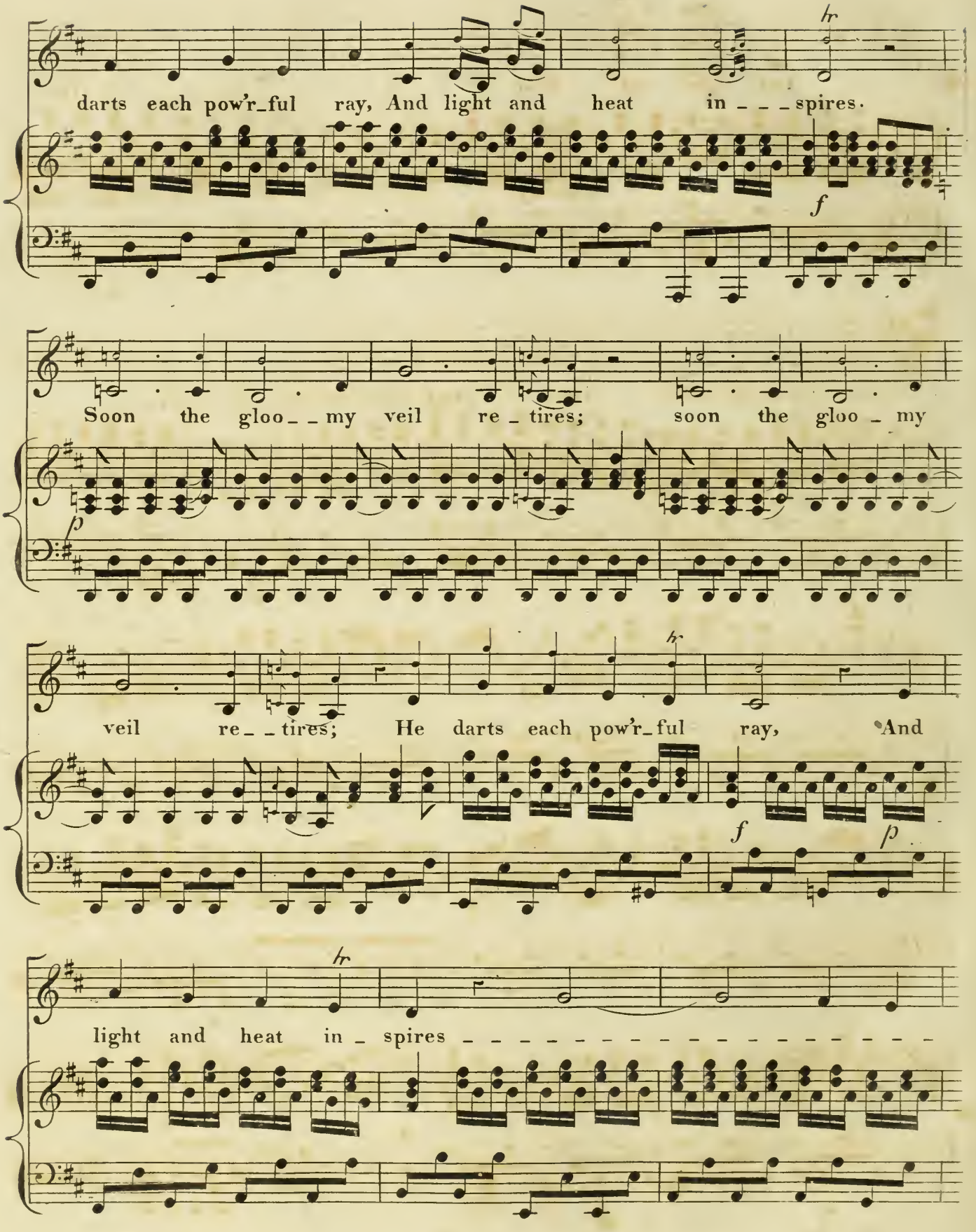

f
ten:
ten:
p
f
ten:
ARTAXERXES.
Tho' oft a cloud, with
p
en _ _vious shade, Con _ _ _ ceals _ _ _ the face of
day _ The

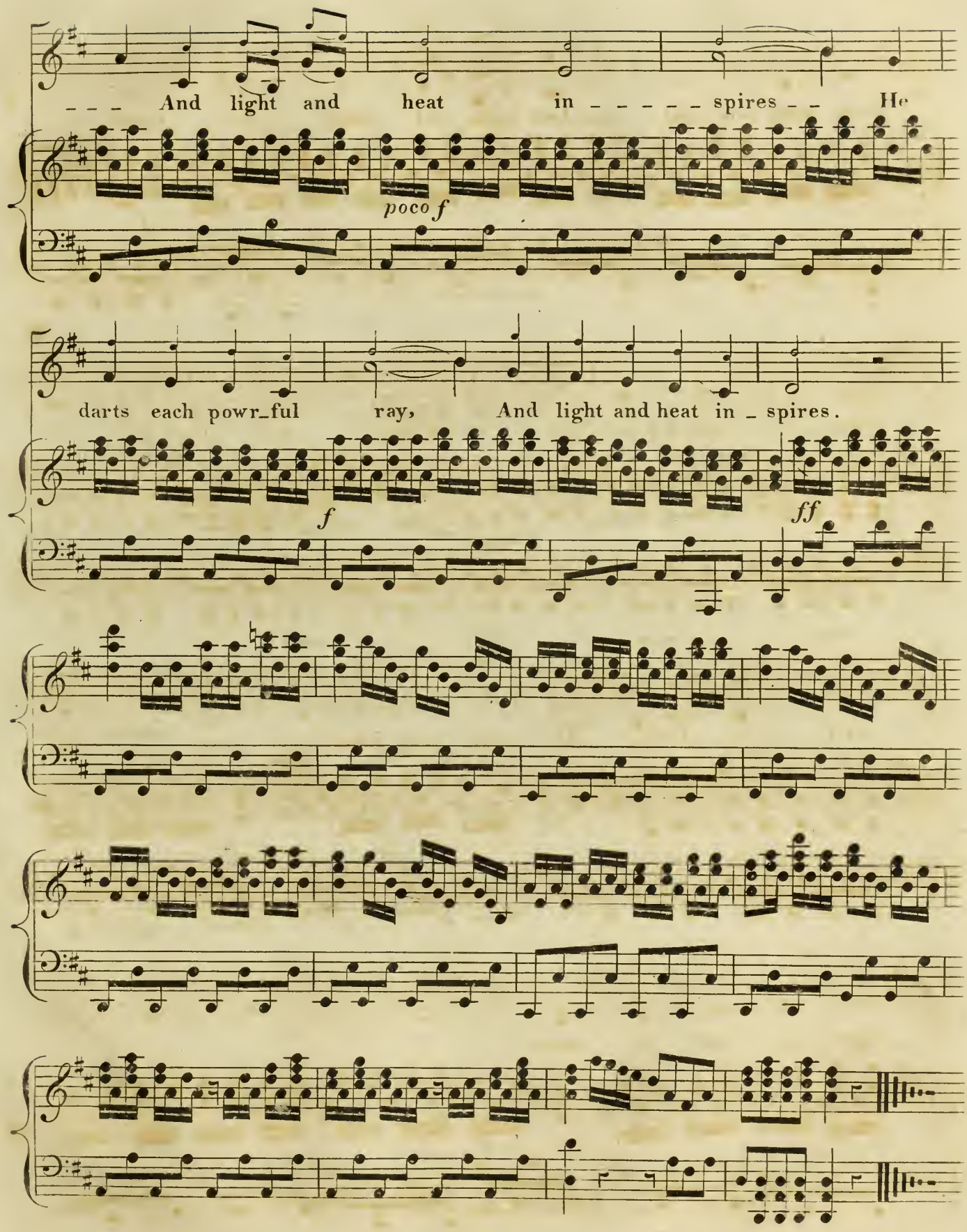

sun is still in flames ar-
p
-ray'd; His beams im-mor-tal, not de-
f
p
-cay'd; Soon the gloo-my veil re-tires, He
f
p
darts each pow'r-ful ray And light and heat in-


-spires. He darts each ray, He darts each
pow'r - - - - ful ray, And light and heat in - - -
poco f
-spires.
f


Tho' oft a
p
ten.
ten.
cloud, with en _ _ _ vious shade, Con _ ceals, con _ ceals the
face of day
The sun is still in flame ar _
f
p
f
p


ray'd; His beams im _ mor_ _ _ _tal not de_
f p
_cay'd, Soon the gloo _ _ _ my veil re_
f p
_tires, Soon the gloo _ _ _ my veil re_
_tires, Soon the gloo _ _ my veil re_ _ tires, He
f p
poco f


darts each pow'r_ful ray, And light and heat in _ _ _ spires.
Soon the gloo_ _my veil re _ tires; soon the gloo _ my
veil re_ _tires; He darts each pow'r_ful ray, And
light and heat in _ spires _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _


And light and heat in spires He
poco f
darts each powr_ful ray, And light and heat in_spires.
f
ff

O let the danger of a Son

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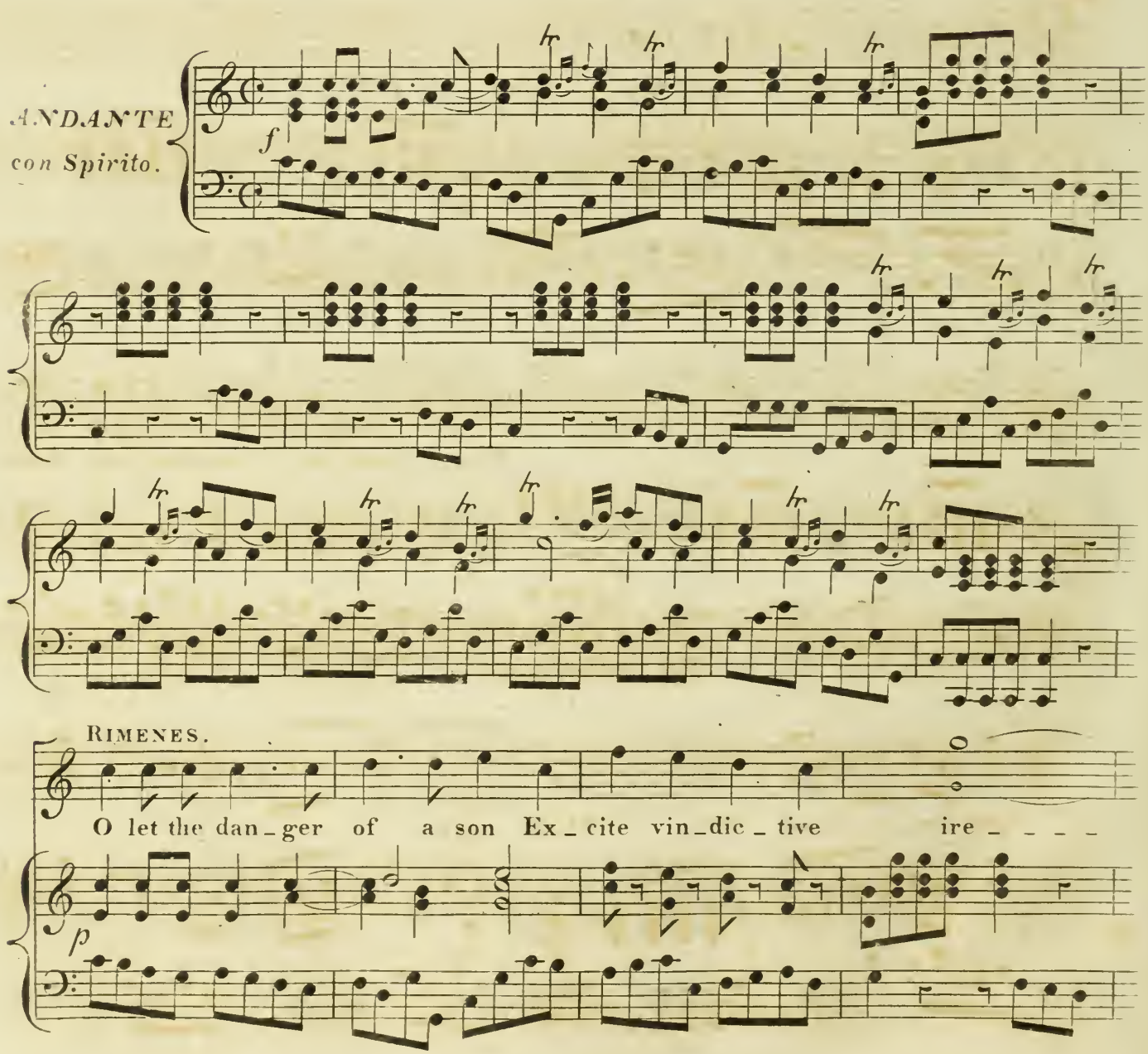
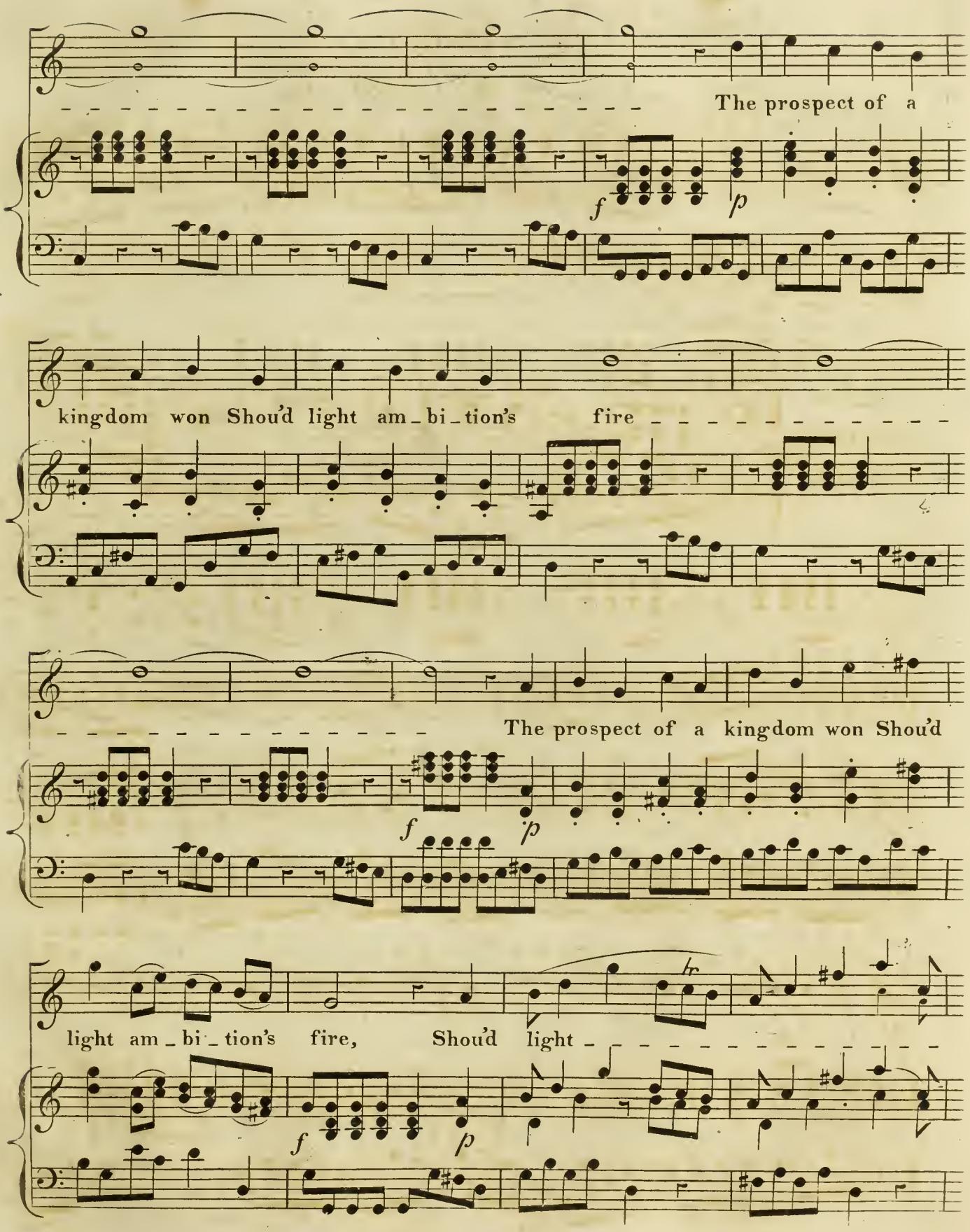
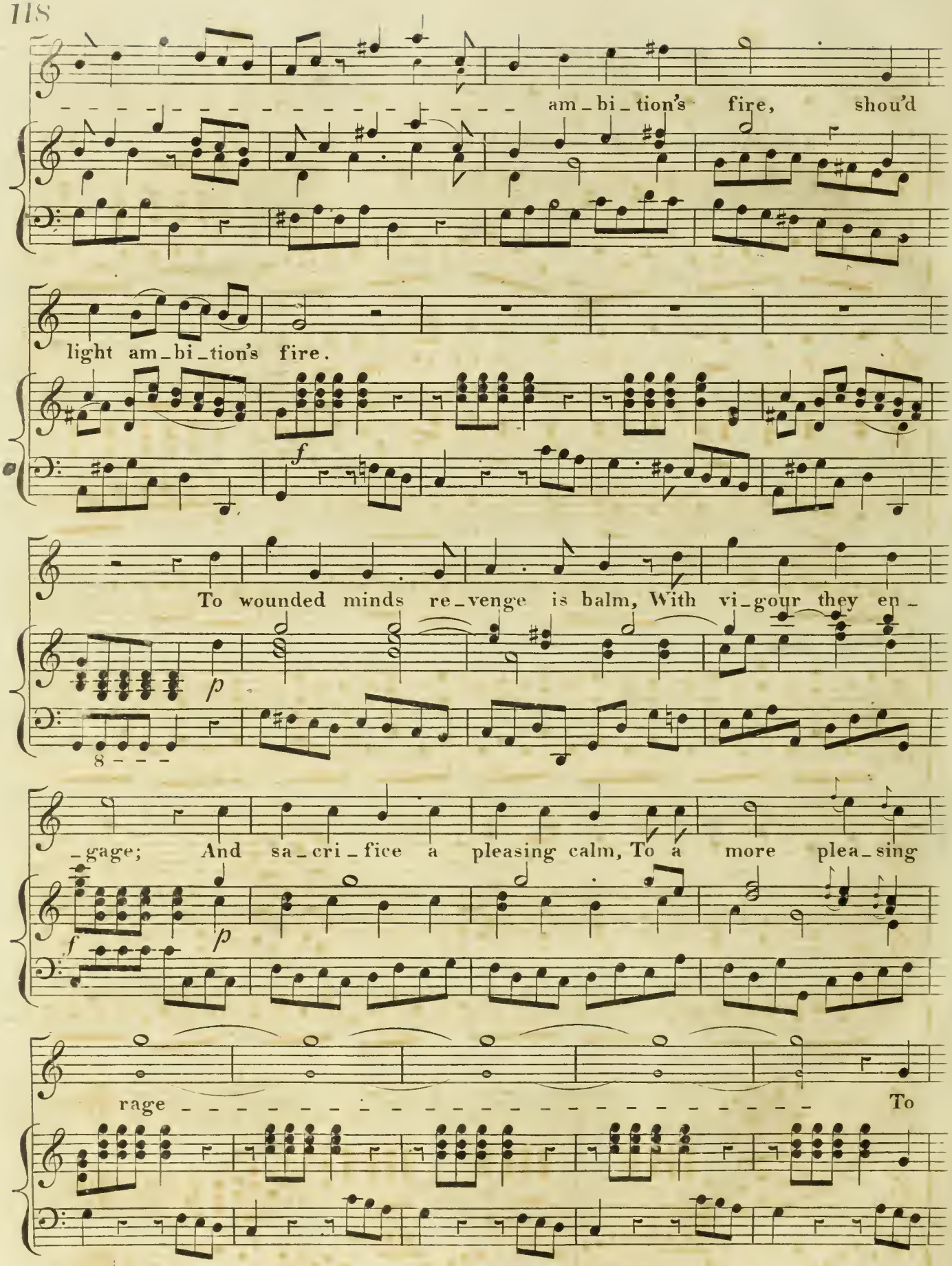
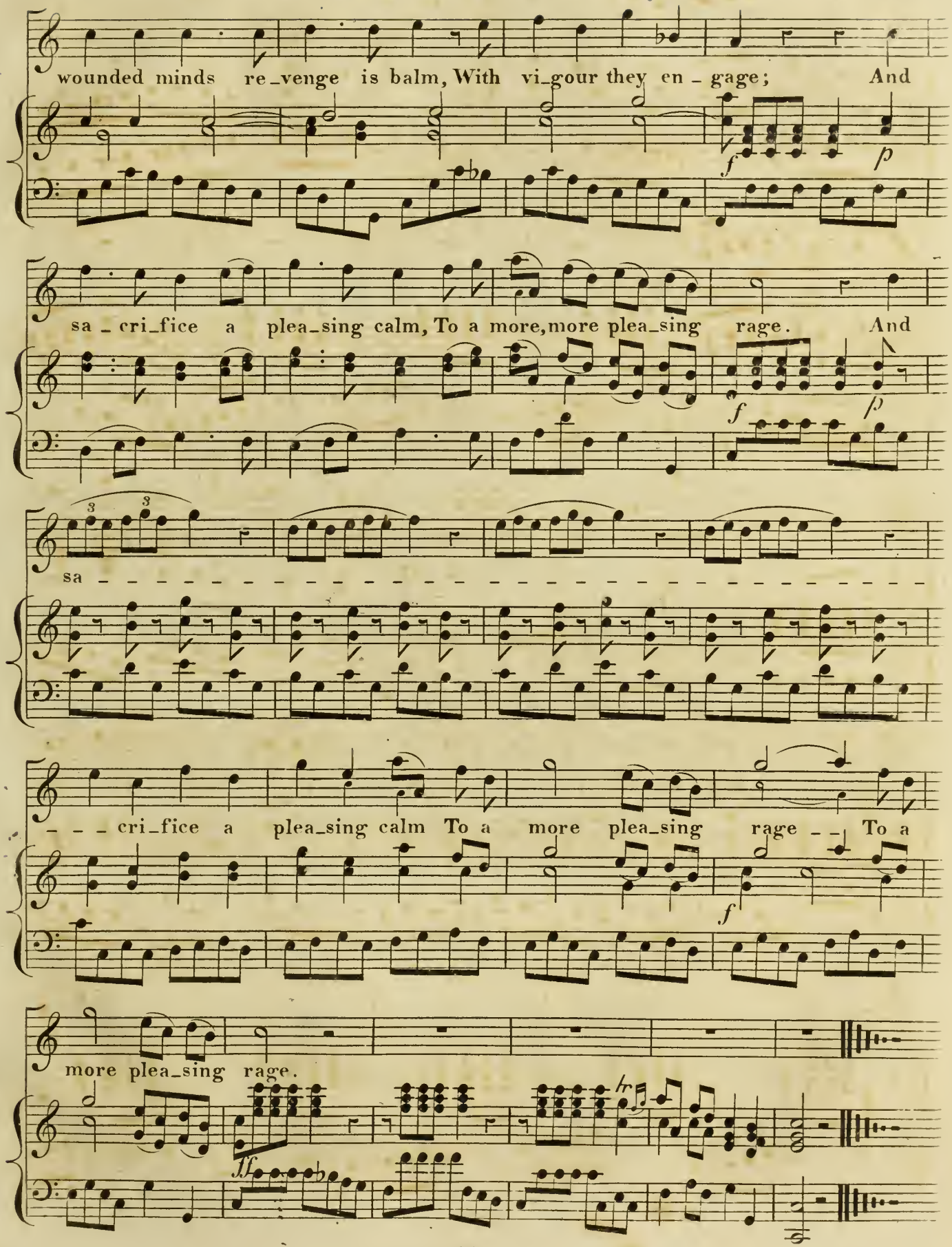



