

11.52 X 24  
L'Allegro, ed Il Pensieroso.

Written by MILTON,

And set to MUSIC by HANDEL.

WITH

A Grand Miscellaneous A&.

From various Composers.

AS PERFORMED AT

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE,

1791,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Mr. HARRISON AND Mr. ASHLEY.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE DIRECTORS,

BY H. MACLEISH, DUKE'S-COURT, DRURY-LANE.

M.DCC.XCI.

Price SIXPENCE.

3071477

Journal of the Proceedings

of the

General Assembly of the

Year

of the

of the

of the

of the

1771

of the

of the


LONDON:

Printed by

at the

of the

The



L'Allegro, ed Il Pensieroso.

---

PART I.

---

The FIRST GRAND CONCERTO.

---

RECIT. accompanied, *Mr. HARRISON.*

*L'All.* **H**ENCE! 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 his jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings:  
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

RECIT. accompanied, *Mrs. BILLINGTON.*

*Il Pen.* 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 likeliest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

AIR, *Mr. HARRISON.*

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

AIR, *Mrs. BILLINGTON.*

*Il Pen.* Come rather, goddess, sage and holy;  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
 Whose faintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight:  
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore.

AIR, *Mr. INCLEDON.*

*L'All.* Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful Jollity;  
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek:  
 Sport, that wrinkled care derides;  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.

## CHORUS.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful Jollity;  
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides:  
 And Laughter, holding both his sides.

AIR, *Mrs. PIELE.*

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

## CHORUS.

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

RECIT. accompanied, *Mrs. BILLINGTON.*

*Pen.* Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure;  
 All in a robe of darkest grain  
 Flowing with majestic train.

## AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait;  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

## CHORUS.

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

RECIT. *Mrs. POOL.*

*E. All.* 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.

AIR.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreprieved 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.

RECIT. *Mrs. BILLINGTON.*

*H. Pen.* First and chief, on golden wing,  
 The Cherub Contemplation bring ;  
 And the mute Silence hie along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night.

AIR.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song.

RECIT. *Mr. GRIFFITH.*

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

## AIR.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To listen how the hounds and horn  
 Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high-wood echoing shrill.

AIR, *Mr. HARRISON.*

Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfeu 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.

RECIT. *Mr. HARRISON.*

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

AIR, *Mrs. BILLINGTON.*

Let me wander not unseen,  
 By hedge row elms, on hillocks green :  
 There the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land ;  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe ;  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

## AIR.

Or let the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks found  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the checker'd shade.

## CHORUS:

And young and old come forth to play,  
 Or a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the live-long daylight fail.  
 Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creëp,  
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.

*End of the First Part, a CONCERTO on the VIOLIN*  
 By Mr. WEICHSEL.

---

 PART II.

RECIT. accompanied, *Mrs. BILLINGTON.*

*Il Pen.* **H**ENCE 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 tow'r,  
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
 Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook.



AIR.

But O! sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus 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 Hell grant what Love did seek.

RECIT. *Mr. GRIFFITH.*

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career  
 Till unwelcome Morn appear.

AIR.

*L'All.* Populous cities please me then,  
 And the busy hum of men.

CHORUS.

Populous cities please us 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. *Da Capo.*

AIR, *Miss POOL.*

There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With masque, and antique pageantry;  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer-eves by haunted stream.

RECIT. accompanied. *Mrs. BILLINGTON.*

*H Pen.* 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,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,

AIR.

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 concert as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy feather'd sleep:  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid:  
 Then, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath;  
 Sent by some spirit to mortal's good,  
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

AIR, *Mr. INCLEDON.*

*L' All.* I'll to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Johnson's learned sock be on;  
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

AIR, *Miss POOL.*

And ever against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs:  
 Sooth me with 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.

DUET, *Mrs. BILLINGTON, and Mr. HARRISON.*

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.

AIR, *Mr. INCLEDON.*

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

## CHORUS.

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee we mean to live.

---

## PART III.

## Grand Miscellaneous Act.

OVERTURE, *Ariadne*, - - - - - *Handel.*

SONG, Mr. HARRISON, (*By Desire*)

The MANSION of PEACE. - - - - - (*Webbe.*)

Recitative, accompanied.

SOFT Zephyr, on thy balmy wing,  
Thy gentlest breezes hither bring;  
Her slumbers guard, some hand divine,  
Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

AIR.

A Rose from her bosom has stray'd,  
I'll seek to replace it with art;  
But no! 'twill her slumbers invade,  
I'll wear it (fond youth) next my heart.

Alas, silly Rose, hadst thou known  
'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place;  
Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown;  
Her bosom's the MANSION OF PEACE.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (*Solemon.*)

Search round the world, there never yet was seen  
So wise a monarch, or so bright a queen.

