El Pensiero.

No. 16.

Air. —OFT, ON A PLAT OF RISING GROUND.

Soprano Voice.

Largo $\frac{4}{4} = 84$.

Accomp. $p$ L.H.

Oh, on a plat of rising ground, I hear the far-off Curfew sound,

Over some wide water'd shore. Swing-ing slow, with sul-len roar,

Swinging slow, with sul-len roar. Swing-ing slow, ... with sul-len roar: Or
No. 17.

AIR.—FAR FROM ALL RESORT OF MIRTH.

**Larghetto. J = 63.**

**Soprano or Tenor Voice.**

**Accomp.**
Far from all resort ... of mirth, Save the cricket

on the hearth, save, save, save, ...
bell-man's drowsy charm, To bless the doors from nightly harm,

Or the bell-man's drowsy charm, To bless the doors from nightly harm,
L'Allegro.

Recitative.—If I give thee honour due.

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

L'Allegro.

Air.—Let me wander not unseen.

Let me wander not unseen. By hedge-row elms on hill-locks green:

There the ploughman, near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land; There the ploughman, near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land:
No. 20.

**L'Allegro.**

**Air.**—STRAIGHT MINE EYE HATH CAUGHT NEW PLEASURES

**Soprano Voice.**

**Accomp.**

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures, While the landscape, round, it measures, Russet lawns and fallow

**6114.**
grey, Where the nibbling flocks do stray. Straight mine eye hath caught new
pleasures, While the landscape, round, it measures, Rus-set lawns and fal-lows grey, Where the
nibbling flocks do stray. Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures, While the landscape, round, it
measures, Rus-set lawns and fal-lows grey, Where the nibbling flocks do stray...
pleasures, While the land-scape, round, it mea-sures, While the land-scape, round, it mea-

sures, Rus-set lawns and fal-lows grey, and fal-lows grey, Rus-set lawns and fal-
lows grey, Where the nibbling flocks do stray, Where the nib-

bling flocks do stray, Adagio.

Adagio.

Fine.
L'Allegro.

No. 21. Recit. (Accomp.)—Mountains, on whose barren breast.

Mountains, on whose barren breast

The laboring clouds do often rest; Meadows trim, with daisies pied,

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,

Meadows trim, with daisies pied, Shallow

8114.
browses, and rivers wide.

Towers and battlements it sees,

High in tufted trees;

Towers and battlements it sees,

Booned high in tufted trees.
No. 22.

L'Allegro.

AIR AND CHORUS.—OR LET THE MERRY BELLS RING ROUND.

SOPRANO

Or let the merry bells ring round,

SOLO

Andante Allegro.

Accomp.

Or let the merry bells ring round,

And the jo-cund re-beck sound,

And the jo-cund re-beck sound,

To many a youth and many a maid,

8114.
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade,
Dancing, dancing in the chequer'd shade.
To many a youth and many a maid,
CHORUS—SOPRANO.

And young and old come forth to play, On a sunshine holiday.

ALTO.

And young and old come forth to play, On a sunshine holiday.

TENOR, 4ve. lower.

And young and old come forth to play, On a sunshine holiday.

BASS.

And young and old come forth to play, On a sunshine holiday.

And young and old come forth to play, On a sunshine holiday.

And young and old come forth to play, On a sunshine holiday.

And young and old come forth to play, On a sunshine holiday.

On a sunshine holiday, Till the live-long daylight fail, Till the live-long daylight.

On a sunshine holiday, Till the live-long daylight fail, Till the live-long daylight.

On a sunshine holiday, Till the live-long daylight fail, Till the live-long daylight.
fail. Till the live-long day-light fall. Thus past the day, to bed they
fail. Till the live-long day-light fail. Thus past the day, to bed they
fail, Till the live-long day-light fail. Thus past the day, to bed they
fail, Till the live-long day-light fail. Thus past the day, to bed they
A tempo ordinario. \( \text{d} = 58 \)

By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep, soon lull'd to sleep.

By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep.

By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep.

By whispering winds, By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep, By whispering winds soon lull'd to
soon lull'd to sleep.
sleep, soon lull'd to sleep,
sleep, soon lull'd to sleep.

Thus past the day, to bed they creep, By whis-pr'ing winds soon lull'd to

Thus past the day, to bed they creep, By whis-pr'ing winds soon lull'd to

Thus past the day, to bed they creep, By whis-pr'ing winds soon lull'd to

sleep, Thus past the day, to bed they creep, By whis-pr'ing winds soon lull'd to


PART THE SECOND.

Il Penseroso.

No. 23.

RECIT. (Accomp.)—HENCE, VAIN DELUDING JOYS.

Hence, vain de-lu-ding Joys, The brood of Fol-ly without fa-ther

bred! How lit-tle you be-sted, Or fill the fix'd mind with all your toys!

O let my lamp at midnight hour Be seen in some high lonely tower,

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere The
H Pensieroso.

No. 24.

Air.—SOMETIMES LET GORGEOUS TRAGEDY.

Alto. Voice.

Larghetto. \( \frac{1}{4} \) = 63.

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy,

In sootred pall, in sootred pall come sweeping

Spirits of Plato, to unfold What worlds or what vast regions held

Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook Her mansion in this fleshly nook.
by, come sweeping by, in seep-tered pall.

Sometimes let
gorgeous Trage-dy, in seep-tered pall come sweeping by, come sweeping by, in seep-tered pall, come sweeping by, in seep-tered pall come sweeping by,

Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line, or the tale of Troy divine, or the tale of Troy divine; presenting Thebes or Pelops' line, or the tale of Troy divine.

