NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

SEMELE

AN ORATORIO

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1743 BY

G. F. HANDEL.

EDITED, AND THE PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT REVISED FROM THAT OF THE GERMAN HANDEL SOCIETY, BY EBENEZER PROUT.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Handel's "Semele" is, like the same composer's "Hercules," a secular oratorio. The libretto was originally written as an opera-book by Congreve, but, being found unsuitable for the stage, was converted by some slight alterations into an Oratorio. The music was written between June 8 and July 4, 1743; but the work was not performed until February 10 of the following year.

The pianoforte accompaniment to the present edition is mainly that prepared for the German Handel Society by E. F. Richter; in only a few passages, where it was not very close to the original score, has the present editor ventured to modify it.
S E M E L E.

DEAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER .......... Tenor.
CADMUS, King of Thebes .......... Bass.
ATHAMAS, a Prince of Bocotia .......... Alto.
SEMELE .......... Soprano.
SEMELE, daughter to Cadmus .......... Soprano.
Ino, sister to Semele .......... Alto.
Chorus of Priests and Amours.
Chorus of Loves and Zephyrs.
Chorus of Nymphs and Satyrs.
Attendants.
Chief Priest of Juno.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.
The scene is the Temple of Juno. Near the altar is a
golden image of the Goddess. Priests are in their
solemnities, as after a sacrifice newly offered; flames
arise from the altar, and the statue of Juno is seen to
bow.

Cadmus, Athamas, Semele, Ino, and Chorus of
Priests.

No. 1.—OVERTURE.

No. 2.—RECIT.—Priest.
Behold! suspicious flames arise,
Juno accepts our sacrifice;
The grateful odour swift ascends,
And see, the golden image bends!

No. 3.—CHORUS.

Lucky omens bless our rites,
And sure success shall crown your loves;
Peaceful days and joyful nights
Attend the pair that she approves.

No. 4.—RECIT.—Cadmus.

Daughter, obey,
Hear and obey!
With kind consenting
Ease a parent’s care;
Invent no new delay!

Athamas.

Oh, hear a faithful lover’s prayer!
On this auspicious day
Invent no new delay!

No. 5.—RECIT.—Semele (aside).
Ah me!
What refuge is now left me?
How various, how tormenting
Are my miseries!
O Jove, assist me!
Can Semele forsake thy love,
And to a mortal’s pleading yield?
Thy vengeance will o’ertake such perfidy.
If I refuse, my father’s wrath I fear.

AIR.

O Jove! in pity teach me which to choose,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse!

No. 6.—AIR.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat.
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return.

No. 7.—RECIT.—Athamas.

See, she blushing turns her eyes;
See, with sighs her bosom panting!
If from love those sighs arise,
Nothing to my bliss is wanting.
No. 8.—AIR.—Athamas.

Hymen, haste! thy torch prepare!
Love already his has lighted.
One soft sigh has cured despair,
And more than my past pains required.

No. 9.—RECIT.—Ino.

Alas! she yields
And has undone me!
I cannot longer hide my passion;
It must have vent,
Or inward burning
Will consume me.
O Athamas—
I cannot utter it!

\[Athamas.\]

On me fair Ino calls
With mournful accent,
Her colour fading,
And her eyes o’erflowing!

\[Ino.\]

Oh, Semele!

\[Semele.\]

On me she calls,
Yet seems to shun me!
What would my sister?
Speak!

\[Ino.\]

Thou hast undone me!

No. 10.—QUARTETT.

\[Cadmus.\]

Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
And all our solemn rites profane?
Can he or she thy woes relieve?
Or I? Of whom dost thou complain?

\[Ino.\]

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain!

\[Athamas.\]

Can I thy woes relieve?

\[Semele.\]

Can I assuage thy pain?

\[Cadmus, Athamas, and Semele.\]

Of whom dost thou complain?
(Thunder is heard at the distance, and the fire is extinguished on the altar.)

No. 11.—CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Avert these omens, all ye powers!
Some adverse gods our holy rites controls;
O’erwhelm’d with sudden night the day expires;
Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls;
And Jove himself descends in showers,
To quench our late propitious fires.
(Flames are rekindled on the altar.)

No. 12.—RECIT.—Cadmus.

Again auspicious flames arise,
Juno accepts our sacrifice.
(The fire is again extinguished.
Again the sickly flame decaying dies:
Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

No. 13.—RECIT.—Athamas.

Thy aid, pronubial Juno, Athamas implores!

\[Semele (aside).\]

Thee, Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores!
(A loud clap of thunder; the altar sinks.

No. 14.—CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Cease, cease your vows, ’tis impious to proceed;
Begone, and fly this holy place with speed!
This dreadful conflict does some ill presage;
Begone, and fly from Jove’s impending rage!
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

No. 15.—RECIT.—Athamas and Ino.

\[Ino.\]

O Athamas, what torture hast thou borne!
And, oh, what hast thou yet to bear?
From love, from hope, from near possession torn,
And plunged at once in deep despair!

No. 16.—AIR.

Turn, hopeless lover, turn thy eyes
And see a maid bemoan,
In flowing tears and aching sighs,
Thy woes too like her own.

No. 17.—RECIT.—Athamas.

She weeps!
The gentle maid in tender pity
Weeps to behold my misery!
So Semele would melt,
To see another mourn.
No. 18.—AIR.
Your tuneful voice my tale would tell,
In pity of my sad despair,
And with sweet melody compel
Attention from the flying fair.

No. 19.—RECIIT.—Ino.
Too well I see
Thou wilt not understand me.
Whence could proceed such tenderness?
Whence such compassion?
Insensible! ingratitude!
Ah no, I cannot blame thee:
For by effects, unknown before,
Who could the hidden cause explore,
Or think that love could act so strange a part,
To plead for pity in a rival's heart?

Athamas.
Ah me, what have I heard!
She does her passion own!

No. 20.—DUET.
Ino.
You've undone me,
Look not on me!
Guilt upbraiding,
Shame invading;
Look not on me,
You've undone me!

Athamas.
With my life I would atone
For the pains to me unknown,
Cease to shun me!

Ino and Athamas.
Love alone
Has both undone!

SCENE III.
To them enter Cadmus, attended.

No. 21.—RECIIT.—Cadmus.
Ah, wretched prince, doom'd to disastrous love!
Ah me, of parents most forlorn!
Prepare, O Athamas, to prove
The sharpest pangs that e'er were borne;
Prepare with me our common loss to mourn!

Athamas.
Can fate, or Semele, invent
Another, yet another punishment?

Cadmus.
Wing'd with our fears and pious haste,
From Juno's fane we fled.
Searcely the brazen gates had pass'd,
When Semele around her head
With azure flames was grace'd,
Whose lambent glories in her tresses play'd.
While this we saw with dread surprise,
Swiftier than lightning downward bending,
An eagle stoop'd, of mighty size,
Or purple wings descending;
Like gold he look'd, like stars shone forth his eyes,
His silver plummy breast with snow contending:
Sudden he snatch'd the trembling maid,
And soaring from our sight convey'd,
Diffusing ever, as he lessening flew,
Celestial odour and ambrosial dew.

Athamas.
Oh, prodigy, to me of dire portent!

Ino.
To me, I hope, of fortunate event!

SCENE IV.
Enter to them Chorus of Priests and Augurs.

Cadmus.
See, see! Jove's Priests and holy Augurs come.
Speak, speak, of Semele and me declare the doom!

No. 22.—CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND AUGURS.
Hail, Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Thobian king!
Cease your mourning,
Joy's returning!
Songs of mirth and triumph sing!

No. 23.—AIR AND CHORUS.—Semele.
Endless pleasure, endless love,
Semele enjoys above!
On her bosom Jove reclining,
Useless now his thunder lies;
To her arms his bolts resigning,
And his lightning to her eyes.

CHORUS.
Endless pleasure, endless love,
Semele enjoys above!
ACT II.

No. 24.—SINFONIA.

SCENE I.
A pleasant Country.

Juno and Iris.
No. 25.—RECIT.—Juno.
Iris, impatient of thy stay,
From Samos have I wing'd my way
To meet thy slow return.

Iris.
With all his speed not yet the sun
Through half his race has run
Since I, to execute thy dread command,
Have thrice encompass'd sea and land.

Juno.
Say, where is Semele's abode?

Iris.
Look, where Citheron proudly stands,
Booëia parting from Cécropian lands,
High on the summit of that hill,
Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,
By Jove's command and Vulcan's skill,
Behold a new-erected palace rise!

No. 26.—AIR.—Iris.
There from mortal cares retiring,
She resides in sweet retreat.
On her pleasure, Jove requiring,
All the Loves and Graces wait.

