HERCULES

AN ORATORIO

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1744 BY

G. F. HANDEL.

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HERCULES.

ARGUMENT.

While Hercules is absent fighting against Eurytas, King of Oechalia, his wife Dejanira is in sorrow, thinking that he never will return. Lichas tries to comfort her, but she will not be comforted. Her son Hyllus, eager to know his father's fate, consults the oracle. The priest sees a vision of his death. Then Dejanira wishes she too may die, that so she may see him again; but her son, wishing to learn the certainty of his father's fate, sets off in search of him, and returns with the joyful news that he is coming home victorious, and is bringing among the captives the beautiful Idée, princess of Oechalia. Dejanira hears a false report that to possess herself of her was the object of his expedition, and is therefore jealous of her.

When Dejanira sees Hercules, she reproaches him, but he, reproving her curseless anger, goes to offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Then she remembers that she has by her a garment dipped in the blood of Nessus, who, when dying, gave it her, and told her to prevail on Hercules to wear it, and prove its magical power. So she bids Lichas take it to his lord, as a pledge of love, devotion; but when he puts it on, it poisons him, and he dies. Dejanira finds out her mistake too late. Hyllus tries to persuade Idée to marry him, but she will not. At last he succeeds, and they are married by the Priest who had told to Dejanira the dreadful fate of Hercules.

No. 1.—OVERTURE.

No. 2.—RECITATIVE.

Lichas.

See with what sad dejection in her looks,
Indulging grief, the mournful princess sits!
She weeps from morning's dawn to shades of night,
From gloom of night to redd'ning blush of morn;
Uncertain of Alcides' destiny,
Disconsolate his absence she laments.

No. 3.—AIR.

No longer, fate, relentless frown,
Preserve, great Jove, the hero's life,
With glory's wreath his actions crown,
And oh! restore him to his mourning wife.

No. 4.—RECITATIVE (accompanied).

Dejanira.

O Hercules! why art thou absent from me?
Return, my hero, to my arms!
O gods! how rack'ing are the pangs of absence
To one who fondly loves like me!

No. 5.—AIR.

The world, when day's career is run,
In darkness mourns the absent sun;
So I, deprived of that dear light,
That warm'd my breast and cheer'd my sight,
Deplore in thickest gloom of grief
The absence of the valiant chief.

No. 6.—RECITATIVE.

Lichas.

Princess! be comforted and hope the best:
A few revolving hours may bring him back,
Once more to bless your longing arms.

Dejanira.

Ah no! Impossible! He never will return!

Lichas.

Forbid it, heav'n, and all ye guardian pow'rs
That watch o'er virtue, innocence, and love!

Dejanira.

My son! dear image of thy absent sire!
What comfort bring'st thou to thy mother's ear?

Hyllus.

Eager to know my father's destiny,
I bade the priestes, with solemn sacrifice,
Explore the will of heav'n.
The altar smok'd, the slaughter'd victim bled,
When, lo! around the hallow'd walls a sudden glory blaz'd.
The priest acknowledg'd the auspicious omen,
And own'd the present god,
When, in a moment, the temple shook, the glory disappear'd,
And more than midnight darkness veil'd the place.

Lichas.

'Twas dreadful all!

Hyllus.

At length the sacred flam'en, full of the deity,
Prophetic spoke:
No. 7.—ARIOSO.—Hyllus.
I feel the god, he fills my breast!
Before my eyes the future stands confess’d;
I see the valiant chief in death laid low,
And flames aspire from Oeta’s lofty bow!

No. 8.—RECITATIVE.

Hyllus.
He said, the sacred fury left his breast,
And on the ground the fainting prophet fell.

Dejanira.
Then I am lost! oh, dreadful oracle!
My griefs hang heavy on my tortur’d soul,
And soon will sink me in the realms of night.
There once again I shall behold my Hercules,
Or whirl the lance, or bend the stubborn bow,
Or to the list’ning ghosts his toils recount.

No. 9.—AIR.—Dejanira.

There in myrtle shades reclin’d
By streams that thro’ Elysium wind,
In sweetest union we shall prove,
Eternity of bliss and love.

No. 10.—RECITATIVE.

Hyllus.
Despair not; but let rising hope suspend excess of grief
Till I have learnt the certainty of my dear father’s fate.
To-morrow’s sun shall see your Hyllus bend his pious steps,
To seek the hero through the travell’d globe;
If yet he lives, I will restore him to you, or perish in the search.

No. 11.—AIR.

Where conceal’d the northern streams
Bound in icy fetters, stand;
Where the sun’s intenser beams
Scorch the burning Lybian sand:
By honor, love, and duty led,
There with daring steps I’ll tread.

No. 12.—CHORUS.

Oh, filial pity! courageous love!
Go, youth inspir’d, thy virtue prove;
Immortal fame attends thee,
And pitying heav’n befriends thee.

No. 18.—RECITATIVE.

Lichas.

Banish your fears! Alemena’s godlike son lives,
And from sack’d Oechalia,
Which his arms have Jeavell’d with the ground,
Returns a conqueror.

Dejanira.
Oh, joyful news! Welcome as rising day to the benighted world,
Or falling show’re to the parch’d earth!
Ye lying omens, hence! Hence ev’ry anxious thought.

No. 14.—AIR.—Dejanira.

Begone, my fears, fly hence away,
Like clouds before the morning ray!
My hero found, with laurel crown’d,
Heav’n relenting, fate consenting,
Springing joys my griefs control,
And rising transports fill my soul.

No. 15.—RECITATIVE.

Lichas.
A train of captives, red with honest wounds,
and low’ring on their chains,
Attend the conqueror: but more to grace the pomp of victory;
The lovely Isse, Oechalia’s princess,
With captive beauty swells the joyful triumph.

Hyllus.
My soul is mov’d for th’ unhappy princess,
And fain, methinks, I would unbind her chains; But say, her father, haughty Eurystus?

Lichas.

He fell in single combat by the sword of Hercules.

Dejanira.

No more, but haste, and wait thy lord’s arrival!

Lichas.

How soon is deepest grief exchanged for bliss.

No. 16.—AIR.—Lichas.

The smiling hours a joyful train
On silken pinions waft again
The moments of delight.
Returning pleasures banish woe,
As ebbing streams recruited flow
And day succeeds to night.

No. 17.—CHORUS.

Let none despair, relief may come though late,
And heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate.

No. 18.—RECITATIVE.

Isse.

Ye faithful followers of the wretched Isse,
Your bonds sit heavier on me than my own.
Unhappy maid! my fate has dragg’d you down
Like some vast pile that crushes with its fall
The neighboring domes
And spreads wide ruin round it.

First Oechalian.

You are our mistress still.
HERCULES.

Io. 
Alas! Erastus, captivity, like the destroyer of life, 
Throws all distinction down, and slaves are equal. 
But, if the gods relent, and give us back our lost liberty. 
Ah me! How soon the flat-terer Hope is ready with his cordial! 
Vain expectations! no! 
Adieu for ever, ye smiling joys, and innocent delights of youth and liberty. 
O sad remembrance!

No. 19.—AIR.—Io. 
Daughter of gods, bright Liberty! With thee a thousand graces reign, 
A thousand pleasures crowd thy train 
And hail thee loveliest deity. 
But, alas! that wing’d thy flight, 
The graces that surround thy throne, 
And all the pleasures with thee gone, 
Remov’d for ever from my sight.

RECITATIVE. 
Io. 
But hark! the victor comes.

No. 20.—MARCH. 
Hercules. 
Thanks to the pow’rs above, but chief to thee, father of gods, 
From whose immortal race I draw my birth, 
Now my long toils are o’er and Juno’s rage appeas’d. 
With pleasure now, at rest, my various labours I review. 
Oechalia’s fall is added to my titles, 
And points the rising summit of my glory. 
Fair princess, weep no more! I forget these bonds: 
In Trachin you are free, as in Oechalia. 
Io. 
Forgive me, gen’rous victor, 
If a sigh for my dead father, 
For my friends, my country, will have its way; 
I cannot yet forget that such things were, 
And that I once enjoy’d them.

No. 22.—AIR.—Io. 
My father! ah! methinks I see 
The sword inflict the deadly wound. 
He bleeds, he falls in agony; 
Dying he bites the crimson ground. 
Peaceful rest, dear parent shade, 
Light the earth be on thee laid! 
In thy daughter’s pious mind 
All thy virtues live enshrined.

No. 23.—RECITATIVE.—Hercules. 
Now farewell, arms! from hence the tide of time 
Shall bear me gently down to mellow age; 
From war to love I fly, my cares to lose 
In gentle Dejanira’s fond embrace.

No. 24.—AIR. 
The god of battle quite the bloody field 
And useless hang the glittering spear and shield; 
While all resign’d to conquer beauty’s charms 
He gives himself to love in Cytherea’s arms.

No. 25.—CHORUS. 
Crown’d with festal pomp the day, 
Be mirth extravagantly gay, 
Bid the grateful altars smoke, 
Bid the maids the youths provoke 
To join the dance, while music’s voice 
Tells aloud our rapturous joys!

ACT II. 

No. 26.—SINFONIA. 
No. 27.—RECITATIVE.—Io. 
Why was I born a princess, rais’d on high to fall with greater ruin? 
Had the gods made me the humble tenant of some cottage 
I had been happy.

No. 28.—AIR. 
Now blest the maid ordain’d to dwell 
With sweet content in humble cell, 
From cities far remov’d. 
By farm’ring hills, on verdant plains, 
To add the flocks with village swains, 
Through low, yet happy in that low estate, 
And safe from ills which on a princess wait.

No. 29.—RECITATIVE. 
Dejanira. 
It must be so! fame speaks aloud my wrongs, 
And ev’ry voice proclaims Alcides’ falsehood; 
Love, jealousy, and rage at once distract me. 
Io. 
What anxious cares untimely thus disturb 
The happy consort of the son of Jove? 
Dejanira. 
Insulting maid! I had indeed been happy, 
But for the fatal lustre of thy beauty!

No. 30.—AIR.—Dejanira. 
When beauty sorrows’ liv’ry wears, 
Our passions take the fair one’s part. 
Love dies, his arrows in her heart 
And sends them pointed to the heart.

No. 31.—RECITATIVE. 
Io. 
Whence this unjust suspicion?
Dejanira.

Fame of thy beauty (so report informs me),
First brought Alcides to Oechnia’s court;
He saw, he lov’d, he ask’d you of your father;
His suit rejected, in revenge he level’d the
Haughty town, and here away the spoil;
But the rich prize for which he fought and
Conqu’red was Iole.

Iole.

