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**Saul, An Oratorio**

**Jennens, Charles**

**London, 1738**

Scene V.

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## S C E N E IV.

*Jonath.* Imprudent Women! your ill-tim'd Comparifons,  
I fear, have injur'd him you meant to honour,  
*Saul's* furious Look, as he departed hence,  
Too plainly shew'd the Tempeft of his Soul.

*Mich.* 'Tis but his old Difeafe, which thou canft cure. [To David.

O take thy Harp, and as thou oft haft done,  
From the King's Breaft expel the raging Fiend,  
And footh his tortur'd Soul with Sounds Divine. [Exit David.

*Fell Rage and black Defpair poffeft  
With horrid Sway the Monarch's Breaft ;  
When David with Celestial Fire  
Struck the fweet perfwafive Lyre :  
Soft gliding down his ravish'd Ears,  
The healing Sounds difpel his Cares ;  
Defpair and Rage at once are gone,  
And Peace and Hope refume the Throne.*

## S C E N E V.

SAUL, DAVID, JONATHAN, MERAB, MICHAL, ABNER, *High  
Priest*, ABIATHAR.

*Abiath.* Rack'd with Infernal Pains ev'n now the King  
Comes forth, and mutters horrid Words, which Hell,  
No human Tongue, has taught him.

D A V I D.

O Lord, whose Mercies numberlefs  
O'er all thy Works prevail,  
Tho' daily Man thy Law tranfgrefs,  
Thy Patience cannot fail :  
If yet his Sin be not too great,  
The bufy Fiend controul,  
Yet longer for Repentance wait,  
And heal his wounded Soul.

*Jonath.*



*Jonath.* 'Tis all in vain, his Fury still continues :  
With wild Distraction on my Friend he stares,  
Stamps on the Ground, and seems intent on Mischief.

S A U L.

*A Serpent in my Bosom warm'd  
Would sting me to the Heart ;  
But of his Venom soon disarm'd,  
Himself shall feel the Smart.  
Ambitious Boy ! now learn, what Danger  
It is to rouse a Monarch's Anger !*

[Throws his Javelin. Exit David.

Has he escap'd my Rage ?  
I charge thee, *Jonathan*, upon thy Duty,  
And All, on your Allegiance, to destroy  
This bold, aspiring Youth ; for while he lives,  
I am not safe. Reply not, but obey.

[Exit.

M E R A B.

*Capricious Man, in Humour lost,  
By ev'ry Wind of Passion tost,  
Now sets his Vassal on the Throne,  
Then low as Earth he casts him down :  
His Temper knows no middle State,  
Extreme alike in Love or Hate.*

## S C E N E VI.

J O N A T H A N.

O Filial Piety ! O Sacred Friendship !  
How shall I reconcile you ? — Cruel Father !  
Your just Commands I always have obey'd :  
But to destroy my Friend ! the Brave, the Virtuous,

B

The

