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J O S E P H

A N D H I S

B R E T H R E N .

S A C R E D D R A M A .

As it is performed at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

Set to Music by Mr. H A N D E L .

L O N D O N :

**Printed for the Administrator of J. WATTS : And Sold by
T. LOWNDES in Fleet-Street.**

(Price One Shilling.)

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N

PHARAOH, *King of Egypt.*

JOSEPH, *An Hebrew.*

REUBEN,

SIMEON,

JUDAH

BENJAMIN,

POTIPHERA, *High-Priest of On.*

PHANOR, *Chief Butler to Pharaoh, afterwards Joseph's Steward.*

} *Brethren to Joseph.*

W O M E N:

ASENATH, *Daughter to the High-Priest.*

Chorus of Egyptians, Hebrews, &c.

S C E N E, M E M P H I S.

The Lines printed in inverted Commas, are omitted in the Performance.

C H O R U S.

Joyful Sounds ! melodious Strain !
 Health to Egypt is the Theme !
 Zaphnath rules and Pharaoh reigns ---
 Happy Nation ! Bliss supreme !

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

A S E N A T H, alone.

Whence this unwonted Ardour in my Breast ?
 These new-born Sighs -- 'Tis true that he is wise---
 Majestick--- graceful--- Ah ! I fear this Stranger
 Has trespass'd on my unsuspecting Bosom.

A I R

I feel a spreading Flame within my Veins,
 Which all my Arts will not avail to quench ;
 With fruitless Toil from Place to Place I range,
 No Toil, no Place gives Respite to my Pains.

S C E N E VI.

TO ASENATH, JOSEPH.

Jos. Fair Asenath,
 I've ask'd thee of thy Father and the King,
 To help allay the anxious Toils of Grandeur,
 And smooth the rugged Brow of Publick Care.
 Yet, authoris'd by both, I dread my Fate,
 'Till thy own Voice has fix'd my Destiny.

S C E N E VII

TO them P H A R A O H and P O T I P H E R A.

Phar. Zaphnath, I grant thy Suit---Behold thy Bride !
Potiph. Approach, my Asenath---Behold thy Husband !

B

R E C I T.

R E C I T and D U E T.

Jos. O! canst thou, Fair Perfection! say?
 O! canst thou bless me with thy Love?
Asen. My Father's Will I must obey;
 My Monarch's Pleasure must approve.
Jos. Celestial Virgin!
Asen. -----Godlike Youth!
Both. Renown'd for Innocence and Truth;
 Propitious Heav'n has thus in Thee;
 Completed my Felicity.

Jos. Now, Potiphera, instant to the Temple
 In joyous Pomp, and whilst the Rite's perform'd,
 Let our loud Clarions tell it to the Skies. [Exeunt.]

A Grand March during the Procession.

S C E N E VIII. A T E M P L E,

*The High-Priest joining the Hands of JOSEPH and ASENATH at
 the Altar, PHARAOH, Attendants, and Chorus of Egyptians.*

High-Priest. 'Tis done---the sacred Knot is ty'd,
 Which Death alone can e'er divide.

A I R.

“ Pow'rful Guardians of all Nature,
 “ O perserve their faithful Love!
 Bless each graceful blooming Feature,
 “ Virtue sure hath Charms to move. *Da Capo.*

C H O R U S.

“ Immortal Pleasures crown the Pair,
 “ Who thus by Heav'n high-favour'd are,
 “ Joys ever round them wait;
 “ May these below, like those above,
 “ Contend who most and longest love,
 “ And be as Blest, as Great.

Phar.

Phar. Glorious and happy is thy Lot, O *Zaphnath*,
Join'd to such Sweetness, Dignity, and Virtue.

A I R.

Since the Race of Time begun,
Since the Birth-Day of the Sun,
Ne'er was so much Wisdom found,
With such matchless Lustre crown'd.


C H O R U S.

Swift our Numbers, swiftly roll,
Waft the News from Pole to Pole ;
Afenath with *Zaphnath's* join'd,
Joy and Peace to all Mankind !

P A R T II. S C E N E I.

A S E N A T H, P H A N O R, and Chorus of Egyptians.

C H O R U S.

AIL, thou Youth, by Heav'n belov'd !
Now thy wond'rous Wisdom's prov'd !
Zaphnath Egypt's Fate foresaw,
And snatch'd her from the Famine's Jaw.