Ah no! it was ambition, not slighted love
That laid Oechnia low; and made the wretched
Iole a captive,
Report, that in the garb of truth disguises the
Blackest falsehood,
Has abused your ear with a forged tale;
But oh! let me conjure you, for your dear
Peace of mind,
Beware of jealousy.

No. 32.—AIR.—Iole.

Ah! think what ill the jealous prove;
Adieu to peace, adieu to love,
Exchang’d for endless pain.
With venom fraught the becom swells,
And never-ceasing discord dwells
Where harmony should reign.

No. 33.—RECITATIVE.

Dejanira.

It is too sure, that Hercules is false.

Iole.

My godlike master?

Dejanira.

Is a traitor, Ioleas.—
Traitor to honour, love, and Dejanira!

Iole.

Alcides false? Impossible!

No. 34.—AIR.—Ioleas.

As stars that rise and disappear
Still in the same bright circle move,
So shines unchecked thy hero’s love,
Nor absence can his faith impair.
The breast where genu’rous valour dwells
In constancy no less excels.

No. 35.—RECITATIVE.

Dejanira.

In vain you strive his falsehood to disguise.

Ioleas.

This is thy work, accursed jealousy!

No. 36.—CHORUS.

Jealousy! pervading past,
Tyrant of the human breast!
How, from slightest cause bred,
Dost thou lift thy hated head.
Trifles light as floating air
Sacred proofs to thee appear.

No. 37.—RECITATIVE.

Hyllus.

She knows my passion, and has heard me breathe
My am’rous vows;
But, deaf to the soft plea, rejects my offer’d love.
See where she stands, like fair Diana, circled
By her nymphs.

Iole.

Too well, young prince. I guess the cause that
This way leads your steps.
Why will you urge a suit I must not hear?
Love finds no dwelling in that hapless breast,
Where sorrow and her gloomy train reside.

Hyllus.

The soothing hand of ill-subduing time
May drive these black intruders from their seat,
And leave the heav’nly mansion of uly bosom
Serene and vacant to a softer guest.

Iole.

And thinkst thou Iole can ever love the son of
Hercules,
Whose arms deprived her of country, father,
Liberty?
Impossible!

Hyllus.

I own the truths that blast my springing hopes;
Yet oh, permit me, charming maid,
To gaze on those dear beauties that enchant
My soul
And view, at least, that heaven I must despair
to gain.

Iole.

Is this, is this the son of Hercules,
For labours fam’d and hardy deeds of arms?
Oh, prince, exult the virtues of thy race,
And call forth all thy father in thy soul.

No. 38.—AIR.—Iole.

Banish love from thy breast,
’Tis a wondrous guest,
Fit only mean thoughts to inspire.
Bright glory invites thee,
Fair honour excites thee.
To tread in the steps of thy sire.

No. 39.—RECITATIVE.—Hyllus.

Forgive a passion, which resistsless sways
Ev’n breasts immortal.

No. 40.—AIR.

From celestial seats descending,
Joys divine awhile suspending,
Ghosts have left their heav’n above
To taste the sweeter heav’n of love.
Cease my passion, then, to blame;
Cease to scorn a godlike flame.
No. 41.—CHORUS.
Wanton god of amorous stores,
Wishes, sighs, and soft desires,
All nature’s sons thy laws maintain;
O’er liquid air and swelling main
Extends thy uncontroll’d and boundless reign.

No. 42.—RECITATIVE.

Dejanira.
Yes, I congratulate your titles, swain with proud
Ocehanin’s fall;
But oh! I grieve to see the victor to the
vanish’d yield,
How lost, alas! how fall’n from what you were!
Your fame eclipse’d, and all your laurels blasted!

Hercules.
Unjust reproach! No, Dejanira, no!
While glorious deeds demand a just applause.

No. 43.—AIR.—Hercules.

Achilles’ name in latest story
Shall with brightest lustre shine;
And future heroes rise to glory
By actions emulate mine.

No. 44.—RECITATIVE.—Dejanira.
Oh, glorious pattern of heroic deeds
The mighty warrior, whom not Jove’s hate
Nor a long series of incessant labours could e’er subdue,
A captive maid has conquer’d!
Oh, shame to manhood! Oh, disgrace of arms!

No. 45.—AIR.
Resign thy club and lion’s spoils,
And by from war to female toil;
For the glittering sword and shield,
The spindle and the distaff yield.
Thund’ring Mars no more shall arm thee;
Glory’s call no more shall warm thee;
Venus and her winking boy
Shall all thy wanton hours employ.

No. 46.—RECITATIVE.

Hercules.
You are deceived! some villain has belied
My ever-faithful love and constancy.

Dejanira.
Would it were so, and that the babbler Fame
Had not through all the Grecian cities spread
the shameful tale!

Hercules.
The priests of Jupiter prepare, with solemn rites,
To thank the god for the success of my
victorious arms:
The ready sacrifice expects my presence. I go.
Meantime let these suspicious sleep,
Nor causeless jealousy alarm your breast. [Exit.

Dejanira.
Dissembling, false, perfidious Hercules;
Did he not swear, when first he woo’d my love,
The sun should cease to dawn,
The silver moon be blotted from her orb,
Ere he prov’d false?

No. 47.—AIR.—Dejanira.
Cease, ruler of the day, to rise,
Nor thou, Cynthia, gild the e’ning skies,
To your bright beams he made appeal,
With endless night his falsehood seal!

No. 48.—RECITATIVE.

Dejanira.
Some kinder pow’r inspire me to regain
His alienated love and bring the wand’rer back.
Ha! lucky thought! I have a garment dip’d in
Nessus’ blood
When from the wound he drew the barbed shaft
Sent by Achilles’ hand;
It boasts a wondrous virtue, to revive the
expiring flame of love:
So Nessus told me, when, dying, to my hand
he trusted it—
I will prevail with Hercules to wear it, and
prove its magic force.

[Enter Lichas.]
And see, the herald! I fit instrument to execute
my purpose.
Lichas, thy hands shall to the temple bear
A rich embroidered robe, and beg thy lord
Will instant o’er his manly shoulders throw his
consort’s gift,
The pledge of love’s renewal.

Lichas.
Oh, pleasing task! oh, happy Hercules!

No. 49.—AIR.—Lichas.
Constant lovers, never roving,
Never jealous, torments proving,
They no perfect pleasures taste;
But the bliss to rapture growing,
Bliss from love a renewal flowing,
This is love’s sublime requital.

No. 50.—RECITATIVE.

Dejanira.
But see the princess Isla,
Retire! be still, my jealous fears,
And let my tongue disguise the torture of my
bleeding heart.
Forgive me, princess, if my jealous frenzy
Too roughly greeted you! I see and blame the
error.
That misled me to insult that innocence and
beauty.
Thank the gods, that have inspir'd your mind
With calmer thoughts,
And from your breast remov'd the vulture jealousy!
Live! and be happy in Alcides' love, while
Wretched Ixie— [Weeping.

Dejanira.
Princess, no more! lift but those beauteous eyes
To the fair prospect of returning happiness.
At my request Alcides shall restore you to liberty,
And your paternal throne.

No. 51.—DUET.

Dejanira.
Joys of freedom, joys of pow'r,
Wait upon the coming hour,
And court thee to be blest.

Ixie.
What heavenly pleasing sounds I hear!
How sweet they steal upon my ear,
And charm my soul to rest.

No. 52.—RECITATIVE.

Dejanira.
Father of Hercules, great Jove,
Oh help this last expedient of despairing love!

No. 53.—CHORUS.

Love and Hymen, hand in hand,
Come, restore the nuptial band!
And sincere delights prepare,
To crown the hero and the fair.

ACT 3.

No. 54.—SINFONIA.

No. 55.—RECITATIVE.

Ixie.
Ye sons of Thracian, mourn your valiant chief,
Return'd from foes and dangers threat'ning death,
To fall, inglorious, by a woman's hand.

First Thracian.

Oh, dolorous tidings!

Ixie.

As the hero stood, prepar'd for sacrifice,
And festal pomp adorn'd the temple,
These unlucky hands presented him,
In Dejanira's name, a costly robe,
The pledge of love's renewal.

With smiles that testified his rising joy,
Alcides o'er his manly shoulders threw the
tranch'rous gift;
But when the altar's flame began
To shed its warmth upon his limbs.
The clinging robe, by cursed art envenom'd,
Through all his joints dispers'd a subtle poison.
Frantic with agonizing pain,
He flings his tortured body on the sacred floor,
Then strives to rip the deadly garment off:
But, with it, tears the bleeding mangled flesh:
His dreadful cries the vaulted roof returns!

No. 56.—AIR.—Ixie.

Oh, scene of unexampled woe!
Oh, sun of glory, sunk so low!
What language can our sorrow tell?
Gallant, unhappy chief—farewell!

No. 57.—RECITATIVE.

First Thracian.

Oh, fatal jealousy!
Oh, cruel recompense of virtue, in severest labors tried.

No. 58.—CHORUS.

Tyrants now no more shall dread
On necks of vanquish'd slaves to tread.
Horr'd forms of monstrous birth
Again shall vex the groaning earth.
Tear of punishment is o'er,
The world's avenger is no more.

No. 59.—AIR.—Hercules.

Oh, Jove! what land is this?
What clime accurst—by raging Phoebus scorched?
I burn—I burn! tormenting fire consumes me.
Oh! I die, some ease, ye pitying pow'rs!
I rage with more than Stygian pain;
Along my feverish veins like liquid fire
The subtle poison hastens.
Boreas! bring thy northern blast, and through
My bosom rear!
Or, Neptune, kindly pour the sea's collected blood
Into my breast, and cool my boiling blood!

No. 60.—RECITATIVE.

Hyllus.

Great Jove! relieve his pains!

Hercules.

Was it for this unnumber'd boils I bore?
Oh, Juno and Eurythemus, I absolve ye!
Your keenest malice yield to Dejanira—
Mistaken, cruel, treacherous Dejanira!
Oh, this cursed robe!
It clings to my torn sides and drinks my vital blood!
Hyllus.
Alas! my father!

Hercules.
My son, observe thy dying sire's request:
While yet I live, bear me to Oeta's top;
There, on the summit of that cloud-capped hill,
The tow'ring oak and lofty cypress fell,
And raise a funeral pile;
Upon it lay me: then ride the kindling heap,
That I may mount on wings of flame
To mingle with the gods!

Hyllus.
Oh, glorious thought! worthy the son of Jove!

Hercules.
My pains redouble. Oh! be quick, my son,
And bear me to the scene of glorious death.

Hyllus.
How is the hero fall'n!

No. 61.—AIR.—Hyllus.
Let not fame the tidings spread
To prove Ossaah's conquer'd wall;
The baffled foe will lift his head,
And triumph in the victor's fall.

No. 62.—RECATIVATIVE AND AIR.