No. 27.—RECIT.—Juno.
No more! I'll hear no more!

No. 28.—RECIT.
Awake, Saturnia, from thy lethargy!
Seize, destroy the cursed Semele!
Scale precid Citheron's top:
Snatch her, bear her in thy fury,
And down to the flood of Acheron
Let her fall, let her fall, fall:
Rolling down the depths of night,
Never more to behold the light!
If I th' imperial sceptre sway, I swear, by hell
(Tremble, thou universe, this oath to hear),
Not one of curst Agenor's race to spare!

Iris.
Hear, mighty queen, while I recount
What obstacles you must surmount.
With adamant the gates are barr'd,
Whose entrance two fierce dragons guard;
At each approach they lash their forky stings
And clap their brazen wings;
And as their scaly horrors rise,
They all at once disclose
A thousand fiery eyes
Which never know repose.

No. 29.—AIR.—Juno.
Hence, Iris, hence away!
Far from the realms of day,
O'er Scythian hills to the Maeotian lake,
A speedy flight we'll take!

There Somnus I'll compel
His downy bed to leave, and silent cell;
With noise and light I will his peace molest,
Nor shall he sink again to pleasing rest,
Till to my vow'd revenge he grants supplies,
And seals with sleep the wakeful dragons' eyes.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.
An apartment in the Palace of Semele; she is sleeping,
Loves and Zephyrs waiting. Semele awakes and rises.

No. 30.—AIR.—Semele.
Oh, sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why thy visionary joys remove?
Oh, sleep, again deceive me,
To my arms restore my wandering love!

SCENE III.
To them enter Jupiter.

No. 31.—RECIT.—Semele.
Let me not another moment
Bear the pangs of absence;
Since you have form'd my soul for loving,
No more afflict me
With doubts and fears and cruel jealousy!

No. 32.—AIR.—Jupiter.
Lay your doubts and fears aside,
And for joys alone provide!
Though this human form I wear,
Think not I man's falsehood bear.
No. 38.—RECIDIT.

You are mortal and require
Time to rest and to repose,
I was not absent;
While Love was with thee,
I was present;
Love and I are one.

No. 34.—AIR.—Semule.

With hope desiring,
With bliss expiring,
Panting,
Fainting:
If this be Love, not you alone,
But Love and I are one.

Causeless doubting
Or despairing,
Rashly trusting,
Idly fearing:
If this be Love, not you alone,
But Love and I are one.

No. 35.—CHORUS OF LOVES AND ZEPHYRS.

How engaging, how endearing
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing
After absence or despair!

No. 36.—RECIDIT.—Semule.

Ah me!

Jupiter.

Why sighs my Semule!
What gentle sorrow
Swell's thy soft bosom?
Why tremble those fair eyes
With interrupted light?
Where hovering for a vent,
Amidst their humid fires,
Some new form'd wish appears:
Speak, and obtain!

Semule.

At my own happiness
I sigh and tremble;
For I am mortal,
Still a woman;
And ever when you leave me,
Though compass'd round with Deities,
With Loves and Graces,
A fear invades me;
And conscious of a nature
Far inferior,
I seek for solitude,
And shun society.

Jupiter (aside).

Too well I read her meaning,
But must not understand her:
Aiming at immortality
With dangerous ambition.

No. 37.—AIR.—Jupiter.

I must with speed amuse her,
Lest she too much explain.
It gives the lover double pain,
Who hears his nymph complain,
And hearing, must refuse her.

No. 38.—CHORUS OF LOVES AND ZEPHYRS.

Now Love, that everlasting boy, invites
To revel while you may in soft delights.

No. 39.—RECIDIT.—Jupiter.

By my command
Now at this instant
Two winged Zephyrs
From her downy bed
Thy much-loved Ino bear,
And both together
Waft her hither,
Through the balmy air.

Semule.

Shall I my sister see?
The dear companion
Of my tender years.

Jupiter.

See, she appears.
But sees not me;
For I am visible
Alone to thee,
While I retire, rise and meet her,
And with welcome greet her.
Now all this scene shall to Arcadia turn,
The seat of happy nymphs and swains;
There without the rage of jealousy they burn,
And taste the sweets of love without its pains.

No. 40.—AIR.—Jupiter.

Where'er you walk, cool shades shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where'er you turn your eyes,
SCENE IV.

Semele and Ino meet and embrace. Chorus of Nymphs and Swains.

No. 41.—RECIT.—Semele.

Dear sister, how was your passage hither?

Ino.

O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,
O'er hills and valleys, and o'er desert waste!
O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,
And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens:
Through all which pathless way our speed was such,
We stopp'd not once the face of earth to touch.
Meantime they told me, while through air we sped,
That Jove did thus ordain.

No. 42.—AIR.—Ino.

But hark! the heavenly sphere turns round,
And silence now is drownd
In ecstasy of sound!
How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were just alarm'd
And every soul with transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

No. 43.—DUET.—Semele and Ino.

Prepare then, ye immortal choir!
Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
And all in chorus join!

No. 44.—CHORUS.

Bless the glad earth with heavenly lay!
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,
That all appear divine!

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene, the Care of Sleep; the god of Sleep lying on his bed. Juno and Iris appear.

No. 45.—INTRODUCTION.

No. 46.—RECIT.

Juno.

Sommus, awake!
Raise thy reclining head!

Iris.

Thyself forsake,
And lift up thy heavy lids of lead!

No. 47.—AIR.—Sommus (waking).

Leave me, loathsome light!
Receive me, silent night!
Loathe, why does thy ling'ring current cease?
Oh, murmur me again to peace!

No. 48.—RECIT.

Iris.

Dull god, canst thou attend the water's fall?
And not hear Saturnia call?

Juno.

Peace, Iris, peace! I know how to charm him:
Pasion's name alone can warm him.

Sommus, arise!

Disclose thy tender eyes;
For Pasion's sight
Endure the light.
Sommus, arise!

No. 49.—AIR.—Sommus.

More sweet is that name
Than a soft purling stream.
With pleasure repose I'll forsake,
If you'll grant me but her to soothe me awake.

No. 50.—RECIT.—Juno.

My will obey,
She shall be thine.
Thou, with thy softer powers,
First Jove shalt captivate:
To Morpheus then give order,
Thy various ministrers,
That with a dream in shape of Semele,
But far more beautiful,
And more alluring,
He may invade the sleeping deity;
And more to agitate his kindling fire,
Still let the phantom seem to fly before him,
That he may wake with longing, wake with new desire,
Unable to refuse whatever boon
Her coyness shall require.

Sommus.

I tremble to comply.

Juno.

To me thy leaden rod resign,
To charm the sentinels.
On mount Citharon;
Then cast a sleep on mortal Inc,
That I may seem her form to wear,
When I to Semele appear.

No. 51.—DUET.

_Sumen._
Obey my will, thy rod resign,
And _Pentheus_ shall be thine!

_Sumele._
All I must grant, for all is due
To _Pentheus_, Love, and you. [(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.
An Apartment. _Sumele_ alone.

No. 52.—AIR.—_Sumele._
My racking thoughts by no kind slumbers freed,
But painful nights do joyful days succeed.

SCENE III.
To her enter _Juno_, with a mirror in her hand.

No. 53.—RECIT.—_Juno_ (aside).
Thus shaped like _Inc_,
With ease I shall deceive her;
And in this mirror she shall see
Herself as much transform'd as me.
Do I some goddess see,
Or is it _Sumele_?

_Sumele._
Dear sister, speak,
Whence this astonishment?

_Juno._
Your charms improving
To divine perfection,
Show you were late admitted
Amongst celestial beauties.
Has _Jove_ consented,
And are you made immortal?

_Sumele._
Ah no! I still am mortal;
Nor am I sensible
Of any change or new perfection.

_Juno_ (giving her the glass).
Behold in this mirror
Whence comes my surprise;
Such lustre and terror
Unite in your eyes,
That mine cannot fix on a radiance so bright,
Tis unsafe for the sense and uncertain for sight.

_Sumele._
Oh ecstasy of happiness!
Celestial graces
I discover in each feature!

No. 54.—AIR.
Myself I shall adore,
If I persist in gazing.
No object sure before
Was ever half so pleasing.

No. 55.—RECIT.—_Juno._
Be wise, as you are beautiful,
Nor lose this opportunity:
When _Jove_ appears, all ardent with his love,
Refuse his warm embrace
Till you obtain a boon without a name.

_Sumele._
Can that avail me? but how shall I attain
To immortality?

