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**Saul, An Oratorio**

**Jennens, Charles**

**London, 1738**

Scene II.

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

## ACT III. SCENE I.

SAUL *disguis'd at Endor.*

**W**RETCH that I am ! of my own Ruin Author !  
 Where are my old Supports ? The valiant Youth,  
 Whose very Name was Terror to my Foes,  
 My Rage has drove away. Of God forsaken,  
 In vain I ask his Counsel ! He vouchsafes  
 No Answer to the Sons of Disobedience !  
 Ev'n my own Courage fails me ! — Can it be ?  
 Is *Saul* become a Coward ? — I'll not believe it !  
 If Heav'n denies thee Aid, seek it from Hell !  
 'Tis said, here lives a Woman, close Familiar  
 With th' Enemy of Mankind. Her I'll consult,  
 And know the Worst. Her Art is Death by Law ;  
 And while I minded Law, sure Death attended  
 Such horrid Practices : Yet, O hard Fate !  
 My self am now reduc'd to ask the Counsel  
 Of those I once abhorr'd !

## SCENE II.

SAUL *and the Witch of Endor.*

*Witch.* With me what would'st thou ?

*Saul.* I wou'd, that by thy Art thou bring me up  
 The Man whom I shall name.

*Witch.* Alas ! thou know'st  
 How *Saul* has cut off those who use this Art.  
 Would'st thou insnare me ?

*Saul.* As Jehovah lives,  
 On this Account no Mischief shall befall thee.

*Witch.* Whom shall I bring up to thee ?

*Saul.* Bring up *Samuel*.

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Witch.



Witch.

*Infernal Spirits, by whose Pow'r  
 Departed Ghosts in living Forms appear,  
 Add Horror to the Midnight Hour,  
 And chill the holdest Hearts with Fear :  
 To this Stranger's wond'ring Eyes  
 Let the Prophet Samuel rise.*

## S C E N E III.

*Apparition of SAMUEL, SAUL.*

*Sam.* Why hast thou forc'd me from the Realms of Peace  
 Back to this World of Woe ?

*Saul.* O holy Prophet !

Refuse me not thy Aid in this Distress.  
 The num'rous Foe stands ready for the Battle :  
 God has forsaken me : No more He answers  
 By Prophets or by Dreams : No Hope remains,  
 Unless I learn of thee what Course to take.

*Sam.* Hath God forsaken thee ? And dost thou ask

My Counsel ? Did I not foretel thy Fate,  
 When, madly disobedient, thou didst spare  
 The curst *Analekite*, and on the Spoil  
 Didst fly rapacious ? Therefore God this Day  
 Hath verify'd my Words in thy Destruction ;  
 Hath rent the Kingdom from thee, and bestow'd it  
 On *David*, whom thou hatest for his Virtue.  
 Thou and thy Sons shall be with me To-morrow,  
 And *Israel* by *Philistine* Arms shall fall.  
 The Lord hath said it : He will make it good.

S C E N E

