

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

Saul, An Oratorio

Jennens, Charles

London, 1738

Scene IV.

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

S C E N E IV.

DAVID, &c. *To them an Amalekite.*

David. Whence comest thou ?

Amal. Out of the Camp of *Israel.*

David. Thou canst inform me then : How went the Battle ?

Amal. The People, put to flight, in Numbers fell,
And *Saul*, and *Jonathan* his Son, are dead.

David. Alas ! my Brother ! — But how know'st thou
That they are dead ?

Amal. Upon Mount *Gilboa*

I met with *Saul*, just fall'n upon his Spear.

Swiftly the Foe pursu'd. He cry'd to me,

Begg'd me to finish his imperfect Work,

And end a Life of Pain and Ignominy.

I knew he could not live, and therefore slew him ;

Took from his Head the Crown, and from his Arms

The Bracelets, and have brought them to my Lord.

David. Whence art thou ?

Amal. I am an *Amalekite.*

DAVID.

Impious Wretch, of Race accurst !

And of all that Race the worst !

How hast thou dar'd to lift thy Sword

Against th' Anointed of the Lord ?

Fall on him — smite him — let him die ;

On thy own Head thy Blood will lie ;

Since thy own Mouth has testify'd,

By Thee the Lord's Anointed dy'd.

[To one of his At-
tendants, who kills
the *Amalekite.*

S C E N E



SCENE V.

ELEGY on the Death of SAUL and JONATHAN.

I.

MOURN, Israel, *mourn, thy Beauty lost,*
Thy choicest Youth on Gilboa slain.
How have thy fairest Hopes been crost!
What Heaps of mighty Warriors strow the Plain!

II.

O let it not in Gath be heard,
The News in Askelon let none proclaim;
Lest we, whom once so much they fear'd,
Be by their Women now despis'd,
And lest the Daughters of th' Uncircumcis'd
Rejoice and triumph in our Shame.

III.

From this unbappy Day,
No more, ye Gilboan Hills, on you
Descend refreshing Rain or kindly Dew,
Which erst your Heads with Plenty crown'd;
Since there the Shield of Saul, in Arms renown'd,
Was vilely cast away.

IV.

Brave Jonathan his Bow ne'er drew,
But wing'd with Death his Arrow flew,
And drank the Blood of slaughter'd Foes:
Nor drew Great Saul his Sword in vain;
It reek'd, where'er he dealt his Blows,
With Entrails of the mighty Slain.

V. Eagles