Or what, though rare, of later age Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage, or what, though rare, of
latter age, or what, though rare, or what, though rare, of

latter age

En-nobled hath the buskin'd stage,

Or what, though rare, though rare, of late, En-nobled hath the buskin'd stage.
Il Pensieroso.

No. 25.  Air.—But o, sad Virgin, that thy power might raise.
But O, sad virgin, that thy pow'r
Might raise Museus from his bow'r!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string, as war...
bled to the string. Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek, And made Hell

grant what Love did seek!

But, O, sad virgin, that thou'rt Might raise Mus-

from his bow'r. Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing Such notes, as, wav'led to the string, as,
war
bled,

war

ved to the

string, Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek And made Hell grant what Love did
No. 26.

**Il Penseroso.**

**Recit.**—**THUS, NIGHT, OFT SEE ME IN THY PALE CAREER.**

*Soprano Voice.*

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career, Till un-welcome Morn appear.

*Accomp.*
No. 27.

L'Allegro.

Solo and Chorus—Populous Cities, please me then.

Allegro Moderato. \( \text{J} \) = 76.

**Bass Voice.**

Po-pu-lous ci-ties please me then, And the bu-sy hum of men, And the bu-sy, bu-sy, bu-sy hum, ... And the bu-sy hum of

**Accomp.**

Po-pu-lous ci-ties please us then, And the bu-sy, bu-sy, Pu-pu-lous ci-ties please us then, And the bu-sy, Pu-pu-lous ci-ties please us then, And the bu-sy, Pu-pu-lous ci-ties please us then, And the men, Po-pu-lous ci-ties please us then,
hold; Where throngs of knights and barons bold, In weeds of peace,

high triumphs hold, high triumphs hold, high triumphs, high triumphs, high triumphs

Allegretto. \( \frac{1}{_2} \text{ or } 56. \)

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes Rain in flu
influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms,
Of wit, or arms,
Of wit, or arms,

wit, while both contend
To win her grace,

wit, while both contend
To win her grace,

wit, while both contend
To win her grace,

To win her grace, whom all commend.

To win her grace, whom all commend.

To win her grace, whom all commend.

To win her grace, whom all commend.
L'Allegro.

No. 28.

Air.—THERE LET HYMEN OFT APPEAR.

 голос: Tenor

Аккомпанемент

Текст:
There let Hy-men oft ap-pear, let Hy-men oft ap-pear
In saf-fron robe, with ta-per clear,

There let Hy-men oft ap-pear
In saffron robe, with taper clear;
There let Hy-men 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 eves by haunted stream; On summer eves by

haunted stream.

Such sights as youthful poets dream.
On summer eves, by haunted stream, by haunted stream; On summer eves, by haunted stream.
Il Pensiero.

No. 29.  Recit. (Accomp.)—ME, WHEN THE SUN BEGINS TO FLING.

Me, when the sun begins to fling His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves, And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves;
There, in close covert, by some brook, There, no profane eye may look.

Il Pensiero.

No. 30.  Aria.—HIDE ME FROM DAY'S GARISH EYE.

Largo, $= 66$.

Hide me from Day's garish eye, While the bee with honeyed thigh, That at her flow'ry work doth sing, And the
wa- ters mur-mur-ing,  With such con-sort as they keep, En-
-
tice the dew- y fea-th'rd Sleep;

And let some strange mys-te-ri-ous Dream Wave at his wings in

so- rry stream Of live-ly por-trai-ture dis-play'd,

Soft-ly on my eye-lids laid:  And
as I wake, sweet music breathe above, about, or underneath, sent

by some spirit to mortal good. Or th' unseen genius of the wood, or

th' unseen genius of the wood.

L'Allegro.

No. 31.

Air.—I'LL TO THE WELL-TROD STAGE ANON.

Tenor Voice.

Agcomp.
I'll to the well-trod stage anon, If Jon-son's learn-ed sock be on;

I'll to the well-trod stage anon, I'll to the well-trod stage anon, If Jon-son's learn-ed sock be on, If Jon-son's learn-ed sock be on;
Or sweet-est Shaks-per, Fan-cy's child, War-ble his

na-tive wood-notes wild, War-

his na-

tive wood-notes wild,

Or sweetest Shaks-per, Fan-cy's child.

War-ble, War-ble, War-

8114.
Air.—AND EVER, AGAINST EATING CARES.

L'Allegro.

No. 32.

Andante. 62.

SOPRANO
Voice.

Accomp.

And e-ver, a-gainst eat-ing cares, Lap me in soft Lyd-i-an
airs, Lap me in . . . . Lydian airs;
Married to immortal verse, Such as the meeting soul may pierce, In notes, with many a winding bout, with

many a winding bout Of linked sweetness long drawn out, long

drawn out; With wanton heed and giddy cunning; The
melt ing voice through ma zes run ning, Un-

twist ing all the chains that tie The hid den soul of har mo

ny; Un twist ing all the chains that tie The hid den

soul, the hid den soul, the

hid den soul of har mo ny.
No. 33.

L'Allegro.

Air.—ORPHEUS HIMSELF MAY HEAVE HIS HEAD.

Soprano Voice.

Accomp.

Orpheus himself may heave his head.
Orpheus himself may leave his head From golden slumbers

On a bed Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear

Such strains, such strains, such

strains . . . . . . . . . . . as would have won, would have

won the ear of Pluto, to have quite set free... His
half - re - gain'd Eury - ddoc.

Orpheus him-self may heave his head From gold en slum - bers on . . . a bed Of heap'd E - ly - sian flow'rs, and hear

Such strains, . . . . . . such strains as would have won the ear Of
Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

Such strains

as would have won the ear.

Of

Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.