Dejanira.
Where shall I fly? where hide this guilty head?
Oh, fatal error of misguided love!
Oh, cruel Nessus, how art thou reveng'd?
Wretched I am! by me Alcides dies!
These impious hands have sent my injur'd lord
Untimely to the shades.
Let me be mad! chain me, ye furies, to your
iron hocks,
And lash my guilty ghost with whips of
scorpions!
See, see! they come! Alcides with her snakes
Megaera fell, and black Tisiphone!
See the dreadful sisters rise!
Their baleful presence taints the skies!
See, see! the sanguine withy they bear!
What yellings rend my tortured ear!
Hide me from their hated sight,
Friendly shades of blackest night.
Alas! no rest the guilty soul
From the pursuing furies of the mind.

Dejanira.
Lo the fair fatal cause of all this rain!
Fly from my sight, detested sorely fly,
Last my ungovern'd fury rush upon thee,
And scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n!
Alas! I rave! the lovely maid is innocent,
And I alone the guilty cause of all.

Io.
Though stern from ev'ry joy,
A father's love, my native land, and dear pris'd
liberty,
By Hercules' arms, still must I pine.
The countless woes of this unhappy house.

No. 64.—AIR.—Io.
My breast with tender pity swells
At sight of human woe;
And sympathetic anguish feels
Where'er heav'n strikes the blow.

No. 65.—RECATIVATIVE.

Priest of Jupiter.
Princess, rejoice! whose heav'n-directed hand
Has rais'd Alcides to the court of Jove.

Dejanira.
Speak, priest! what means this dark mysteri-
ous greeting?
That he is dead, and by this fatal hand.
Too sure, alas! my bleeding heart divines.

Priest.
Borne (by his own command) to Oeta's top,
Stretch'd on a funeral pile the hero lay,
The crackling flames surround his manly
limbs—
When lo! an eagle, scooping from the clouds,
Swift to the burning pile his flight directs;
There lights a moment, then with speedy wing
Regains the sky.
Astonish'd we consult the sacred grove,
Where sounds ascendant from vocal oaks
Disclose the will of Jove.
Here the great sire his offspring's fate declared:
"His mortal part by eating fires consum'd,
His part immortal to Olympus borne,
"There with assembled deities to dwell!"

No. 66.—AIR.—Ilieas.
He who for Atlas prop'd the sky
Now sees the sphere beneath him lie;
In bright abodes of kindred gods
A new admitted guest,
With purple lips brisk nectar sips
And shares th' ambrosial feast.
No. 67.—RECIrATIVE.

Dejanira.

Words are too faint to speak the warring passions that combat in my breast; Grief, wonder, joy, by turns deject and elevate my soul.

Priest.

Nor less thy destiny, illustrious maid, Is Jove's peculiar care, who thus decrees: Hymen, with purest joys of love, Shall crown Oechalia's princess and the son of Hercules.

Hyllus.

"How blest is Hyllus, if the lovely Iole, Consent,ing, ravishes the gift of heav'n."

Iole.

What Jove ordains, can Jole resist?

No. 68.—Duet.

Iole.

O prince, whose virtues all admire, Since Jove has ev'ry bar remov'd, I feel my vanquish'd heart conspire To crown a flame by heav'n approv'd.

Hyllus.

O princes whose exalted charms, Above ambition fire my breast; How great my joy to fill those arms, At once with love and empire blest.

Iole.

I grieve no more, since now I see All happiness restor'd in thee.

Hyllus.

I ask no more, since now I find All earthly good in thee combin'd.

No. 69.—RECIrATIVE.—Priest.

Ye sons of freedom, now in ev'ry clime, With joyful accents sing the deathless chief, By virtue to the starry mansions rais'd.

No. 70.—CHORUS.

To him your gratitude duly belongs, Thrice of fair liberty's far-sounding songs! Aw'd by his name, unjust pow'r shuns the light, And slav'ry hides her head in depths of night, While happy climes to his example owe The blessings that from peace and freedom flow.
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
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<td>Soprano</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>O Hercules</td>
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<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Air</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>The world, when day's career is run</td>
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<td>Princess! be comforted</td>
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<td>5</td>
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<td></td>
<td>I feel the god</td>
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<td>He said the sacred fury</td>
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<td>Aroso</td>
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<td>There, in myrtle shades reclined</td>
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<td>Despair not</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>Air</td>
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<td>Oh, filial piety</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>Air</td>
<td>Tenor</td>
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<td>Banish your fears</td>
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<td>12</td>
<td>Chorus</td>
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<td>Begone my fears</td>
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<td>A train of captives</td>
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<td>14</td>
<td>Air</td>
<td>Soprano</td>
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<td>The smiling hours</td>
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<td>Let none despair</td>
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<td>16</td>
<td>Air</td>
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<td>Ye faithful followers</td>
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<td>Daughter of gods</td>
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<td>Thanks to the pow'rs above</td>
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<td>19</td>
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<td></td>
<td>My father</td>
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<td>Now farewell, arms</td>
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<td>21</td>
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<td></td>
<td>The god of battle</td>
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<td>22</td>
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<td>Crown with festal pomp</td>
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## ACT II.

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**ACT III.**

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<td>54</td>
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<td>Ye sons of Trachic</td>
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<td>Ye sons of Trachic</td>
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<td>Air</td>
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<td>Ye sons of Trachic</td>
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<td>68</td>
<td>Duett</td>
<td>Soprano, Tenor</td>
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</tr>
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<td>69</td>
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<td>70</td>
<td>Chorus</td>
<td>Bass</td>
<td>Ye sons of Trachic</td>
<td>Ye sons of Trachic</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 2.

RECIT. — "SEE WITH WHAT SAD DEJECTION."

LICHAS.

ALTO

Voice.

PIANO.

C

LARGO.

See,

with what sad dejection in her looks, indulging grief, the mournful princess

sits! She weeps, from morning's dawn to shades of night, from gloom of night to redning blush of morn; uncertain of Alcides' destiny, disconsolate, dis-consolate his

ab-sence she la-ments, dis-con-solate his ab-sence she la-ments.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—73
No. 3.

Air.—"NO LONGER, FATE, RELENTLESS FROWN."

Larghetto.

Piano.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

---

LYCHAS.

No long-er, fate, . . . relentless frown,
Preserve, great Jove, the her-o's
life, preserve, pre-serve, . . . the her-o's life, preserve, great

Jove, the her-o's life, the her-o's life, . . . no long-er, fate, re-lent-less . . .

frown, preserve, great Jove, the her-o's life,

---

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(3.)
no long-er, fate, re- lent-less frown, pre-serve, great Jove, the her-o's
life, pre-serve, great Jove, the her-o's life, no long-er, fate,

_Adagio._
Tempo I.m.

no long-er, fate, re- lent-less frown, pre-serve, great Jove, the her-o's life!

_Fine._
With glo-ry's wreath his acts-ions crown, with glo-ry's

*Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.*
wreath his actions crown, And,

oh! re-store him to his mourn-ing wife, re-store him, re-

store him to his mourn-ing wife, and, oh! re-store him,

Adagio. Tempo Imo.

oh! re-store him to his mourn-ing wife.

Adagio. Tempo Imo.

D.S.

No long-er.

D.S.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 4.

Recit.—(Accomp.) "OH HERCULES!"

Treble Voice.  
Adagio. Dejanira

Oh Her-cu-les! why art thou ab-sent from me? re-turn, re-

- turn, my he-ro, to my arms!—Oh gods, how rack-ing are the pains of

ab-sence to one who loves, who fond-ly loves, like me!

No. 5.

Air.—"THE WORLD, WHEN DAY'S CAREER IS RUN."

Piano.

Largo.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(II.)
Dejanira.

The world, when day's career is run,

the world, when day's career is

run, in darkness, in darkness mourns the absent sun, in

darkness, in darkness mourns the absent sun, the absent sun, the absent sun;

The world, when day's career is run, in

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
darkness, in darkness mourns the absent sun, in darkness mourns,

in darkness mourns the absent sun,

So I, dep'red of that dear light, so

I, dep'red of that dear light, That war'd my breast, and cheer'd my sight,

that war'd my breast, and cheer'd my sight, De-plore, in thickest gloom

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
of grief, the absence of the valiant chief, de-

plore, in thick-est gloom of grief, the absence, de-

plore the absence, de-

plore, in thick-est gloom of grief, the absence of the valiant,

Adagio.

va-

Adagio. valiant chief.

pp
No. 6.

RECIT._"PRINCESS! BE COMFORTED."

Voice.

LICHAS.

Prin-cess! be com-fort-ed, and hope the best: a few re-volv-ing

Piano.

Dejanira.

hours may bring him back, once more to bless your longing arms. Ah, no! im-

Lichas.

pos-si-ble! he ne ver will re-turn! For-bid it, heav’n, and all ye guar-dian

Dejanira.

pow’rs, that watch o’er virtue, innocence, and love! My son! dear image of thy ab-sent

Hylus. (Tenor.)

 sire! what comfort bring’tst thou to thy mother’s ear! Ea-ger to know my fa-ther’s des-ti-ny, I bade the

Handel’s "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(15)
priests, with solemn sacrilege, explore the will of heav'n. The altar smoked, the slaughter'd victim bled, when, lo! around the hallowed walls a sudden glory blazed. The priest acknowledged the auspicious omen, and own'd the present god, when in a moment, the temple shook, the

lachas.
glory disappear'd, and more than midnight darkness veil'd the place. 'Twas dreadful all! At length the sacred flamen, full of the deity, prophetic spoke:

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 7.

Arioso.—"I FEEL THE GOD."

Piano.

Hyllus.

I feel, I feel the god,

I feel, I feel the god, he fills my breast,

he fills, he fills my breast! Before my eyes the future stands confess'd,

Before my

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(17.)
eyes the future stands confess'd; I see the valiant chief in death laid low, I see the valiant chief in death laid low, un poco più Andante.

And flames aspire from Oeta's lofty.

un poco più Andante. $d=72.$

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
brow, and flames ... as-pire.

and flames as-pire, and flames as-pire from

Oe- -ta's lofty, lofty brow!

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 8.

**Recit.**—"HE SAID THE SACRED FURY."

**HYLLUS.**

He said the sacred fury left his breast, and on the

**Piano.**


**DEJANIRA.**

ground the fainting prophet fell. Then I am lost! oh, dreadful o - ra - cle! my

griefs hang heavy on my tortur'd soul, and soon will sink me in the realms of

night. There once again I shall be hold my Her - cu - les, or whirl the lance, or

bend the stub - born bow, or to the list'ning ghosts his toils re - count.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. (23.)
No. 9.

Air—"THERE, IN MYRTLE SHADES RECLINED."

Pianoforte.