_Juno._
Conjure him by his oath
Not to approach to thee
In likeness of a mortal,
But like himself, the mighty Thunderer,
In pomp of majesty
And heavenly attire;
As when he proud Saturnia charms,
And with ineffable delight
Seeks her encircling arms
When comes the happy night.
You shall partake then of immortality,
And thenceforth leave this mortal state,
To reign above,
Adored by _Jove_,
In spite of jealous _Juno's_ hate.

No. 56.—AIR.—_Sumele._
Thus let my thanks be paid,
Thus let my arms embrace thee!
And when I'm a goddess made,
With charms like mine I'll grace thee.

No. 57.—RECIT.—_Juno._
Rich odours fill the fragrant air
And _Jove's_ approach declare.
I must retire—

_Sumele._
Adieu; your counsel I'll pursue.

_Juno_ (aside).
And sure destruction will ensure,
Vain watch'd fool! Adieu!
SCENE IV.
Jupiter enters, offers to embrace Semele; she looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.

No. 58.—AIR.—Jupiter.
Come to my arms, my lovely fair,
Soothe my uneasy cares!
In my dream late I wroth thee,
And in vain I pursued thee,
For you fled from my prayer,
And bid me despair.
Come to my arms, my lovely fair!

No. 59.—RECIT.
Oh, Semele! Why art thou thus insensible?

No. 60.—AIR.—Semele.
I ever am granting,
You always complain;
I always am wanting,
Yet never obtain.

No. 61.—RECIT.—Jupiter.
Speak, speak your desire:
Say what you require;
I'll grant it!

Semele.
Swear by the Stygian lake!

Jupiter.
By that tremendous flood, I swear;
Ye Stygian waters, hear!
And thou, Olympus, shake,
In witness to the oath I take!

[Thunder is heard at a distance, and underneath.

No. 62.—SYMPHONY.

No. 63.—RECIT.—Semele.
You'll grant what I require?

Jupiter.
I'll grant what you require.

Semele.
Then cast off this human shape which you wear,
And Jove since you are, like Jove too appear.

No. 64.—AIR.—Jupiter.
Ah, take heed what you press!
For, beyond all redress,
Should I grant your request, I shall harm you.

No. 65.—AIR.—Semele.
No, no, I'll take no less
Than all in full excess!
Your oath it may alarm you.
Yet haste and prepare,
For I'll know what you are,
With all your powers arm you.

SCENE V.

No. 66.—RECIT.
Jupiter, pensive and dejected.
Ah, whither is she gone? unhappy fair!
Why did she wish? why did I rashly swear?
'Tis past, 'tis past recall,
She must a victim fall!
Acon when I appear,
The mighty Thunderer,
Arm'd with inevitable fire,
She needs most instantly expire.
My soft'nest lightning yet I'll try,
And mildest melting bolt apply;
In vain! for she was framed to prove
None but the lambent flames of love.

SCENE VI.

No. 67.—AIR.—Juno (alone).
Above measure
Is the pleasure
Which my revenge supplies!
Love's a bubble,
Gain'd with trouble,
And in possessing dies.

With what joy shall I mount to my heaven again,
At once from my rival and jealousy freed!
The sweets of revenge make it worth while to reign,
And heaven will hereafter be heaven indeed.

SCENE VII.
The scene discovers Semele lying under a canopy, leaning pensively, while a mournful symphony is playing. She looks up and sees Jove ascending in a cloud: flashes of lightning issue from either side, and thunder is heard grumbling in the air.

No. 68.—RECIT.—Semele.
Ah me! too late I now repent
My pride and impious vanity.
He comes! far off his lightnings scorch me.
Ah! I feel my life consuming:
I burn, I faint, for pity I implore—
Oh, help! oh, help! I cannot more!

[Dies. The cloud bursts and Semele with the palace instantly disappears.]

SCENE VIII.
Cadmus, Athamas, Ino, and Chorus of Priests.

No. 69.—RECIT.—Ino.

Of my ill-boding dream
Behold the dire event!

No. 70.—CHORUS.
Oh, terror and astonishment!
Nature to each allot her proper sphere.
But that forsaken, we like meteors err;
Tossed through the void, by some rude shock
we’re broke,
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

No. 71.—RECIT.—Ino.

How I was hence removed,
or hither how return’d, I know not,
So long a trance withheld me.
But Hermes in a vision told me
(As I have now related)
The fate of Semele;
And added, as from me he fled,
That Jove ordain’d I Athamas should wed.

Cadmus,
Be Jove in everything obey’d. [Joins their hands.

Athamas.
Unworthy of your charms myself I yield,
Be Jove’s commands and yours fulfill’d.

No. 72.—AIR.—Athamas.
Despair no more shall wound me,
Since you so kind do prove.
All joy and bliss surround me,
My soul is tun’d to love.

No. 73.—RECIT.—Cadmus.
See from above the bellying clouds descend,
And big with some new wonder this way tend

SCENE THE LAST.
A bright cloud descends and rests upon mount Citharon,
which, opening, discloses Apollo seated in it as the god of Prophecy.

No. 74.—SYMPHONY.

No. 75.—RECIT.—Apollo.
Apollo comes to relieve your care,
And future happiness declare.
From Semele’s ashes a phoenix shall rise,
The joy of this earth and delight of the skies:
A god he shall prove
More mighty than Love,
And sighing and sorrow for ever prevent.

No. 76.—CHORUS.
Happy, happy shall we be,
Free from care, from sorrow free;
Guiltless pleasures we’ll enjoy,
Virtuous love will never cloy;
All that’s good and just we’ll prove,
And Bacchus crown the joys of love!
ACT I.

No. 1.

OVERTURE.

Piano.

Maestoso.

\begin{music}
\begin{staff}
\begin{measures}[d]34-48\end{measures}
\end{staff}
\end{music}

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(c.)
No. 2.

Recit. — "BEHOLD! AUSPICIOUS FLAMES ARISE."

Largo e pomposo.

Piano.

Largo e pomposo.

Soak. ad lib.

Piano.

Be-hold! auspicious flames a-rise,

Juno accepts our sa-crifice;

The grateful o-dour

swift sa-cends,

And see, the gold-en im-age... bends!

Handel's "Semele." — Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.— (7.)
No. 3.  

Chorus.—"LUCKY OMENS."

* A tempo ordinario. *

Tenor  
Soo, Soo.

Bass.  

* A tempo ordinario. *

Piano.  

\[ d = 84 \]
bless our rite, bless our rite, bless our rite, bless our rite, And sure suc-

bless our rite, bless our rite, And

And sure success, and sure success shall crown your loves, and sure success shall crown your loves; Lucky

And sure success, and sure success shall crown your loves, and sure success shall crown your loves, and sure success shall crown your loves; Lucky

... your loves; Lucky

... your loves; Lucky

... your loves; Lucky

Lucky o - mens,

No. 4.  

Recit.—"DAUGHTER, OBEY."

Arioso e larghetto. $d=76$.

Daughter, o - boy, hear and o - boy! With kind con -

O hear a faithful lover's prayer! on this sus - pi - cious day in -

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(17.)
-vent no new de-lay, in-vent no new de-lay! O hear

in-vent no new de-lay,
in-vent no new de-

lay on this sus-pi-cious day, in-vent no new de-lay, on this... aus-

... on this sus-pi-cious day, in-vent no new de-lay, on this... aus-

- pli-cious day!

- pli-cious day!

No. 5.  

Recit. (Accompanied) and Air.—"O JOVE, IN PITY."

SEMELE.

Ah, me! ah, me! what refuge now is left me! How various, how tormenting are my miseries! O Jove, O Jove, assist me! Can Semele for sake thy love, and so a mortal's pleading yield? Thy vengeance will overtake such perfidy.

If I refuse, my father's wrath I fear.

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(6.)
Larghetto andante e sempre piano.

O Jove! in pitty

Larghetto andante e sempre piano. $d = 84.$

tr

teach me which to choose,

O Jove! in pitty teach me

tr

which to choose, Incline me to comply,

or help me to refuse, incline me to comply, or

help, or help me, or help me, or help me

to... refuse! teach me which to choose,
or help me to refuse!

No. 6

Air.—"THE MORNING LARK."

Semel. X

The morning lark to mine ac-cords his note, and tunes to my dis-tress his war-bling throat, and tunes to my dis-tress, his war

bling throat, and tunes to my dis-
trees his war bling throat;

The morning lark to mine accords his note, And tunes to my distress his warbling throat,
throat, and tunes to my distress his warbling throat, his warbling throat.

Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wall ing a like, wall ing a-
Like his absence and return, and re-
Turn, wall ing a like, each setting and each
Rising sun I... mourn, wall ing a-

No. 7.  Recit.—"SEE, SHE BLUSHING TURNS HER EYES."

Atamas.