The prospect of a
kingdom won Shou'd light am_bi_tion's fire
The prospect of a kingdom won Shou'd
light am_bi_tion's fire, Shou'd light


am_bi_tion's fire, shou'd
light am_bi_tion's fire.
To wounded minds re_venge is balm, With vi_gour they en_
_gage; And sa_cri_fice a pleasing calm, To a more plea_sing
rage To


wounded minds re_venge is balm, With vi_gour they en_gage; And
f
p
sa_cri_fice a plea_sing calm, To a more, more plea_sing rage. And
f
p
3
3
sa
– – – cri_fice a plea_sing calm To a more plea_sing rage – – To a
f
more plea_sing rage.
ff

120

Much lov'd Sir,

In the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

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Dr. ARNE,

Arranged by Dr. John Clarke.

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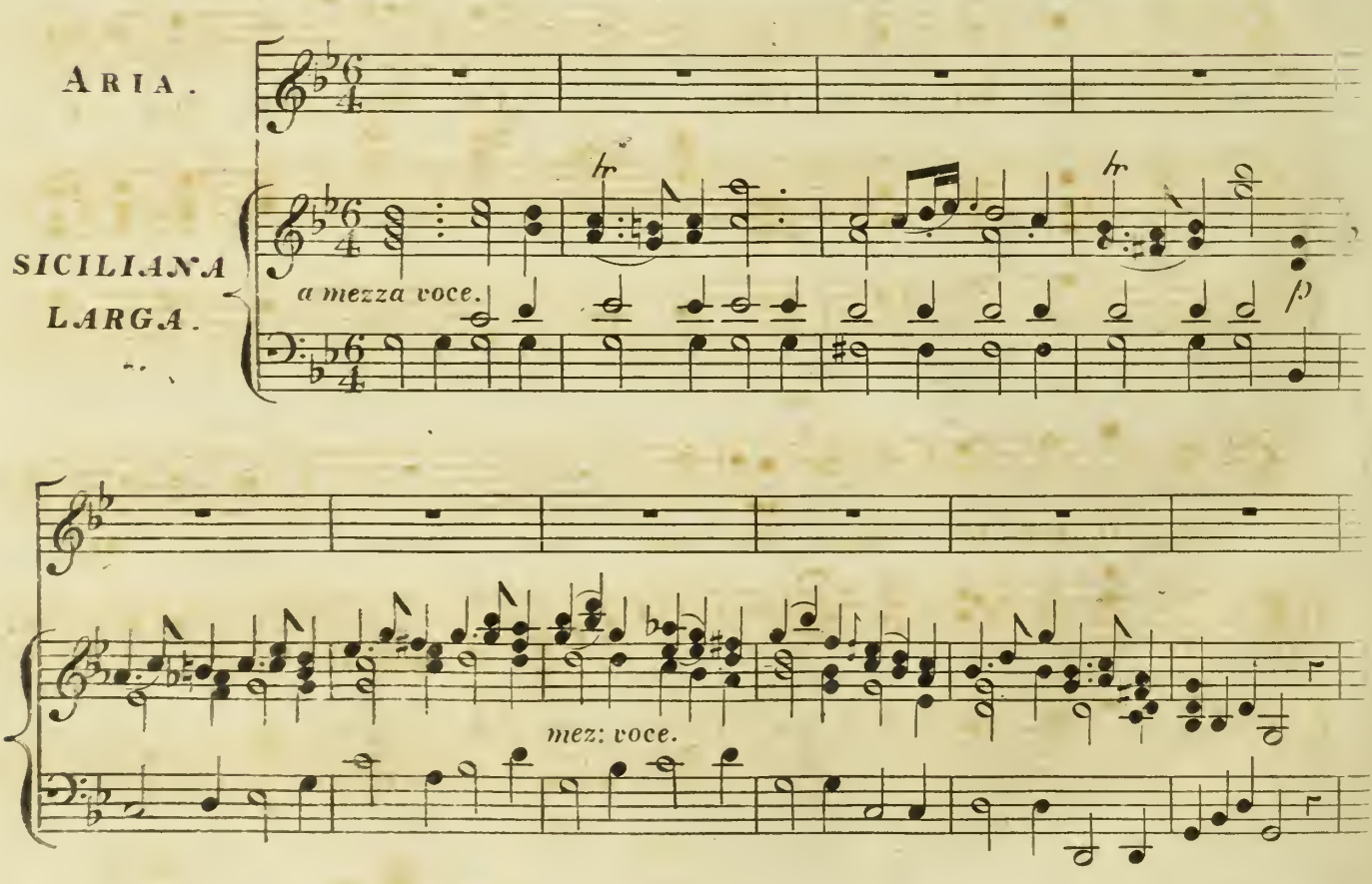
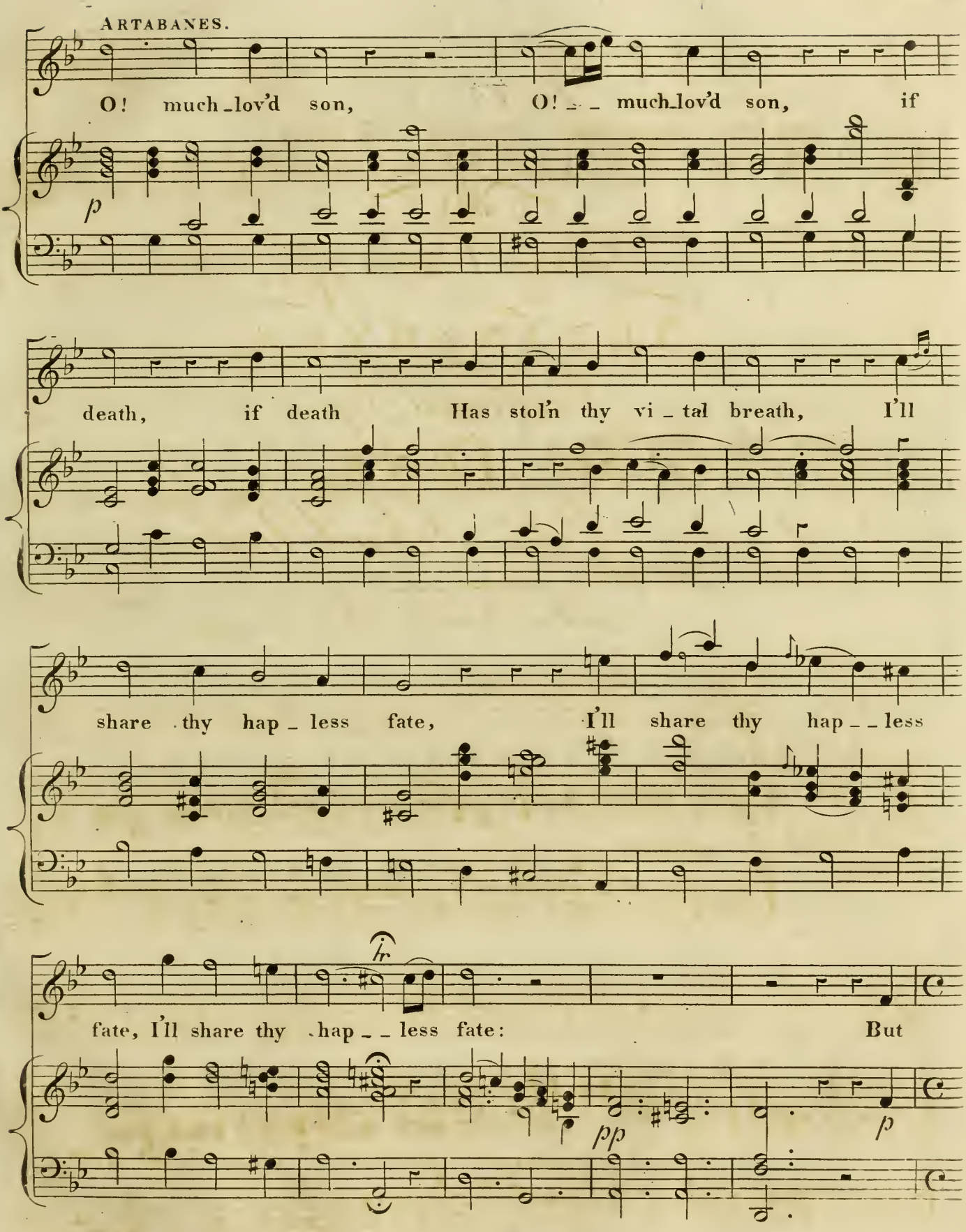
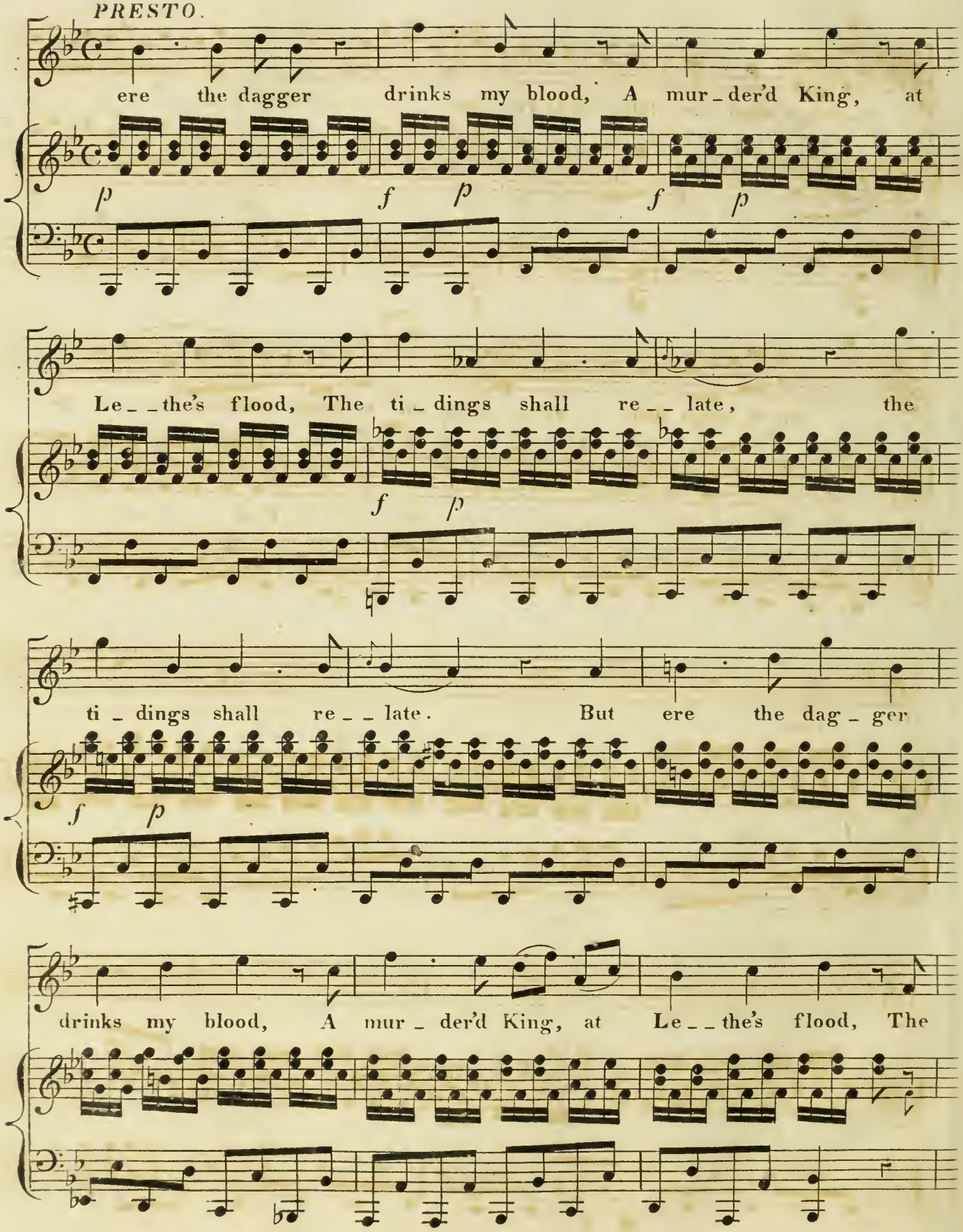
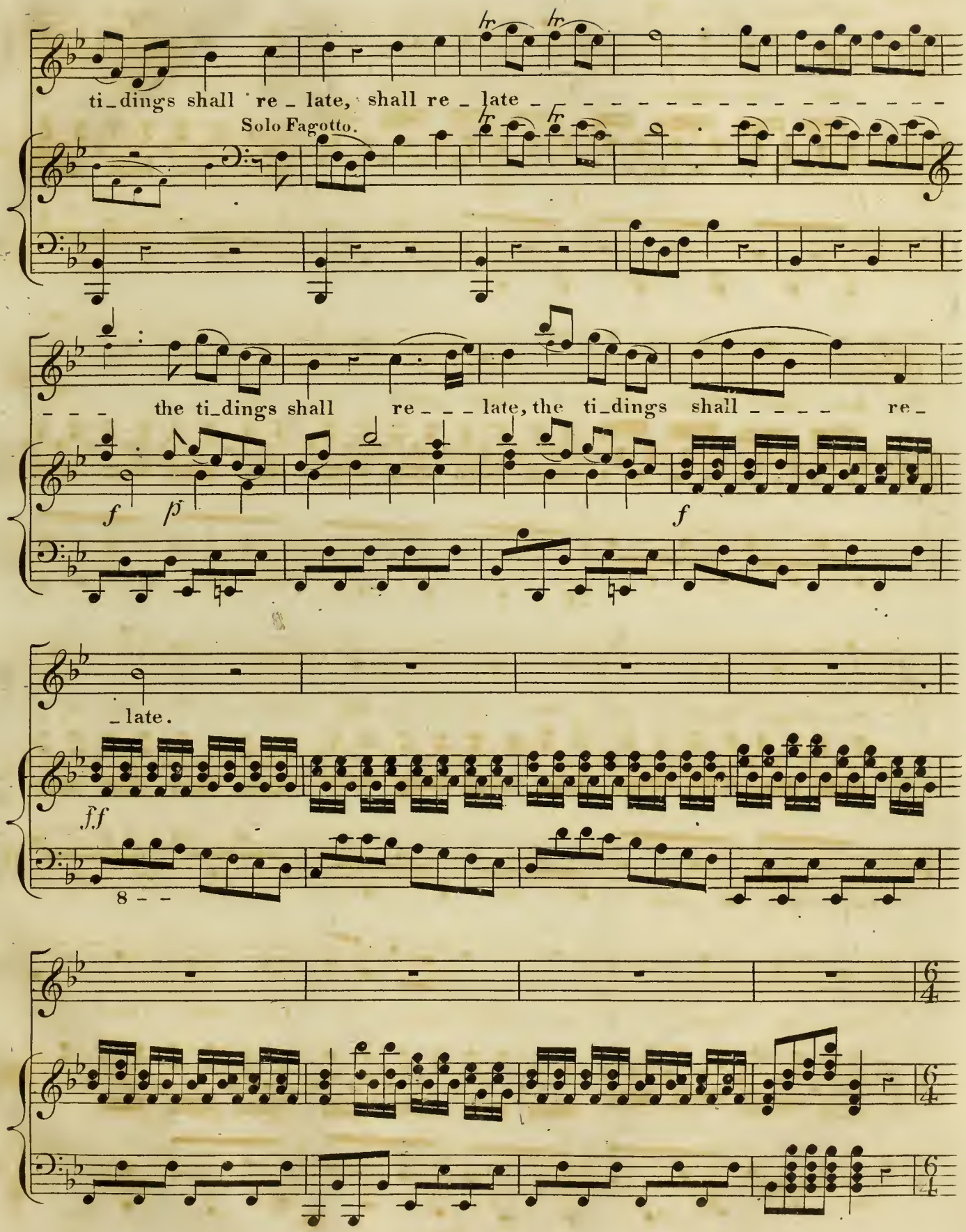
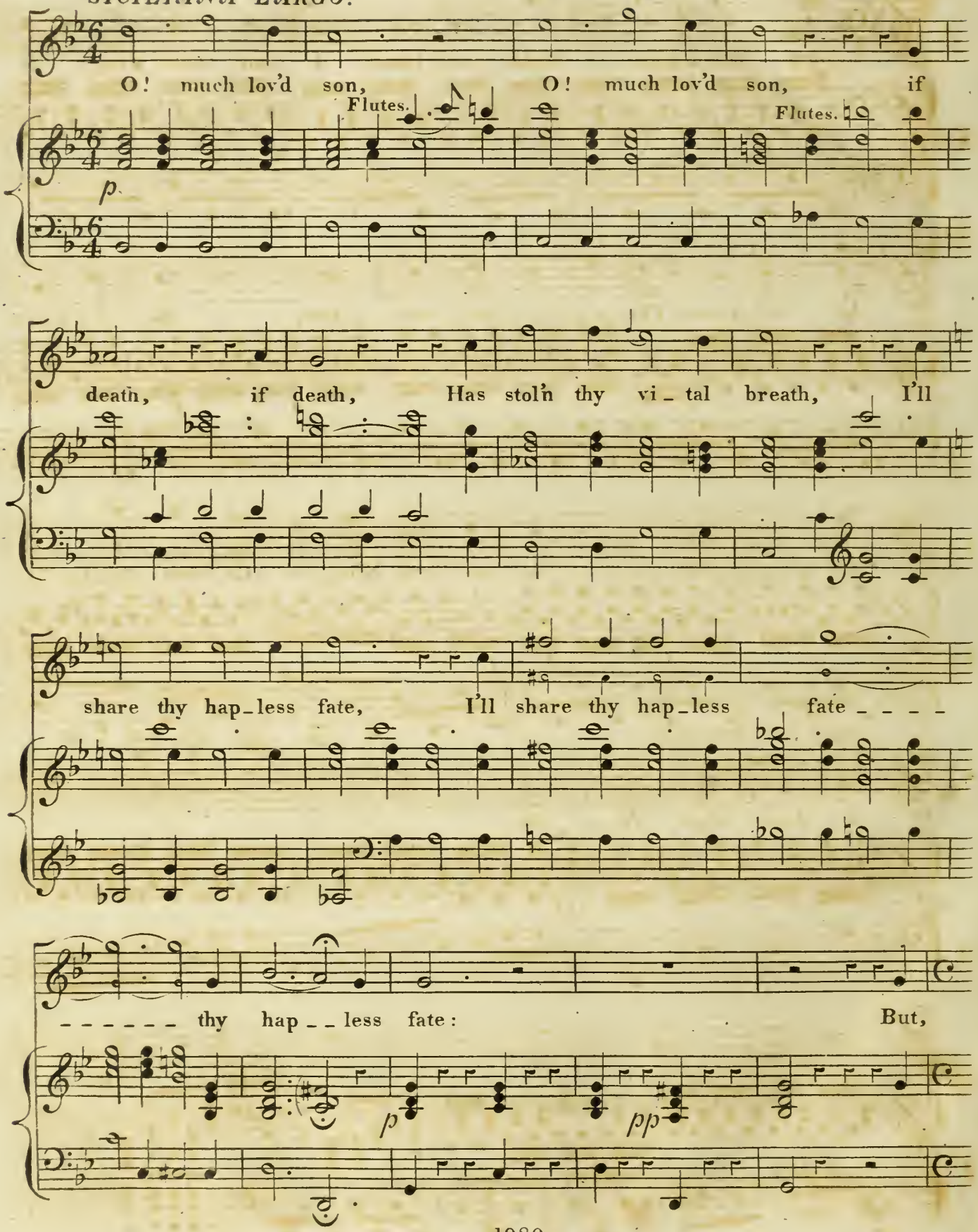


