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Jennens, Charles

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Act. II.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

CHORUS.

ENVY! Eldest-born of Hell!
 Cease in human Breasts to dwell.
 Ever at all Good repining,
 Still the Happy undermining!
 God and Man by thee infested,
 Thou by God and Man detested!
 Most thy self thou dost torment,
 At once the Crime and Punishment.
 Hide thee in the blackest Night:
 Virtue sickens at thy sight!
 Hence, thou Eldest-born of Hell!
 Cease in human Breasts to dwell.

SCENE II.

JONATHAN and DAVID.

Jonath. Ah! dearest Friend, undone by too much Virtue!
 Think you, an Evil Spirit was the Cause
 Of all my Father's Rage? It was indeed
 A Spirit of Envy, and of mortal Hate.
 He has resolv'd your Death; and sternly charg'd
 His whole Retinue, me especially,
 To execute his Vengeance.

*But sooner Jordan's Stream, I swear,
 Back to his Spring shall swiftly roll,
 Than I consent to hurt a Hair
 Of thee, thou Darling of my Soul.*



David. O strange Vicissitude ! But Yesterday
He thought me worthy of his Daughter's Love ;
To Day he seeks my Life.

Jonath. My Sister *Merab*, by his own Gift thy Right,
He has bestow'd on *Adriel*.

David. O, my Prince, would that were all !
It would not grieve me much. The scornful Maid
(Didst thou observe ?) with such disdainful Pride
Receiv'd the King's Command ! — but lovely *Michal*,
As mild as she is fair, out-strips all Praise.

*Such haughty Beauties rather move
Aversion, than engage our Love.
They only can our Cares beguile,
Who gently speak, and sweetly smile.
If Virtue in that Dress appear,
Who, that sees, can Love forbear ?*

Jonath. My Father comes. Retire, my Friend, while I
With peaceful Accents try to calm his Rage.

[Exit David.]

SCENE III.

SAUL and JONATHAN.

Saul. Hast thou obey'd my Orders, and destroy'd
My mortal Enemy, the Son of *Jesse* ?

Jonath. Alas, my Father ! He your Enemy ?
Say rather, he has done important Service
To you, and to the Nation ; hazarded
His Life for both, and slain our Giant Foe,
Whose Presence made the boldest of us tremble.

Fin.



*Sin not, O King, against the Youth,
 Who ne'er offended you :
 Think, to his Loyalty and Truth
 What great Rewards are due !
 Think, with what Joy this God-like Man
 You saw, that glorious Day !
 Think, and with Ruin, if you can,
 Such Services repay.*

S A U L.

*As Great Jehovah lives, I swear,
 The Youth shall not be slain :
 Bid him return, and void of Fear
 Adorn our Court again.*

J O N A T H A N.

*From Cities storm'd, and Battles won,
 What Glory can accrue ?
 By this the Hero best is known ;
 He can himself subdue.
 Wisest and greatest of his Kind,
 Who can in Reason's Fetters bind
 The Madnejs of his angry Mind !
 Appear, my Friend.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter D A V I D.

*Saul. No more imagine Danger :
 Be First in our Esteem ; with wonted Valour
 Repel the Insults of the Philistines :
 And, as a Proof of my Sincerity,*

(O Hard



(O Hardness to dissemble!) instantly
Espouse my Daughter *Michal*.

D A V I D.

*Your Words, O King, my Loyal Heart
With double Ardor fire :
If God his usual Aid impart,
Your Foes shall feel what you inspire.
In all the Dangers of the Field,
The Great Jehovah is my Shield.*

[Exeunt Dav. and Jon.

Saul. Yes, he shall wed my Daughter! — but how long
Shall he enjoy her? — He shall lead my Armies!
But have the *Philistines* no Darts — no Swords,
To pierce the Heart of *David*? — Yes, this once
To them I leave him; they shall do me Right!

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

D A V I D and M I C H A L.

Mich. A Father's Will has authoriz'd my Love:
No longer, *Michal*, then attempt to hide
The Secret of thy Soul. I love thee, *David*,
And long have lov'd. Thy Virtue was the Cause;
And that be my Defence.

D U E T.

Mich. O Fairest of ten thousand fair,
Yet for thy Virtue more admir'd!
Thy Words and Actions all declare
The Wisdom by thy God inspir'd.

