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**Saul, An Oratorio**

**Jennens, Charles**

**London, 1738**

Scene II.

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## IV.

*The Youth inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,  
With Ease the Boaster slew,  
Our fainting Courage soon restor'd,  
And headlong drove that impious Crew.*

## V.

*How excellent thy Name, O Lord,  
In all the World is known!  
Above all Heav'ns, O King, ador'd,  
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne!*

Hallelujah.

## S C E N E II.

SAUL, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, &c. ABNER introducing  
DAVID, High Priest.

*Michal.* He comes! ———

*O God-like Youth! by all confests'd,  
Of Human Race the Pride!  
O Virgin among Women blest,  
Whom Heav'n ordains thy Bride!  
But ah! how strong a Bar I see  
Betwixt my Happiness and me!*

*Abner.* Behold, O King, the brave, victorious Youth,  
And in his Hand the haughty Giant's Head.

*Saul.* Young Man, whose Son art thou?

*David.* The Son of Jesse,

Thy faithful Servant, and a Bethlemite.

*Saul.* Return no more to Jesse: Stay with me.

And as an Earnest of my future Favour  
Thou shalt espouse my Daughter: Small Reward  
Of such Desert! since to thy Arm alone  
We owe our Safety, Peace, and Liberty.

DAVID.



D A V I D.

*O King, your Favours with Delight  
I take, but must refuse your Praise :  
For ev'ry pious Israelite  
To God alone that Tribute pays.  
Through Him we put to flight our Foes,  
And in his Name*

*We trod them under that against us rose.*

*Jonath.* O early Piety ! O modest Merit !  
In this Embrace my Heart bestows it self,  
Henceforth, thou noble Youth, accept my Friendship,  
And *Jonathan* and *David* are but one.

M E R A B.

*What abject Thoughts a Prince can have,  
In Rank a Prince ! in Mind a Slave !*

Yet think with whom you stoop to link your self,  
How poor in Fortune, and in Birth how low ! [ *Aside to Jonath.*

J O N A T H A N.

*Birth and Fortune I despise !* [ *To Merab,*  
*From Virtue let my Friendship rise.*  
*No Titles proud thy Stem adorn ;* [ *To David,*  
*Yet born of God is nobly born :*  
*And of his Gifts so rich thy Store,*  
*That Ophir to thy Wealth is poor.*

*High Pr.* Go on, illustrious Pair ! your great Example  
Shall teach our Youth to scorn the fordid World,  
And set their Hearts on Things of real Worth.

I.

*While yet thy Tide of Blood runs high,  
To God thy future Life devote :  
Thy early Vigour all apply  
His Glorious Service to promote.*

II. So



## II.

*So shall thy Great Creator bleſs  
And bid thy Days ſerenely flow :  
So ſhall thy youthful Happineſs  
In Age no Diminution know.*

## III.

*With ſweet Reflection thou ſhalt taſte,  
Declining gently to thy Tomb,  
The Pleaſure of good Actions paſt,  
And hope with Rapture Joys to come.*

*Saul.* Thou, *Merab*, firſt in Birth, be firſt in Honour :  
Thine be the valiant Youth, whoſe Arm has fav'd  
Thy Country from her Foes.

*Merab.* aſide.) O mean Alliance !

*My Soul rejects the Thought with Scorn,  
That ſuch a Boy, 'till now unknown,  
Of poor, Plebeian Parents born,  
Should mix with Royal Blood his own !  
Tho' Saul's Commands I can't decline,  
I muſt prevent his low Deſign,  
And ſave the Honour of his Line.*

## MICHAEL.

*See with what a ſcornful Air  
She the precious Gift receives !  
Tho' e'er ſo Noble, or ſo Fair,  
She cannot merit what he gives.  
Ah ! lovely Youth ! waſt thou deſign'd  
With that proud Beauty to be join'd ?*

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

SAUL, MICHAL, &c. *Chorus of Women.*

*Mich.* Already see, the Daughters of the Land,  
In joyful Dance, with Instruments of Musick  
Come to congratulate your Victory.

C H O R U S of Women alternately.

## I.

*Welcome, welcome, mighty King !  
Welcome all who Conquest bring !*

## II.

*Welcome, David, warlike Boy,  
Author of our present Joy !*

## III.

*Saul, who hast thy Thousands slain,  
Welcome to thy Friends again !*

## IV.

*David his Ten thousands slew ;  
Ten thousand Praises are his due !*

*Saul.* What do I hear ? Am I then sunk so low,  
To have this upstart Boy preferr'd before me ?  
To him Ten thousands ! and to me but Thousands ?  
What can they give him more ? except the Kingdom ?

*With Rage I shall burst his Praises to hear !  
Oh ! how I both hate the Stripling, and fear !  
What Mortal a Rival in Glory can bear ?*

} [Exit.]

S C E N E

