HANDEL.

L'ALLEGRO

EDITED BY W. H. MONK.

TWO SHILLINGS.

LONDON NOVELLO & CO LTD
PART-SONGS AND CHORUSES.

THE SNOW. For Female Voices (s.a.t.b.). With s. d.
Accompaniments for Two Violins and Piano forte, or the Accompaniments arranged for Small Orchestra. (Solf-7a, td.) String Parts, 15, 2d.; Wind Parts, 4c., 3d. 4d. (Op. 26, No. 1)

FLY, SINGING BIRD. For Female Voices (s.a.t.b.). With s. d.
Accompaniments for Two Violsins and Piano forte, or the Accompaniments arranged for Small Orchestra (Score, 5d.; String Parts, 2a., 2d.; Wind Parts, 4c., 3d. 4d.) (Op. 26, No. 2)

A CHRISTMAS GREETING. (Op. 52). For two Soprano (Solf-9a), Tenor and Bass (Solf-9b).
With Accompaniment for two Violsins and Piano forte
(Tonic Sol-fa, 3d.; Violin Parts, 6d. each.)

AN EVENING SCENE. S.A.T.B. (Solf-7a, td.)

HOW CALMLY THE EVENING. (For s.a.t.b.)

MY LOVE DWELT IN A NORTHERN LAND. For SATB. (Tonic Sol-fa, 2d.)

WEARY WIND OF THE WEST. For S.A.T.B. (Tonic Sol-fa, 1d.)

O HAPPY EYES. S.A.T.B. (Op. 18). (Solf-9a, 1d.)

LOVE. For s.a.t.b. (Op. 28, No. 3). S.A.T.B. (Solf-7a, td.)

SPANISH SERENADE. (Solf-9a, 1d.)

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR ("King Olaf"). (Tonic Sol-fa, ad.)

THE WRAITH OF ODIN ("King Olaf").

AS TORRENTS IN SUMMER ("King Olaf"). (Tonic Sol-fa, 1d.)

A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR (Chorus from "King Olaf").

IT COMES FROM THE MISTY AGES ("Banner of St. George"). (Tonic Sol-fa, 2d.)

BIRTONS, ALERT! ("Caractacus") (Solf-7a, td.)

LITANY ("The Dream of Gerontius").

BE MERCIFUL, BE GRACIOUS, LORD.

GO FORTH UPON THY JOURNEY ("The Dream of Gerontius").

RAISE TO THE HOLIEST IN THE HEIGHT. S.A.S.E.A.A. ("The Dream of Gerontius")

SOFTLY AND GENTLY, DEARLY RANSOMED SOUL ("Fainale from "The Dream of Gerontius")

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS UPON ME. (Prologue, from "The Apostles")

GOD SAVE THE KING. Arranged for Solo, Chorus, Orchestra and Military Band.
(Tonic Sol-fa, ed. Flute Part, 6d.)

FIVE PART-SONGS FOR MIXED VOICES.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD ("The Light of Life"). English and German words. (Op. 49) Vocal Parts (German words only, 1d., Mark the Set)

DOUBT NOT THY FATHER'S CARE ("The Light of Life"). Duet, s. and c. (Tonic Sol-fa, td.)


JESUS LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY. Anthem. Adapted from Op. 2, No. 2. (Tonic Sol-fa, 2d.)

JESUS, MEK AND LOWLY. Anthem. Adapted from Op. 2, No. 3.

ANTHEMS AND SERVICES.

TE DRUM AND BENEDICTUS IN F. For chorus (s.a.t.b.), Orchestra and Organ. String Parts, 9s. 6d.; Wind Parts, 5c. and Full.

SEEK HIM THAT MAKEST THE SEVEN STARS ("The Light of Life"). Tenor Solo and Chorus for s.a.t.b.

SONGS.


FOLLOW THE COULEURS. Marching Song for Soldiers (Tonic Sol-fa, ed.; ditto, melody only)

THE REVEILLE. T.T.B.B. (Tonic Sol-fa, ed.).

