# **Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

## Digitalisierung von Drucken

Saul, An Oratorio

Jennens, Charles London, 1738

Scene VI.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-4271

[ 15]

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.

#### CHORUS.

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.

### SCENE 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.

SCENE

DAVID.

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

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

### SCENE VII.

MICHAL and DOEG.

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

Doeg. I feek for David; and am fent by Saul.

Mich. Thy Errand?

Doeg. 'Tis a Summons to the Court.

Mich. Say, he is fick.

Doeg. In Sickness, or in Health, but a I v A CI 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!? The aid to brush you I drive and all This Disappointment will enrage him more: Then tremble for th' Event. [Exit.

# MICHAL of the same some by and

No; let the Guilty tremble At ev'ry thought of Danger near. Tho' Numbers, arm'd with Death, affemble, My Innocence difdains to fear. Tho' great their Power as their Spite, Undaunted fill, my Soul, remain; For greater is 'fehovah's Might, And will their lawless Force restrain.

SCENE