Dejanira.

There, there in myrtle shades reclin'd, By

streams that thro' Elysium wind, that thro' Elysium wind, In sweetest union we shall

prove, Eternity of bliss and love, eternity of bliss and love;...
There, in myrtle shades recumb'd, By streams that flow Elysian wind, In sweetest union we shall prove Eternity of bliss and love, eternity of bliss and love.

There we shall prove eternity of bliss and love.

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ever and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Despair not; but let rising hope suspend excess of grief, till

I have learnt the certainty of my dear father’s fate. Tomorrow's sun shall

see your Hylus bend his pious steps, to seek the hero through the travel'd

globe; if yet he lives, I will restore him to you, or perish in the search.
No. 11.  Air.—"WHERE CONGEAL'D THE NORTHERN STREAMS."

Andante larghetto e staccato.

Piano.

Hyllus.

Where congeal'd the northern

streams, Bound in icy fetters, stand, Where congeal'd the northern

streams, Bound in icy fetters stand; Where the sun's inacter

Hunsden "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co's Octavo Edition.—(34.)
beams! Scorch the burning Lybian sand: By honour, love and duty led.

There with daring steps I'll tread, there with daring steps I'll tread, Where congeal'd the northern streams, Bound in icy fetters, stand, By honour, love and duty led, There with daring steps I'll tread, there with daring steps I'll tread, 

Handel's 'Hercules'—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ting, there with daring steps I'll tread, Where conceal'd the northern streams, Bound in icy fetters stand; Where the sun's intenser beams Scorch the burning Libyan sand: By honour, love, and duty led, There with daring steps I'll tread, there with daring steps I'll

Handel's " Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Handel's "Hercules."--Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
coura·geous love! go, go, youth in-

coura·geous love! go, go, youth in-

coura·geous love! go, go, youth in-

coura·geous love! go, go, youth in-

spir'd, thy virtue prove, thy virtue prove,

spir'd, thy virtue prove, thy virtue prove,

spir'd, thy virtue prove, thy virtue prove,

spir'd, thy virtue prove, thy virtue prove.

go, youth in spir'd, thy virtue prove.

go, youth in spir'd, thy virtue prove.

go, youth in spir'd, thy virtue prove.

go, youth in spir'd, thy virtue prove.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Andante.

Immortal fame attends thee,
Immortal fame attends thee,
Immortal fame attends thee,
Immortal fame attends thee,

Immortal fame attends thee,
Immortal fame attends thee,
Immortal fame attends thee,
Immortal fame attends thee,

Immortal fame, immortal fame,
Immortal fame, immortal fame,
Immortal fame, immortal fame,
Immortal fame, immortal fame,

Immortal fame, immortal fame, immortal fame, immortal fame,
Immortal fame, immortal fame, immortal fame, immortal fame,
Immortal fame, immortal fame, immortal fame, immortal fame,

Händel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
im-mortal fame at-tends thee,
and pitying heav'n, and pitying heav'n.

heav'n.
be friends thee,
and pitying heav'n, and pitying heav'n.
im-mortal fame.
im-mortal fame.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Mandell's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Händel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
attends thee, and pitying heav’n, and pitying heav’n, and pitying heav’n, and pitying
attends thee, and pitying heav’n, and pitying heav’n, and pitying heav’n, and pitying
attends thee, and pitying heav’n, and pitying heav’n, and pitying heav’n, and pitying
attends thee, and pitying heav’n, and pitying heav’n, and pitying

Largo.

heav’n befriends befriends thee! Oh, filial piety!
heav’n befriends befriends thee! Oh, filial piety!
heav’n befriends befriends thee! Oh, filial piety!
heav’n befriends befriends thee! Oh, filial piety!

Largo. 66.+

No. 13.  

**Rect.—“Banish Your Fears.”**

**LICHAS.**

Banish your fears! Alcmeon's god-like son lives, and from sack'd Oechalia,

**Piano.**

**DEJANIRA.**

which his arms have loved with the ground, re-turns a conqueror! Oh, joy-ful

news! welcome as rising day to the benighted world, or falling show'rs to the parch'd

earth! Ye ly-ing o-men, hence! hence, ev-ry anxious thought!

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(29.)
No. 14.

Am.—"BEGONE, MY FEARS."

Voice.

Dejanira.

gone, my fears, fly hence a-way, like clouds be-fore.

the morning ray, like clouds be-fore the ray,
fore the morning ray, be-gone, my fears, fly hence a-way... like

clouds... before the morning ray!

Handel's "Herodes."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
fly hence a-way, fly hence a-way, my fears, like clouds, like clouds before the morning Adagio.
hero found, with laurel crown'd, Heav'n relenting.

fate consenting, Springing joys my griefs control, And

rising transports fill my soul, and rising transports

fill my soul, and rising transports fill my soul, fill.

my soul, fill... my soul, and rising transports fill my soul.

D.C.

Handel's "Herodes."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Recit.—"A TRAIN OF CAPTIVES."

A train of captives, red with hon-est wounds, and low-rung on their chains,

attend the conqueror; but more to grace the pomp of vic-to-ry, the love-ly I-o-le, Ocha-lis's

princess, with captive beau-ty swells the joyful triumph. My soul is mov'd for th'un-lun-ny

princess, and fain, me-thinks, I would unbind her chains; but say, her fa-ther, haugh-ty Eu-

ry-tus? He fell in sin-gle com-bat by the sword of Her-ces. No more, but

haste, and wait thy lord's ar-ri-val! How soon is deep-est grief exchang'd for bliss!

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(44.)
No. 16.

Am.—"THE SMILING HOURS."

Allegro, ma non troppo.

Piano.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

LICHAS.

The smi-ling... hours, a joy-ful...

train, the smi-ling... hours, a joy-ful...

train, On sil-k-en pin-ions waft... a-gain. The mo-ments of de-

- light, the mo-ments of de-light, ... ... ... waft.

Handel's 'Hercules.'—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(45.)
The moments of delight, wait the moments of delight.

The smiling hours, a joyful train, On silken pinions wait again, on silken pinions wait again. The moments of de-
Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
pleasures banish woe.

As ebbing... streams recruited flow And day succeeds to

night, Returning pleasures banish woe, As ebbing...

streams recruited flow, And day succeeds to night.

and day... succeeds to night, and day succeeds to night.

D.C.

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Chorus.—"LET NONE DESPAIR."

Treele.                         Alto.
Andante allegro.                Andante allegro.

Tenor. (five lower.)
Let none des-pair, let none des-pair, re-lief may come, though late,


Piano.                          Piano.
$\text{\textit{coll' See.}}$       $\text{\textit{coll' See.}}$

Let none des-pair, let none des-pair, re-lief may come, though late, let none des-pair, let none des-pair, re-lief may come, though late, let none des-pair, re-lief may come.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(40.)
late, let none des-pair, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

Let none des-pair, let none des-pair, re-lief may come, though late,

none des-pair, re-lief... may come, though late, and heav’n can snatch us

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

Let none des-pair, let none des-pair, re-lief may come, though late,

none des-pair, re-lief... may come, though late, and heav’n can snatch us

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

Let none des-pair, let none des-pair, re-lief may come, though late,

none des-pair, re-lief... may come, though late, and heav’n can snatch us

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

Let none des-pair, let none des-pair, re-lief may come, though late,

none des-pair, re-lief... may come, though late, and heav’n can snatch us

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

... though late, and heav’n can snatch us from the verge of fate,
from the verge of fate, relief may come, tho' late,
late, may, may come, too late,
and heav'n can snatch us, heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

from the verge of fate, from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate,

fate, let none despair, let none despair, from the verge of fate, and heav'n can

fate, let none despair, let none despair, and heav'n can snatch us

and heav'n can snatch, . . .

snatch us from the verge of fate, from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, from the

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Editio.
from the verge of fate, from the verge of fate, let none despair, relief may

...and heaven can snatch us from the verge of

let none despair,

let none despair,

let none despair,

let none despair, relief may come, though

come, though late, may come, though late, let none despair,

late, may come, may come, though late,

- pair, let none des-pair,

none des-pair, let none des-pair, let none des-pair, let

let none des-pair,

let none des-pair, let none des-pair, relief may

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
late, and heav'n can snatch us
from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us
late, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us
late, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us
heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, and heav'n can
and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate, and heav'n can
snatch us from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate.
snatch us from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate.
snatch us from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate.
snatch us from the verge of fate, and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate.
can snatch us, heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate.

Handel's 'Hezzelehe.'—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 18.  

Recit.—"YE FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS."

Voice.

Ye faithful followers of the wretched I-o-te, your bonds sit heavier on me than my own. Unhappy maid! my fate has dragg'd you down, like some vast pile, that

1st Orpheus.

crush-es with its fall the neighbouring domes, and spreads wide ru-in round it. You are our mis-tress

Voice.

still. A-las! E-ras-tia, cap-ti-vy, like the de-stroy-er. Death, throws

all dis-tin-ctions down, and slaves are e-qual. But, if the gods re-lent, and give us

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co's Octavo Edition.—(5.)
back to our lost liberty. Ah me! how soon the flatterer Hope is ready with his cordial! vain expectations! no!—adieu for ever, ye smiling joys, and innocent delight of youth and liberty! O sad remembrance!

No. 19.

Air.—"DAUGHTER OF GODS."

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s, Octavo Edition.
Daughter of gods, bright Liberty! With thee a thousand graces reign;
A thousand pleasures, a thousand pleasures crowd thy train,
a thousand, thousand pleasures, thousand pleasures crowd thy train,

train, and hail the love-liest de-ity, the love-liest de-ity, and hail

thee love-liest de-ity, the loves-iest de-ity.

Daughter of gods, bright Li-ber-ty! With thee a thousand gra-ces,

Adagio.

a tempo.

a thousand graces reign,

and hail thee love-liest de-ity, thee

loveliest de-ity,

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
But thou, alas! that wing'd thy flight, The graces that surround thy

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
throné, the græ-ces that surround thy throné, And all the pleasures with thee gone, and all the
plea-sures, Remov'd for
e-ver from my sight, renov'd for e-ver... from... my sight! Tempo Imo.

Voice. 

But bark! the vic-tor comes.

Handel's "Hercules."-Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
"THANKS TO THE POW'RS ABOVE."

Thanks to the pow'rs above, but chief to thee, fa-ther of gods, from whose immortal

draw my birth, Now my long toils are o'er, and Ju-no's rage ap-

peas'd. With pleasure, now, at rest, my various labours I re-view. Oechalia's

fall is added to my ti-tles, and points the ris-ing summit of my glo-ry.

Fair princess, weep no more! forget these bonds; in Trachin you are free, as in Oe-

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(64.)
For me, generous victor, if a sigh for my dead father,
for my friends, my country, will have its way; I cannot yet forget,
that such things were, and that I once enjoyed them.