ANGELO (Tuscany). S.A.T.B. (Op. 35, No. 1)

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSIEROSO

ED

IL MODERATO

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1740 BY

G. F. HANDEL.

EDITED, AND THE PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT ARRANGED, BY
WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

Price Two Shillings.
Paper boards, 2s. 6d.; cloth, gilt, 4s.

London: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
New York: THE H. W. GRAY CO., Sole Agents for the U.S.A.
Full Score, with additional accompaniments by Robert Franz. Price 4s.

Orchestral parts, consisting of Violins 1 and 2, Viola, Violoncello, and Bass; 2 Flutes, 2 Oboes
2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns, 2 Trumpets, Drums, and Organ. Price, complete, 42s.
PREFACE.

The following Work was composed, performed, and published in the year 1740. In 1741 it was again produced, with much alteration in parts, and some additions.

In the editions of the Score best known to the public the Work is printed as it was originally produced, the additions of 1741 being added in the form of an Appendix.

In the year 1844 the whole was collated with Handel’s MS. in the Royal Library at Buckingham Palace, under the auspices of the Handel Society of London; and the movements alluded to properly placed, in accordance with Handel’s directions.

These corrections have been adopted in the present Edition.

The version of the Air, “Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy,” here printed as an Appendix, was apparently introduced afterwards, instead of that in the body of the Work, for some temporary purpose.

I am also indebted to the Handel Society for the Metronomic indications of Time throughout.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

Globe Field, Stoke Newington,
December 1, 1860.
L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSIEROSSO,
ED IL MODERATO.

Part the First.

No. 1.—RECITATIVE.—(L'ALLEGRO.)
Hence, loathed Melancholy.
of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads her jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebony shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

No. 2.—RECITATIVE (Accompanied.)
(II. PENSIEROSSO.)
Hence, vain deluding Joys, dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay notes that people the sunbeams;
Or likest loving dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train,

No. 3.—AIR.—(L'ALLEGRO.)
Come, then goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yeleg'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore

No. 4.—AIR.—(II. PENSIEROSSO.)
Come rather, goddess, sage and holy;
Hail, divinest Melancholy:
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight:
Thee, bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore.

No. 5.—AIR AND CHORUS.—(L'ALLEGRO.)
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and looks, and wrested smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple cheek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

No. 6.—AIR AND CHORUS.—(L'ALLEGRO)
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

No. 7. RECITATIVE (Accompanied.)
(II. PENSIEROSSO.)
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure
Sober, steadfast, and demure;
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train

No. 8.—AIR.—(II. PENSIEROSSO.)
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commerceing with the skies,
Thy wraught soul sitting in thine eyes:

No. 9.—RECITATIVE (Accompanied.)
(II. PENSIEROSSO.)
There, held in holy passion still,
Forgot thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the muses in a ring
Round about Jove's altar sing.
L’ALLEGRO, IL PENSIEROSE, ED IL MODERATO.

CHORUS.
Join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet.

No. 10.—RECITATIVE.—(L’ALLEGRO.)
Hence, loathed Melancholy!
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell,
But haste thee, Mirth, and bring with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

No. 11.—AIR.—(L’ALLEGRO.)
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee
In unreproued pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull Night;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow.

No. 12.—RECITATIVE (Accompanied.)
(IL PENSIEROSO.)
First and chief, on golden wing,
The cherub Contemplation bring;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night.

No. 13.—AIR.—(IL PENSIEROSO.)
Sweet bird, that shum'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy:
Thee, chambress, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even song;
Or, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon.

No. 11.—RECITATIVE.—(L’ALLEGRO.)
If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

No. 15.—AIR.—(L’ALLEGRO.)
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To listen how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some howl hilly,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

No. 16.—AIR.—(IL PENSIEROSO.)
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curlew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

No. 17.—AIR.—(IL PENSIEROSO.)
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

No. 18.—RECITATIVE.—(L’ALLEGRO.)
If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew

No. 19.—AIR.—(L’ALLEGRO.)
Let me wander not unseen
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles over the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

No. 20.—AIR.—(L’ALLEGRO.)
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallsows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

No. 21.—RECITATIVE (Accompanied.)
(L’ALLEGRO.)
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide
Towers and battlementa it sees
Besom'd high in tufted trees.