Phan. How vast a Theme has Egypt for Applause !
O *Afenath*, behold thy mighty Lord !
High on his gilded Car triumphant ride,
Whilst prostrate Multitudes that do him Honours,
Obstruct his Passage through the Streets of Memphis.
The raptur'd Virgins hail him in their Lays,
And gazing Matrons lift their grateful Hands,
Whilst hoary Sages rise, and bow the Head,
And Infants half articulate his Name.

Afen. These Honours flow not from the Flatterers Lips,

B

Like

Like those that lavish stream in Fortune's Lap ;
 But from sincere Benevolence, and Love,
 And Bosoms glowing with a grateful Transport.

A I R

Phan. Our Fruits, while yet in Blossom, die,
 Our Harvests in the new-fown Seed ;
 Barren the mournful Ridges lie,
 Undeck'd the once enamell'd Mead.

But *Zaphnath's* Providential Care
 Retaliates for the niggard Soil ;
 Through him in Dearth we Plenty share,
 Nor heed th' inexorable Nile.

He's *Egypt's* common Parent, gives her Bread ;
 He's *Egypt's* only Safety, only Hope ;
 Whilst *Egypt's* Welfare is his only Care.

C H O R U S.

Blest be the Man by Pow'r unstain'd,
 Virtue there itself rewarding !
 Blest be the Man to Wealth unchain'd,
 Treasure for the Publick hoaring !

Afen. Phanor, we mention not his highest Glory,
 Mark midst his Grandeur what Humility,
 The Gift of that great God whom he adores.
 Yet something seems of late to bear upon him,
 And cloud his wonted Smile : not all his Splendor
 Th' Applause of Millions, or my studious Love,
 Can yield him Comfort, or assuage his Grief.

Phan. Perchance he wants to view his native Land,
 Whole God and Laws are the Reverse of *Egypt's*.

Afen. Phanor, 'tis true, he calls it oft' to mind,
 And oft' in Silence sighs, and mourns his Absence ;
 Nor finds he Peace, save when his smiling Infants,
 The Pledges of our Love, are in his Arms :
 There will he grasp them---there, with ardent Look, He

He eyes them---while, from 'midst his struggling Sighs,
Words burst like these---

A I R.

Together, lovely Innocents, grow up,
Link'd in eternal Chain, of Brother-Love;
For you mayn't Envy bear her pois'nous Cup,
Nor Hate her unrelenting Armour prove.

He then is silent, then again exclaims---
Inhuman Brethren! O unhappy Father!
What Anguish too much Love for me has cost thee!
Such are his Cares, nor have I yet discover'd
The fatal Cause---But once more I'll attempt it.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

S I M E O N *in Prison.*

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Where are these Brethren---Why this base Delay!
To let me languish a whole Year in Dungeons!
But are not Brethren base? O *Joseph! Joseph!*
That Thought is Hell---Remembrance scorches with it!
But was it I alone?---O no!---Then Heav'n
Has been at 'compt perchance with my Confederates,
Whilst the wild Beast, false-tax'd with *Joseph's* Death,
Has met 'em on the way, and ta'en his Vengeance.

A I R.

Remorse, Confusion, Horror, Fear,
Ye Vultures of the guilty Breast!
Now Furies! now she feels you here,
Who gnaw her most, when most distressed. [*Exit*]

S C E N E.

S C E N E III.

J O S E P H *and* P H A N O R.*Phan.* This *Hebrew* Prisoner---*Jos.* Hither bring him *Phanor*.[*Exit Phanor.*]

The wide Circumference of *Egypt's* Regions,
 The vast Extent between the *Nile* and Ocean
 Given me to rule, is Slav'ry, not an Honour ;
 Not Rest, but Travel---

A I R.

The Peasant tastes the Sweets of Life,
 Unwounded by its Cares ;
 No courtly Craft ; no publick Strife
 His humble Soul infnares.

But Grandeur's bulky noisy Joys
 No true Contentment give ;
 Whilst Fancy craves, Possession cloy,
 We die thus whilst we live.

But *Simeon* comes, Treach'rous blood-thirsty Brother !
 Fain wouldst thou had my Life ! Cruel ! but hold---
 I'll touch thee not---
 But I will speak such Daggars to thy Soul !---

S C E N E IV.

To J O S E P H, S I M E O N.