No. 22.

**AIR.**—"MY FATHER!"

father! ah! methinks I see the sword inflict the deadly wound; he bleeds, he falls in agony, he bleeds, he falls in agony; dying he bites the crimson ground, dying he bites the crimson ground, my father! ah! methinks I see the sword inflict the deadly wound; he bleeds, he falls in agony,
Adagio.

Larghetto e piano.

dying he bites the emm - son ground.

Peaceful rest, peaceful rest, dear parent shade, dear parent shade.

Light the earth be on thee laid! In thy

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
daughter's pious mind
All thy virtues, all thy virtues live

In thy daughter's pious mind
All thy virtues, all thy virtues live enshrin'd;

Peacful
rest, dear parent shade, In thy daughter's pious mind All thy virtues live on shrin'd.

No. 23. 

RECIT. "NOW FAREWELL, ARMS!"

HERCULES.

Now farewell, arms! from hence the tide of time shall bear me gently down to melancholy age; from war to love I fly, my cares to lose in gentle Dejanira's fond embrace.

HANDEL'S "HERCULES."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 24. 

Am. — "THE GOD OF BATTLE."

Voice. 

Allegro.

Piano. 

160.

Hercules.

The god of battle quits the bloody field, And useless hang the glittering spear and shield; The god of battle quits the bloody

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(78.)
field. And useless hang the glittering spear and shield;
The god of battle quits the bloody field, the bloody
field, the god of battle quits the bloody field, and
useless, and useless, and useless hang the spear,

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
the glitt'ring spear and shield,
and use-less hang the spear and shield;

While all resign'd to conqu'ring beauty's charms, He gives himself to love, in Cytherea's arms, in Cytherea's

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, liver and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
arms, While all-re-sign'd to con-qu'ring beauty's charms, He gives him-self to

love, in Cy-there's arms, he
gives him-self to love, while all-re-sign'd to con-qu'ring beauty's

charms, . . . . . . . . . . . . . to

con-qu'ring beauty's charms, he gives him-self to love,

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 25.  
CHORUS. "CROWN WITH FESTAL POMP."

Alegro, ma non presto.

Piano.  
$\text{\#}=84.$  

Crown with festal pomp the day, crown,  
Alto.  

Crown with festal pomp the day, crown,  
Tenor.  

Crown with festal pomp the day, crown,  
Bass.  

Crown with festal pomp the day, crown,  

Crown with festal pomp the day, be mirth extravagant gay, bid the grateful altars  

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co's Octavo Edition.—(76.)
smoke; bid the maids the youths pro-voke, bid the maids the youths pro-voke to join the dance,

smoke; bid the maids the youths pro-voke to join the
dance, while music's voice tells a loud.

our rapturous joys, while music's

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
voice tells a loud our rapturous joys!

Crown with festal pomp the day,
smoke, bid the grateful altars smoke;

Solo.

smoke, bid the grateful altars smoke; bid the maids . . . the youths provoke to join the

Solo.

smoke, bid the grateful altars smoke; bid the maids . . . the youths provoke to join the

smoke, bid the grateful altars smoke;

dance, bid the maids . . . the youths provoke to join the dance, bid the maids . . . the
dance, bid the maids . . . the youths provoke to join the dance, bid the maids . . . the

dance, bid the maids . . . the youths provoke to join the dance, bid the maids . . . the

youths provoke to join the dance, bid the maids the youths . . . provoke to join the

youths provoke to join the dance, bid the maids the youths . . . provoke to join the

youths provoke to join the dance, bid the maids the youths . . . provoke to join the

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Bid the maid, the youth, to join the dance, bid the maid, the youth, to join the dance,

while music's voice tells a-loud, a

while music's voice, while music's voice tells, tells a-loud, a

while music's voice tells, tells a-loud, a

while music's voice, while music's voice

cres.

... our rapturous joys...

... our rapturous joys...

... our rapturous joys...

... tells a-loud... our rapturous joys...

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
while music's voice tells a
loud our rapturous joys.

Händel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ACT II.

SINFONIA.

No. 26.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(92.)
No. 27.

RECIT.—"WHY WAS I BORN A PRINCESS?"

Voice.

Why was I born a princess, raised high to fall with greater ruin? Had the

Piano.

gods made me the humble tenant of some cottage; I had been happy.

No. 28.

AIR.—"HOW BLESSED THE MAID."

Piano.

\textit{Larghetto \& piano.}

\textit{tr}.

\textit{p.}

\textit{senza fes.}

\textit{tr.}

\textit{p.}

\textit{s.}

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How blest the maid ordain'd to dwell
With sweet content in humble cell,
How blest the maid ordain'd to dwell
With sweet content in humble cell,
From cities far remot'd,
How blest the maid ordain'd to dwell
In humble cell, from cities far remot'd,
Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
far remot'd,

By murm'ring rills, on ver'dant plains,
To tend the flocks with village swains,

By ev'ry swain belov'd, by ev'ry swain, by ev'ry swain belov'd, . . . by . . . ev'ry . . . ev'ry swain,

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
by ev'ry swain, by ev'ry swain be-
lov'd: how blest the maid, by muming rills on verdant plains, to tend the flocks with village swains, by ev'ry swain, by ev'ry swain lov'd.

Fine.

Fine.

Andante larghetto.

Though low, yet happy in that low estate, And safe from ills which on a princess wait, Though low, yet happy in that low estate, yet happy in that low estate, And safe from ills which on a princess wait, and safe from ills, from ills, which on a princess wait.
Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(99.)
No. 80.

AIR.—*WHEN BEAUTY SORROW'S LIV'RY WEARS."

Larghetto.

When beauty sorrow's liv'ry wears, Our passions take the fair one's part,

Dejanira.

When beauty sorrow's liv'ry wears, Our passions take the fair one's part, the fair . . .

. . . . . . o're's part, When beauty sorrow's liv'ry wears, Our passions take the fair one's part, Our passions take the fair one's

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Bower and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(06.)
Love dips his arrows in her tears, and sends them pointed to the heart, pointed to the heart.

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 8.

Recit.—"WHENCE THIS UNJUST SUSPICION?"

Voice.

Iclea.  

Dejanira.

Whence this unjust suspicion? Fame of thy beauty (so report in—

Piano.

forms me,) first brought Alcides to Oe.chalina's court. He saw, he

loved, he asked you of your father; his suit rejected, in revenge he

levell'd the haughty town, and bore away the spoil; but the rich prize, for which he

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(8.)
fought and con- quer'd, was I - ø-le. Ah, no! it was am-
-
bi- tion, not sighted love, that laid Oe-cha-li low, and made the wretched I - ø-le a

cap-tive. Re-port, that in the garb of truth, dis - gui - ses the blackest false-lood,

has a - bus - ed your ear with a for-ged tale; but oh! let me con -

juro you for your dear peace of mind, be - ware of jea-lou - sy!

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—943
love, Ex-chang'd for end-less pain, for end-less pain, ex-
chang'd for end-less pain.

Ah!... ah! think what ills the jeal-ous

prove; A-dieu to peace, a-dieu to love, a-dieu to peace, a-dieu to

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
love, Exchang'd for endless pain, for endless, endless pain,
exchang'd... for endless, endless pain, for
endless pain, exchang'd

for endless pain, for endless pain, ex-
ch'ng'd,
Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
reign, the bosom swells with venom

fraught,

where harmony should reign, where harmony should reign; With venom fraught the bosom swells, And never ceasing discord dwells, and never

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 33.  
RECURS.—"IT IS TOO SURE."

VOICE.  
Dejanira.  
Lichas.  
Dejanira.  

It is too sure, that Hercules is false.  
My god-like master? is a

PIANO.  

traitor.  
Lichas.  
traitor to base, love and Dejanira.  
Alcides false? impossible!

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 34.  

Air—"AS STARS THAT RISE AND DISAPPEAR."

Piano,  
\[ \text{Andante largo.} \]
\[ \text{\( \frac{d}{80} \)} \]

Lichas.

As stars that rise and disappear  
Still

in the same bright circle more,  
So shines unchang'd, unchang'd

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition—(006.)
thy hero's love, so shines unchang'd, unchang'd.

thy hero's love, Nor absence can his faith impair, nor

absence can his faith impair;

As

stars that rise and disappear, as stars that rise and disappear, Still

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
in the same bright circle move, still in the same bright circle move, So shines un-
ch:ang'd . . . thy hero's love, un-chang'd, . .
un-chang'd . . . Nor absence can, nor absence can his faith im-
pair, Nor absence can his faith impair, So shines un-
chang'd thy hero's love, Nor absence

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
can his faith impair, Nor absence can his faith impair, Nor absence can

Fine. The breast where generous valour dwells, In constancy no less ex-

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
104

No. 35.  

Recit.—"In Vain You Strive."

Voice.  

Dejanira.  

In vain you strive, his falsehood to disguise! This is thy work, accursed jealousy!

Lichas.

Piano.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 36.

**Chorus.**—"JEALOUSY!"

**Piano.**

\[ \text{Largo.} \]

\[ \text{Tempo} = 66. \]

**Treble.**

Jealousy!

**Alto.**

Jealousy!

**Tenor.**

Jealousy! (Two lower.)

**Bass.**

Jealousy!

Jealousy! per vading pest, per vading

Jealousy! per vading pest, per vading

Jealousy! per vading pest, per vading

Jealousy! per vading pest, per vading

---

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(109—)
tyrant of the human breast, jee-lou-sy! per-vading pest,

breast, jee-lou-sy! jee-lou-sy! per-vading pest,

breast, jee-lou-sy! jee-lou-sy! per-vading pest,

ty-rant, jee-lou-sy! jee-lou-sy! per-vading pest,

A

how from slightest cau-ses bred, dost thou lift thy

how from slightest cau-ses bred, dost thou lift thy

how from slightest cau-ses bred, dost thou lift thy

how from slightest cau-ses bred, dost thou lift thy

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Hanted head, dost thou lift thy hanted head!

Andante.

Tri-fles light as floating air, tri-fles light as floating

Tri-fles light as float.

Tri-fles light as floating air, tri-fles light as floating

Tri-fles light as float.

Händel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
trifles light as float ing air,
trifles light as float ing air,
trifles light as float ing air,
trifles light as float ing air.

trifles, trifles, sacred proofs to thee ap
air, light as float ing air sacred proofs to thee ap
air, light as float ing air sacred proofs to thee ap
air, light as float ing air sacred proofs to thee ap.
light as floating air, trifles, trifles, air, trifles light as floating, floating
air, trifles light as floating air, trifles, air, trifles, trifles, trifles light as floating

trifles sacred proofs to thee appear, trifles light as
air sacred proofs to thee appear, trifles light as
light as floating air sacred proofs to thee appear, trifles light as
air sacred proofs to thee appear, trifles light as

floating air sacred proofs to thee appear.
floating air sacred proofs to thee appear.
floating air sacred proofs to thee appear.
floating air sacred proofs to thee appear.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
RECIT.—"SHE KNOWS MY PASSION."