No. 22.—AIR AND CHORUS.—(L’ALLEGRO.)
Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebeck sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail.
Thus past the day, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled to sleep.
Part the Second.

No. 23.—RECIPIVATIVE (Accompanied.)
(II. Pensieroso.)
Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
O, let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unshelve
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions o’er
Th’ immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

No. 24.—AIR.—(II. Pensieroso.)
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops’ line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what, though rare, of later age,
Ennobled hath the husk’n stage.

No. 25.—AIR.—(II. Pensieroso.)
But, O, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto’s cheek,
And made Hel! grant what Love did seek!

No. 26.—RECIPIVATIVE.—(II. Pensieroso.)
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till unwelcome Morn appear.

No. 27.—SOLO AND CHORUS.
(II. Allegro.)
Populous cities please me then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.

No. 28.—AIR.—(II. Allegro.)
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eyes by haunted stream.

No. 29.—RECIPIVATIVE (Accompanied.)
(II. Pensieroso.)
Me, when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves;
There in close covert by some brook
Where no profane eye may look.

No. 30.—AIR.—(II. Pensieroso.)
Hide me from Day’s garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow’ry work doth sing
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep,
And let some strange mysterious Dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display’d.
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th’ unseen genius of the wood.

No. 31.—AIR.—(II. Allegro.)
I’ll to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson’s learned sock be on;
Or sweetest Shakspere, Fancy’s child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

No. 32.—AIR.—(II. Allegro.)
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

No. 33.—AIR.—(II. Allegro.)
Orpheus himself may have his head
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap’d Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains, as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain’d Eurydice.

No. 34.—AIR AND CHORUS.—(II. Allegro.)
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

No. 35.—RECIPIVATIVE.—(II. Pensieroso.)
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
No. 36.—CHORUS AND SOLO.
(Il Penseroso.)
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
And let their sweetness, through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

No. 37.—AIR.—(Il Penseroso.)
May at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

No. 38.—CHORUS.—(Il Penseroso.)
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And we with thee will choose to live.

Part the Third.

No. 39.—RECITATIVE (Accompanied.)
(Il Moderato.)
Hence! boast not, ye profane,
Of vainly-fancied little-tasted pleasure,
Paraded beyond all measure
And by its own excess transform’d to pain.

No. 40.—AIR.—(Il Moderato.)
Come, with native lustre shine,
Moderation, grace divine,
Whom the wise god of nature gave,
Mad mortals from themselves to save;
Keep, as of old, the middle way,
Nor deeply sad, nor idly gay,
But still the same in look and gait,
Easy, cheerful, and sedate.

No. 41.—RECITATIVE (Accompanied.)
(Il Moderato.)
Sweet Temperance in thy right hand bear,
With her let rosy Health appear,
And in thy left Contentment true,
Whom headlong Passion never knew;
Frugality by Bounty’s side,
Fast friends, though oft as foes belied;
Chaste Love, by Reason led secure,
With joys sincere, and pleasure pure;
Happy life from heaven descending,
Crowds of smiling years attending:

SOLO AND CHORUS.
All this company serene
Join to fill thy beauteous train.

No. 42.—AIR.—(Il Moderato.)
Come, with gentle hand restrain
Those who fondly court their bane,
One extreme with caution shunning,
To another blindly running.

No. 43.—RECITATIVE.—(Il Moderato.)
No more short life they then will spend
In straying farther from its end,
In frantic mirth and childish play,
In dance and revels night and day;
Or else like lifeless statues seeming,
Ever musing, moping, dreaming.

No. 44.—AIR.—(Il Moderato.)
Each action will derive new grace
From order, measure, time, and place,
Till life the goodly structure rise
In due proportion to the skies.