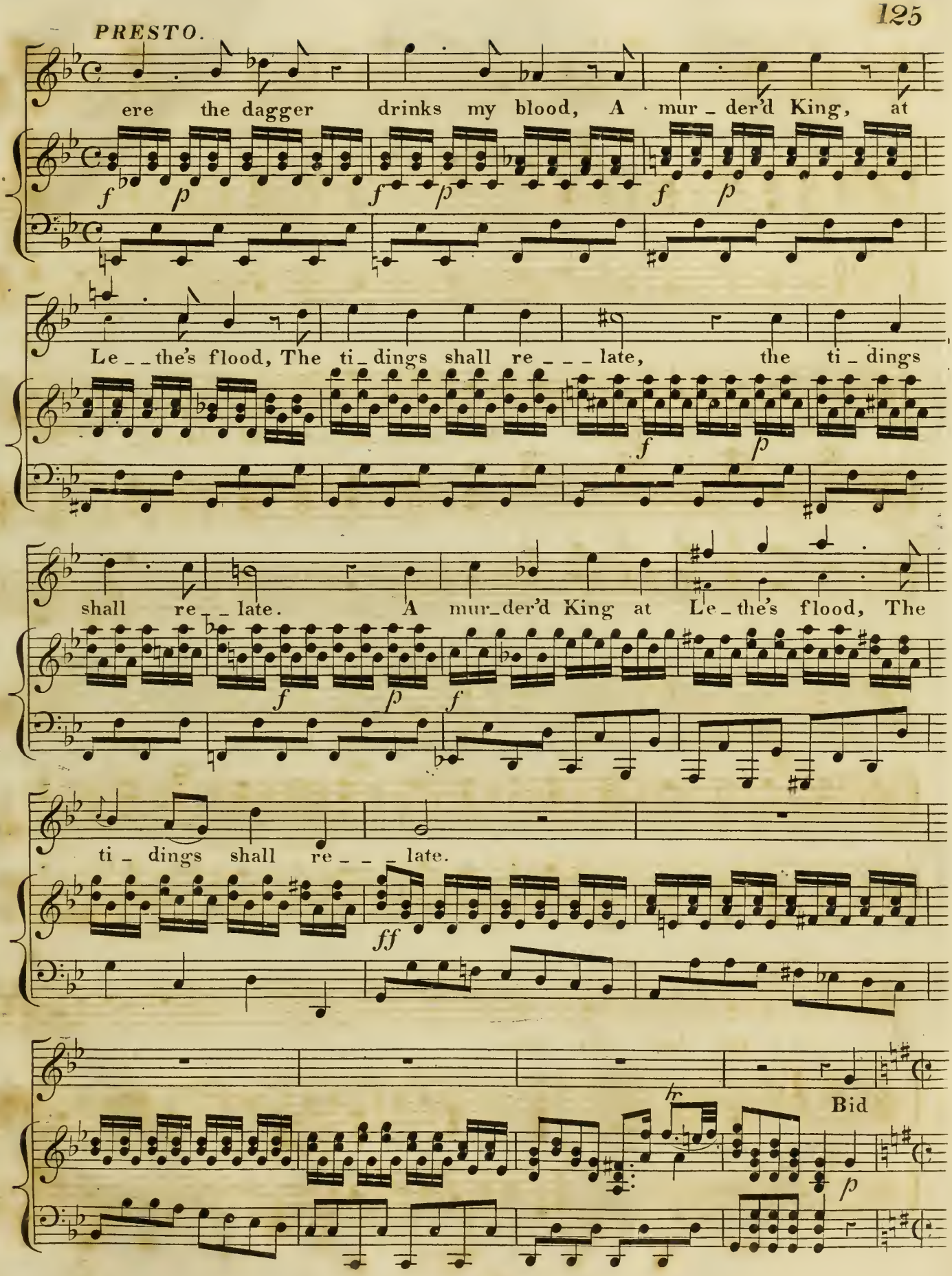

ARTABANES.
O! much-lov'd son, O! much-lov'd son, if
p
death, if death Has stol'n thy vi-tal breath, I'll
share thy hap-less fate, I'll share thy hap-less
fr
fate, I'll share thy hap-less fate: But
pp
p

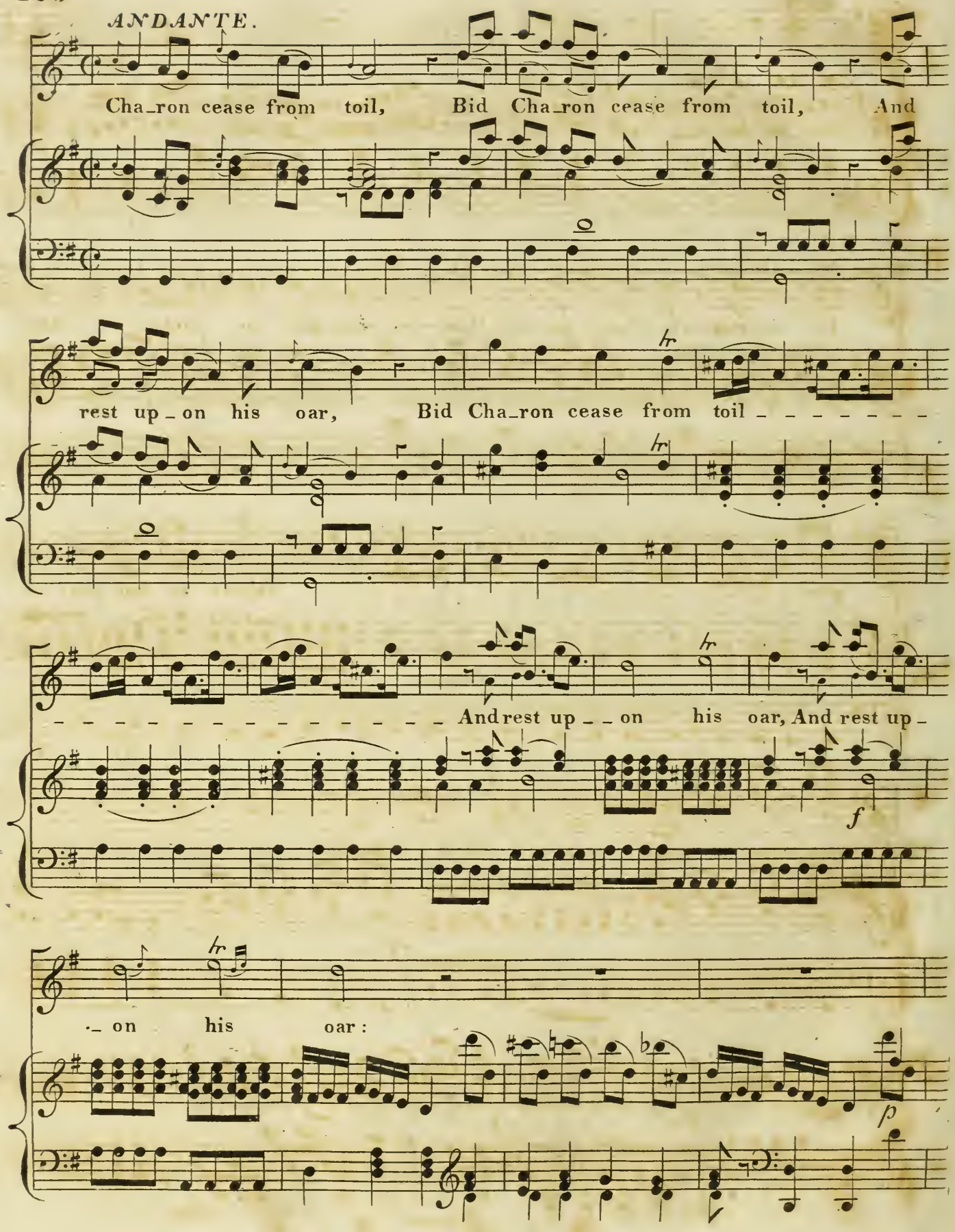

PRESTO.
ere the dagger drinks my blood, A mur_der'd King, at
Le__the's flood, The ti_dings shall re__late, the
ti_dings shall re__late. But ere the dag_ger
drinks my blood, A mur_der'd King, at Le__the's flood, The

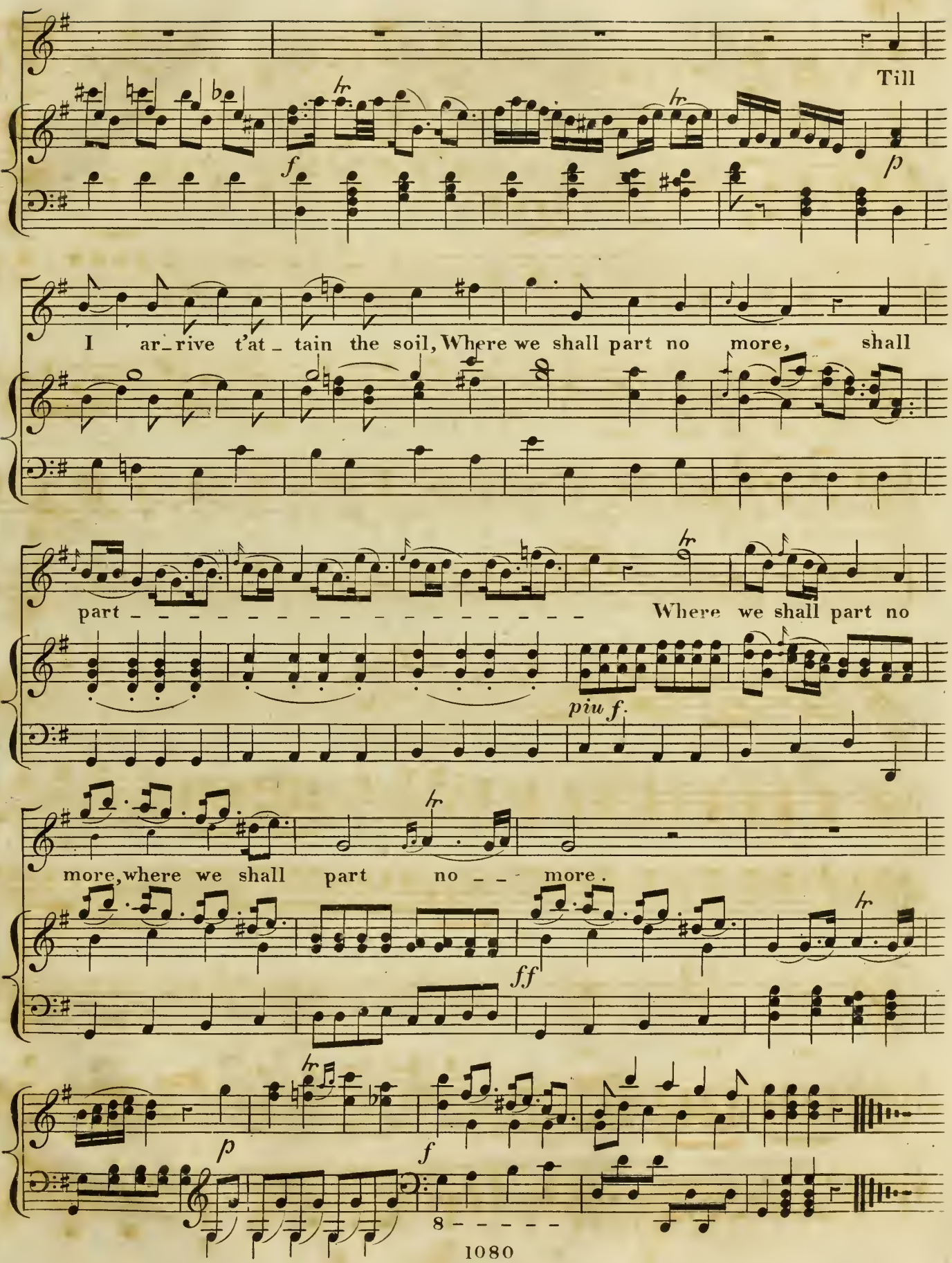

ti_dings shall re_late, shall re_late
Solo Fagotto.
the ti_dings shall re_late, the ti_dings shall re_
_late.