VOCAL.

She knows my passion, and has heard me breathe my ambush vows: but, deaf to the soft

pleas, rejects my ef-for'd love. See, where she stands, like fair D esa- na, cir-cled by her

nymphea. Too well, young prince, I guess the cause that this way leads your step. Why will you urge a

suit I must not hear? Love finds no dwelling in that hapless breast where sorrow and her gnawing train re-

side. The an-hing hand of all sub-dur-ing time may drive these black in- truders from their seat, and

leave the heav'n-ly man-sion of thy bo-som su-rens and va-cant to a soff-

Farnel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(123)
guest. And think'st thou I o'er love the son of Hercules,

whose arms depriv'd her of country, father, liberty? impossible! I own the

truths that blast my springing hopes; yet, oh, permit me, charming maid, to gaze on those dear beauties

that enchain my soul, and view, at least, that heaven I must despair to gain.

this, is this the son of Hercules, for labours famed and hardy deeds of arms? Oh,

prince, except the virtues of thy race, and call forth all thy father in thy soul.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
"Banish love from thy breast, 'Tis a womanish guest."

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(115.)
'Manish guest, Fit only mean thoughts to inspire,'
banish love from thy breast, Tis a womanish guest.

Fit only mean thoughts, mean thoughts to inspire, Tis a womanish guest.
Adagio.
Tempo

Fit only mean thoughts, mean thoughts to inspire. Tempo
Adagio.

Fine.
Fine. Bright

glory invites thee, Fair honour excites thee,
Bright


glory invites thee, Fair honour excites thee, To tread in the steps, in the

Handel's 'Hercules.'—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
steps of thy sire, To tread in the steps, in the steps of thy sire;

Bright glory, the honour invites thee, excites thee, to tread in the steps, to tread in the steps, in the

Adagio.

Adagio. Tempo I mo.

D.S.

Banish L.S.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 39.

Recit.—"FORGIVE A PASSION."

Tenor Voice.
Hyllus.

Forgive a passion, which resists less

Piano.
ev'n breasts immortal!

No. 40.

Air.—"FROM CELESTIAL SEATS DESCENDING."

Tenor Voice.
Larghetto.

Piano.
\[ \text{Larghetto.} \]
\[ \text{Piano.} \]
\[ \text{D.=54.} \]

Hyllus.

From celestial seats descending, Joys di

vine a-while suspend-ing,

Gods have left their heav'n a-

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(130.)
To taste the sweeter heav'n of love, To taste the sweeter heav'n of love,

sweet - er heav'n of love; From ce - les - tial sets descending, Joys di -

vine awhile suspending, Gods have let their heav'n a - bove, To taste the

sweet - er heav'n of love, To taste the heav'n of love, Gods have

let their heav'n a - bove, To taste the sweet - er heav'n of love, To taste,

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Adagio.  Tempo I no.

... to taste the sweet... heav'n of love.

Adagio.  Tempo I no.

Fine.

Fine.

Cease my passion then to blame,  Cease to scorn a god-like flame, Cease to scorn a god-like flame, Cease to scorn a god-like flame; Cease my passion then to blame,  Cease... a god-like flame.  D.C.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
CHORUS.—“WANTON GOD OF AM’ROUS FIRES”

Piano.

Choral.

Tenor.

Wan-ton god of am’rous fires,

Wish-es, sighs, and soft de-sires, All na-ture’s sons thy

Handel’s “Hercules.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(122.)
laws maintain, Wishes, sighs, and soft desires,

laws maintain, Wishes, sighs, and soft desires.

All nature's sons thy laws, thy laws maintain!
sires, All nature's sons thy laws... thy laws maintain!

Wanton god of amorous fires,

Wanton god of amorous fires,

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Editton.
Wishes, sighs, and soft desires, All nature's sons, all

nature's sons thy laws, thy laws maintain!

A

and swelling main, o'er liquid air, and swelling main,

firm land, and swelling main,

A cresc.
Ex-tends thy un-con-troll'd and bound-less reign, Ex-
o'er li-quit air Ex-tends thy un-con-troll'd and bound-less reign, Ex-
o'er li-quit air Ex-tends thy un-con-troll'd and bound-less reign, Ex-
Ex-tends thy un-con-troll'd and boundless reign, Ex-
Ex-tends thy un-con-troll'd and bound-less reign, O'er li-quit air,
Ex-tends thy un-con-troll'd and bound-less reign, firm
Ex-tends thy un-con-troll'd and bound-less reign, O'er li-quit air,
Ex-tends thy un-con-troll'd and bound-less reign, firm
Ex-tends thy un-con-troll'd and bound-less reign, firm

and swell-ing main, firm
and swell-ing main, firm
and swell-ing main, firm
land, and swell-ing main, firm
land, and swell-ing main, firm
land, and swell-ing main, firm
land, and swell-ing main, firm
land, and swell-ing main, firm
land, and swell-ing main, firm

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
anxious fires, O'er liquid air, and swelling main, Extends thy uncontrolled and boundless reign;

anxious fires, O'er liquid air, and swelling main, Extends thy uncontrolled and boundless reign;

God of anxious fires, O'er liquid air, Extends thy uncontrolled and boundless reign;

God of anxious fires, O'er liquid air, Extends thy uncontrolled and boundless reign;

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s octavo edition.
Wanton god of am'rous fires, O'er liquid air, and

swelling main, Extends thy un-controll'd and boundless reign.

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 42. Dejanira.  REUT.—"YES, I CONGRATULATE YOUR TITLES!"

Yes, I con-gra-tu-late your titles swan with proud Oe-chla-li's fall, but ch! I

Piano.  Hercules.

How lost, a-la! How

fall'n from what you were! your fame e-jip'd, and all your laurels blas-tee! Un-just re-

proach! no, De-ja-ni-ra, no! while glo-rious deeds de-mand a just ap-plause!

No. 43. AIR.—"ALCIDES' NAME IN LATEST STORY."

Allegro.  PNG.  Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co's Octavo Edition.—(120.)
Hercules:

Alciades' name in last story

Shall with brightest lustre shine, shall with brightest lustre shine, shall with brightest lustre shine,

shall with brightest

lustre

shine,

Alciades' name in last story Shall with bright
- est lus-tre shine, shall with bright-est lus-tre-shine;

Shall with bright-est lus-tre shine, shall with bright-est lus-tre shine, with

bright - - est lus-tre shine, with

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
brightest lustre shine, with brightest lustre shine, ... All

ci-des' name in last story Shall with brightest lustre shine,

shall with brightest lustre shine,

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
And future heroes rise to glory

Actions emulating mine, by actions emulating mine, by

Actions emulating mine, And future heroes rise to

Glory By actions emulating mine, by actions emulating mine.

No. 44.  RECT.—"OH, GLORIOUS PATTERN OF HEROIC DEEDS."

DEIANIRA.

Oh, glorious pattern of heroic deeds! the mighty warrior,

whom not Juno's hate, for a long series of incessant labours, could e'er sub-

due, a captive maid has conquer'd! Oh, shame to manhood! oh, disgrace of arms!

No. 46.  AIR—"RESIGN THY CLUB."

Andante.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Еwer and Co's Octavo Edition.—(35.)
Re-sign thy club and li-on's spoils, And fly from war to female toils,

For the glittering sword and shield. The spindle and the distaff wield, the spindle and the distaff wield,

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
the spindle and the distaff, and the distaff wield, the spindle wield,

Re-sign thy club and il-cer's spoils, and fly from war to female toils, Re-sign thy club, and fly from war to female toils, For the glittering sword and shield, The spindle and the distaff wield, Re-sign thy club,
re-sign thy club and lion's spoils, and fly from war to female toils, the spindle wield,
the distaff wield, the glittering sword resign,
the spindle and the distaff wield, the distaff wield, the spindle wield, the spindle and the distaff wield.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Fine.

Then upspring Mars no more shall arm thee, Glory's call no more shall warm thee, Thundering Mars no more shall arm thee, Glory's call no more shall warm thee; Venus un poco larghetto.

and her whining boy, Venus and her whining boy Shall all thy wanton hours employ, Venus un poco larghetto.

Adagio D.S.

and her whining boy, Venus and her whining boy Shall all thy wanton hours employ. D.S.

No. 48.  

RECIT.—"YOU ARE DECEIVED."

HERCULES.

You are deceived! some villain has believed

DEIANIRA.

my ever-faithful love and constancy. Would it were so, and that the babbler

fame had not through all the Grecian cities spread the shameful tale!

HERCULES.

The priests of Jupiter prepare with solemn rites to thank the

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(340.)
god for the success of my victorious arms: the ready sacrifice expects my presence. I go; meantime, let these suspicions sleep, nor causeless jealously alarm your breast. Deceiving, false, pernicious Her curses! did he not swear, when first he woo'd my love, the sun should cease to dawn, the silver moon be blotted from her orb, ere he prov'd false?

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 47.

Air.—"CEASE, RULER OF THE DAY."

Larghetto e mezzo piano.

PIANO.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

Dejanira.

Cease, ruler of the day, to rise, Nor thou, Cynthia,

gild the evening skies, Cease, ruler of the sky, to rise,

Nor thou, Cynthia, gild the evening skies, To your bright

beams he made appear, With endless night his falsehood

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(582)
To your bright beams he made appeal, With endless night
his falsehood seal!

Cease, ruler of the day, to rise, Nor. Cynthia, gild the evening skies. To your, to your bright beams. To your bright beams he made appeal, With endless night, with endless night. His falsehood seal, To your bright beams he made appeal.

Handel's "Herocles."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 48. Recit.—"SOME KINDER POWER INSPIRE ME."

Dejanira.

Voice.

Some kind-er pow’r in-spire me, to re-gain his a-li-ne-na-ted love, and

bring the wand’rer back! Ha! luck-y thought! I have a garment dpt in Nessus’ blood,

when from the wound he drew the bar-bed shaft, sent by Al-ci-des’ hand; it

boasts a wondrous virtue, to revive the expiring flame of love: so Nessus
told me, when dying, to my hand he trusted it,—I will prevail with Hercules to

(enter Lachés.)
wear it, and prove its magic force—and see, the herald! its instrument to execute my purpose! Lachés, thy hands shall to the temple bear a rich embroidered robe, and beg thy lord will instant o'er his many shoulders throw his consort's gift, the

Lachés.
pledge of love's re-newal. Oh, pleasing task! oh, happy Hercules!