See, she blush-ing turns her eyes; See, with sighs her bo-son past-ing!

Piano.

If from love those sighs s-rise, No-thing to my bliss is want-ing.

No. 8.  Ada.—"HYMEN, HASTE! THY TORCH PREPARE!"

Allegro.

Hy-men, haste!  Hy-men, haste!  thy torch pre-pare!

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(28.)
Love already his has lighted, thy torch prepare, thy torch prepare!

Love already his has lighted, Love already his has lighted;

Haste, haste, Hy-men, haste! Hy-men, haste! thy torch prepare!
Love al-ready his has light-ed, thy
torch prepare, Hy-men, haste! thy torch prepare! Love al-ready his has light-
ed,

Adagio.

Love al-ready his has light-ed, Love. al-ready his has light-ed.

Adagio. Tempo lmo.

One soft sigh has cur'd de-spair, one soft sigh has cur'd de-spair, And more than my past pains requited, and more than my past pains requited. D.S.

No. 9.

RECURS.-"ALAS! SHE YIELDS."

A-bas! she yields, and has un-done me! I cannot longer hide my passion; it must have vent, or inward burning will consume me. O Athamas—I cannot

Athamas.

utter it! On me fair I no calls with mournful accent, her colour fading,

Ino. SemelE.

and her eyes overflowing! O SemelE! On me she calls, yet seems to

Ino.

shun me! What would my sister? speak! Thou hast un-done me!

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(32.)
No. 10. Quartet.—"Why dost thou thus untimely grieve?"

Andante larghetto.

Piano.

\( \text{\textcopyright \text{Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.} (C.} \)
grieve, why dost thou thus un-time-ly grieve, and all our so-lemn rites pro-

-fane! Can he or she thy woes relieve? or

Ino.

Of all; but

I! or I! of whom dost thou com-plain?

cros.

all, I fear, in vain! of all; but all, I fear, in vain!

SENEKA.

Can I assuage thy pain? Of whom dost thou com-

Athena.

Can I thy woes relieve? Of whom dost thou com-

plain.

Of all, of all, of all; but all, I fear, in
plain, of whom dost thou com-plain?

Can I assuage thy pain?

vain, but all, I fear, in vain, but all, I fear, in

Can I thy woes relieve? can I . thy woes re-

can I assuage thy pain? of whom dost thou complain?

vain, but all, I fear, in vain!
of all, of all,

believe?
of whom dost thou complain?
of whom dost thou complain? or be, or

of whom, of whom dost thou complain?
of all, of all, of all;

but all, I fear,
of whom, of whom dost thou complain?
she, or I? of whom, of whom dost thou complain?

I fear, in vain, but all, I fear, in vain!

No. 11

CHOIR.—"AVERT THESE OMENS, ALL YE POW'RS."

*Allegro.*

**Treble.**

A - vert these o - mens, all ye pow'rs,

**Alto.**

A - vert these o - mens, all ye pow'rs,

**Tenor**

(8ve. lower).

A - vert these o - mens, all ye pow'rs,

**Bass.**

A - vert these o - mens, all ye pow'rs,

*Allegro.*

**Pianos.**

_\[Music notation showing the melody for the choir.\]_

*Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.— (2.)*
some adverse god, some adverse god

some adverse god, some adverse god

some adverse god, some adverse god

some adverse god, some adverse god

our holy, holy, holy rites controls;

our holy, holy, holy rites controls;

our holy, holy, holy rites controls;

our holy, holy, holy rites controls;

overwhelmed with sudden night the day, the day expires;

overwhelmed with sudden night the day, the day expires; ill-boding

overwhelmed with sudden night the day, the day expires; ill

overwhelmed with sudden night the day, the day expires;

fill - bod - ing thun - der, ill -

thun - der, ill - bod - ing thun - der, ill - bod - ing

bod - ing thun - der on the right hand

ill - bod - ing

...
thunder on the right hand, ill-odding thunder on the right hand rolls, ill-odding
rolls, on the right hand rolls, ill-odding
rolls, the right hand rolls, ill-odding
rolls, ill-odding

thunder on the right hand rolls; And Jove, and Jove him-self de-
thunder on the right hand rolls; And Jove him-self de-
thunder on the right hand rolls; And Jove him-self de-
thunder on the right hand rolls; And Jove him-self de-
thunder on the right hand rolls; And Jove him-self de-

Jove him-self de-scends in show'rs, To
Jove him-self de-scends in show'rs, To
Jove him-self de-scends in show'rs, To
Jove him-self de-scends in show'rs, To

Handel's "Samuel."—Novello, Ewer and Co's Octavo Edition
quench our late propitious fires. Avert these
quench our late propitious fires. Avert these
quench our late propitious fires. Avert these
quench our late propitious fires. Avert these

omens, all ye pow'rs, all ye
omens, all ye pow'rs, all ye
omens, all ye pow'rs, all ye
omens, all ye pow'rs, all ye

pow'rs, all ye pow'rs,
pow'rs, all ye pow'rs,
pow'rs, all ye pow'rs,
pow'rs, all ye pow'rs,

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, a - vert, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, a - vert, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, a - vert, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, a - vert, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

pow'r, a - vert these o - mens, all ye

No. 12. Recit. (Accompanied.)—"AGAIN AUSPICIOUS FLAMES ARISE."

Juno assents; but angry Jove denies.

No. 13. Recit.—"THY AID, PRONUBIAL JUNO."

Händel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(44.)
No. 14.  
Chorus.—"CEASE, CEASE YOUR VOWS."

Presto.

Treble.

Alto.

Tenor (five lower).

Bass.

Piano.


d = 112.

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"tis impious to proceed; Be-gone, and fly this holy place with speed! This dreadful conflict does some ill pre-

sage; Be-gone, and

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Haaso's "Seneca."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(45.)
No. 15.  

Recit.—"O ATHAMAS."

O Athamas; what torture hast thou borne! And oh, what hast thou yet to bear! From love, from hope, from near possession torn, And plunged at once in deep despair!

No. 16.  

Air.—"TURN, HOPELESS LOVER."

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(67.)
eyes, and see a maid be - moan, and see a maid be - moan.

and see a maid ... be - moan,

and see a maid be - moan,

and see a maid be - moan,

turn thy eyes, turn thy eyes,

turn thy eyes, turn thy eyes,

turn, hope - less lov - er, turn, turn thy eyes,

and see a maid be moan.

and see a maid... be moan, turn,

turn, hopeless lover, turn thy eyes,

and see a... maid be moan,

In flowing tears and aching sighs, Thy woes too like, too.

like her own, thy woes, thy woes too... like her own, in

flowing tears and aching sighs, in flowing... tears

and aching... sighs, thy woes, thy woes too like her own, too

No. 17.  

**Recit.**—"SHE WEEPS! THE GENTLE MAID."

**Athamast.**

She weeps! the gentle maid, in tender pity weeps to be-

**Piano.**

- hold my misery! so Semele would melt, to see another mourn.

No. 18. Aria. — "YOUR TUNEFUL VOICE MY TALE WOULD TELL."

[Music notation]

Handel's "Semele." — Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. — (22)
voice my tale would tell, your tune-ful voice, your tune-ful
voice, your tune-ful voice my tale would tell, in pity
of my sad despair, your tune-ful voice my tale would tell, in pity
of my sad despair.

FINE.

And with sweet me-lo-dy com-pel, and with sweet me-lo-dy com-pel At-tension

from the flying fair, attention from the flying fair,

and with sweet melody compel attention

from the flying fair, attention

D.S.

Your tuneful

D.S.

No. 19.

Ino.

Too well I see thou wilt not understand me. Whence could proceed such tenderness?

Whence such compassion? In sensible! ingrate! ah, no! I cannot blame thee; for by effects, unknown before, who could the hidden cause explain, or think that love could act so strange a part, to plead for pity?

Athamas.

in a rival's heart? Ah me, what have I heard? She does her passion own!

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(23.)
No. 20.

**DUET.**—"YOU'VE UNDONE ME."

\[\text{Ino. Andante larghetto.} \]

\[\text{Andante larghetto.} \]

\[\text{Piano.} \quad \text{d = 69.} \]

You've un-done me,  look not on me,  look not on me!

\text{guilt up-braid-ing, shame in-vading, guilt up-braid-ing, shame in-vading; }  \text{look not on me, you've undone me, you've undone, undone me!}

\text{Athamas.}

With my life I would a- tone for the pains to me un-known. Cease to shun me,

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(56.)
on me, you've undone me!
love alone has both undone,
love alone has both undone, love alone has both undone,
love alone has both undone, love alone has both undone,
love alone has both undone, love alone has both undone,
love alone has both undone, love alone has both undone,

love alone has both undone! Look not on me, guilt upon-
love alone has both undone!

