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Theatre Vened. July 6th 1774 3



ACIS and GALATEA.

A

M A S Q U E.

Set to Music by Mr. HANDEL.



Dramatis Personae

GALATEA.

DAMON.

ACIS and GALATEA.

CORYDON.

POLYPHEME and ACIS.

THE
M A S Q U E
OF
A C I S and G A L A T E A.

P A R T I.

C H O R U S.

O The Pleasures of the Plains!
Happy Nymphs and happy Swains;
Harmless, Merry, Free and Gay,
Dance and Sport the Hours away.

For us the Zephyr blows,
For us distils the Dew,
For us unfolds the Rose,
And Flow'rs display their Hue.

A 2

For

4 ACIS and GALATEA.

For us the Winters rain ;
For us the Summers shine ;
Spring swells for us the Grain,
And Autumn bleeds the Vine.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea. Ye verdant Plains, and
Mountains,
Purling Streams, and bubbling Fountains,
Ye painted Glories of the Field,
Vain are the Pleasures which ye yield ;
Too thin the Shadow of the Grove,
Too faint the Gales to cool my Love.

A I R.

Hush ye pretty warbling Choir ;
Your thrilling Strains
Awake my Pains,
And kindle fierce Desire.
Cease your Song, and take your Flight,
Bring back my *Acis* to my Sight.

A I R.

Acis. Where shall I seek the charming
Direct the Way kind Genius
Mountains :
O tell me if you saw my Dear ;
Seeks she the Groves,
Or Bathes in chrystal Fountains.

RECITATIVE.

Damon. Stay Shepherd stay, see how thy
 In yonder Valley stray; [Flocks
 What means this melancholy Air?
 No more thy tuneful Pipe we hear.

A I R.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing,
 Heedless running to thy Ruin;
 Share our Joy, our Pleasure share:
 Leave thy Passion 'till To-morrow,
 Let the Day be free from Sorrow;
 Free from Sorrow, free from Care.

RECITATIVE.

Acis. Lo here my Love! Turn *Galatea*,
 Hither turn thy Eyes;
 See at thy Feet the loving *Acis* lies.

A I R.

Love in her Eyes fits playing,
 And sheds delicious Death;
 Love on her Lips is straying,
 And warbling in her Breath;
 Love on her Breast fits panting,
 And swells with soft Desire;
 No Grace, no Charm is wanting,
 To Set the Heart on Fire.

Galatea. RECITATIVE.

O didst thou know the Pains of absent Love,
Acis would ne'er from *Galatea* rove.

A I R.

6 ACIS and GALATEA

A I R.

As when the Dove,
Laments her Love
All on a naked Spray;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long Day;
Billing, Cooing,
Panting, Wooing,
Melting Murmurs, lasting Love,
Melting Murmurs fill the Grove.

Acis and Galatea. D U E T

Happy we, happy Pair,
What Joys I feel,
What Charms I see;
Of all Youths thou dearest Boy,
Of all Nymphs thou brightest Fair,
Thou all my Bliss,
Thou all my Joy.

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy we,
What Joys we feel,
What Charms we see;
Happy, happy, happy we.

The End of the first Part.

PART II.

CHORUS.

Wretched Lovers, Fate has past
 This sad Decree, *no Joy shall last!*
 Wretched Lovers quit your Dream,
 Behold the Monster, *Polypheme* ;
 See what ample Strides he takes,
 The Mountain sounds, the Forest shakes,
 The Waves run frighten'd from the Shores,
 Hark! how the thund'ring Giant roars!

RECITATIVE.

Polypheme. I rage, I melt, I burn,
 The feeble Boy has stab'd me to the Heart ;
 Thou trusty Pine,
 Prop of my portly Steps,
 I lay thee by ;
 Bring me a hundred Reeds
 Of decent Growth,
 To make a Pipe for my
 Capacious Mouth.

In soft enchanting Accents let me breathe,
 Sweet *Galatea's* Beauty, and my Love.

A I R.