Sim. I tremble at his Presence.*Jos.* Thou Impostor !

Com'st thou before me, but to dare my Fury ?
 Where are thy Brethren -- Brother-Traitors ? Ha !
 Thou shalt pay the Forfeit of their Guilt.

Sim. My gracious Lord,
 Our Testimony's true---By Famine driv'n,

We hither fled for Succour---We're Twelve Brethren,
Sons of one Father in the Land of *Canaan*.
Ten thou hast seen, and one is not ; the youngest
Was to the Care of his old Father left.

Jos. The Sight of him might dissipate my Doubts---
But where's your Promise?---Why is he not come?

Sim. Paternal Love, my Lord, alone detains him.
What Anguish must it give the good old Sire,
To have this only Hope torn from his Bosom,
The Prop and Comfort of his falling Years?
How would it shake his poor old tott'ring Frame?
How wring his bleeding Heart!

Jos. Peace, Nature, Peace!

[*Aside.*

Sim. Grief for the Loss of his beloved *Joseph*,
Already reigns too cruel in his Heart ;
No Sun or sets, or rises on the Earth,
That doth not find, and leave him too in Tears.

Jos. [*Aside.*] Great God, sustain my Fortitude!

[*To Sim.*] This *Joseph*,
How died he?

Sim. A wild Beast, my Lord, devour'd him.

Jos. Devour'd by a wild Beast! Have, have a care!
Didst thou then see his bleeding Arteries?
His mangled Limbs? Now, by the Life of *Pharaoh*,
I spy some Treachery---There are Men on Earth
More cruel, *Simeon*, than the wildest Beast.

Sim. Dreadful Discourse!

[*Aside.*

Jos. He trembles!

[*Aside.*

Sim. Thy Suspicion---

Jos. ---Is just---know you not yet I can divine,
And view the dark Recesses of the Soul?

In vain from me you'd hide the Truth, Impostor! [*Exit Jos.*

J O S E P H

A I R.

Sim. Impostor ! Ah ! my foul Offence,
 Wrote in my Face,
 O dire Disgrace !
 Admits, admits of no Defence.
 Tho' treach'rous Hearts from mortal Sight
 May veil a while
 Their impious Guile,
 Heav'n sees, and brings dark Deeds to light. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

J O S E P H, A S E N A T H.

Jos. Whence, *Asenath*, this Grief that hangs upon thee,
 And like a Morning Mist wick hovers o'er
 The Violet's Bed, bedews thy lovely Cheeks ?

Asen. Life of my Life, and Source of all my Blifs,
 It is but to resemble thee the more.
 When *Zaphnath* sighs can *Asenath* be gay ?
 Can *Asenath* enjoy, when *Zaphnath* suffers ;

A I R.

The silver Stream, that all its way
 Transparent to the Ocean flows,
 Mix'd with the turbid Surges grows
 As ruffled and impure as they.

Thus glided I through Life serene,
 But now dire Griefs my Breast inflame,
 My mingling Bosom shares the same,
 And I like thee, am wretched seen. *Da Capo.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Tell me, O tell me thy Heart's Malady,
 That I may steal it from thee if I can.

Jos. A slight Disorder---publick Cares--

Enter

Enter P H A N O R.

Phan. My Lord,
The long expected Strangers are arriv'd,
And with them comes a Youth of matchless Beauty.

Jos. [*Afide.*] My Benjamin! Thanks Heav'n. [*To Phan.*
Straight make them enter.

My Love, retire a while:--Soon thou shalt know
The Business of my Heart---Permit me only
Some Moments more.

Asen. Your Will, my Lord, is mine.

Exit.

S C E N E VI.

P H A N O R and J O S E P H 's Brethren.

“ *Phan.* Fear not---Peace be unto you---’twas your God,
“ That gave you Treasure in your Sacks, for me
“ I had your Money, and declare you Guiltless,
“ Nor think that *Zaphnath* bears so base a Soul
“ As to condemn you wrongfully---nor one
“ So cruel to refuse you farther Succour.
“ *Judah.* Thy gracious Words revive my drooping Spirits;
“ And kindly Hope of being guiltless thought
“ Glows in my Heart, and kindles Life anew.