-bridging shame invading, look not on me, love alone has both un-
Cease to shun me, love alone has both un-

No. 21.

Recit.—"AH, WRETCHED PRINCE."

CADMUS.

Ah, wretched prince, doom'd to dis-ast-rous love! Ah me, of par-ents most for-

ATHEMSA.

-born! Pre-pare, oh! A-thamsa! to prove The sharpest pangs that e'er were born; Pre-pare with

CADMUS. (acomp.)

-o-ther, yet an-o-ther pun-ish-ment? Wing'd with our fears and pi-ous

Hast, From Ju-no's fane we fled. Scarce we the brazen gates had pas-s'd, When Se-me-le around her

Händel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(60.)
head. With azure flames was grace'd, Whose lambent glories in her tresses play'd. While this we saw with dread sur-

prise, Swift er than light ning down ward tend ing, An eagle stoop'd, of migh ty

size, On pur ple wings de - send ing; Like gold his

beak, Like stars shone forth his eyes, His sil - ver plu my breast with snow con - tend ing;

Sud dea he snatch'd the trembling maid, And

soaring, From our sight convey'd, Diffusing ever, as he less'ning

flew. Celestial o'dour and ambrosial dew.

Athinæs. Oh, prodigy, to me of dire portent! To me, I hope, of

Cæmus. for'tunate e'vents! See, see! Jove's priests and ho'ly Augurs come.

Speak, speak of Semæle, and me declare the doom!

No. 22.  

**Chorus.**—"HAIL, CADMUS, HAIL."

**Treble.**  

**Alto.**  

**Tenor.** (see lower).  

**Bass.**

**Piano.  \( \frac{d}{\text{s}} = 66 \)**

---

Hail, hail, Cadmus, hail, hail, Cadmus,

Hail, hail, Cadmus, hail, hail, Cadmus,

Hail, hail, Cadmus, hail, hail, Cadmus,

Hail, hail, Cadmus, hail, hail, Cadmus,

---

Händel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(62.)
hail, Cadmus, hail, hail, Cadmus, hail,
hail, Cadmus, hail, hail, Cadmus, hail,
hail, Cadmus, hail, hail, Cadmus, hail,
hail, Cadmus, hail, hail, Cadmus, hail,

Jove salutes the Theban king!
Jove salutes the Theban king!
Jove salutes the Theban king!
Jove salutes the Theban king!

hail, Cadmus, hail! cease your
hail, Cadmus, hail! cease your
hail, Cadmus, hail! cease your
hail, Cadmus, hail! cease your

mourn-ing, hail! Joy's re-turn-ing!
songs of mirth and tri-umph sing,
songs of mirth, of mirth and tri-umph sing,
songs . . . of mirth, of mirth and tri-umph sing,

tri - umph sing, songs of mirth and tri - umph sing, songs of mirth and

tri - umph sing, songs of mirth and tri - umph sing, songs of mirth and

tri - umph sing, songs of mirth and tri - umph sing, songs of mirth and

tri - umph sing, songs of mirth and tri - umph sing, songs of mirth and

hail, Cadmus, hail! hail!
hail, Cadmus, hail! hail!
hail, Cadmus, hail! hail!

No. 23. **AIR AND CHORUS.—"ENDLESS PLEASURE, ENDLESS LOVE."**

Aida Gavotta.

Piano. $d=138.$

**SEMELA.**

Endless pleasure, Endless pleasure, end-less love, Sem-e-le enjoys a-

-bove, end-less love, end-less plea-

-sure, end-less love, Sem-e-le enjoys a-

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(23.)
Semel en joys above!

On her bosom Jove reclining, Useless now his thunder lies, useless now.

His thunder lies, useless now his thunder lies;

To her arms his bolts resigning, And his lightning to her

Wandell's "Semel."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
eyes, To her arms, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . To her arms his bolts resigning, And his

lightning to her eyes, To her arms his bolts resigning, And his lightning to her

eyes, to her eyes, to her eyes, and his

lightning, and his lightning to her

eyes.

Endless pleasure, endless

pleasure, endless pleasure, endless love Se-ma-le en乔ys a-

love, endless love, endless love Se-ma-le en-

joys, Se-ma-le en-

Adagio.

Adagio.

Sure, endless love Sem-le enjoys above, Sem-le enjoys above, endless pleasure, endless love, Sem-le enjoys above, endless pleasure, endless love, endless, endless...

No. 25.

Recit. — "IRIS, IMPATIENT OF THY STAY."

Juno.

I - ris, im - pa - tient of thy stay, From Sa - mos have I wing'd my way To

Piano.

meet thy slow return. With all his speed not yet the sun Through half his race has run, Since I,

execute thy dread command. Have thrice encompass'd sea and land. Say, where is

Semel's a-hole? Look, where Cithæron proudly stands, Bœotia parting from Creo-plan

lands, High on the summit of that hill, Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,

By Jove's command and Vulcan's skill, Behold, a new erected palace rise!

No. 26.  
Am.—"THERE, FROM MORTAL CARES RETIRING."

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(80.)
in sweet retreat, there, from mortal care... retiring...

... she resides in sweet retreat, in sweet retreat, in

sweet retreat, in sweet retreat, she resides in sweet retreat...

Adagio.

... she resides in sweet retreat. tempo lento.

Adagio.

FINE.

FINE.

No. 27.

Recit.—"NO MORE! I'LL HEAR NO MORE!"

Juno.

No more! I'll hear no more!

No. 28.

Recit. (Accompanied.)—"AWAKE, SATURNIA."

Allegro concitato, ma pomposo. Juno.

Allegro concitato, ma pomposo.

Awake, Saturnia, from thy lethargy! Seize, destroy the ever-sed So-me-le!

Scale proud Gis-tha-ton's top, Snatch her, tear her in thy fury,

And down, down to the flood of A-che-ron, let her fall, let her fall!

Rolling down the depths of night! Ne-ver-more

Handel's "Semein."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(55.)
to behold the light!

If I th' imperial sceptre sway,
I swear by hell

(tremble, tremble, tremble thou universe, this oath to hear!) not one

Ins.
of erst Agænæ's race to spare! Hear, mighty queen, while I recount What Reorr.

obstacles you must surmount, With adamant the gates are barr'd, Whose entrance

two fierce dragons guard; At each approach they lash their for-ky stings And

drop their bra-zen wings; And as their sca-ly

hor-rors rise, they all at once dis-

close A thou-sand fie-ry eyes cres.

Which ne-ver know re-pose.

No. 29.  Am.—"HENCE, IRIS, HENCE AWAY."

**Allegro.**

**Juno.**

**Allegro.**

**Piano.**

\[\text{Music notation image}\]

**Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(83.)**
Ma-o-tian take, A speedy flight we'll take, we'll take! Hence,

I-ris, hence a-way, I-ris, hence a-way, a-way, a-way, a-speedy flight, a-speedy flight we'll take, a-speedy flight we'll take, a-speedy flight, a-speedy flight we'll take!

FINE.

There Som-nus I'll com-pel His down-y

bed to leave, and si-lent cell; With noise and light, with noise and light I

will his peace mo-lest, Nor shall he sink a-gain to pleas-ing

rest, Till to my vow'd re-venge... .

O... Sleep, O... Sleep, O Sleep, again deceive me, O

Sleep, again deceive me, To my arms restore my wand'ring love, my waa...

d'ring love, re

store my wand'ring love! again deceive me, O... Sleep! to my arms, to my

arms restore... my wand'ring love!

Air.—"O SLEEP, WHY DOST THOU LEAVE ME?"

Largo.

Piano,

Semele.

O... O Sleep, why dost thou leave me? Why thy vision—Jove remove?
No. 81.  
**RECEDES.**—"LET ME NOT ANOTHER MOMENT."

**Seomel.**

Let me not an - o - ther moment bear the pang of ab - sence; since you have

formed my soul for lov - ing, no more af - dlict me with doubts and fears and cru - el jea - lou - sy.

No. 82.  
**AIR.—"LAY YOUR DOUBTS AND FEARS ASIDE."**

*Andante.*

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**Piano.**

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Hendel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(61.)
Lay your doubts and fears aside, And for joys alone provide.

And for joys...
joys alone provide.

and for joys alone provide!

Though this inhuman form I wear, Think not I man's false-hood bear, Think not
I man's falsehood bear, Though this human form I wear,

Think not I man's falsehood bear.

Lay your

No. 33. Recit.—"YOU ARE MORTAL."

You are mortal, and require time to rest and to repose. I was not absent; while Love was with thee, I was present: Love and I are one.
"WITH HOPE DESIRING."