O ruddier than the Cherry,
 O sweeter than the Berry :
 O Nymph more Bright
 Than Moon-shine Night,
 Like Kidlings blythe and merry ;

Ripe

Ripe as the melting Cluster,
 No Lilly has such Lustre,
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging Flame,
 And fierce as Storms that bluster

Polypheme. RECITATI

Whither fairest art thou running
 Still my warm Embraces shunning

Galatea. RECITATI

The Lion calls not to his Prey,
 Nor bids the Wolf the Lambkin stay

Polypheme. RECITATI

Thee *Polyphemus*, great as *Jove*,
 Calls to Empire and to Love;
 To his Palace in the Rock,
 To his Dairy, to his Flock,
 To the Grape of Purple Hue,
 To the Plumb of glossy blue,
 And Wildings which expecting stand
 Proud to be gather'd by thy Hand.

Galatea. RECITATI

Of infant Limbs to make my Food
 And swill full Draughts of human Blood
 Go, Monster! bid some other Guest
 I loath the Host, I loath the Feast

Polypheme. A I R.

Cease to Beauty to be suing,
 Ever whining Love disdaining
 Let the Brave, their Arms pursue
 Still be conquering not compl

Corydon. A I R.

Would you gain the tender Creature,
Softly, gently, kindly treat her,
Suffering is the Lover's Part.
Beauty by Constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the Blessing,
Lifeless Charms without the Heart.

Acis. RECITATIVE.

His hideous Love provokes my Rage,
Weak as I am I must engage ;
Inspir'd with thy victorious Charms,
The God of Love will lend his Arms.

A I R.

Love sounds the Alarm,
And Fear is a flying ;
When Beauty's the Prize
What Mortal fears dying.
In defence of my Treasure
I'd bleed at each Vein ;
Without her no Pleasure,
For Life is a Pain.

Damon. A I R.

Consider, fond Shepherd,
How fleeting's the Pleasure,
That flatters our Hope in pursuit of the Fair ;
The Joys that attend it
By Moments we Measure,
But Life is too little to measure our Care.

B

Galatea.

Galatea. RECITATIVE

Cease, O Cease, thou gentle Youth,
Trust my Constancy and Truth;
Trust my Truth and Pow'rs above,
The Pow'rs propitious still to Love.

Galatea and Acis. A I R.

The Flocks shall leave the Mountains
The Woods the Turtle-Dove,
The Nymphs forsake the Fountains,
E'er I forsake my Love.

Polypheme. Torture, Fury, Rage,
Despair I cannot bear.

Polypheme and Acis.

Not Show'rs to Larks so pleasing,
Nor Sun-shine to the Bee;
Nor Sleep to toil so easing,
As those dear Smiles to me.

Polypheme. Fly swift, thou massy
Presumptuous *Acis* die.

Acis. RECITATIVE

Help *Galatea*, help ye Parent God
And take me dying to your deep Abode

C H O R U S.

Mourn all ye Muses, weep all ye Swains
Tune your Reeds to doleful Strains,

ACIS and GALATEA. 11

Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the neighbouring Shore,

Oh, the gentle *Acis* is no more!

Galatea. S O L O.

Must I my *Acis* still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that Stone?

C H O R U S.

Cease, *Galatea*, cease to grieve,
Bewail not whom thou can't relieve.

Galatea. S O L O.

Must the lovely, charming Youth,
Die for his Constancy and Truth?

C H O R U S.

Call forth thy Pow'r, employ thy Art,
The Goddess soon can heal the Smart.

Galatea. S O L O.

Say, what Comfort can I find,
For dark despair o'er-clouds my Mind.

C H O R U S.

To kindred Gods, the Youth return,
Thro' verdant Plains to roll his Urn.

Galatea. RECITATIVE.

'Tis done, thus I exert my Power divine:
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

A I R.

A I R.

Heart, the Seat of soft Delight,
 Be thou now a Fountain bright;
 Purple, be no more thy Blood,
 Glide thou like a Chrystal Flood
 Rock, thy hollow Womb disclose,
 The bubbling Fountain, lo! it flows
 Thro' the Plains he joys to rove
 Murmuring still his gentle Love

C H O R U S.

Galatea, dry thy Tears,

Acis now a God appears.

See how he rears him from his knees

See the Wreath that binds his hair

Hail! thou gentle murmuring Stream

Shepherd's Pleasure, Muses Theme

Thro' the Plain still joy to rove

[Murmuring still thy gentle Love

F I N I S.