A I R

“ To keep afar from all Offence,
“ And conscious of its Innocence,
“ Is not enough for the Defence
“ Of an unspotted Heart.
“ A light Suspicion oftentimes
“ Of uncommitted unthought Crimes
“ Its Purity with Slander limes,
“ And gives it the Delinquent's Part.

Chorus of the Brethren.

“ Thus one with ev'ry Virtue crown'd,
“ For ev'ry Vice may be renown'd,

S C E N E VII.

To them, J O S E P H, and Attendants.

Reuben. Once more, O pious *Zaphnath!* at thy Feet
We pay due Homage, and implore thy Succour.

Judah. Our Reverend Sire intreats thee to accept
A humble Offring of our Country's Fruits;
Not such as with thy Grandeur suits, but what
Our present wretched State hath left--O *Zaphnath!*
Our Fields lie desolate, and cover'd o'er
With naught but Horror, Barrenness and Drought,
Menacing the distress'd Inhabitant
With Death inevitable, whose pale Herald
Sits on his pining Cheeks--O Pity, Pity!
Our good old Father sues for Pity from thee;
For Pity we implore thee, and for Pity
Our youngest Brother lowly bows to kiss
Thy bounteous Hand.

Benj. This Kiss, my gracious Lord,
Comes wash'd with Tears--O save my Country, save
My dear, dear Father-- and may *Abraham's* God
For ever save my Lord.

Jos. [*Aside.*] How his Discourse
Melts down my Soul---Rise--is your Father well?
[*Aside.*] I had almost said Mine---The good old Man
Of whom ye spake---say, is he living still?

Judah. My Lord, thy Servant lives, and lives in Health.

Jos. And this his youngest Son?

Benj. It is, my Lord,
My Name is *Benjamin.*

Jos. Let me embrace thee---
And may that God, my Son, whom thou invoc'ft,
Watch o'er, and ever shed his blessings on thee!

A I R.

Benj. Thou deign'st to call thy Servant, Son,
 And O, methinks my Lord, I see,
 With an amazing Semblance shown,
 My Father's Image stamp'd on the:
 Thee, therefore, would I Father call ;
 But the Similitude of Face
 Is not enough---the Soul is all---
 O may his Soul thy Bosom grace !

Jof. [*Aside.*] Sweet Innocence ! Divine Simplicity !
 Tears, by your Leave--- [*To Servants.*] (Attend, prepare
 our Table---

---Instant---These Men shall eat with me to-day.)

Benj. Let not thy Mercy linger---Grief and Famine
 Oppress our aged Father---Aught Delay
 May fatal prove-- We left him desolate.

Jof. [*Weeping.*] (Nature will through the Vail---Anguish
 and Joy

Jointly demand my Tears. [*Exeunt Jof. Phan. and Attendants.*

Reuben. Didst thou observe him, *Judab*?---Mark his Looks!

Judab. I did--canst thou interpret them?

Reuben. I cannot.

Profound and inaccessible, O *Judab*,
 Are all the inward Movements of the Great,
 And never by the Countenance are know.

Judab. May great *Jehovah* turn his Heart to Pity !

C H O R U S.


O God, who in thy heav'nly Hand
 Dost hold the Hearts of mighty Kings,
 O take thy *Jacob*, and his Land,
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings.

Thou know'st our Wants before our Pray'r,
 Then let us not confounded be ;

Thy tender Mercies let us share,
O Lord, we trust alone in thee!

P A R T III. S C E N E I.

A S E N A T H, P H A N O R.

Asen.  What say'st thou, *Phanor*! Prove these Strangers then
Such base Ingrates? Bore off the silver Cup,
That's sacred to my Lord's peculiar Use,
Phan. They have---but shall not long enjoy their Rapine.

A I R.

Phan. the wanton Favours of the Great,
Are like the scatter'd Seed when sown;
A grateful Harvest they create,
Whene'er on gen'rous Acres thrown,
But, if as O! too oft', they fall,
Where Weeds and Briars the Soil prophane:
Or lost, they bear no Fruit at all,
Or, bearing, yield a worthless Grain.

S C E N E II.

To them J O S E P H.

Asen. Whence so disturb'd, my Lord--Let not the Crime
Of others be inflicted on thyself.

Jos. My Sorrows have a deeper deadlier Root.
O *Asenath*, my dear old Father lives,
Still lives, but inconsolable and wretched.

Asen. Whence springs his Misery?

Jos. From this cruel Famine.