With hope desiring, with bliss expiring, panting, fainting:

If this be, Love, not you alone, but Love...

... and I are one.

With hope desiring, with bliss expiring,

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(65.)
pant-ing, faint-ing: if this be Love... not... you a-
lon-
but Love... and... I are one.
Cautelous... doubting, or despairing, rashly trusting, idly furling:

if this be Love, not you a lone, but Love

and I are one; rashly trusting, idly fearing;

if this be Love, not you a lone, but Love

and I are one.

With fond desiring, with bliss expiring,

panting, fainting: if this be Love, not... you a lone, but Love... and...

I am one. With fond desiring, with bliss expiring,

panting, fainting: if this be Love, not... you a lone...

... but Love...

... and... I am one.

No. 35.  Chorus.—"How engaging, how endearing."

Tenor.

How engaging, how endearing, Is a lover's pain and care,

Alto.

How engaging, how endearing, Is a lover's pain and care,

Tenor (sustained lower).

How engaging, how endearing, Is a lover's pain and care,

Bass.

How engaging, how endearing, Is a lover's pain and care,

Piano.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s quartet Edition.—(96.)
how engaging, how engaging
how engaging, how engaging
how engaging, how engaging
how engaging, how engaging

is a lover's pain and care, how engaging,
is a lover's pain and care, how engaging,
is a lover's pain and care, how engaging,
is a lover's pain and care, how engaging,

how engaging, how engaging
how engaging, how engaging
how engaging, how engaging
how engaging, how engaging

And what joy the nymph's appearing After absence or despair.
and what joy the nymph is appearing after absence or despair!

D.C.

No. 86. 

Recit.—"Ah me!"

Semele.

Ah me! Why sighs my Semele! What gentle

Jupiter.

sorrow swells thy soft bosom? Why tremble those fair eyes with interrupted

Piano.

light? Where hovering for a vent, amidst their humid tears, some new-formed wish appears: speak, and obtain. At my own happiness I sigh and

Semele.

tremble; for I am mortal, still a woman; and

Handel’s "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(103.)
ever when you leave me, though compass’d round with Deities, with Loves and

Graces, a fear invades me; and, conscious of a nature far inferior,

JUPITER (aside).

I seek for solitude, and shun society. Too well I read her

meaning, but must not understand her: aiming at immor-

- tality with dangerous ambition.

No. 37.

Ari—"I MUST WITH SPEED AMUSE HER."

Allegro, ma non troppo.

I must with speed amuse her, lest she too much explain, lest she too much explain.

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(162.)
lest she too much explain,

I must with speed,

I must with speed a-

-a-muse her, lest she too much explain,

I must with speed a-

-a-muse her, lest she too much ex-

plain,

I must with speed a-

-a-muse her,

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
I must with speed, lest she too much explain,
Fine. It gives the lover double pain, Who hears his nymph complain.

And hearing, must refuse her, and hearing, must refuse her; It gives the lover double pain, Who hears his nymph complain, And hearing,

Adagio. D.C.

must refuse her, and hearing, must refuse her.

Adagio. D.C.

Chorus.—NOW LOVE, THAT EVERLASTING BOY.

Now love, that ever-lasting boy, that ever-

Now love, that ever-lasting boy, that ever-

Now love, that ever-lasting boy, that ever-

Now love, that ever-lasting boy, that ever-

Handel's Semeli.—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(10.)
last ing boy, in vites to revel while you may, in soft delights, in soft delights.

lights, to revel while you may, in soft delights, in soft delights, to revel, while you may, in soft delights, in soft delights, to revel while you may, in soft delights, in soft delights.

Handel's Semele.—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
revel, to revel while you may in soft...

revel, to revel while you may in soft...

revel, to revel while you may in soft...

revel, to revel while you may in soft...

in soft de-lights.

in soft de-lights.

in soft de-lights.

in soft de-lights.

Handel's Semele.—Nevello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 39.  

RECIT. — "BY MY COMMAND."

JUPITER.

By my command now at this in-stand two winged Zephyrs from her down-y

SEMELE.

bed thy much-lov'd I no bear, and both to-gether waft her hi-ther, thro' the balm-y air. Shall

JUPITER.

I my sis-ter see! the dear com-pa-nion of my ten-der years! See, she ap-pears,

but sees not me; for I am vi-si-ble a- lone to thee. While I re-

- tire, rise and meet her, and with welcome greet her. Now all this scene shall to Ar-cad-ia

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(115.)
turn, The seat of happy nymphs and swains; There without the rage of jealousy they burn. And taste the sweets of love without its pains.

No. 40. Air.—"WHERE’ER YOU WALK."

Largo. JUPITER.

Largo. Where’er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;

Piano. Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade, Trees, where you sit, shall crowd in—

— to a shade; Where’er you walk, cool

gales shall fan the glade; Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.

Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.

FINE.

Where'er you tread, the

FINE.

blushing flow'rs shall rise, And all things flourish, and all things flourish wher-

Adagio.

D.C.

- e'er you turn your eyes, wher-e'er you turn your eyes, wher-e'er you turn your eyes.

Adagio.

D.C.

No. 41. Recit.—"DEAR SISTER, HOW WAS YOUR PASSAGE HITHER?"

SEMELE.

Dear sister, how was your passage hither?

Ino.

O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd, O'er hills and valleys, And o'er deserts waste; O'er barren

moors, and o'er unwholesome fens, And woods where beasts in habit dreadful

dens; Thro' all which pathless way our speed was such, We stopp'd not once the face of earth to touch. Mean-

time they told me, whilst through hair we fled, that Jove did thus ordain.

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(11b.)
No. 42. Air.—"But Hark! The Heavenly Sphere Turns Round."

Piano, $d = 66.$

But hark! the heavenly sphere... turns round,

And silence now is drown'd, and silence now is drown'd

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(119.)
ecstasy of sound! How on a sudden the still

sky is charm'd,
As if all harmony were

just a lasso'd!
And ev'ry soul with transport

fall'd,
Al ternately, al ternately, al ternately is thaw'd and

dull'd.

No. 48. Duet.—"PREPARE, THEN, YE IMMORTAL CHOIR."

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Grave e pianissimo. Semele.} \\
\text{Pre-pace, . . . pre-pace, then,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Iso.} \\
\text{Pre-pace, . . . pre-pace, then,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Grave e pianissimo.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{PP}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
ye \quad \text{im-} \quad \text{mor-} \quad \text{tal} \quad \text{choir, im-mor- tal} \quad \text{choir!}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
ye \quad \text{im-} \quad \text{mor-} \quad \text{tal} \quad \text{choir} \\
ye \quad \text{im-} \quad \text{mor-} \quad \text{tal} \quad \text{choir!}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Andante.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Each sa-cred minstrel tune his lyre, and all in cho-rus join,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Andante. d - 72.}
\end{align*}
\]

Bardol's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(11.)
and all in chorus join, and all, and all in sacred minstrel tune his lyre, and all in chorus join, and all in chorus join, in chorus join, and all, and all.

No. 44. Chorus.—"BLESS THE GLAD EARTH WITH HEAVENLY LAYS."

Treble.
Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays, bless the glad earth with heavenly lays!

Alto.
Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays, bless the glad earth with heavenly lays!

Tenor (sopr. lower).
Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays, bless the glad earth with heavenly lays!

Bass.
Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays, bless the glad earth with heavenly lays!

Piano.
\( \frac{f}{J} \)

That all appear
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise.

And so that pitch th' eternal accents raise,

\( \frac{d = 84}{J} \)
that all, that all,
that all appear, that all appear,
ascents raise,
that all appear divine,
that all appear divine, that
that all appear divine, that
that all appear divine, that
that all appear divine,
that all appear divine, that all appear divine.

pitch the eternal accents raise,

all appear divine; all appear divine;
and to that pitch th'eternal accents raise, that all
and to that pitch th'eternal accents raise,
and to that pitch th'eternal accents raise, that
and to that pitch th'eternal accents raise.

that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine,
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine.
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
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that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
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that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
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that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
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that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine, that all appear divine!
ACT III.

INTRODUCTION.

No. 45.

Larghetto.

Piano.

\( \text{Allegro.} \)

\( \text{Juno.} \)

No. 46.

Recit. (Accompanied.)—"SOMNUS, AWAKE!"

\( \text{Allegro.} \)

Handel's "Semile."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(131.)
No. 47.  
Air.—“LEAVE ME, LOATHSOME LIGHT.”  

leave me, loathsome light! Receive me, receive me, receive me, silent night!

Le - the, why does thy lin - g'ring cur - rent cease?

Oh, mur - mur, mur - mur, mur - mur me... a -

-gale, to peace, Oh, mur - mur me... a - gain... to peace!