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 49. 

"CONSTANT LOVERS, NEVER ROVING."

LUCAS.

Voice.

Con-stant lo-vers, ne-ver rov-ing, Ne-ver jea-lous.

Piano.

Ter-ments prov-ing, They no per-fect, plea-sures taste,

They, they no per-fect, they no per-fect plea-sures taste;

But the bliss to rap-ture grow-ing. Bliss from love’s re-

Handel’s "Ercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(165)
new-al flow-ing. This is love's sub-lime repast, is

love's re-past;

But the bliss to rap-ture grow-ing. Bliss from love's re-

new-al flow-ing. This is love's sub-lime repast, is

love's

Handel's "Hercules."—Nelvello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 59.

Recit.—"BUT SEE, THE PRINCESS IOLE."

DEIANIRA

Voice.

But see, the princess Iole. Ke-tire! he still, my jealonsfears, and

Piano.

let mytongue disguise the torture of my bleeding heart. For give me, princess,

if my jealons frenzy too roughly greet-ed you! I see, and blame the
error, that mis-led me to insult that innocence and beauty. Thank the gods, that

have inspir'd your mind with calmer thoughts, and from your breast remov'd the vulture, jealousy!

(var. A)

(sighing.)

Live, and be happy in Alciades' love, while wretched I--le--

more! But lift those beauteous eyes to the fair prospect of returning happiness.

At my request Alciades shall restore you to liberty, and your paternal throne.

Handel's "Herodes."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 51.  

**Duet—"JOYS OF FREEDOM."**

**Piano.**  
\( \text{Allegro.} \)

\( \text{f} \)

**Dejanira.**  
Joys of pow'r, Joys of freedom, Joys of pow'r, Joys of freedom, Joys of pow'r.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(150.)
Wait upon the coming hour, And court thee to be blest,
And court thee to be blest.

What heav'n pleying

Hastel's 'Hercules'—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
sounds I hear! How sweet they steal, how sweet they steal up on my ear. And charm my soul to rest, And charm my soul, and charm my soul to rest, And court thee.
...my soul, and charm my soul to rest,

What to be blest,

And court thee to be blest,

Pleasing sounds I hear! How sweet they steal up—on my

Of freedom, joys of pow'r,

Ear.

And charm.

Joys... of pow'r.

... my soul... to rest,

Joys,

pleasing sounds, pleasing sounds, and charm.

joys of freedom, joys of pow'r, and court thee to be my blest.

soul to rest; What and court thee to be blest; joys of freedom

pleasing sounds, how sweet, how sweet they steal up

wait upon thee, and court thee, court thee

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 52.  

RECT. — "FATHER OF HERCULES."

Dejanira.

Father of Hercules, great Jove, Oh, help this last expedient of despairing love!

Handel’s "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Love and Hy-men, hand in hand, Come, re-store the nuptial band!

Love and Hy-men, hand in hand, Come, re-store the nuptial band!

Love and Hy-men, hand in hand, Come, re-store the nuptial band!

Love and Hy-men, hand in hand, Come, re-store the nuptial band!

Hausel's "Hercules."—Norelle, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition—(156.)
hand in hand, hand in hand, Love and Hy-men, hand in hand,
hand in hand, hand in hand, Love and Hy-men, hand in hand, Come, re-
hand in hand, hand in hand, Love and Hy-men, hand in hand,
hand in hand, hand in hand, Love and Hy-men, hand in hand,

Come, re-
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Love and Hymen, hand in hand, Love and Hymen, hand in hand,

hand, hand in hand, Love and Hymen, Love and Hymen, hand in hand,

hand, hand in hand, Love and Hymen, Love and Hymen, hand in hand,

hand, hand in hand, Love and Hymen, Love and Hymen, hand in hand,

hand, hand in hand, Love and Hymen, Love and Hymen, hand in hand,

hand, hand in hand, Love and Hymen, Love and Hymen, hand in hand,

Hymen, hand in hand, hand in hand, Come, restore the nuptial band,

Hymen, hand in hand, hand in hand, Come, restore the nuptial band,

Hymen, hand in hand, hand in hand, Come, restore the nuptial band,

Hymen, hand in hand, hand in hand, Come, restore the nuptial band,

Hymen, hand in hand, hand in hand, Come, restore the nuptial band,

Hymen, hand in hand, hand in hand, Come, restore the nuptial band,

Mendel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Come, re-store.

Come, re-store.

Come, re-store.

Come, re-store the nuptial band, the nuptial band.

Come, re-store.

Come, re-store the nuptial band,

Come, re-store the nuptial band,

Come, re-store.

Come, re-store the nuptial band, Come, re-store

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
store the nuptial band!
store the nuptial band!
store the nuptial band!
store the nuptial band!

Fin.

And sincere delights prepare,
And sincere delights prepare,
And sincere delights prepare,
And sincere delights prepare,

Fin.

To crown the hero and the fair, To crown the hero and the
To crown the hero and the fair, To crown the hero and the
To crown the hero and the fair, To crown the hero and the
To crown the hero and the fair, To crown the hero and the

Handel's "Herculanum"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
fair, And sincere delights prepare,

fair, And sincere delights prepare, And sincere delights prepare,

And sincere delights prepare, And sincere delights prepare,

And sincere delights prepare, And sincere delights prepare, And sincere delights prepare, And sincere delights prepare.
ACT III.
SINFONIA.

No. 54

Largo.

Piano.

Furioso.

Largo.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—1861.
No. 55.  

Recit.—"YE SONS OF TRACHIN."

Voice.  

Ye sons of Trachin, mourn your valiant chief,  
Return'd from foes and 

1st Trachisian. (Bar.)

dangers threatening death, to fall, inglorious, by a woman's hand. Oh, doleful tidings!

Handel's "Herodes."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
As the he-ro stood, pre-par-ed for sa-cri-fice, and fes-tal pomp a-dorn't the temple,

these un-lucky hands pre-sent-ed him, in De-jo-ni-ra's name, a cost-ly robe, the

pledge of love's re-new-al. With smiles, that ter-ti-foi his ris-ing joy, Al-ci-des o'er his

man-ly shoul-ders threw the treach'rous gift—but, when the al-tar's flame be-gan to shed its

warmth up-on his limbs, the cling-ing robe, by cur-s-ed art en-ven-o-m'd, through all his

joints dispers'd a subtle poison. Fransic with a goading pain, he

flings his tortured body on the sacred floor, then strives to rip the deadly garment off,

but, with it, hurls the bleeding, mangled sheath; his dreadful cries the vaulted roof returns!

No. 56. Aria.—"Oh, SCENE OF UNEXAMPLED WOE!"

LARGO.

VOCAL.

Oh, scene, oh, scene of unexampled woes! Oh, sun of

LARGO.

Piano.

glory sunk so low! What language can our sorrow tell!

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Gal-lant, un-hap-py chief, fare-well, un-hap-py,

un-hap-py chief, fare-well! What language can our sor-row tell! Un-hap-py gal-lant chief, fare-well!

Oh, scene of un-ex-am-pled woe, Oh, sun of glo-ry sank so low! What language can our sor-row tell, What lan-guage

can our sorrow tell! unhappy chief, unhappy chief; what language can our sorrow tell! Unhappy chief, farewell, farewell, gallant, unhappy chief, farewell! Tempo I m. c. 

No. 57.

Recit.—“OH, FATAL JEALOUSY!”

Oh, fatal jealousy! Oh, cruel recompense of virtue, in so-vest labours tried!

No. 58. **Chorus:** "Tyrants now no more shall dread."

*Handel's "Hercules."*—N. velle's Octavo Edition.—(170.)
tread, on necks of vanquish'd slaves to tread, Tyrants now no more shall dread, Tyrants,
tread, on necks of vanquish'd slaves to tread, Tyrants now no more shall dread, Tyrants,
tread, on necks of vanquish'd slaves to tread, Tyrants now no more shall dread, Tyrants,

now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread,

now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread,

now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread,

now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread,

now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall not dread,

now Tyrants shall not dread, now Tyrants shall no more, now no

Tyrants, now Tyrants shall no more, now no more shall dread on necks of

dread, Tyrants, now Tyrants shall no more, now no more shall dread, Tyrants, now Tyrants shall no more, now Ty-

rants shall not

of monstrous birth again shall vex the
sinking earth; Fear of punishment
is o'er; the World's avenger is no more.

the World's avenger is no more, is no more,
the World's avenger is no more, is no more, is no more, is no more, is no more, is no more...

more, the World's avenger is no more...
the World's avenger is no more, the World's avenger...

more, the World's avenger is no more, the World's avenger...
the World's avenger is no more, the World's avenger...
more, the World's avenger is no more, the World's avenger...
more, the World's avenger is no more, the World's avenger...

Am.—“Oh Jove

AT LAND IS THIS?”

HERCULES.

Voice.

Piano.

WHAT LAND IS THIS? WHAT CLIMB SO CURST.

BY RAGING PHABNS SCORCH'D.

I BURN, I BURN, TORMENTING FIRE CONSUMES ME—

OH, I
dissolute, dissolute, ye pitying pow'rs!

rage, rage,

with more than Stygian pains,

more than Stygian pains:
along my feverish veins, a

along my feverish veins, like liquid fire, the subtle poison

hasten.  Boreas!

bring thy northern blast, and through my bosom roar!

or, Neptune, kindly pour the sea's collected

flood, the sea's collected flood, or kindly pour.

the sea's collected

flood into my breast, and cool my boiling

blood, and cool my boiling blood!

rage, I rage, I rage, . . . . . .

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
with

more than Stygian pains!

Boreas!
or

Neptune!

Oh, cool my boiling blood,

Oh,

cool my boiling blood!

No. 60. 

**RHY.**—"GREAT JOVE! BELIEVE HIS PAINS!"

**VOICE.**

HYLAUS.  

Great Jove! relieve his pains! Was it for this un-number'd toils I bore?

HERCULES.

Oh, Juno and Eurydice, I absole ye! Your keener saul-lice

yield to Deja-ni-ru's: mistaken, cruell, treacherous Deja-ru-ru!

**PIANO.**

**HYLLA.**

Oh! this curt robe! It clings to my torn sides, and drinks my vital blood!

**HERCULES.**

last! my father! My son! observe thy dying sire's re-quest: while yet I live,

HANDEL's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(184.)
bear me to Oe-ta's top; there, on the summit of that clouded hill, the tow'ring oak and

lofty cypress fell, and raise a funereal pile; upon it lay me: then

fire the kindling heap, that I may mount on wings of flame, to ming'ls with the gods!

Hyllus.

Hercules.