SICILIANA LARGO.




PRESTO.
ere the dagger drinks my blood, A mur_der'd King, at
Le__the's flood, The ti_dings shall re___late, the ti_dings
shall re__late. A mur_der'd King at Le_the's flood, The
ti_dings shall re___late.
Bid


ANDANTE.
Cha_ron cease from toil, Bid Cha_ron cease from toil, And
rest up_on his oar, Bid Cha_ron cease from toil _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ And rest up _ _ on his oar, And rest up _
f
_ on his oar:
p


Till
I ar_rive t'at_tain the soil, Where we shall part no more, shall
part
Where we shall part no
more, where we shall part no more.
8

Let not rage thy bosom firing.

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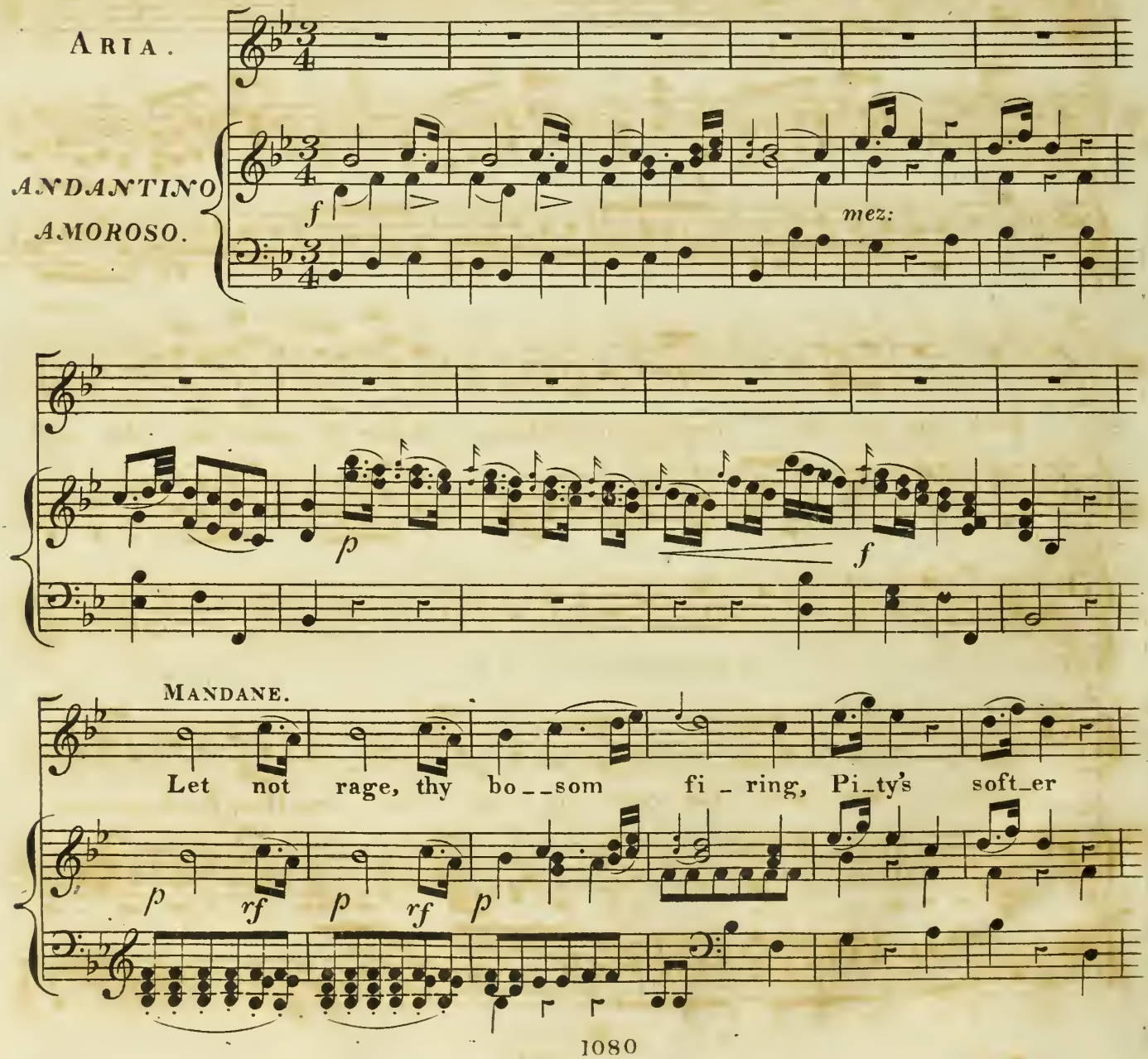
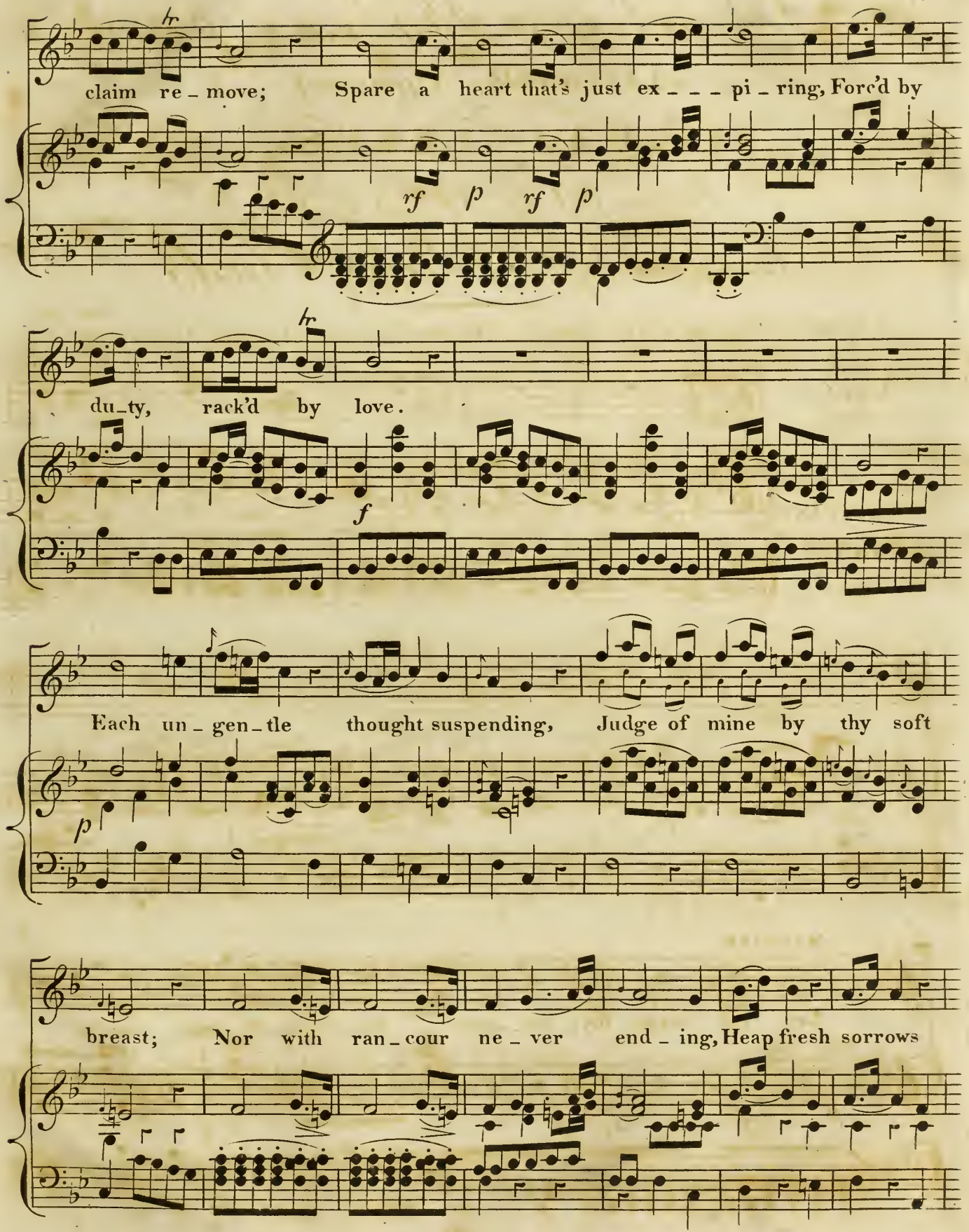
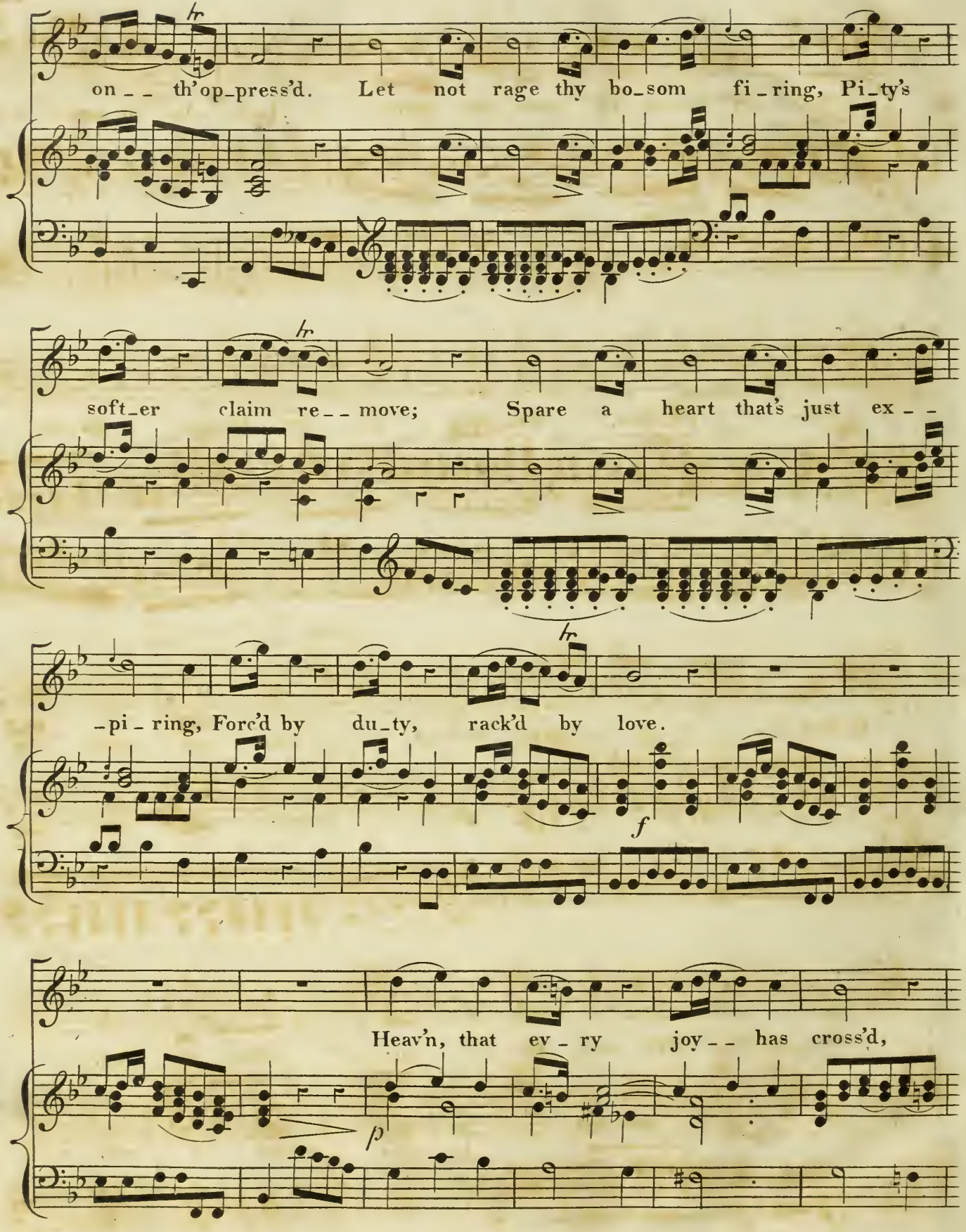
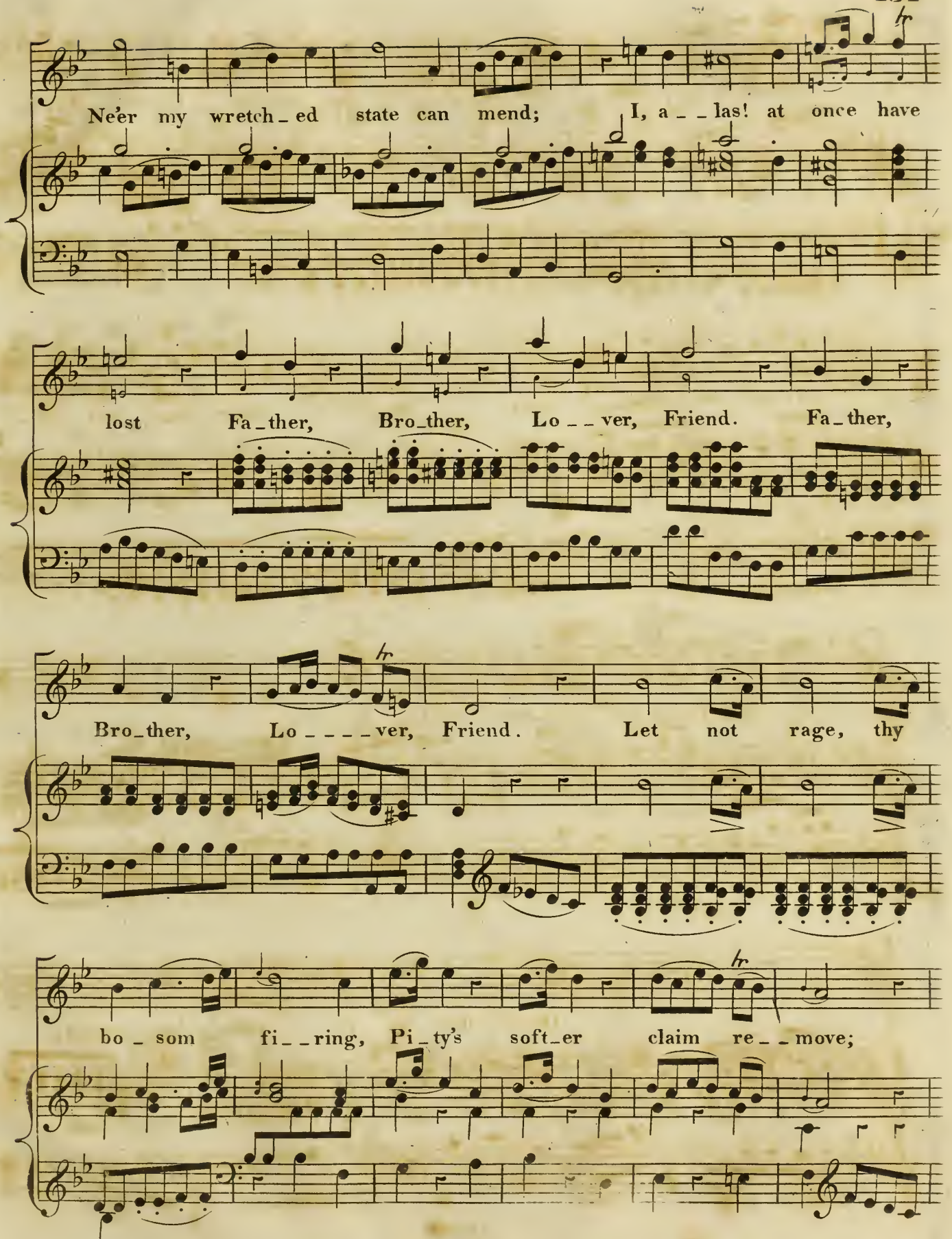
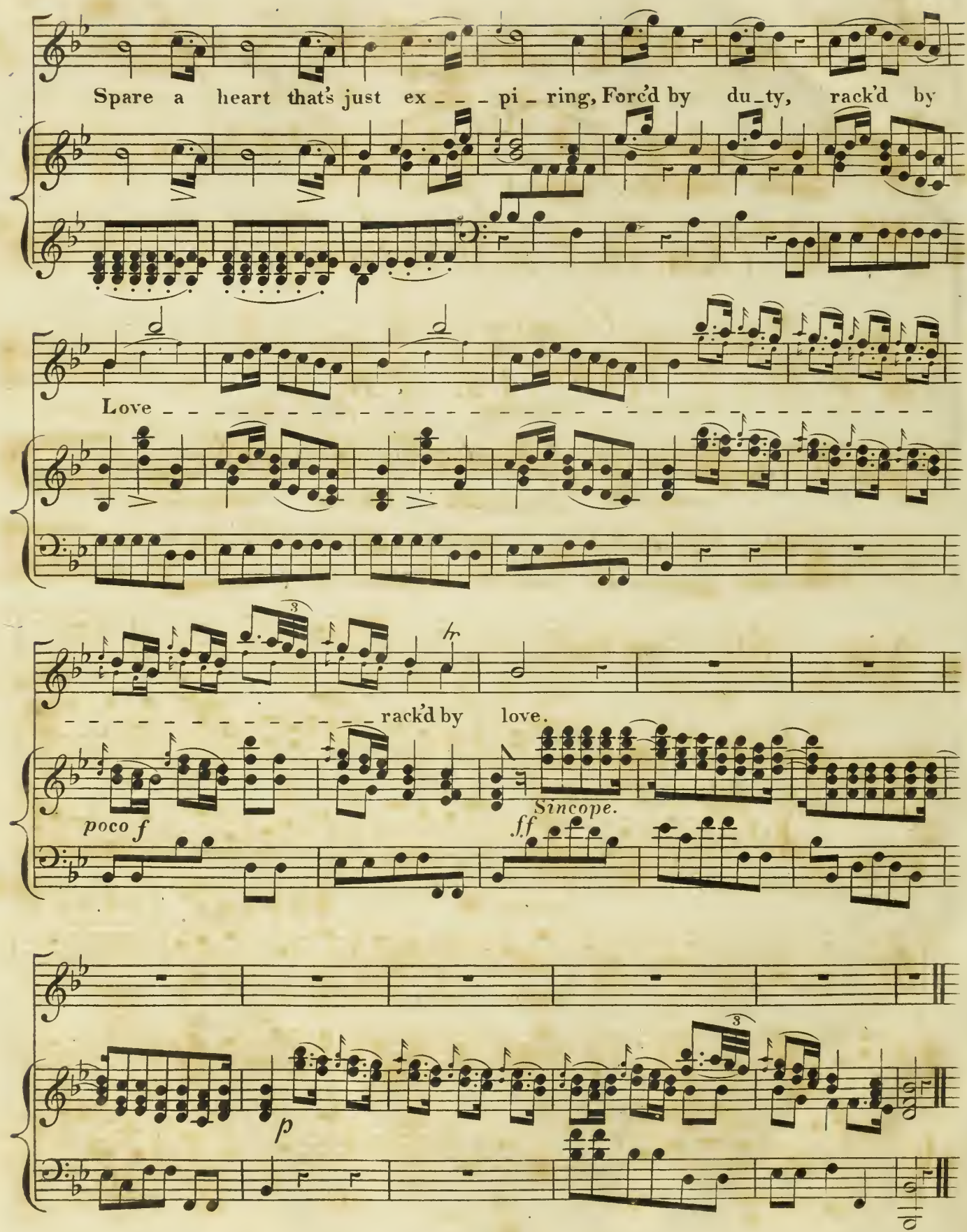