No. 48.

Recit.—“DULL GOD, CANST THOU ATTEND.”

Dull God, canst thou at - tend the wa¬ter's fall, And not hear

Satur - nia call! Peace, I - ris peace! I know how to charm him: Pa¬si -
No. 49.  

Air.—"MORE SWEET IS THAT NAME."

*Allegro.*  

*Allegro.*  

*Piano.*  

SOMNUS.  

More sweet is that name than a soft purling stream, more sweet is that name than a soft purling stream, more sweet is that name than a soft,

than a soft purling stream, than a soft, than a soft purling stream, more sweet is that name, more sweet is that name than a soft, more sweet, more sweet is that name, more sweet is that name than a soft purling stream.
pleasure, with pleasure repose I'll for-sake, if you'll grant me but her to

soothe me a-wake,

with pleasure, with pleasure repose I'll for-sake, if you'll grant me but her to soothe me a-wake,
No. 50.

RECU.—"MY WILL OBEY."

My will obey, she shall be thine. Thou, with thy softer pow’rs, first

Jove shalt captivate; to Morpheus then give order, thy various

minister, that with a dream in shape of Semel, but far more beautiful,

and more alluring, he may invade the sleeping deity;

and more to agitate his kindling fire, still let the phantom

Handel’s "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(138.)
seem to fly before him, that he may wakewith longing, wake with new desire, un-

able to refuse what ever boon her coyness shall require. I tremble to com-

ply. To me thy leaden rod resign, to charm the

sensitivels on mount Clothereon; then cast a sleep on mortal I no, that

I may seem her form to wear, when I to Semel appear.

No. 51.

Duet.—"OBEY MY WILL."

Andante.

Piano.

Andante.

Juno.

O—bey my will, thy rod resign,

And Pasi—the—a shall be thine,

Somnus.

All I must grant, for all is due to Pas—

Juno.

O—bey my will, and Pas—the—a shall be thine,

And the—a, love, and you, all I must grant,

to Pas—

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(146.)
shall be thine, shall be thine,

- the a, Pasi the a, all I must grant, for all is due to Pasi-

thy rod resign, obey, obey my

-the a, love and you, all I must grant, for all is

will, obey my will, and Pasi the a shall be
due to Pasi the a, love and you,

thine, shall be thine, shall be thine, obey my

for all is, due to Pasi the a, Pasi the a,

will, o-bey my will, thy rod re-sign, and Pasi-
all I must grant, all I must grant, for all is due to Pasi-
the-a shall be thine, shall be thine, o-bey my.
the-a, love, and you, to Pasi-the-a, all I must

will, thy rod re-sign, and Pasi-the-a shall be thine!
grant, for all is due to Pasi-the-a, love, and you.

No. 52.

Am.—"MY RACKING THOUGHTS."

Largo.

C

Semele.

My

Piano.

92.

Largo.

rack - ing thoughts by no kind slum - bers freed, by no kind slum - bers freed, but

Rain - ful nights do joyful days suc - ceed, do joyful days, do joyful days, do

joy - ful, joy - ful days suc - ceed, . . . . . . do joyful days suc -
ceed;

no kind slumbers freed, by no kind slumbers freed, by no kind slumbers freed, But

painful nights, but painful nights do joyful days succeed, but

painful... nights do joyful days succeed,... but painful

nights do joyful days... succeed.

Juno (aside).

Thus shap’d I to, with ease I shall deceive her; and in this

(to Semle)
mirror she shall see herself as much transform’d as me. Do I some

Semle.
godless see? or is it Semele? Dear sister, speak, whence this as-

Juno.

tonishment? Your charm improving to divine perfection, shew you were late ad-

mitted among celestial beauties. Has Jove consented, and are you made im-

Handel’s “Semeli.” Novello, Zwer and Co’s Octavo Edition.—(140)
Semele.

- mortal? Ah no! I still am mortal; nor am I sensible of any change

Juno.

or new perfection. Behold in this mirror, whence comes my surprise; Such

a tempo.

luster and tender unity in your eyes, That mine cannot fix on a radiance so

Semele.

bright, 'Tis unsafe for the senses, and uncertain for sight. O ecstasy of

happiness! celestial graces I discover in each feature!

No. 54.  

Air.—"MYSELF I SHALL ADORE."

Allegro.

Piano.  

\[ \text{Staff notation of the piano part.} \]

Semble.  

Myself I shall adore,  
If I persist in gazing,  
if I persist in gazing,  
in gazing,  
ing,  
Myself I shall a-

\[ \text{Staff notation of the sembly part.} \]

Bandel's "Semble."—Norello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(147.)
gazing, Myself I shall adore, If I persist in gazing, Myself I shall adore, myself I shall adore, If I persist in gazing, Myself I shall adore, if I persist in gazing.

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
No object sure before Was ever half so pleasing, so pleasing, so pleasing, No object sure before Was ever half so
No. 55.  

Recit.—"BE WISE, AS YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL."

Juno.

Be wise, as you are beau-ti-ful, nor lose this op- por-

Piano.
ta- li- ty; when Jove ap- pears, all ar- dent with his love, re- fuse his warm em-
brace till you ob- tain a boon with-out a name. Can that a- raze me? but
how shall I at- tain to im- mor- ta- li- ty?

Juno. (Accompanist.)

Con- jure him by his oath not to approach to thee in like- ness of a
mor- tal, but like him- self, the migh- ty thun- der- er,
in pomp of majesty, and heaven's attire; as when he proud Saturnia

charms, and with ineffable delight seeks her encircling arms when comes

the happy night. You shall partake then of immor-

satility, and thenceforth leave this mortal state, to reign above, a-

dand by Jove, in spite of jealous Juno's hate.

Air.—"THUS LET MY THANKS BE PAID."

Alta Siciliana, ma andante.

Thus let my thanks be paid,
Thus let my arms embrace thee,

let my arms embrace thee! And when I'm a goddess made,

With charms like mine I'll grace thee,
With charms like mine I'll grace thee,

I'll grace thee, with charms like mine.

Thus

Handel’s "Serena."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(55.)
let my thanks be paid, Thus let my arms embrace thee, thus let my arms embrace thee, Thus

let my thanks be paid, Thus let my arms embrace thee! And when I'm a goddess made With

charms, like mine, with charms like mine I'll grace . . . . . . thee, And

when I'm a goddess made, With charms like mine I'll grace thee, with charms like mine I'll

grace thee.

No. 57. 

Recit. — "RICH ODOURS FILL THE FRAGRANT AIR."

Juno.

Rich o-dours fill the fra-grant air, And Jove's ap-proach de-c-le.

Juno (aside).

And sure de-struc-tion will en-sue, Vain, wretched fool, a-dieu!

No. 58. 

Am.—"COME TO MY ARMS, MY LOVELY FAIR."

Larghetto.

Piano.

Jupiter.

Come to my arms, my love-ly

Handel's "Samuel."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(167.)
fair, Soothe my un-easy care, my lovely fair, soothe my un-

fair, come to my arms, my lovely fair, soothe my un-

- ea-sy, un-ea-sy care!

Come to my arms, my lovely fair, soothe my un-easy care, my un-ea-sy care!

In my dream late I woo'd thee, And in vain I pursued thee. In my dream late I woo'd thee, And in vain I pursued thee,
For you fled from my prayer, from my prayer, And bid me despair, and bid me despair.

Come to my arms, come to my arms, my love-ly fair, my love-ly fair, Come to my arms, my love-ly fair!

No. 59.

**Recit** — "OH, SEMELE."

JUPITER.

Oh, Seme-le! why art thou thus insen-si-ble?

**PIANO.**

No. 60.

Air.—"I EVER AM GRANTING."

\[\text{Semele. Larghetto.}\]

\[
\text{I e- ver am grant-ing, you al- ways com-plain, you al- ways com-}
\]

\[
\text{plain, you al- ways com-plain, I e- ver am}
\]

\[
\text{grant-ing, you al- ways com-plain, you al- ways com-plain, you}
\]

\[
\text{al- ways com-plain; I al- ways am want-ing, I}
\]

\[
\text{al- ways am want-ing, yet ne- ver ob- tain,}
\]

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(JL.)
I always am wanting, yet never, yet never, yet never obtain, I always am wanting, I always am wanting, yet never obtain.

I never am granting, you always complain, you always complain, you always complain,
I ever am granting, you always complain, you
always complain, I ever am granting, I ever am granting,
you... always complain, you always complain.
No. 61.

RECIT. — "SPEAK YOUR DESIRE."

JUPITER.

Speak, speak your desire; say what you require: I'll grant it! Swear by the Stygian lake!