Oh, glorious thought! wort' thy son of Jove! My pains re-double, oh! be

quick, my son, and bear me to the scene of glorious death. How is the hero fall'n!
No. 61. Am.—"LET NOT FAME THE TIDINGS SPREAD."

_Hyllus._

Let not fame the tidings spread

To proud _Oe-chalia's_ conquer'd wall. Let not fame the tidings spread. Let not fame

the tidings spread. To proud _Oe-chalia's_ conquer'd wall.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(154.)
Let not fame the tidings spread
to proud Oe-
cha-

lia's conquer'd wall,
Let not fame

the tidings spread
to proud Oe-
cha-

lia's conquer'd wall,
Let not fame the tidings spread,
Let not

fame the tidings spread
to proud Oe-
cha-

lia's conquer'd

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
wall, Let not fame the tidings spread, Let not fame.

the tidings spread To proud Oe-

 cha-lin's con-qu'rd wall, To proud Oe cha-lin's

Tempo I'mo. con-qu'rd wall. Tempo I'mo.

Fine. The baffled foe will lift his

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
head, And triumph in the victor's fall, The baffled foe will lift his

head, And triumph, and tri-

umph in the victor's fall, The baffled foe, the baffled foe will lift his

head. And triumph, and tri-

D.C.

d. c.

Handel's "Herodes."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
DEJANIRA

Where shall I fly? where hide this guilty head?

Oh, fatal error, oh, fatal error

of misguided love! Oh, cruel Nessus, how art thou reveng'd!

Wretched I am! by me Alcides dies!

Handel's "Hercules."—Nesello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(188.)
Concitato.

these impious hands have sent my in-juréd lord un-time-ly to the shades,

Furioso.

let me be mad!

chain me, ye fu-ri-oes, to your i-roo beds, and

lash my guil-ty ghost with whips of seor-plons!

Concitato.

See! see! they come!

A-lee-to with her

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
snakes! Megas-ra-fell, and

black Ti-si-phone!

dreadful sisters rise! Their baneful presence taints the skies:

See, see, see, see the dreadful sisters rise! Their baneful presence taints the skies!

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
See, see the snaky whips they bear! What yellings rend my

Lento e piano.

tor - tur'd ear, my tor - tur'd ear! Hide me.

Lento e piano. \( \frac{f}{d} \) 76.

hide me from their ha - ted sight, Friend-ly shades of

black - est night, Hide me, hide me, friend-ly shades!

Concitato.

See, see the dreadful sisters rise! their baneful pre-sence paints the skies!

See, see, see, see the snaky whips, the snaky whips they bear!

fu - ries of the mind, A - las! no rest the guil - ty find, no rest the guil - ty
find, From the pur-suing fu - ries, no rest the guil - ty find, from the pur-suing

Adagio. Tempo lento.

fu - ries, from the pur-suing fu - ries of the mind! See, see,
Adagio. Tempo lento.

see, see the dread-ful sisters rise! Their baneful pre-sence taints the skies!

See, see, see, see the

Handel's "Hercules."—Neruda, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
dreadful sisters rise! Their baneful presence taints the skies!

No rest!

the guilty find, no rest
the guilty find, A - las! A - las! no

rest the guilty find, From the pursuing furies, from the pursuing furies,

no rest the guilty find, no rest they

Handel’s "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co’s Octavo Edition.
find, no rest they find. From the pursu-ing furies, from the pursu-ing furies of

the mind, A - las! a - las! no rest the guilty mind

Canticato.  

From the pursu-ing furies, from the pursu-ing furies of . . . the mind!

No. 65. Rect.-"LO! THE FAIR, FATAL CAUSE OF ALL THIS RUIN!"

DEIANEIRA.

VOICE.

Lo! the fair, fatal cause of all this ruin! Fly from my sight, detested sorceress, fly, lest my un-govern'd fury rush up on thee, and sear thee to all the winds of heav'n! Alas! I rave! the lovely maid is innocent, and I al-

PLANO.

...
Aria.—"MY BREAST WITH TENDER PITY SWELLS."

My breast with tender pity swells,

At sight of human woe,

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. (126.)
human woe; My breast with tender pity.

swells, swells... At sight of human woe, ...
of human woe, My breast with tender pity...

swells, swells... At sight of human woe; My breast with tender pity...

Adagio.  tr  Tempo Ima.
tender pity swells At sight of human woe.  Adagio.  Tempo Ima.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Fine.

And sym-pa-thetic anguish feels

Where'er heav'n strikes the blow, And sym-pa-thetic anguish feels

Where'er heav'n strikes the blow, And sym-pa-the-tic anguish feels, And

Adagio.  D.C.

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 65. **Recit.: "PRINCESS, REJOICE!"**

**Priest of Jupiter.**

Prin-cess, re-joice! whose heav'n-di-recd hand has rais'd Al-di-des to the court of

**Piano.**

**Dejanira.**

Love! Speak, priest! what means this dark, my-stic-gious greet-ing? for he is dead, and by this fa-tal

**Priest.**

hand, too sure, a-las! my bleed-ing heart di-vines. Borne (by his own com-

-mand) to Oce-ss's top, stretch'd on a fu-ne-ra l pile the he-ro lay, the crackling

flames sur-round his man-ly limbs—when lo! an eagle, stoop-ing from the clouds,
swift to the burning pile his flight directs; there light a moment, then, with speedy wing, regains the sky. Astonish'd, we consult the sacred grove, where sounds celestial from rosy oaks dissolv'd.

Close the will of Jove. Here the great sire his offspring's fate declared:

"His mortal part by eating fires consum'd, his part immortal to Olympus borne, there with assembled deities to dwell!"

No. 65.  

**Aria—"HE, WHO FOR ATLAS."**

**Piano.**

\[ \text{\textit{Ardente,}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{f}} \]

**Lichas.**

He, who for Atlas prop'd the sky,

Now sees the sphere beneath him lie,

In bright a bodes of kindred gods

\[ \text{Handel's " Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition—(9d.)} \]
A now-admitted guest. With purple lips brisk nectar

sips, And shares. . . th'am-bro-sial feast, th'am-bro-sial feast,

feast, And shares . . .
He, who for Atlas propped the sky,

He, who for Atlas propped the sky.

Now sees the sphere beneath him lie,

Now sees the sphere beneath him lie.

In bright abodes of kindred gods

A newly admitted guest, with purple lips brisk nectar

No. 67.

Recit. — "WORDS ARE TOO FAINT."

Voice.

Words are too faint to speak the warring passions that combat in my breast.

Priest.

grief, wonder, joy, by turns deject and elevate my soul. Nor less thy

destiny, illustrious maid, is Jove's peculiar care, who thus decrees:

Hymen with purest joys of love shall crown Oechnia's princess and the

Hyllus.

son of Hercules. How blest is Hylus, if the lovely Ideal, con-

Idol.

senting, ratifies the gift of heav'n! What Jove commands, can I ever resist?

Händel's "Hercules." Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. (80.)
Duet.—"O Prince, whose virtues all admire."

Allegro.

O prince, whose virtues all admire, since

Jove has every bane remov'd, O

prince, whose virtues all admire, since

Nadeo's "Heracles."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. (308.)
Love has ev'ry bar remov'd, I feel my
vanquish'd heart conspire To crown a flame.

. . . . . . . by heav'n's prov'd, I

feel my vanquish'd heart conspire To crown a flame.

Handel's "Herocles."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
flam'd by heav'n ap-prov'd.

Hyllus.

O prin-cess, whose ex-alt-ed charms

tr

A-bove am-bi-tion fire—my breast,

How

great my joy to fill those arms at once with love,

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
O prince, whose virtues
love and empire blest.

all...admire,
since Jove has

Oh princess, whose exalted charms Above an-

every bar...remov'd,
I feel my vanquish'd

- tion fire...my breast,
How great my

heart conspire To crown a flame
joy to fill those arms At once with love

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
by heav'n ap-prov'd,
and em-pire blest,

How

I feel my vanquish'd heart con-spies To crown a flame,
great my joy to fill those arms At once with love,

a

flame by heav'n ap-prov'd,
I grieve no

with love and em-pire blest!

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
more, ... no more, since now I see All happiness restored in thee; I grieve no more, since now all theee combin'd; I ask no more.

Hap-pi-ness I see in thee, I grieve no more, I ask no more.

I grieve no more, I grieve no more, I find in thee combin'd, I ask no more, I ask no more.

Handel's "Hercules"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octave Edition.
more. Since now I see, since now I see all happiness restored in thee.

No. 69. Recit. — "YE SONS OF FREEDOM."

Voice.

Ye sons of freedom, now, in every clime, with joyful accents, sing the deathless chief, by virtue to the starry mansions rais'd.

Piano.

No. 79.

Chorus.—"TO HIM YOUR GRATITUDE."

*Allegro, ma non troppo.*

Piano.

1. 100.

Tenor.

To him your gra-ti-tude du-ly be-ongs,
be-ongs.

Alto.

To him your gra-ti-tude du-ly be-ongs,
To him your gra-ti-tude

Tenor (in lower.

To him your gra-ti-tude du-ly be-ongs,
To him your gra-ti-tude

Bass.

To him your gra-ti-tude du-ly be-ongs,
To him your gra-ti-tude

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(25.)
du - ly be - longs, Theme of fair li - ber - ty's far - sound - ing songs.

far - sound - ing songs, To him your gra - ti - tude,

far - sound - ing songs, To him your gra - ti - tude,

far - sound - ing songs, To him your gra - ti - tude,

To him your gra - ti - tude du - ly be - longs, Theme of fair li - ber - ty's

To him your gra - ti - tude du - ly be - longs, Theme of fair li - ber - ty's

To him your gra - ti - tude du - ly be - longs, Theme of fair li - ber - ty's

To him your gra - ti - tude du - ly be - longs, Theme of fair li - ber - ty's

far-sounding songs.\hline
Theme of fair liberty's far-sounding songs.

far-sounding songs.\hline
Theme of fair liberty's far-sounding songs.

far-sounding songs.\hline
Theme of fair liberty's far-sounding songs.

far-sounding songs.\hline
Theme of fair liberty's far-sounding songs.

far-sounding songs.\hline
Theme of fair liberty's far-sounding songs.

Hambel's "Mozart"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Awa'd by his name, un-just pow'r shuns the light,
And slavery hides her head in depths of night, While hap...
du·ly be·longs, The theme of li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs

du·ly be·longs, The theme of li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs, The

du·ly be·longs, The theme of li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs, The

du·ly be·longs, The theme of li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs,

theme of fair

theme of li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs, theme of fair

theme of li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs, theme of fair

theme of li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs.

li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs.

li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs.

li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs.

li·ber·ty's far·sound·ing songs.

END.

Handel's "Hercules."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.