claim re - move; Spare a heart that's just ex - - - pi - ring, Forc'd by
rf p rf p
du-ty, rack'd by love.
f
Each un - gen - tle thought suspending, Judge of mine by thy soft
p
breast; Nor with ran - cour ne - ver end - ing, Heap fresh sorrows


on _ _ th' op_press'd. Let not rage thy bo_som fi _ ring, Pi_ty's
soft_er claim re _ _ move; Spare a heart that's just ex _ _
_pi _ ring, Forc'd by du_ty, rack'd by love.
f
Heav'n, that ev _ ry joy _ _ has cross'd,
p


Ne'er my wretch_ed state can mend; I, a_ _las! at once have
lost Fa_ther, Bro_ther, Lo_ _ver, Friend. Fa_ther,
Bro_ther, Lo_ _ _ _ver, Friend. Let not rage, thy
bo_som fi_ _ring, Pi_ty's soft_er claim re_ _move;


Spare a heart that's just ex _ _ _ pi _ ring, Forc'd by du_ty, rack'd by
Love
rack'd by love.
poco f
Sincope.
ff
p

'Tis not true that in our grief.

Air

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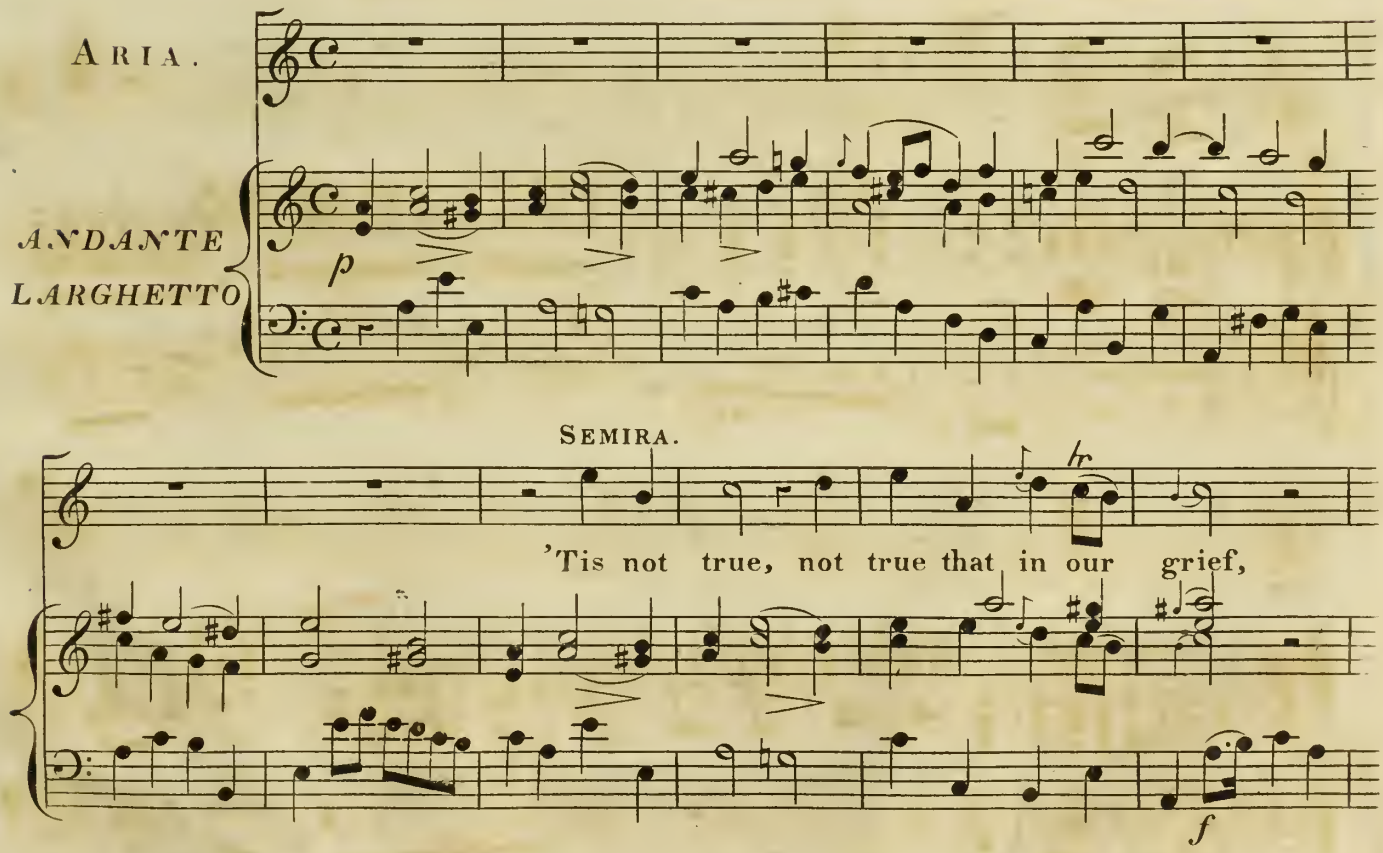
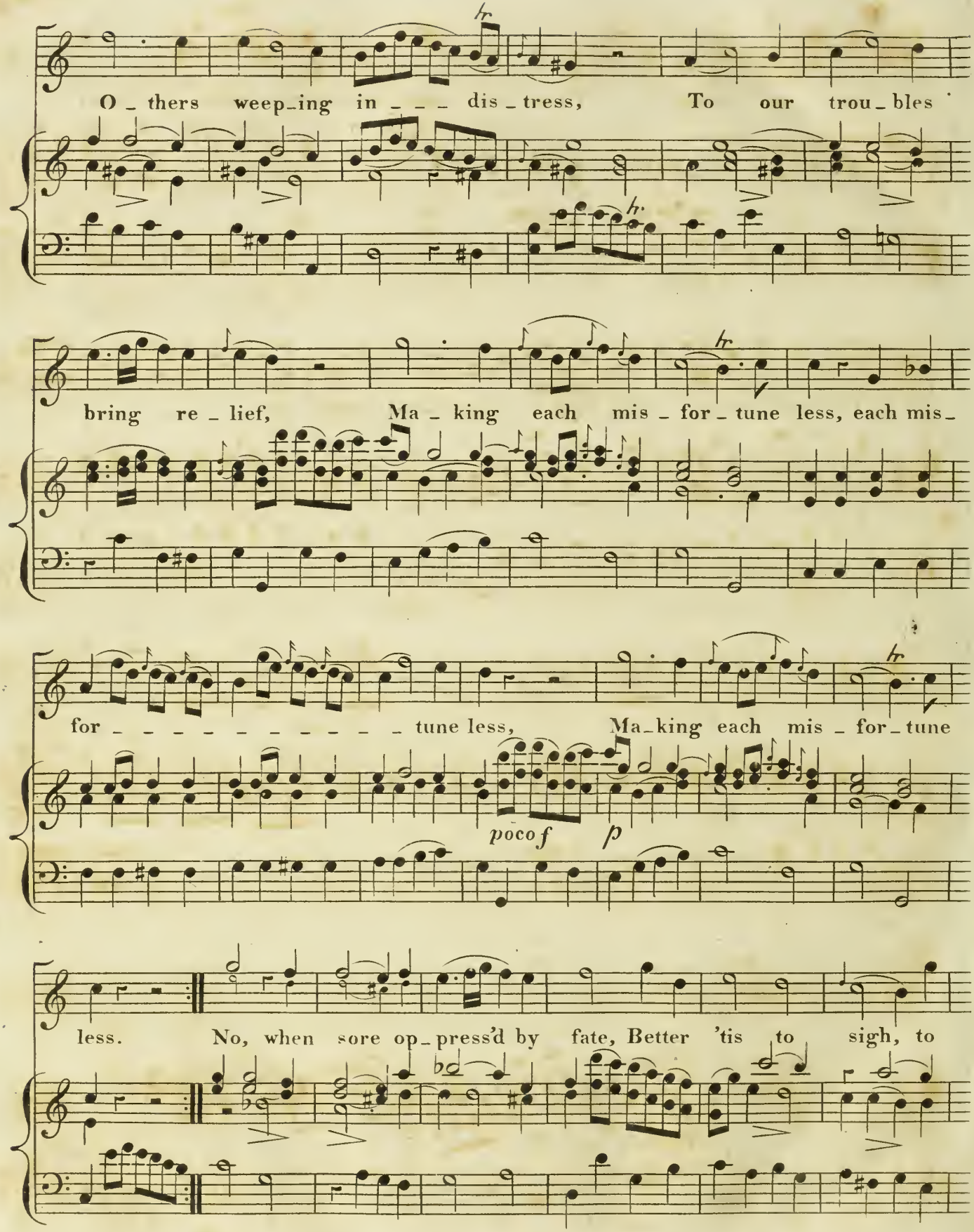



O _ thers weep_ing in _ _ _ dis _ tress, To our trou _ bles
bring re _ lief, Ma _ king each mis _ for _ tune less, each mis _
for _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ tune less, Ma _ king each mis _ for _ tune
poco f
p
less. No, when sore op _ press'd by fate, Better 'tis to sigh, to

sigh a_ _lone, Than sup_port, sup_port a double weight,
O_thers sor_ _rows, and_ _ our own. others sor_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _rows,
and our own.
f
p
tr

For thee I live my dearest!

