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ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR THE
POWER OF MUSIC.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Performed at the THEATRE-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE.

Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.

WITH THE AFTER-PIECES,
ST. CECILIA'S DAY,
MUSIC OF BONDUCA,

AND

CORONATION ANTHEMS.

L O N D O N :

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ALEXANDER FEAST

OF THE

POWER OF MUSIC

WRITTEN BY MR. D. R. T. DENN

LECTURED AT THE THEATRICAL SOCIETY
DURING THE YEAR 1851

EDITED BY MR. W. H. WOOD

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MUSIC OF THE

CONSTITUTION AND THE

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ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE.

T WAS at the royal Feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero fate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
So shou'd desert in arms be crown'd.

(4)

The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

A I R.

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

C H O R U S.

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

R E C I T A T I V E

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

R E C I T A T I V E,

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

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

C H O R U S.

The list'ning croud admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity! they shout around.
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.

A I R.

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

R E C I T A T I V E .

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

A I R .

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

C H O R U S .

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;

Rich

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

R E C I T A T I V E.

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

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

R E C I T A T I V E, accompanied.

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse.

A I R.

He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood.

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

R E C I T A T I V E .

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

C H O R U S .

Behold Darius, great and good,
Fall'n welt'ring in his blood ;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

R E C I T A T I V E .

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree ;

'Twas

'Twas but a kindred found to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd the soul to pleasures.

A I R:

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

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

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

A I R.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care ;
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care ;
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

C H O R U S repeated.

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

PART the SECOND.

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

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

C H O R U S.

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

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

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

A I R:

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

A I R.

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:

Behold

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

A I R.

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

A I R.

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

C H O R U S.

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king feiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy.
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey ;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

R E C I T A T I V E, accompanied.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While

While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to the breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

C H O R U S.

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

R E C I T A T I V E.

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

D U E T.

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

R E C I T A T I V E.

R E C I T A T I V E.

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

C H O R U S.

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

F I N I S.

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RECAPITULATION

Let us therefore give the prize
to the man who has the crown;
He will be a model to the rest,
and show an angry beast.

CHORUS

I am old, I have seen many a prize,
I have seen the crown on many a head,
I have seen a man who has the prize,
and show an angry beast.

FINIS

WORDS of the MUSIC selected from that
at the COMMEMORATION of HANDEL.

OVERTURE in JOSHUA.

Chorus.

YE Sons of Israel, every Tribe attend,
Let grateful Songs and Hymns to Hea-
ven ascend;
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's Banks pro-
claim
One First, one Great, one Lord Jehovah's
Name.

Air, Mr. NORRIS.

RENDI il sereno al ciglio
Madre, non pianger più,
Temer d'alcun periglio,
Oggi mai come puoi tù.

Air

Words of the Music, &c.

Air, Miss PHILLIPS.

CARO vieni, vieni a me
Fido vieni; puoi tu caro
Adolcire il duolo amaro
Di chi pena sol per te
Pensa, pensa alla mia fe
Pensa ancor al mio martir
Ed a tanti miei sospir
Sarai solo la mercè.

Chorus.

HE gave them Hailstones for Rain,
Fire, mingled with the Rain, ran along
upon the Ground.

Air, Mr. REINHOLD.

NASCE al bosco in rozza cuna,
Un felice pastorello,
E con làure di fortuna,
Giunge i regni a dominar.
Presso al trono in regie fasce
Sventurato un altro nasce,
E fra l'ire della forte,
Va gli armenti a pascolar.

Air,

Words of the Music, &c.

Air, Miss GEORGE.

DITE che fà
Dove è l'idol mio,
Selvaggie deità
Il mio tesoro,
A me voi lo rendete
O pur se lo vedete
Ditegli per pietà
Che per lui moro,
O rendetelo al mio cor
Dite che tutto ancor,
Sospiro anch'io.

A N T H E M.

MY heart is inditing of a good matter;
I speak of the things which I have made
unto the king.

King's daughters were among thy honourable women: Upon thy right-hand did stand the queen in a vesture of gold.

And the king shall have pleasure in thy beauty. Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers.

F I N I S.

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