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Mess. Ashleys' & S. Wesley's
ANNUAL BENEFIT.

A GRAND
SELECTION
OF
Sacred Music,

From the compositions of the most favorite Authors—

Ancient and Modern.

PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden,

Whitsun Eve,

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1815.

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Wm. H. & J. H. Seligman
ANNUAL REPORT

SELECTION

OF THE

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Principal Performers.

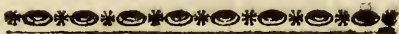
Miss STEPHENS,
Miss GRIGLIETTI,
Mrs CHILDE, Miss STAMP, Master WILLIAMS,
Mrs. SALMON, and Mr BRAHAM,
Mr DURUS'T, Mr. TINNEY,
And Signor LE VASSEUR; from the King's Theatre.

LEADER of the BAND, Mr. ASHLEY,—ORGAN, Mr S. WESLEY.
Violins, Mess Challoner (principal Second), Bramah, Brown, Calkin,
Cobham, Chappiel, Evans, Fleisher Gledhill, Gwillim, Hopkins,
Hopkins, jun. Hunter, Ireland, Ireland, jun. T. Leffer, Mori, Parnell,
Ryall, Smith, Tully, Woodcock, Young
Violas, Mess. R.G. Athley, F. Ware, S. Calkin, Simcock, F. Klose, Tattua
Violoncellos, Mess. C. I. Athley, Waterhouse, Binfield, Piele.
Oboes, Mess. Griesbach & Ling (alternately), Cornish, Gee, Beale.
Flutes, Mess. Burch & Simcock.
Clarionets, Mess. Hopkins
Bassoons, Mess. Macintosh and Tully.
Double Basses, Mess. Anfosfi, Bond, Skilern, Taylor.
Trumpets, Mess. Schmidt and Wallis.
Horns, Mess. C. Tully and Briant
Trombones, Mess. Roof, Schœnagen, Dressler.
Serbano, Mr. Willmthurst.
And Double Drums, Mr Jenkinson.

The remainder of the Band and Chorutes (which are numerous complete) by the most approved Performers.

A GRAND SELECTION.

PART I.



Overture—Occasional.



Air, Miss Stamp. Esther

(Accompanied on the Organ by Mr. S. Wesley.)

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

Chorus. Galliard & Cooke.

Join voices all ye living souls : ye birds,
That singing up to heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Hebrew Melody, Miss Stephens.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

The Poetry by the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

Since our Country—our God—Oh my Sire—
Demand that thy daughter expire ;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now !

And the voice of my mourning is o'er—
And the mountains behold me no more :
If the hand that I love, lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow !

And of this—Oh ! my Father—be sure
That the blood of thy child is as pure—
As the blessing I beg 'ere it flow—
And the last thought that sooths me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the Judge and the Hero unbent !
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my Father and Country are free !

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd—
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd—
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not, I smiled as I died.

[The Musick of the Hebrew Melodies are published by Mr. NATHAN,
No. 7, Poland-street.

Air, Mr Tinney & Chorus. Judas Mac.

Rejoice, O Judah, and in songs divine,
With cherubin and seraphin harmonious join.
Hallelujah, Amen.

Hebrew Melody, Mr. Braham.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The Poetry by the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

The wild Gazelle on Judah's hills
 Exulting yet may bound,
 And drink from all the living rills
 That gush on holy ground---
 Its airy step and glorious eye
 May glance in tameless transport by---

A step as fleet---an eye more bright
 Hath Judah witness'd there---
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight
 Inhabitants more fair---

The cedars wave on Lebanon,
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone:

More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than scatter'd Israel's race ;
 For taking root it there remains
 In solitary grace.

It cannot quit its place of birth---
 It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly
 In other lands to die---
 And where our fathers' ashes be
 Our own may never lie.
 Our temple hath not left a stone,
 And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

*Bravura, Mrs Salmon. Sacchini.**(Flute obligato, Mr. Nicholson)*

Sventurata in van mi lagno
 Bagno in van di pianto il ciglio
 Nessun mascolta eia tal peregljo
 Can affanno in torno io sento.
 Il mio barbaro tormento
 Flehil eco replicar .

Recitative, Mr. Braham. CREATION.

And God said: Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night, and to give light upon the earth, and let them be for signs and for seasons, & for days & for years. He made the stars also.

Accomp. In splendor bright is rising now
The sun, and darts his rays;
An am'rous, joyful, happy spouse,
A giant proud and glad
To run his measur'd course.

In tempo. With softer beams, and milder light steps on
The silver moon through silent night.

Ad libitum. The space immense of the azure sky
Innum'rous host of radiant orbs adorns.

And the sons of God announced the fourth day in song divine, proclaiming thus his power:

Chorus. The heavens are telling the glory of God;
The wonder of his works displays the firmament

Trio, Miss Griglietti, Mess. Braham & Tinney.