DUET,

In the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

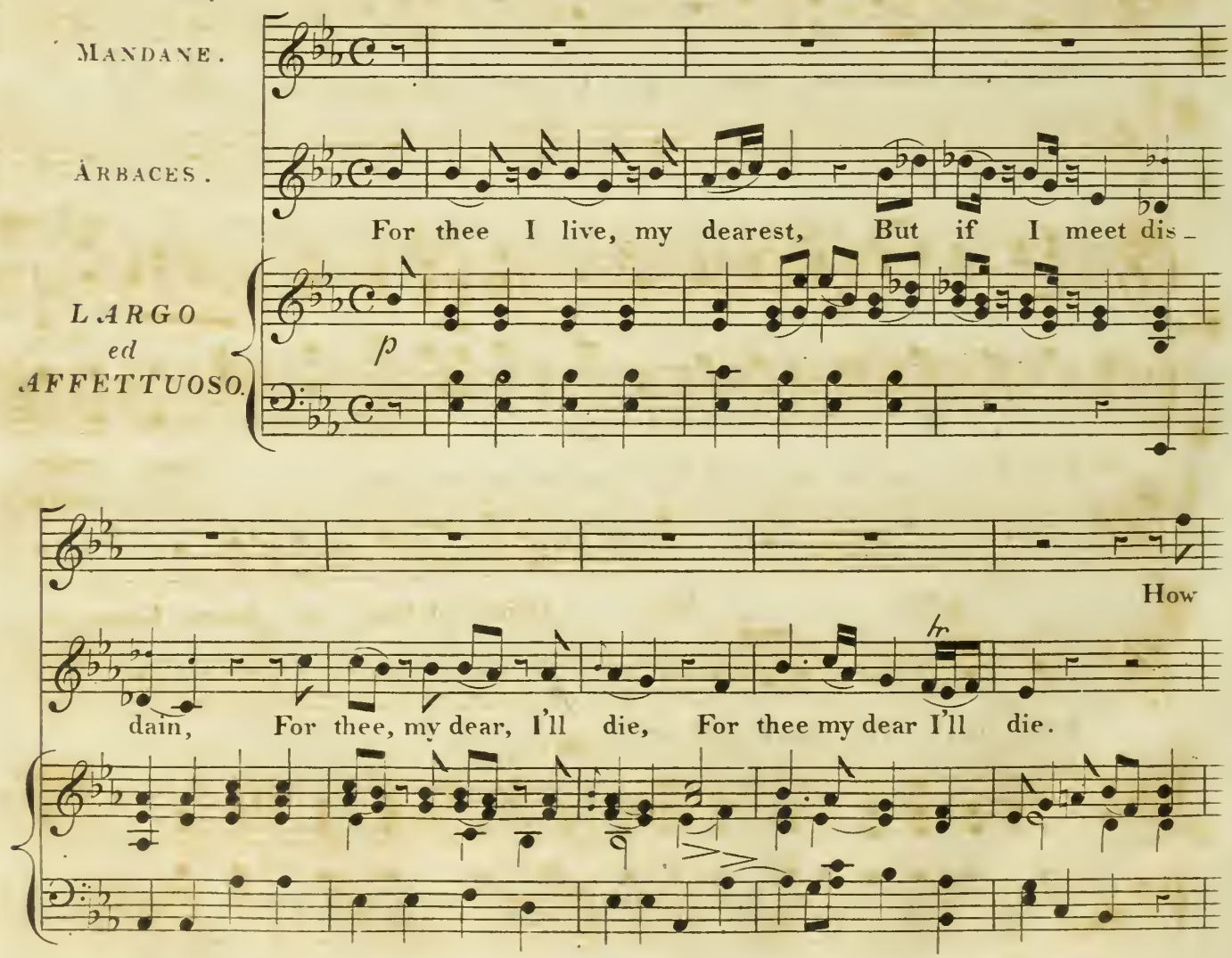
Composed by

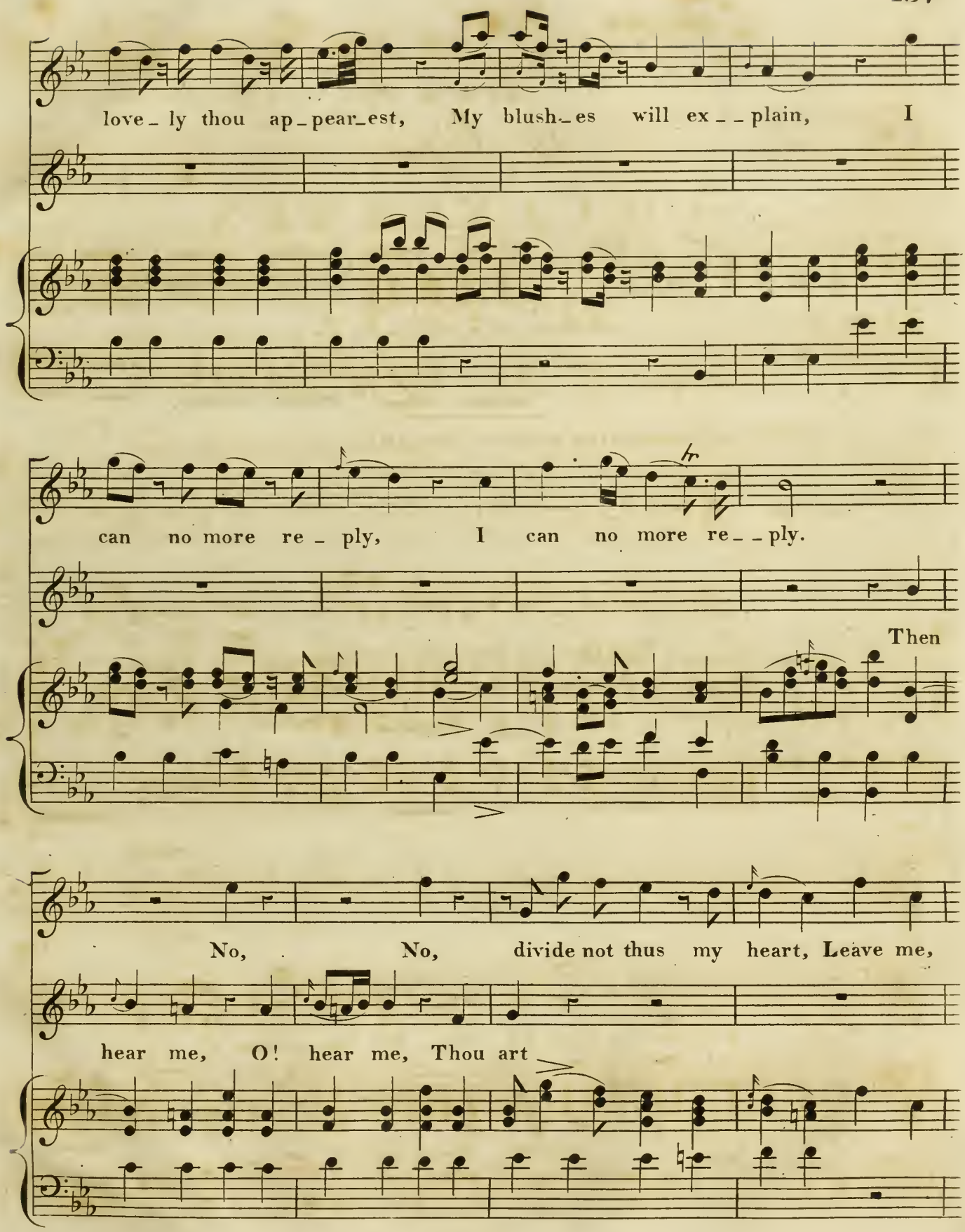
D.r ARNE,

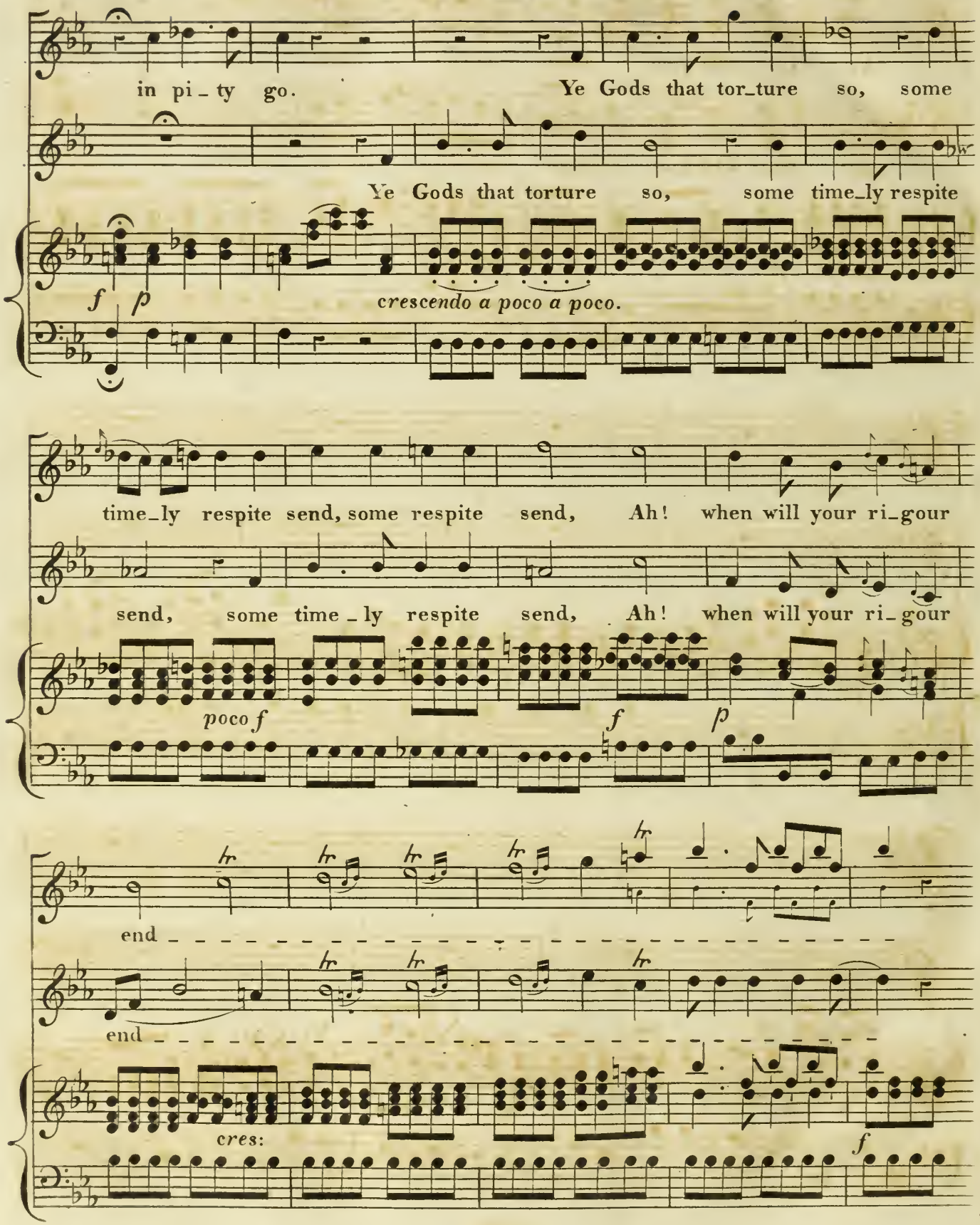
Arranged by D.r John Clarke.

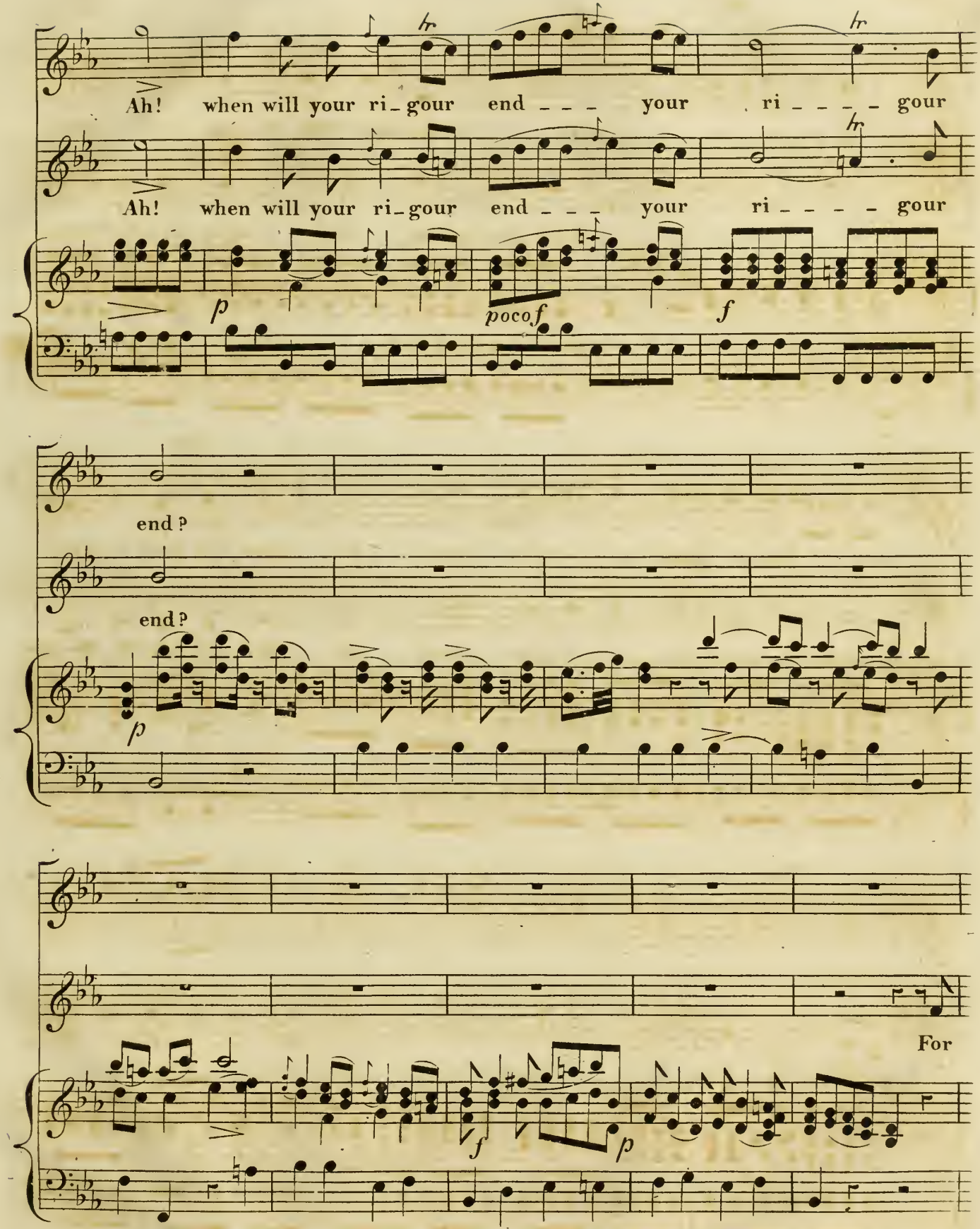
Price 2.s

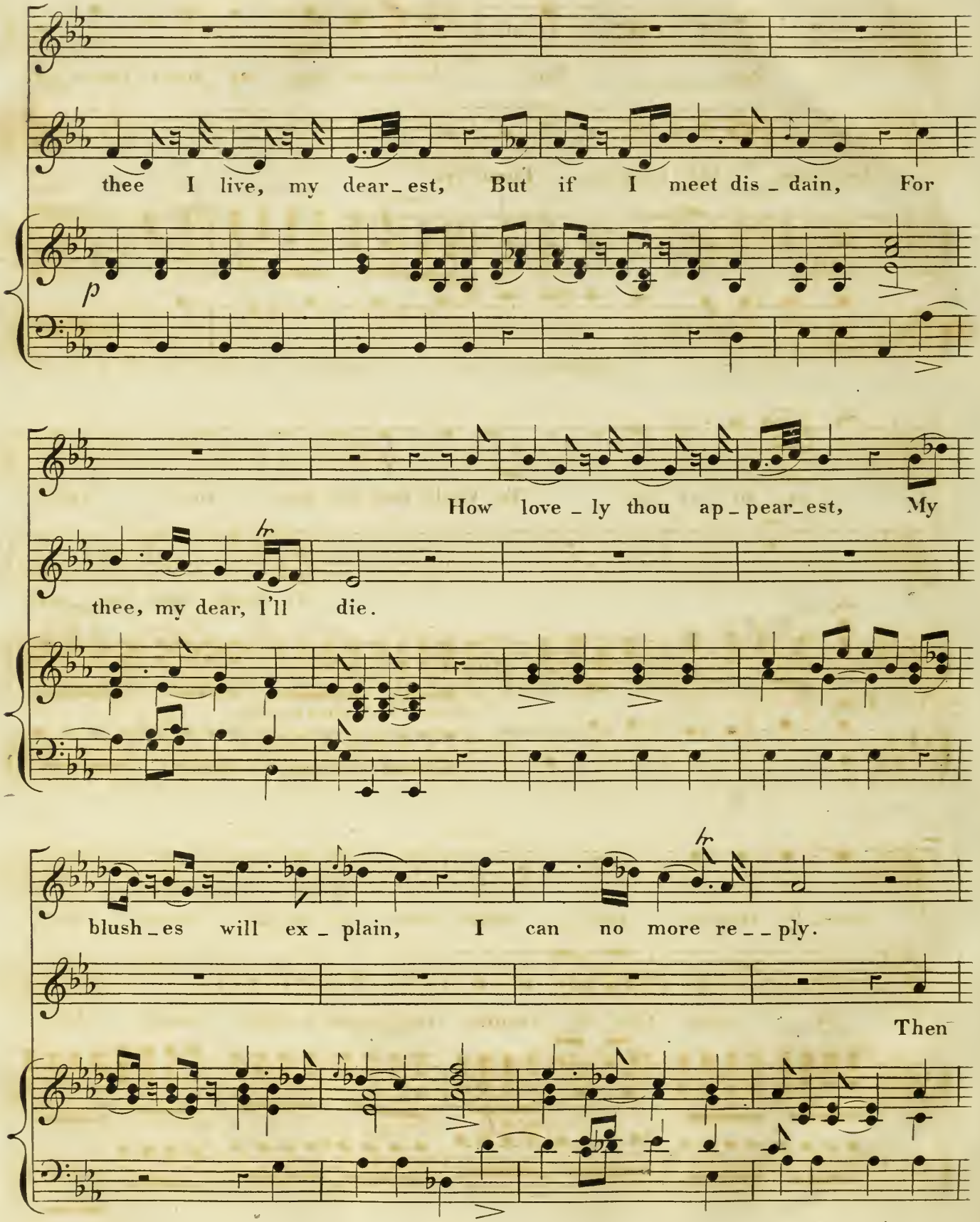
London. Printed & Sold by Mess.rs Birchall & C.o 133. New Bond Street.