No. 45.—DUET.—(Il Moderato.)
As steals the morn upon the night,
And melts the shades away,
So Truth doth Fancy’s charms dissolve,
And rising Reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

No. 46.—CHORUS.—(Il Moderato.)
Thy pleasures, Moderation, give,
In them alone we truly live.

Appendix.

No. 47.—AIR.—(Il Penseroso.)
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Celaeps’ line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what, though rare, of later age
Ennobled hath the buxom’d stage.
# INDEX.

## PART THE FIRST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Hence, loathed Melancholy</td>
<td>Recit.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>First and chief</td>
<td>Recit. accomp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Hence, vain deluding joys</td>
<td>Recit. accomp.</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Sweet bird</td>
<td>Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Come, thou goddess fair and free</td>
<td>Air</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>If I give thee honour due</td>
<td>Recit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Come rather, goddess, sage and holy</td>
<td>Air</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>Mirth, admit me of thy crew</td>
<td>Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Haste thee, nymph</td>
<td>Air &amp; Chorus</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Oft, on a plat of rising ground</td>
<td>Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Come and trip it</td>
<td>Air &amp; Chorus</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Far from all resort of mirth</td>
<td>Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Come, pensive nun</td>
<td>Recit. accomp.</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>If I give thee honour due</td>
<td>Recit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Come, but keep thy wonted state</td>
<td>Air</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>Let me wander</td>
<td>Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>There, held in holy passion</td>
<td>Recit. accomp.</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Straight mine eye</td>
<td>Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Hence, loathed Melancholy</td>
<td>Recit.</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>Mountains, on whose barren breast</td>
<td>Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Mirth, admit me of thy crew</td>
<td>Air</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>Or let the merry bells</td>
<td>Air &amp; Chorus</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## PART THE SECOND.

| 23  | Hence, vain deluding joys | Recit. accomp. | 61  | And ever, against eating cares | Air | 86 |
| 24  | Sometimes let gorgeous | Tragedy | Recit. accomp. | 62  | Orpheus himself may heave his head | Air | 89 |
| 25  | But O, sad virgin | Air | 66  | These delights if thou canst give | Air & Chorus | 93 |
| 26  | Thus, Night, oft see me | Recit. | 71  | But let my due feet never fail | Recit. | 100 |
| 27  | Populous cities please me then | Solo & Chorus | 72  | There let the pealing organ blow | Solo & Chorus | 100 |
| 28  | There let Hymen oft appear | Air | 77  | May at last my weary age | Air | 101 |
| 29  | Me, when the sun | Recit. accomp. | 81  | These pleasures, Melancholy, give | Air | 83 |
| 30  | Hide me from Day's garish eye | Air | 81  | Chorus | 104 |
| 31  | I'll to the well-trod stage | Air | 83  | PART THE THIRD |
| 32  | And ever, against eating cares | Air | 86  | No more short life they then will spend | Recit. | 119 |
| 33  | Orpheus himself may heave his head | Air | 89  | Each action will derive new grace | Air | 119 |
| 34  | These delights if thou canst give | Air & Chorus | 93  | As steals the morn | Duet | 122 |
| 35  | But let my due feet never fail | Recit. | 100 | Thy pleasures, Moderation, give | Chorus | 127 |

## APPENDIX.

| 47  | Sometimes let gorgeous | Tragedy | Air | 131 |


PART THE FIRST.

L’ Allegro.

No. 1. Recitative.—HENCE, LOATHED MELANCHOLY.

Tenor Voice.

Accomp.

Hence, loath-ed Melancholy,

Of Cer-ber-us and black-est Midnight born,
In Stygian cave for-lorn,

"Mongst hor-rid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-holy!
Find out some un-couth cell,

Where brood-ing Dark-ness spreads her jea-lous wings,

And the night ra-ven sings:
There, un-der e-bon shades, and low-brow’d
Il Pensieroso.

No. 2. Recit. (Accompanied)—HENCE, VAIN DELUDING JOYS.