SEMIR.

PIANO.

JUPITER. (accompanied.)

By that tremendous flood, I swear; ye Stygian waters hear!

and thou, O-ly-n-pus, shake, in wit-ness to the

cath I take!

No. 62.

SINFONIA.

PIANO.

pp Timpani.

Ped.

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(16d.)
No. 68. Recit.—"YOU'LL GRANT WHAT I REQUIRE?"

Semele. Jove.

You'll grant what I require! I'll grant what you require.

Piano

Semele (Accompanied.)

Then cast off this human shape which you wear, and, Jove since you are, like Jove too, appear!

No. 64. Air.—"AH! TAKE HEED WHAT YOU PRESS!"

Jupiter.

Ah. take heed what you press!

Piano.

\( \text{\textcopyright} \text{Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(86.)} \)
... ah! take heed! should I

grant your request, I shall harm.

for, beyond all redress I shall harm you; ah, take heed! I shall harm you.
Ah! take heed, ah, take heed what you press! for, beyond all requests, should I grant your request, I shall harm you, should I grant your request.

No. 65.

Am.—"NO, NO, I'LL TAKE NO LESS."

Semele.

No, no, I'll take no less, than all is full excess!

cessa!
your oath it may a- 

alarm you,
your oath it may a-

alarm you.

No, no, I'll take no less,
than all in full, ex-cess
your oath it may a-larm

...
...
...
you,
your

...
...
...

...
...
...

...
...
...

...
...
...

...
...
...

...
...
...

Adagio.

Adagio.

may a - farm... you.

Tempo I. mo.

Fine.

Yet haste... and prepare,

Fine.

for I'll know what you are,

with all your pow-ers arm.

you, I'll know what you are,
yet haste and prepare
with all your powers, all your powers arm
you, with all your powers arm you.

Recit. (Accompanied)—"Ah! Whither is She Gone."

Largo. Jupiter.

Piano.

Ah! whither is she gone? Unhappy fair!

Why did she wish? why did I rashly swear?

'Tis past, 'tis past recall, she must a victim fall!

Un poco più andante.

As when I appear, the mighty thunderer, Arm'd with inevitable fire, she needs must instantly expire.

Largo.

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co's Octavo Edition.—(174.)
past, 'tis past re-call, She must a victim fall! My soft-est
light-ning yet I'll try, And mild-est melt-ing bolt ap-PLY; In vain! for
she was fated to prove None but the lambent flames of love.

'Tis past, 'tis past re-call, 'tis past re-call, She must a victim fall!

Aria. — "ABOVE MEASURE IS THE PLEASURE."

Juno.

Above measure is the pleasure, Which my revenge... supplies!

Love's a bubble, gain'd with trouble, And in possessing dies.

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(176.)
Un poco larghetto.

With what joy shall I mount to my heav'n again,

At

Un poco larghetto. \( \text{C} = 69 \)

once from my rival and jealousy freed! The

sweets of revenge make it worth while to reign, And

heav'n will hereafter, be hereafter heav'n indeed, and

heav'n will hereafter be heav'n indeed.

D.S.

No. 68. *Recit. (Accompanied.*)—"AH ME! TOO LATE I NOW REPENT."

**SEMELA.**

Ah me! too late I now repent my pride.

and impious vanity. He comes, he comes! far off his lightnings scorch me, ah!

Handel's "Semel."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(178.)
... I feel my life consuming: I burn, I burn, I faint, for pity I implore, oh, help! for pity, oh, help! for pity I implore, I faint, for pity I implore, oh, help, oh, help! I can no more!

No. 69.

Recit.—"OF MY ILL-BODING DREAM."

Of my ill-boding dream behold the dire event!

No. 70. 

Chorus.—"OH, TERROR AND ASTONISHMENT."

A tempo ordinario.

Oh, terror, Oh, terror and astonishment, Oh,

Oh, terror, Oh, terror and astonishment, Oh,

Oh, terror, Oh, terror and astonishment, Oh,

Oh, terror, Oh, terror and astonishment, Oh,
Nature to each alloteth his proper sphere.

But that forsaken, that forsaken, that forsaken, we like meteors err, we err like meteors err.

me-teors, but that for-saken, that for-sa-
me-teors, but that for-sa-
me-teors, but that for-sa-

ken we like me-teors err:
Toss'd thro' the void, by some

rude shock we're broke,

fire is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is
fire is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is
fire is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is

lost, is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke,
lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke
lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke, is lost in smoke

is lost in smoke.
is lost in smoke.
is lost in smoke.
is lost in smoke.

Handel's *Semele.*—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 71.

Recit. — "HOW I WAS HENCE REMOV'D."

/how I was hence remov'd, or higher how return'd, I know not: so long a trance withheld me. But Her-mes in a vision told me (as I have now related) the fate of Semele; and added, as from me he fled, that Jove ordain'd I


Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(365.)
No. 72.  

Ars.—"DESPAIR NO MORE SHALL WOUND ME."

\begin{equation}
\text{Piano.}\quad \text{Allegro.}
\end{equation}

\begin{equation}
\text{Athena.}
\end{equation}

Despair no more shall wound me.

\begin{equation}
\text{Despair no more shall wound me, Since you so kind do prove, since.}
\end{equation}

\begin{equation}
\text{you so kind do prove, despair no more shall wound me, shall wound.}
\end{equation}

\begin{equation}
\text{Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(184.)}
\end{equation}
despair no more shall wound me, despair no more shall wound...

me,
since

you so kind do prove, since you so kind do prove, since you so kind, so

kind, since you do prove so kind, since you so

kind, do prove, since you so kind do prove, des-
joy and bliss sur-round . . . . me, My soul is tun'd, is .
tun'd to . . . love, all joy . . . . . . . . . . . .

Adagio.

- round . . . me, my soul is tun'd, is tun'd to love.

No. 78. Recit.—"SEE FROM ABOVE."

See from above the bellying clouds descend, And big with some new wonder this way tend!

Piano.

No. 74. Sinfonia.

Maestoso.

Piano.

$\frac{1}{4}$ = 89.

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(191.)
No. 75. Recit. (Accompanied.)—"APOLLO COMES!"

Apollo.

A-p-o-lo comes to re-lieve your case, And fu-tu-re

hap-pi-ness de-clare. From Se-me-le's ash-es a Pho-nix shall rise, The

joy of this earth, and de-light of the skies; A God he shall prove more

migh-ty than Love, And sigh-ing and sor-row for e-ver pre-vent.

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(1857)
Chorus.—“HAPPY, HAPPY SHALL WE BE!”

Happy, happy!
Happy, happy!

Happy, happy, happy, happy shall we be,
Happy, happy, happy, happy shall we be, And free from care, from
Happy, happy, happy, happy shall we be,
Happy, happy, happy, happy shall we be,

Handels “Semele.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(188.)
never cloy; All that's good and just we'll prove, And Bacchus, and Bacchus, and Bacchus crown the joys of Bacchus, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, the joys of and Bacchus, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown, crown, crown, Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown, crown, crown, love, and Bacchus crown the joys...

Handel's "Semele."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
sorrow free, from care, from sorrow free, and
sorrow free, from care, from sorrow free, and
sorrow free, from care, from sorrow free, and

Bacchus, and Bacchus, and Bacchus shall crown the joys of love, the joys of love, and Bacchus,
Bacchus, and Bacchus, and Bacchus shall crown the joys of love, the joys of love, and Bacchus,
Bacchus, and Bacchus, and Bacchus shall crown the joys of love, the joys of love, and Bacchus,
Bacchus, and Bacchus, and Bacchus shall crown the joys of love, the joys of love, and Bacchus,

Bacchus shall crown... the joys of love, Happy, happy!
Bacchus shall crown... the joys of love, Happy, happy!
Bacchus shall crown... the joys of love, Happy, happy!
Bacchus shall crown... the joys of love, Happy, happy!

just we'll prove, And Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown,
crown, crown the joys, the joys of love! Happy, happy!

hap-py shall we be, hap-py shall we be, hap-py, hap-py,
hap-py shall we be, hap-py shall we be, hap-py, hap-py,
hap-py shall we be, hap-py shall we be, hap-py, hap-py,
hap-py shall we be, hap-py shall we be, hap-py, hap-py,

free from care, from sorrow free, and Bacchus, Bacchus crown.

free from care, from sorrow free, and Bacchus crown.

free from care, from sorrow free, and Bacchus crown.

Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love, and Bacchus crown the joys of love.

Bacchus crown the... joys of love!

Bacchus crown the... joys of love!

Bacchus crown the... joys of love!

Bacchus crown the... joys of love!

Bacchus crown the... joys of love!


THE END.
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## ACT I.

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