To day, that is coming, speaks it the day;
The night, that is gone, to following night.

Chorus. The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of his works displays the firmament.

Trio. In all the land resounds the word,
Never unperceived, ever understood.

Chorus. The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of his works displays the firmament.

End of the First Part,

PART II.



Concerto, Organ—Mr. S. Wesley.

*(Composed by the late Mr. I. I. Ashley)—in which he will
introduce an Extempore Fugue*



Air, Mrs. Salmon. — Redemption

Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty! who was,
and is, and is to come :

Who shall not glorify thy name? for thou art holy,
thou only art the Lord!

Air, Mrs Childe & Chorus.

Creation—Dr. Haydn.

The marvellous work behold amaz'd
The glorious hierarchy of heaven,
And to th' ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God and of the second day.

Air, Mr. Braham. Athalia

(Accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr C. I. Ashley)

Gentle airs, melodious strains,
Call for raptures out of woe;
Lull the legal mourner's pains,
Sweetly soothe her as you flow.

Air, Signor Le Vasseur and Chorus. Pucitta

Viva Enrico! viva il forte,
De 'nemici domator!
Favorita e della forte
Delle belle e dell' amor.

Viva Enrico.

Al re buono!
Al caro Enrico!
Al piu giusto della terra.
Al gran diavot della guerra!

Viva Enrico.

Noi l'amiamo, l'adoriamo,
Senza fine, e di buon cor.

Viva Enrico.

Dite tutti via, con me,
Viva Enrico, il nostro Re!

Viva Enrico!

[*Translation.*]

Viva Enrico! good and glorious,
O'er the vaunting foe victorious,
Favor'd by the fates above,
Dear to beauty and to love!

Viva Enrico!

Praise proclaiming,
Enrico naming,
First among the sons of right,
Foremost in the ranks of fight,

Viva Enrico!

Ev'ry heart to him resign'd,
Speaks it's praite, by truth inclin'd,

Viva Enrico!

Let us, then, united sing
Viva Enrico, our noble king!

Evviva, Evviva!

E. B.

Recit. Miss Stephens. Acis and Gal.

'Tis done—thus I exert my pow'r divine—
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

Air.

Heart, thou seat of soft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright!
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a chrystal flood.
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose—
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows!
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

Duet, (MS) Mr Braham & Mrs Salmon.
S. Wesley.

[Never before performed]

The words by W. B. Kingston, Esq.

Why should we shrink from life's decline,
And view its coming close with fear?
'Tis autumn brings the clust'ring vine
That crowns the harvest of the year.

The sun that rising in the morn
Hts dazzling beams around displays,
With no less grandeur sets in turn,
Still glorious 'midst his parting rays.

Double Chorus. S. Wesley

Exultate Deo Adjutori nostro: jubilate Deo Jacob:
fomite Pfalmum et date tympanum, jucundum Pfalterium
cum citharâ.

End of the Second Part.

P A R T III.



STEIBELT'S Grand DUETTO. for HARP & PIANO
FORTE, by Miss DIBDIN and Mr. HAYDON,
(Their first appearance)

HYMN. MARCELLO.

Harmonized with Accompaniments, by Mr. S. WESLEY.

Verse, Master Williams and Chorus.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad
the city of our God; the holy pavillion of the tabernacle,
the dwelling of the highest.

Air, Miss Stephens. Dr. Arne.

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. MESSIAH.

Hallelujah ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The
kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord,
and of his Christ ; and he shall reign for ever and ever,
King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah.

Air, Miss Griglietti. JEPHPHA.

THE smiling dawn of happy days,
Presents a prospect clear ;
And pleasing Hope's all bright'ning rays,
Dispel each gloomy fear ;
While every charm that peace displays,
Makes spring-time all the year.

Aria, Signor Le Vasseur. MOZART.

Non più andrai far fallone amoroso,
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
Delle belle turbando
Il riposo.

Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor,
Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,
Quel cupetto leggero e galante,
Quella chioma, quell'aria crillante,
Quel vermiglio donnesco color.
Frà guerrieri puoi far Bacco!
Gran mustacehj, stretto sacco!
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco.
Collo dritto, muso franco!
Un gran casco, o gran turbante!
Molto onor, poco contante,
Ed, in vece del fandango,
Unu marcia per il fango,
Per montagne, per valloni
Colle nevi e il sol!—Lioni
Al concerto di tromboni,
Di comarde, di cannoni,
Che le palle, in tutti tuoni,
All'orrechio fan fischiar!
Cherubino, alla victoria
Alla gloria
Militar!

Coronation Anthem.

Zadock the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, anointed Solomon, King. And all the people rejoiced and said, God save the king. Long live the King. May the King live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

FINIS.