Hence, vain deluding Joys, dwell in some idle brain, And vanish o'er with

gaudy shapes possess, As thick and number-less As the gay motes thatpeople the sun-beams; Or

8114.
No. 3.

L'Allegro.

Air.—COME, COME, THOU GODDESS FAIR AND FREE.

Soprano

Voice.

Accomp.

Come, come, thou goddess fair and free, fair and free,
In heav'n yeleg'd Euphrosyne,
Heav'n yeleg'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth, Whom lovely
Venus at a birth, With two sister graces, more, To
ivy-crowned Bacchus bore. Come, come, thou goddess fair and free,

fair and free, Come, come, And by men, heart-easing Mirth; Whom love - ly

Venus, at a birth, With two sister graces more, To i - vy-crown - ed Bac - chus bore, To

i - vy-crown - ed Bac - chus bore, To i - vy-crown - ed, crown - ed,

i - vy-crown - ed Bac - chus bore, To i - vy-crown - ed, crown - ed,

crown - ed, To i - vy-crown - ed Bac - chus bore.
No. 4.

AIR.—COME RATHER, GODDESS, SAGE AND HOLY

Soprano Voice

Largo. 88.

Come rather, goddess, sage and holy; Hail, divinest Melan-

Accomp.

-cho-ly! Whose saintly visage is too bright To hit the sense of human sight.

Come rather, goddess, sage and holy; Hail, di-
- vi - nest Mel - an - cho - ly! Whose saint - ly vi - sage is too

bright To hit the sense of hu - man sight; Thee, bright - hair'd Ves - ta, hung of

yore, To sol - i - ta - ry Saturn bore; Thee, bright - hair'd Ves - ta, hung of

yore, To sol - i - ta - ry Saturn bore, to sol - i - ta - ry Saturn bore;

Thee, bright - hair'd
13

Adagio.

Ves-ta, long of yore, To so-li-ta-ry Sa-turn bore.

colla parte.

L'Allegro.

No. 5.

AIR AND CHORUS.—HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

Tenor
Voice.

Accomp.

Haste thee, nymph,
hasten to, nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful Jol-li-

8114.
-ty, Quips, and cranks, and wan-ton wiles, Nods, and becks, and

wreath-ed smiles, Such as hang on He-bo's cheek, And love to live in
dim-ple sleek, And love to live in dim-ple sleek; Sport that wrin-kled

Care de-rides, And Laug-her hold-ing both his sides, And

Laughter hold-
Jest, and youthful Jollity, Sport that wrinkled Care doth

And Laughter holding both his sides, And

Laughter holding both his sides, And
both his sides. Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest, and youthful.

Jollity, Sport that wrinkled Care derides, And

Laughter holding both his sides, And Laughter hold

8114.
And Laughter holding both his sides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
And Laughter holding both his sides.
No. 6.

AIR AND CHORUS.—COME AND TRIP IT AS YOU GO.

Tenor Voice.

Andante con moto.

Come and trip it as you go.

Accomp.

As you go.

pp

On the light fantastic toe, trip it, trip it. Come and trip it as you go.

On the light fantastic toe:
Come and trip it as you go, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it on the light fantast-ic toe.

Come, come, come, come, and trip it as you go, on the light fantast-ic toe.

ATTACCA.
Come and trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe,
trip it, trip it, trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe,
Come and trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe,
trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe,

* In Handel's MS. thus:
trip it, trip it, On the light fantastic toe.

Come, come, come, come and trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe.
El Pensieroso.

No. 7.  
Recit. (Accompanied).—COME, PENSIVE NUN.

SOPRANO 
Voice.  
Largo.  \( \text{\textfrac{4}{4}} \) = 80.

Come, pens-ive nun, devout and pure,

ACCOMP.  

So-ber, stead-fast, and de-mure; All in a robe of dark-est grain,

Floor-ing with ma-jes-tic train.

El Pensieroso.

No. 8.  
Air.—COME, BUT KEEP THY WONTED STATE.

