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Saul, An Oratorio

Jennens, Charles

London, 1738

Scene V.

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

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



V.

*Eagles were not so swift as they,
Nor Lions with so strong a Grasp held fast and tore the Prey.*

VI.

*In sweetest Harmony they liv'd,
Nor Death their Union cou'd divide :
The pious Son ne'er left his Father's Side,
But him defending bravely dy'd :
A Loss too great to be surviv'd !*

VII.

*For Saul, ye Maids of Israel, moan,
To whose indulgent Care
You owe the Scarlet and the Gold you wear,
And all the Pomp in which your Beauty long has shone.*

VIII.

*O fatal Day ! How low the Mighty lie !
O Jonathan ! how nobly didst thou die,
For thy King and Country slain !
For thee, my Brother Jonathan,
How great is my Distress !
What Language can my Grief express ?
Great was the Pleasure I enjoy'd in thee !
And more than Woman's Love thy wondrous Love to me !*

IX.

*O fatal Day ! How low the Mighty lie !
Where, Israel, is thy Glory fled ?
Spoil'd of thy Arms, and sunk in Infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping Head !*

ABIATHAR.



A B I A T H A R.

*Ye Men of Judah, weep no more ;
 Let Gladness reign in all our Host ;
 For pious David will restore
 What Saul by Disobedience lost.
 The Lord of Hosts is David's Friend,
 And Conquest will his Arms attend.*

C H O R U S.

*Gird on thy Sword, thou Man of Might,
 Pursue thy wonted Fame :
 Go on, be prosperous in Fight,
 Retrieve the Hebrew Name.
 Thy strong Right-Hand, with Terror arm'd,
 Shall thy obdurate Foes dismay ;
 While others, by thy Virtue charm'd,
 Shall crowd to own thy Righteous Sway.*

F I N I S.



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