## CHORUS.

May no rash intruders disturb their soft hours !  
 To form fragrant pillows, arise O ye flowers ;  
 Ye Zephyrs, soft breathing, their slumbers prolong,  
 While Nightingales lull them to sleep with their song.

SONG, *Miss POOL.* (*Esther.*)

Praise the Lord with cheerful noise,  
 Wake my glory, wake my lyre ;  
 Praise the Lord each mortal voice,  
 Praise the Lord ye heavenly choir.  
 Zion now her head shall raise,  
 Tune your harps to songs of praise. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. *Mr. INCLEDON.* (*Judas Macchabæus.*)

My arms ! Against this Gorgias will I go---  
 The Idumean governor shall know  
 How vain, how ineffective his design,  
 While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

## AIR.

Sound an alarm.---Your silver trumpets sound,  
 And call the brave, and only brave around.---  
 Who listeth follow.---To the field again.---  
 Justice with courage is a thousand men.

## CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleasing, dreadful call :  
 And follow thee to conquest.---If to fall,  
 For laws, religion, liberty, we fall,

SONG, *Mrs. BILLINGTON.* (*Dr. Arne*)

(For the Last Time this Season.)

The soldier tir'd of war's alarms,  
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,  
 And scorns the spear and shield.  
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,  
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,  
 And dares again the field.

---

GRAND CHORUS. (*Jubilate.*)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,  
 world without end. Amen.

THE END.

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden,  
On Friday next, April 1,

THE FAVOURITE

# GRAND SELECTION

Will be repeated for the Only Time this Season.

## PART I.

Coronation Anthem,

"God Save the King."

Overture Esther.

Song, Mr. SALE.

"Shall I in Mamre's fertile Plain."

Chorus, "For all these Mercies."

*Joshua.*

Recit. Miss POOL,

"Rise Jephtha," and AIR,

"Happy Iphis."

Chorus, "When his loud voice."

*Jephtha.*

Song, Mr. HARRISON,

"Total Eclipse,"

Chorus, "O first created Beam."

*Samson.*

Song, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

"Holy, holy Lord," *Redemption.*

DOUBLE CHORUS.

"He gave them Hailstones."

*Israel in Egypt.*

## PART II.

The Fifth GRAND CONCERTO.

Song, Mr. GRIFFITH,

"Honour and Arms."

Song, Miss POOL,

"Ye Men of Gaza."

Chorus, "Hear Jacob's God."

Recit. Mr. INCLEDON,

"Justly, these evils," and AIR,

"Why does the God of Israel sleep?"

Chorus, "Then round about the  
starry Throne." *Samson.*

Song, Mr. HARRISON.

"O come let us Worship." *Anthems.*

Chorus "The mighty Power."

*Athalia.*

Recit. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

"O worse than Death."

And AIR.

"Angels ever bright." *Theodora.*

GRAND CHORUS.

"Gird on thy Sword." *Saul.*

## PART III.

Introduction and Chorus.

"Ye Sons of Israel." *Joshua.*

Song, Mr. HARRISON.

"Rendi il sereno al Ciglio." *Sofarines*

Song, Mr. INCLEDON, and Chor."

"O Lord in thee have I trusted."

*Te Deum.*

Song, Miss POOL.

"O had I Jubal's Lyre." *Joshua.*

Chorus, "From the Center." *Solomon.*

Recit. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

"Ye sacred Priests,"

And AIR,

"Farewel ye limpid springs." *Jephtha.*

Chorus. "The Lord shall reign."

Recit. Mr. HARRISON.

"For the Horse of Pharaoh."

Air, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

And Double Chorus.

"The Horse and his Rider."

*Israel in Egypt.*

PRINCIPAL SINGERS,

Mr. HARRISON,

Mr. Incledon, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Sale,

Miss Pool, Mrs. Piele,

And Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Leader of the Band, *Mr. G. Ashley.*

The Organ by *Mr. Knyvett.*

Theory of the Grand Jury  
On the 1st day of June 1851

# GRAND JURY

Presented to the Grand Jury  
The following bills of indictment  
were returned by the Grand Jury  
at the Court House in the City of  
New York on the 1st day of June  
1851.

1. That the said  
2. That the said  
3. That the said  
4. That the said  
5. That the said  
6. That the said  
7. That the said  
8. That the said  
9. That the said  
10. That the said

1. That the said  
2. That the said  
3. That the said  
4. That the said  
5. That the said  
6. That the said  
7. That the said  
8. That the said  
9. That the said  
10. That the said

1. That the said  
2. That the said  
3. That the said  
4. That the said  
5. That the said  
6. That the said  
7. That the said  
8. That the said  
9. That the said  
10. That the said

Presented to the Grand Jury  
The following bills of indictment  
were returned by the Grand Jury  
at the Court House in the City of  
New York on the 1st day of June  
1851.