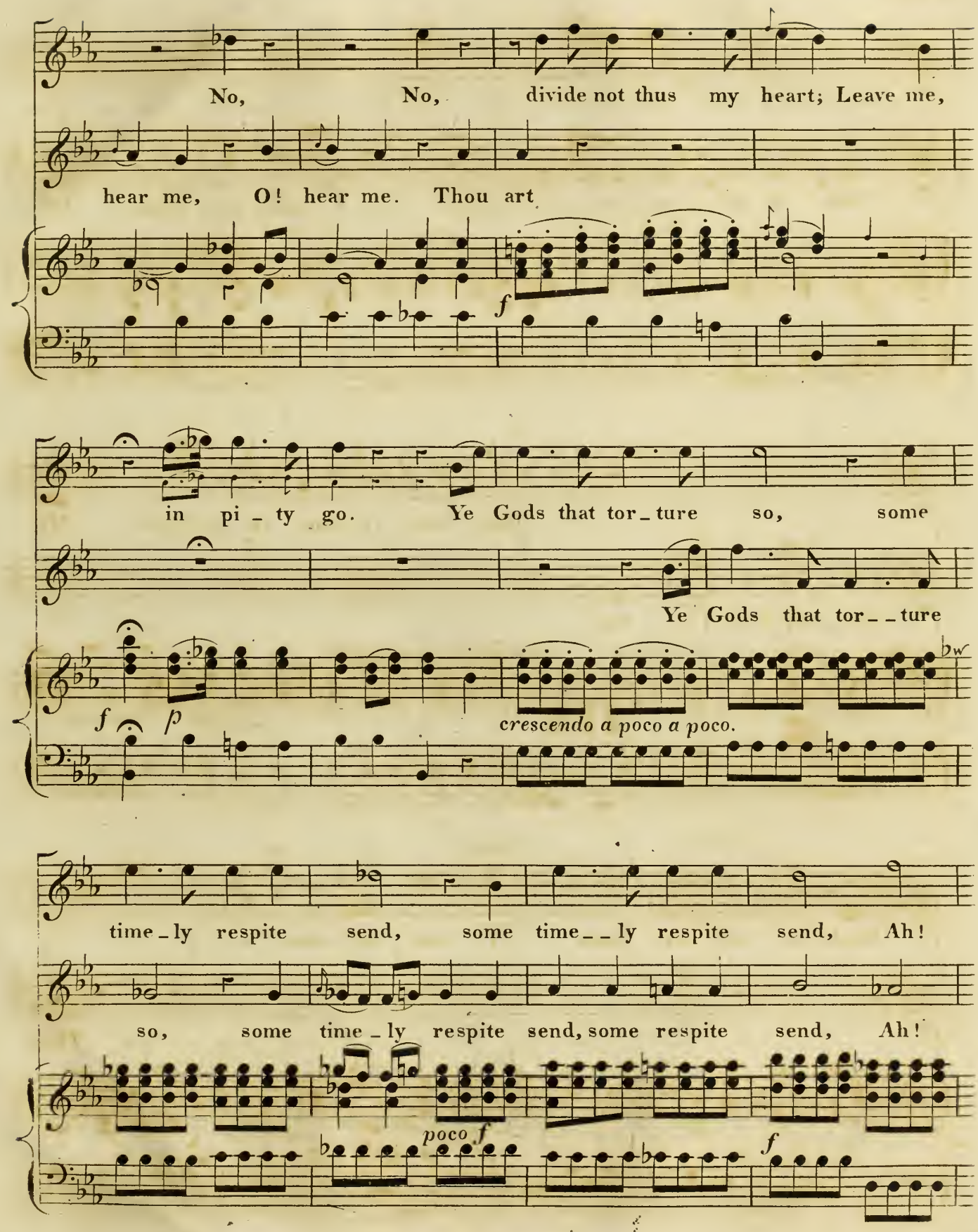


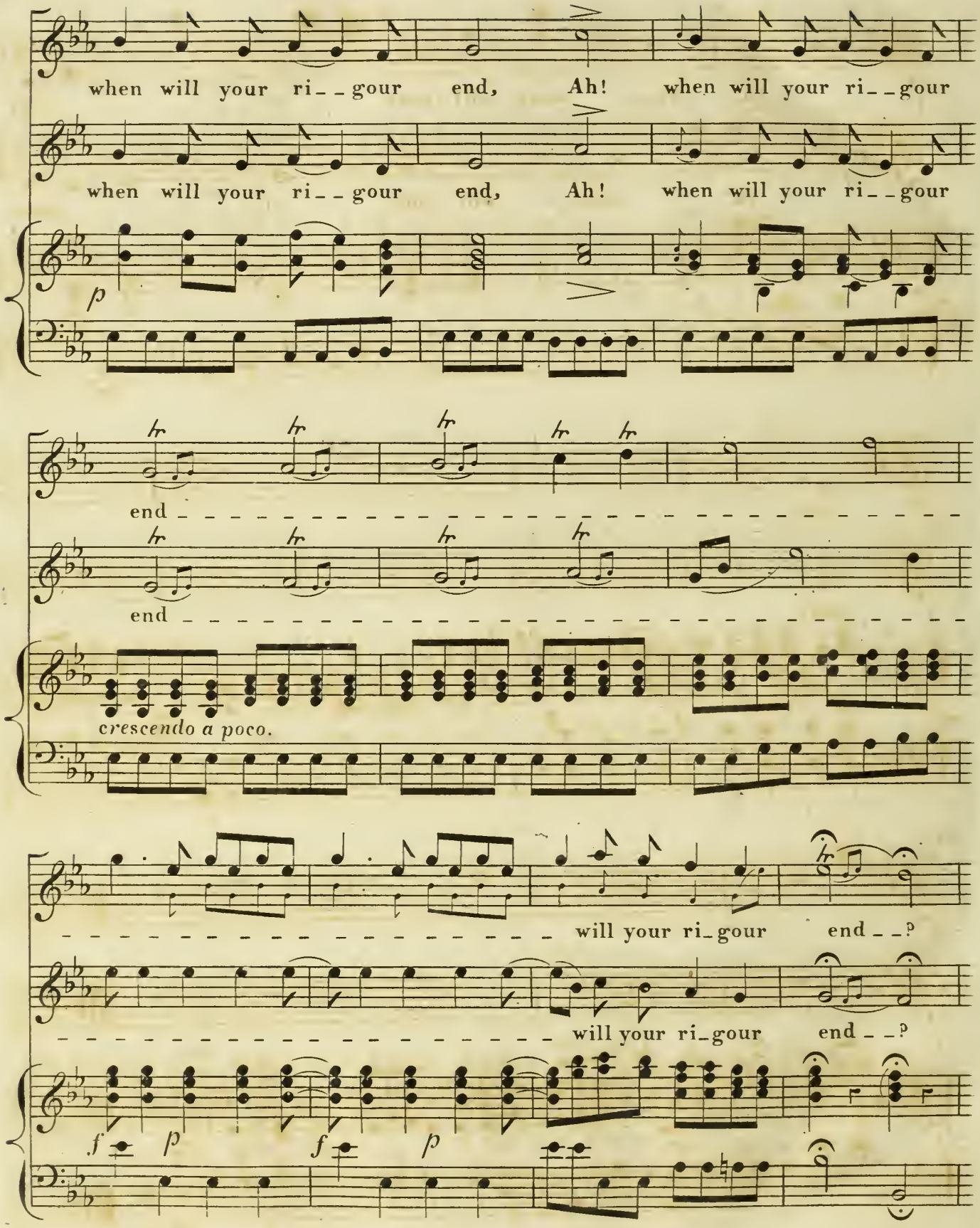

love_ly thou ap_pear_est, My blush_es will ex_ _plain, I
can no more re_ply, I can no more re_ _ply.
Then
No, No, divide not thus my heart, Leave me,
hear me, O! hear me, Thou art

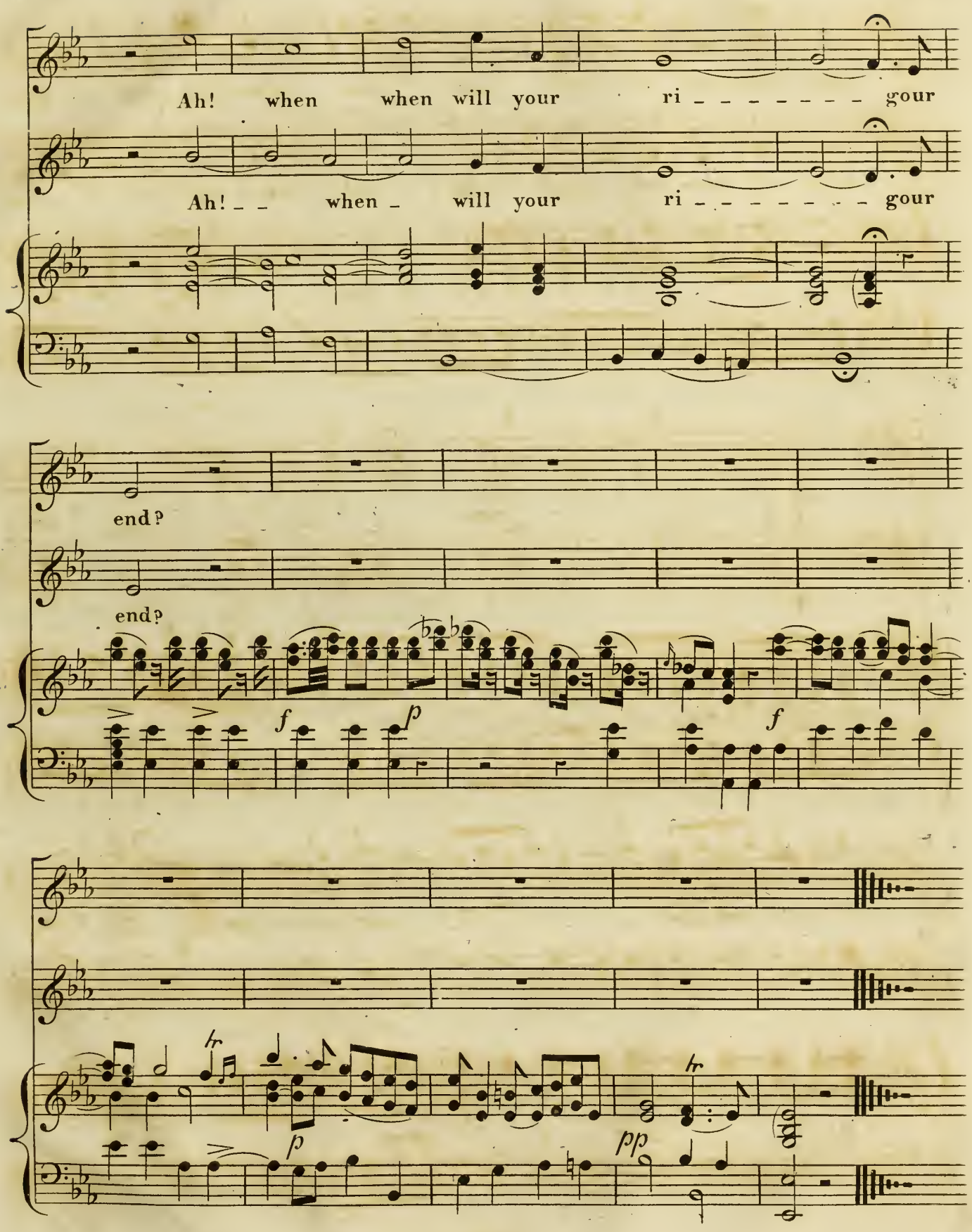

in pi_ty go.
Ye Gods that tor_ture so, some
Ye Gods that torture so, some time_ly respite
f p
crescendo a poco a poco.
time_ly respite send, some respite send, Ah! when will your ri_gour
send, some time_ly respite send, Ah! when will your ri_gour
poco f
f
p
tr
end
end
cres:
f


Ah! when will your ri_gour end ___ your ri ____ gour
Ah! when will your ri_gour end ___ your ri ____ gour
p
poco f
f
end?
end?
p
For
f
p


thee I live, my dear_est, But if I meet dis_dain, For
p
How love_ly thou ap_pear_est, My
thee, my dear, I'll die.
hr
blush_es will ex_plain, I can no more re__ply.
Then


No, No, divide not thus my heart; Leave me,
hear me, O! hear me. Thou art
f
in pi - ty go. Ye Gods that tor - ture so, some
Ye Gods that tor - - ture
f p
crescendo a poco a poco.
time - ly respite send, some time - - ly respite send, Ah!
so, some time - ly respite send, some respite send, Ah!
poco f
f


when will your ri_ _gour end, Ah! when will your ri_ _gour
when will your ri_ _gour end, Ah! when will your ri_ _gour
p
end
end
crescendo a poco.
will your ri_gour end _ _?
will your ri_gour end _ _?
f p f p


Ah! when when will your ri - - - - - - - - gour
Ah! - - when - will your ri - - - - - - - - gour
end?
end?
f
p
f
tr
p
tr
pp

The Soldier tir'd of War's alarms,

AIR in the Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

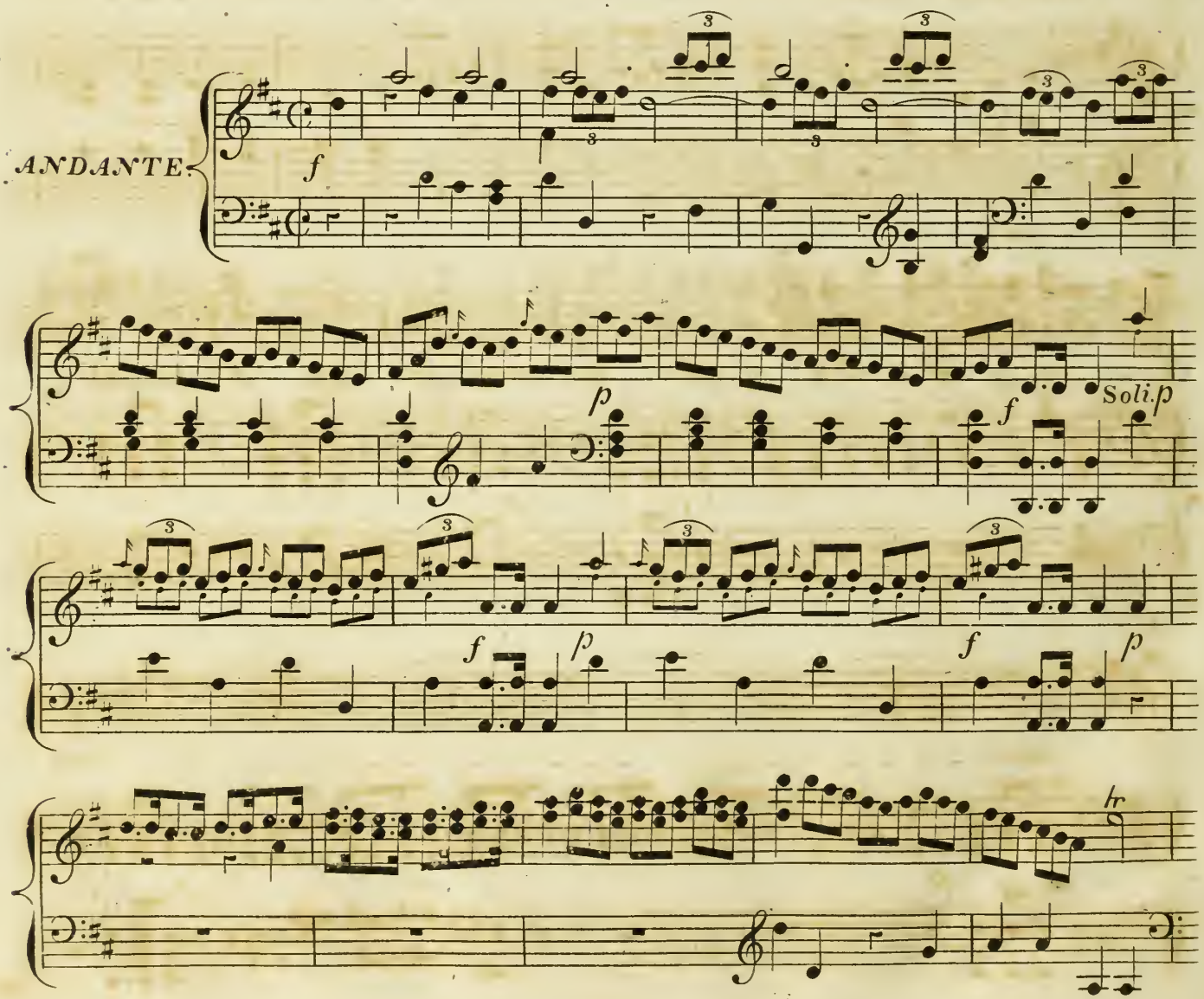
Composed by

Dr. ARNE,

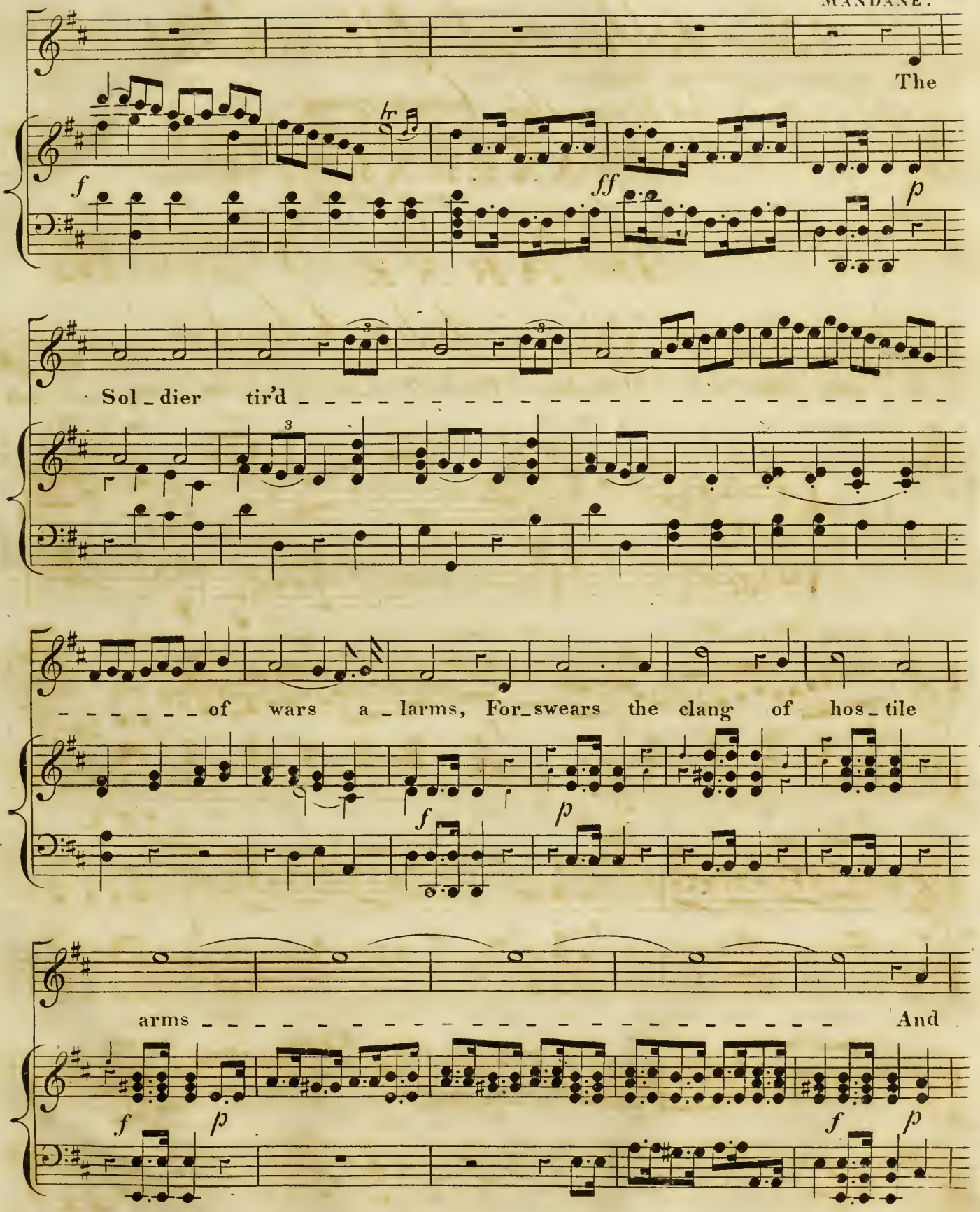
Arranged by Dr. John Clarke.