David,



David. *O lovely Maid ! thy Form beheld,
Above all Beauty charms our Eyes :
Yet still within that Form conceal'd
Thy Mind, a greater Beauty, lies.*

Both. *How well in Thee does Heav'n at last
Compensate all my Sorrows past.*

[Exeunt.]

C H O R U S.

*Is there a Man, who all his Ways
Directs, his God alone to please ?
In vain his Foes against him move :
Superior Pow'r their Hate disarms ;
He makes them yield to Virtue's Charms,
And melts their Fury down to Love.*

S C E N E VI.

DAVID and MICHAL.

David. *Thy Father is as cruel, and as false,
As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd him
New from the Slaughter of his Enemies,
His Eyes with Fury flam'd ; his Arm he rais'd,
With Rage grown stronger ; by my guiltless Head
The Javelin whizzing flew, and in the Wall
Mock'd once again his Impotence of Malice.*

*At Persecution I can laugh ;
No Fear my Soul can move,
In God's Protection safe,
And blest in Michal's Love.*

Mich. *Ah ! dearest Youth ! for thee I fear !
Fly ! — be gone ! — for Death is near !*

David.



D A V I D.

*Fear not, lovely Fair, for me :
Death, where thou art, cannot be.
Smile, and Danger is no more.*

M I C H A L.

*Fly — for Death is at the Door !
See, the murd'rous Band comes on !
Stay no longer ! Fly ! — be gone !*

S C E N E VII.

M I C H A L and D O E G.

Mich. Whom dost thou seek ? And who has sent thee hither ?

Doeg. I seek for *David* ; and am sent by *Saul*.

Mich. Thy Errand ?

Doeg. 'Tis a Summons to the Court.

Mich. Say, he is sick.

Doeg. In Sickness, or in Health,

Alive, or dead, he must be brought to *Saul*.

Shew me his Chamber.

[*David's Bed discover'd with an Image in it.*

Do you mock the King ?

This Disappointment will enrage him more :

Then tremble for th' Event.

[*Exit.*

M I C H A L.

No ; let the Guilty tremble

At ev'ry thought of Danger near :

*Tho' Numbers, arm'd with Death, assemble,
My Innocence disdains to fear.*

*Tho' great their Power as their Spite,
Undaunted still, my Soul, remain ;*

*For greater is Jehovah's Might,
And will their lawless Force restrain.*

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

M E R A B.

Mean as he was, he is my Brother now,
 My Sister's Husband ; and, to speak the Truth,
 Has Qualities which Justice bids me love,
 And pity his Distress. My Father's Cruelty
 Strikes me with Horror ! At th' approaching Feast
 I fear some dire Event, unless my Brother,
 His Friend, the faithful Jonathan, avert
 Th' impending Ruine. I know, he'll do his best.

*Author of Peace, who canst controul
 Ev'ry Passion of the Soul ;
 To whose good Spirit alone we owe
 Words that sweet as Honey flow :
 With thy dear Influence his Tongue be fill'd,
 And cruel Wrath to soft Perswasion yield.*

SCENE IX.

SAUL at the Feast of the New Moon.

*The Time at length is come, when I shall take
 My full Revenge on Jesse's Son,
 No longer shall the Stripling make
 His Sov'reign totter on the Throne.
 He dies—— this Blaster of my Fame,
 Bane of my Peace, and Author of my Shame.*

C

SCENE



S C E N E X.

SAUL, JONATHAN, &c.

Saul. Where is the Son of *Jesse*? Comes he not
To grace our Feast?

Jonath. He earnestly ask'd Leave
To go to *Bethlehem*, where his Father's House
At solemn Rites of annual Sacrifice
Requir'd his Presence.

Saul. O Perverse! Rebellious!
Thinkst thou, I do not know, that thou hast chose
The Son of *Jesse* to thy own Confusion?
The World will say, thou art no Son of mine,
Who thus canst love the Man I hate; the Man,
Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy Crown.
Send, fetch him hither; for the Wretch must die.

Jonath. What has he done? And wherefore must he die?

Saul. Dar'st thou oppose my Will? Die then thy self.

[*Throws his Javelin. Exit Jonathan, then Saul.*]

C H O R U S.

*O fatal Consequence
Of Rage, by Reason uncontroll'd!
With ev'ry Law he can dispense;
No Ties the furious Monster hold:
From Crime to Crime he blindly goes,
Nor End, but with his own Destruction, knows.*

The End of the Second A C T.

A C T

