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Saul, An Oratorio

Jennens, Charles

London, 1738

Scene IX.

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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

