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**Saul, An Oratorio**

**Jennens, Charles**

**London, 1738**

Scene VIII.

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## S C E N E 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.*

## S C E N E 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

S C E N E