Asen. Call them into *Egypt*! — Whence, my Lord,
This criminal Delay;

Jos. I fear the King——
Fear *Egypt* too.

Asen.

Asen. Such Fears are but ungen'rous;
You've all the Hearts of *Pbarah* and his People.

A I R.

Jos. The People's Favour, and the Smiles of Pow'r,
Are no more than the Sun-shine of an Hour;
There Envy, with her Snakes, assails,
Here cank'ring Slander still prevails,
'Till Love begins to wain;
Oblivion them envelopes all
Our merits past, and straight our Fall
Is stil'd the Publick Gain. *Da Capo.*

Asen. Art thou not *Zaphnath*? Is not *Egypt* fav'd
All thy own Work? And won't her Sons with Transport
Give a new Life to him who gave thee Life?
I'll instant to the King, and supplicate
With Laud for Bounties past, this farther Boon.

A I R.

Prophetick Raptures swell my Breast,
And whisper we shall still be blest;
That this black Gloom shall break away,
And leave more heavenly bright the Day.
Da Capo. [Exit Asen.]

Jos. They come—and Indignation in their Looks—
My Bosom beats with an unusual Pulse.

S C E N E III.

To JOSEPH, PHANOR, with the Brethren in Chains.

Sim. Whence this vile Treatment! these injurious Chains?
For what Transgression are we shackled thus,
Like Thieves and Traitors?

Phan. That's like what ye are.
You've stol'n the sacred Cup that's set apart,

For

For my Lord's Use—

Why have ye thus rewarded Ill for Good?

[*Exit.*]

Sim. Imposture!--Fury!--If the Sacred Vessel
Be found with us, rain Vengeance on our Heads

Jos. Straight we shall see--and then let the Delinquent
Alone receive the Wages of his Guilt.

S C E N E IV.

To them P H A N O R.

Phan. At length the Cup is found.

Jos. Where?

Phan. Hid, my Lord, amidst thy gen'rous Presents.
Benjamin had it,

Jos. *Benjamin!*

Benj. I had it!

Phan. Behold his Sack, and in it view the Theft.

Benj. Am I a Robber? Shield me, righteous Heav'n!

Jos. Seize him.

Benj. O Heav'n! thou know'st my Innocence!

Jos. No more---

Leave him alone to suffer---As for you,

Go, get you up in Peace unto your Father.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Benj. What! without me; Ah? how return in Peace!
What can you say? What Comfort can you yield
To the distracted Parent? O unhappy!
Unhappy *Benjamin!* Thou at thy Birth
Gav'st Death unto thy Mother--- and now dying,
Thou likewise tak'st thy tender Father's Life.

A R I O S O.

Benj. O Pity---

Jos. [*Aside.*]---Ah! I must not hear.

Benj. Not to myself---

Jos.

Jos. [*Aside.*]---Be blind, my Eyes.

Benj. My finking Father!---

Jos. [*Aside.*]---Trait'rous Tear!

Benj. O pity him!

Jos. [*Aside.*]---Be still, ye Sighs

A I R.

Benj. Remember, at the first Embrace
You call'd me Son---O view this Face;
I still as much deserve the Name;
Thy Heart alone is not the same.

Jos. To Prison with him.

Sim. Oh illustrious *Zaphnath*,
Give room to Pity; thou who rulest Kingdoms,
Rule, to thy greater Glory, thy own Spirit:
Or to his Father render back the Youth,
Or Death to us.

Jos. [*Roughly.*] On whom the Cup was found, him I retain,
[*Exit.*]

“ *Sim.* What, gone! not hear us!

“ *Judab.* -- Yet methoughts I saw

“ Some Marks of Pity on his Face---

“ *Sim.* What Pity!

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

“ The Man who flies the Wretched, nor will hear them,
For fear of yielding to their piercing Cries,
Has only Pity for himself.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

“ *Judab.* Peace, *Simeon*;

“ Remember *Dotban's* Fields, the horrid Pit!

“ And *Joseph's* Cries!--Were we not deaf to them?

“ Then we'd not hear---and now we are not heard.

Reuben.

“ *Reuben*. What Counsel can we take? --- If we return,
 “ Our Father dies with Grief -- If here we stay,
 “ With Famine--Death is either way his Lot--
 “ And black Despair is ours--

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Sim. O gracious God,
 We merit well this Scourge, but thou art He,
 Whose Property is ever to have Mercy.