SOPRANO 
Voice.  
Andante Larghetto.  \( \text{\textfrac{4}{4}} \) = 80.

Come, come,

ACCOMP.  

8114.
come, but keep thy wonted state, With even step and musing gait.

Come, come, but keep thy wonted state, With even step and musing gait;

And looks commencing with the skies, Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

Thy wrapt soul sitting in... thine eyes.
El Pensiero.

Recit. (Accomp.) and Chorus.—There, held in Holy Passion Still.

Soprano Voice.

There, held in holy passion still
Forget thyself to

marble, till
With a leaden downward cast,
With a leaden downward cast, Thou

fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with

thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet. And hear the

muses in a ring,
Round about Jove's altar sing. And hear the

8114.
muses in a ring, Round about Jove's altar sing, And hears the

muses in a ring, Round about Jove's altar

sing, And hears the muses in a ring, Round about Jove's altar

Attacca.

CHORUS. TREBLE.

sing. Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Spare Fast that

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Spare Fast that

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Spare Fast that

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Spare Fast that

Bass.

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Spare Fast that

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Spare Fast that

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Spare Fast that

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, Spare Fast that

8114.
L'Allegro.

Recit.—HENCE, LOATHED MELANCHOLY!

Hence, loath - ed Me lan - cho - ly! In dark Cim - me - rian de - sert ev - or

dwell. But haste thee, Mirth, and bring with thee The mountain nymph, sweet

Li - ber - ty. And if I give thee honour due, Mirth, ad - mit me of thy crew.

L'Allegro.

Am.—MIRTH, ADMIT ME OF THY CREW.

Presto. \( \text{\textit{v}} = 100 \)

8114.
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
Mirth, admit me,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her and live with thee,

unproved pleasures free, In unproved pleasures free;

To hear the Lark begin his flight,
singly, star - tle the dull night, And singly, star - tle,

star - tle, and singly, star - tle the dull Night, and singly, star - tle the dull Night.

Then to come, in

spite of sor - row, And at my win - dow bid good mor - row,

And at my win - dow bid good mor - row, good mor - row,
good mor-row. And then... to... come, in... spite of... 

sor-row, And at my window bid good mor-row. 

good mor-row, good mor-row, good mor-row. 

good mor-row, And at my window bid good mor-row. 

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
Mirth, admit me, Mirth, admit me,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew, Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
Il Prensiero.

No. 12.

Recit. (Accompanied).—FIRST AND CHIEF.

SOPRANO
Voice.

First and chief, on golen wing, The Che-rob Con-tem-pla-tion bring;

ACCOMP.

And the mute si-lence hist a-long, ‘Less Phil-lo-mel will deign a song;

In her sweet-est, sad-dest plight, Smooth-ing the rug-ged brow of Night.
Il Penseroso.

No 13.  Air.—SWEET BIRD, THAT SHUNST THE NOISE OF FOLLY

\[ \text{Andante, } \begin{array}{c}
\text{pp} \\
\end{array} \]
Suprano Voice.

Ad Libitum.

Sweet bird, ... Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of

Folly,

Most musical, most melancholy,

Thee, chanteress of the woods among, I woo, I woo to hear thy

even song.
Most musical, most melancholy.

The enchantress of the woods among, I woo, to hear thy even song.
Thee, chauntress of the woods among,
I woo,
Thy e -
ven song.
Larghetto. \(J = 50\).

Or missing thee, I walk unseen. On the dry smooth shaven green, To be

- hold the wand’ring moon, to be hold the wand’ring moon Riding near her highest

noon, riding near her highest noon, riding near her highest noon, To be

- hold the wand’ring moon Riding near her highest noon.
No. 14.
L'Allegro.

RECITATIVO.—IF I GIVE THEE HONOUR DUE.

If I give thee honour due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

No. 15.
L'Allegro.

AIR.—MIRTH, ADMIT ME OF THY CREW.
some hoar hill, Through the high wood

To listen how the hounds and horn Cheerly rise,

cheerly rise the slumbering morn.

From the side of some hoar hill, Through the high wood,
through the high wood