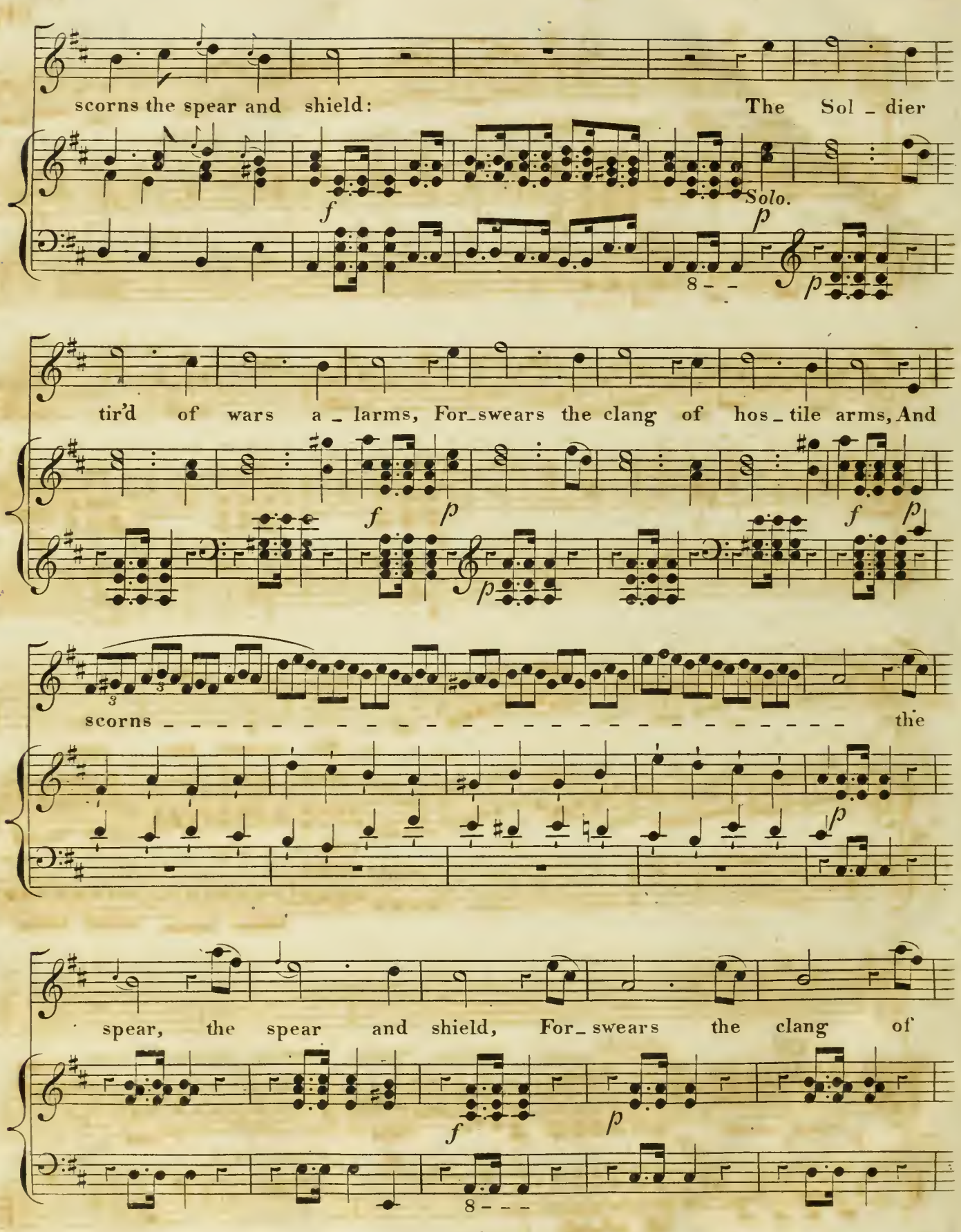
Price 2s

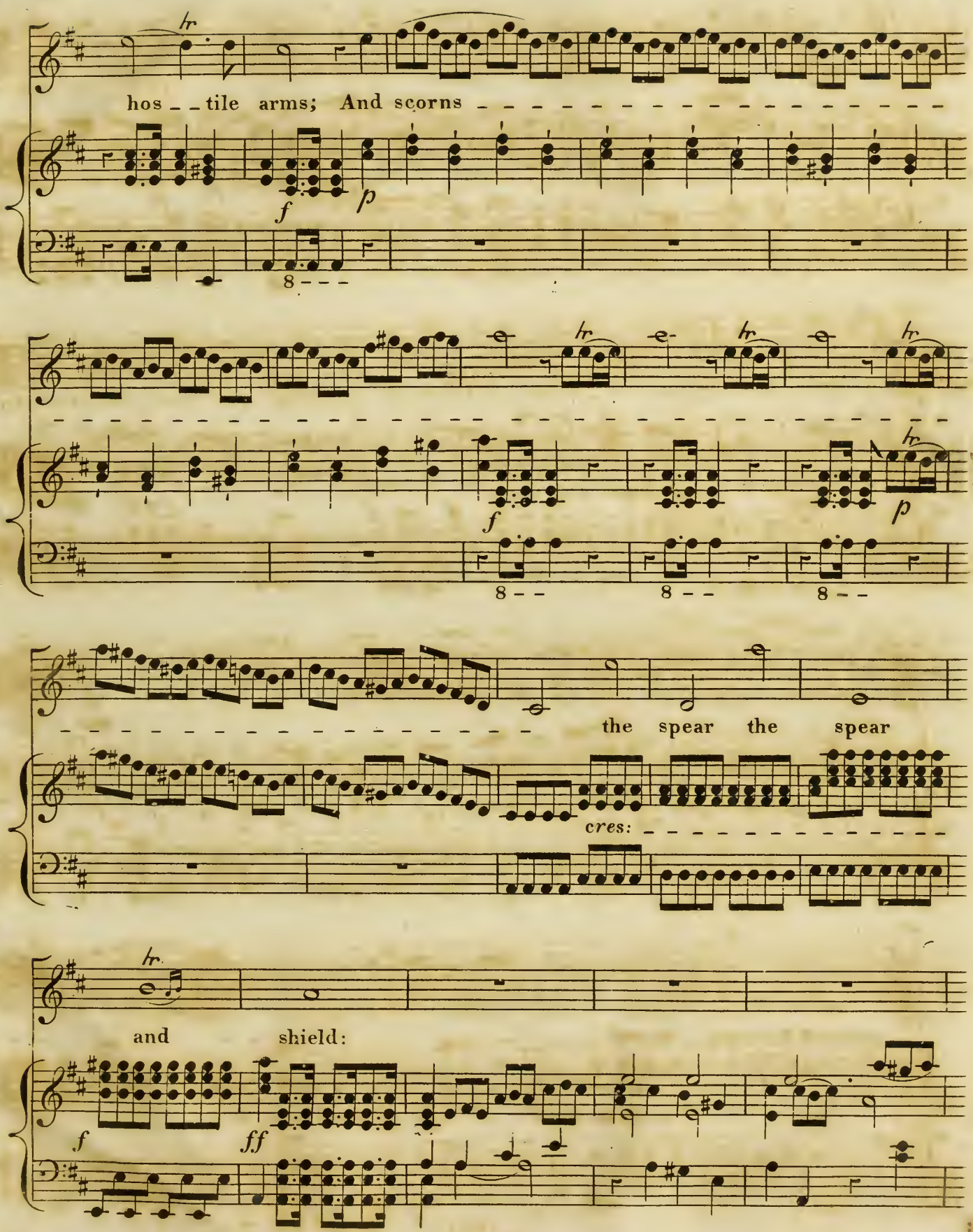
London, Printed & Sold by Mess.rs Birchall & Co.y 133, New Bond Street.

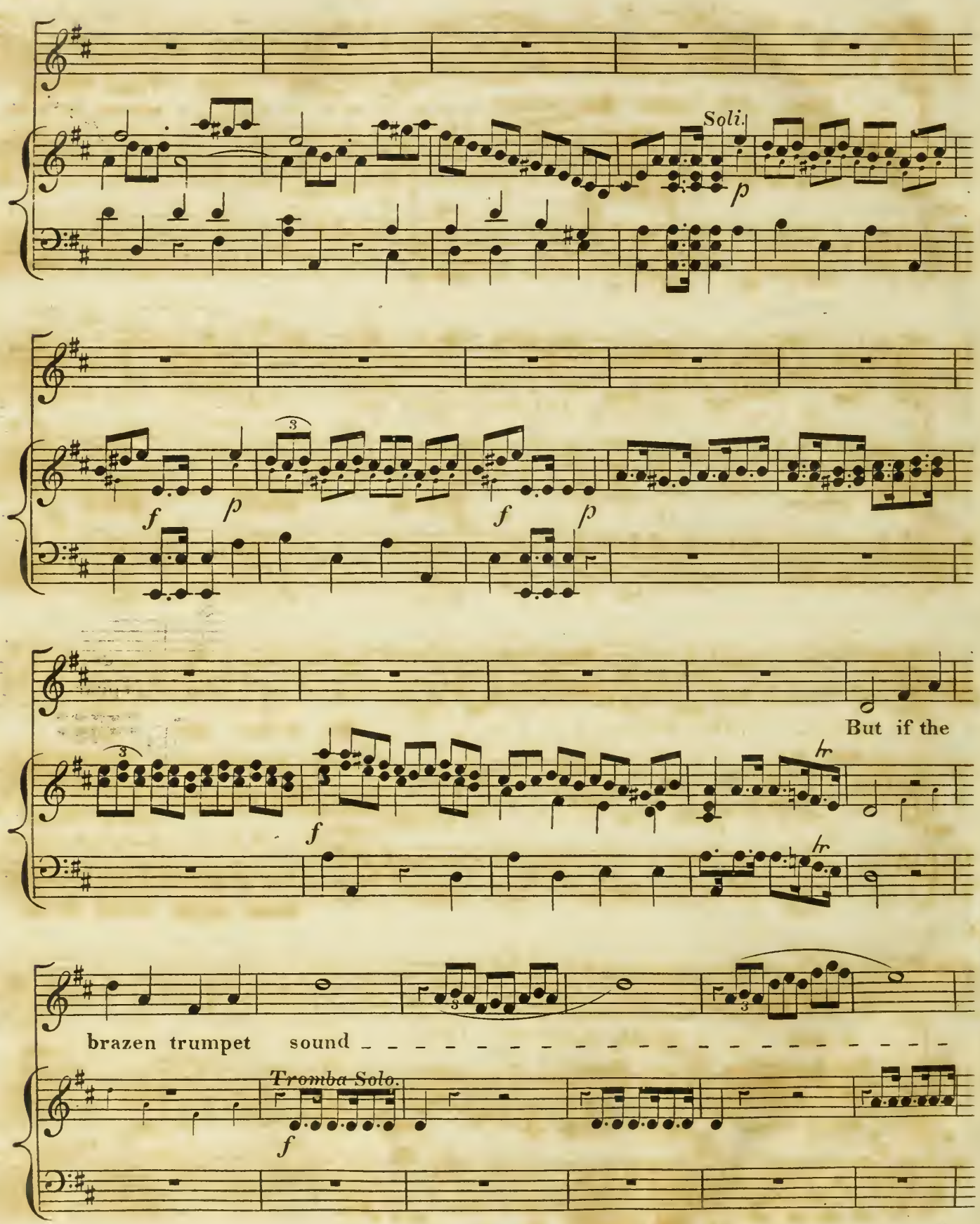


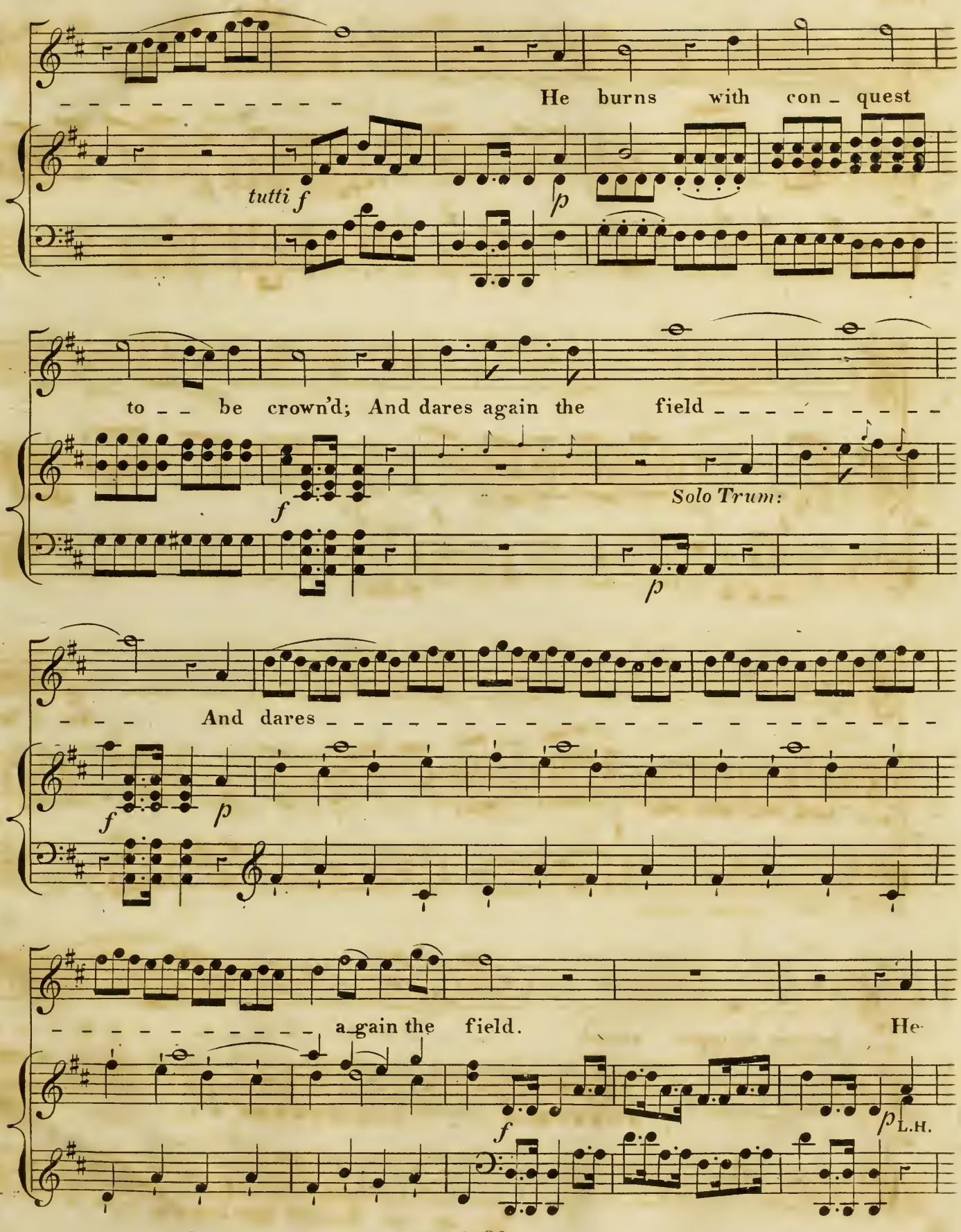
MANDANE.

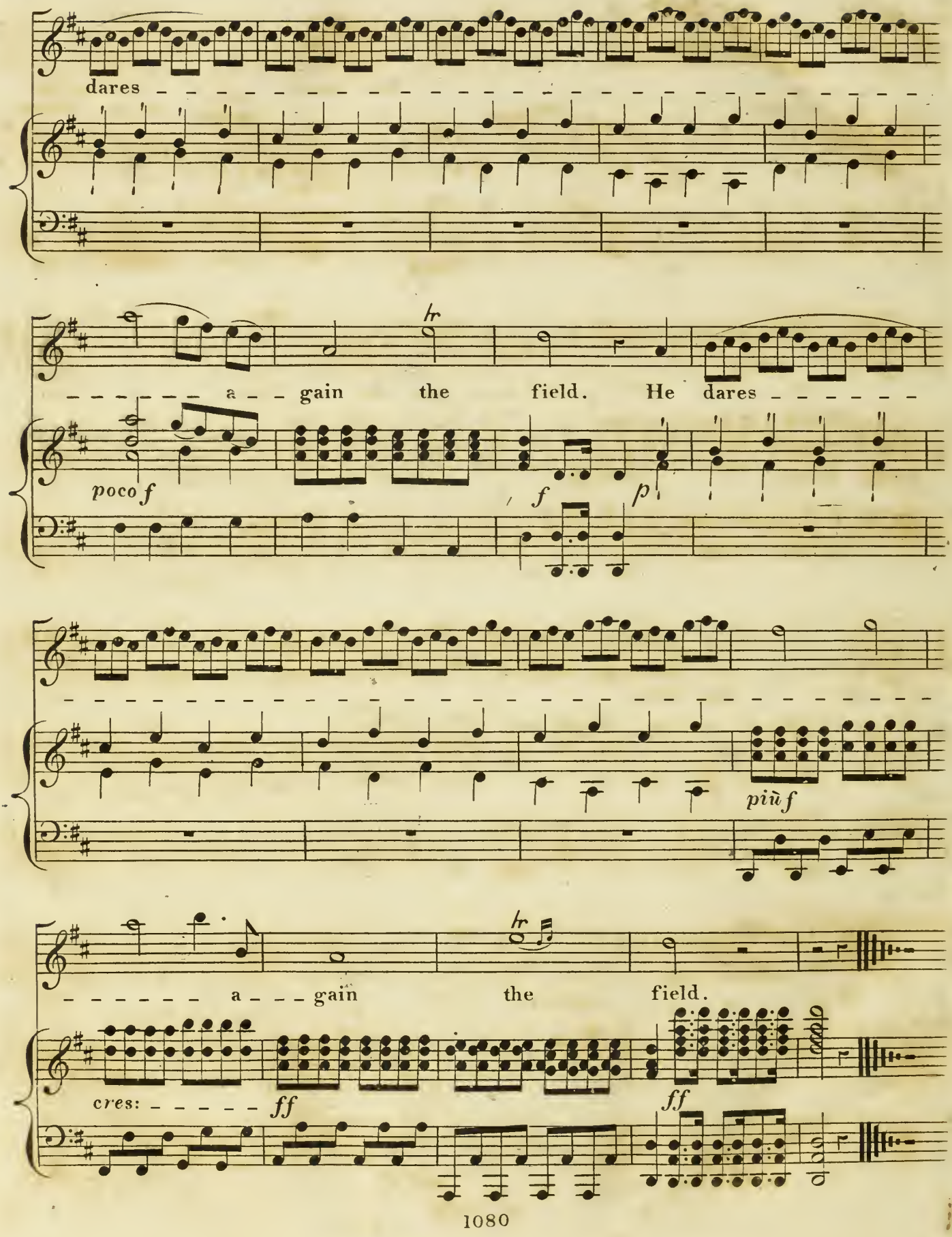

The
Sol_dier tir'd
of wars a_larms, For_swears the clang of hos_tile
arms
And


scorns the spear and shield:
The Sol _ dier
Solo.
tir'd of wars a _ larms, For_swears the clang of hos _ tile arms, And
scorns
the
spear, the spear and shield, For_ swears the clang of


hos _ _ tile arms; And scorns
f
p
8
the spear the spear
cres:
and shield:
f
ff


Soli.
p
f
p
f
p
But if the
tr
tr
f
brazen trumpet sound
Tromba Solo.
f


He burns with con _ quest
tutti f
p
to _ _ be crown'd; And dares again the field _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
f
Solo Trum:
p
And dares _
f
p
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ a_gain the field. He
f
p
L.H.


dares
hr
a - - gain the field. He dares
poco f
f
p
più f
hr
a - - - gain the field.
cres:
ff
ff