Chorus of the Brethren.

Eternal Monarch of the Sky,
 Our cruel Crime thou didst descry,
 O! with the same all-piercing Eye
 Our melting Penitence observe.
 Thou, the Beginning and the End!
 Creator! Father! Guardian! Friend!
 Returning Prodigals attend,
 And grant us Aid we don't deserve.

Sim. But Peace, *Zaphnath* returns —

S C E N E V.

To them J O S E P H.

Jof. How! not departed!
 Ye insolent! away! What foolish Hope?—
 “ *Judab.* Though Fear, my Lord, and Anguish
 “ Have nigh lock'd up our Lips, yet would I crave
 “ To offer one Word more—and O! my Lord,
 “ Let not thine Anger burn against thy Servant.
 “ When drove by dire Necessity to wrest
 “ From the reluctant Bosom of our Father,
 “ (Ah! with what Force! but such was thy Command)
 “ His youngest, dearest Son, his Heart's first Joy!
 “ He weeping, thus bespake us—Well you know,

“ This Child’s the Prop and Succour of my Age,
 “ The only Relick of my *Rachael’s* Bed ;
 “ *Josepb*, alas ! my much lamented *Josepb*,
 “ In a sad Hour went out, and fell a Prey,
 “ As oft’ you’ve told me, to the Tiger’s Rage ;
 “ If then you tear this also from my Arms,
 “ And Mischief shall befall him—my gray Hairs
 “ Ye will bring down with Sorrow to the Grave.
 “ *Joe.* [*Aside.*] My Soul itself now weeps.

A I R

Sim. Thou hadst, my Lord,
 A Father once—perhaps hast now—O feel,
 Feel then for us—as thou didst love thy own,
 O pity ours—Feel then our Anguish, feel.
 “ Give, give him up the Lad
 “ In whom his Life is bound—
 “ O let me suffer
 “ Whatever Punishment is doom’d for him ;
 “ He is too young for Slavery or Stripes ;
 “ Labour and Years have render’d me more hardy.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany’d.*

“ Lay all on me, Imprisonment, Chains, Scourges,
 “ All, all I can endure—But to my Father,
 “ To be the Messenger of Death I cannot.

Jos. [*Aside.*] I can no longer—*Phanor*, bring the Youth—

[*Exit Phanor, and returns with Benjamin*

Far off, ye Guards and Servants—from my Presence
 Let ev’ry Man depart—[*to the Brethren*] Know, I am *Josepb*.
 Doth my dear Father live? I am your Brother ;
 Your long lost Brother—I am *Josepb*.

The Brethren. *Josepb!*

Sim. O Heav’n!

Judab. *Josepb!*

Sim.

Sim. Wretched We!

[*Aside.*

Jof. Arise:

And banish Fear — my *Benjamin*, come hither;
And let me press thee to my yearning Bosom.
Brethren, receive and give a kind Embrace.

Jof. [*To Benj.*] Forgive this harmless Stratagem. [*To the Brethren.*] and ye,

Pardon my groundless Jealousy — I fear'd
You now to *Benjamin* might prove perfidious,
As erst to me — But I have try'd your Faith.

Sim. O *Joseph*!

Just, yet mysterious, are Ways of Heav'n.

SCENE the LAST.

To them A S E N A T H.

Asen. — Whilft the *Nile* and *Memphis*,
To him and his are destin'd for a Country;
Thus Pharaoh has ordain'd—[*To Jof.*] Now, my dear Lord,
Cast Sorrow from thy Breast.

Jof. And thou, my Fair,
Disclaim thy Doubts, and no more breathe Suspicion.

Asen. Trust me, O *Zaphnath*, 'twas the Breath of Love.

Jof. Mine too, O *Asenath*, was still the same.

D U E T T O.

Asen. What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose,
Or Breezes from the new-mown Close?
What's sweeter than an *April* Morn,
Or *May-Day*'s silver fragrant Thorn?
What than *Arabia*'s spicy Grove—
— O sweeter far the Breath of Love.

Jof. With Songs of ardent Gratitude and Praise,
Let us approach the high Eternal's Throne,
The Fountain of all Joy, all Peace, all Honour.

A N T H E M.

We will rejoice in thy Salvation, and triumph in the Name
of the Lord our God. *Hallelujah!*

F I N I S.

