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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,

1815.



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Price Tenpence.

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1893

W. J. L. C. B. E. G. W.

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Principal Performers.

Miss STEPHENS,
Miss GRIGLIETTI, Miss SINGLETON,
Master WILLIAMS,
Mrs. SALMON, and Mr BRAHAM,
Mr. TINNEY, Mr. DURUSET,
And Mr. BARTLEMAN.

LEADER of the BAND, Mr. ASHLEY,—ORGAN, Mr S. WESLEY.
Violins, Mess Challoner (principal Second), Bramah, Brown, Ca'kin,
Cobham, Chappiel, Evans, Fleisher, Gledhill, Gwillim, Hopkins,
Hopkins, jun. Hunter, Ireland, Ireland, jun. T. Leffler, Mori, Parnell,
Ryall, Smith, Tully, Woodcock, Young.
Violas, Mess. R. G. Athlev, F. Ware, S. Calkin, Simcock, F. Klofe, Tattnal
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. Ansoffi, Bond, Skillern, Taylor.
Trumpets, Mess. Schmidt and Wallis.
Horns, Mess. C. Tully and Briant.
Trombones, Mess. Roof, Schœnagen, Dressler,
Serbano, Mr. Willmshurst.
And Double Drums, Mr Jenkinson.

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



A GRAND SELECTION.

PART I.



Overture Occasional.



Recit. Mr Bartleman. Joshua

MY cup is full; how blest in this decree!
How can my thanks suffice the Lord and thee.

Air.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain
 The remnant of my days remain :
 And is it given to me to have
 A place with Abraham in the grave ?
 For all these mercies I will sing
 Eternal praise to heaven's high king :

CHORUS.

For all these mercies we will sing,
 Eternal praise to heaven's high King.

Air, Miss Griglietti. Esther

Tune your harps to cheerful strains,
 Moulder idols into dust ;
 Great JEHOVAH lives and reigns,
 We in great JEHOVAH trust.

Air, Mr Braham. Anthems.

O come let us worship and fall down, and kneel before
the Lord our maker.

For he is the Lord our God, and we are the people of
his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Chorus: JUDAS MAC.

O Father, whose almighty power
The heavens, and earth, and seas adore,
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defensive band unite !
Grant us a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save !

Recit. Mr Bartleman. Judas Mac.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
 Who, the bright cherubin between,
 His radiant glory erit display'd ;
 To israel's distressful pray'r
 He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
 And points out Macchabæus to their aid.
 Judas shall set the captive free,
 And lead us on to victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm ye brave ; a noble cause,
 The cause of Heaven your zeal demands !
 In defence of your nation, religion and laws,
 The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array,
 Judas, thy sceptre to obey !

Air, Miss Stephens. Theodora.

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care ;
Speed to your own court my flight,
Clad in robes of Virgin white.

DA APB

Chorus. Dr. Boyce.

Blessed be the name of the Lord, from this time forth,
for evermore. Hallelujah. Amen.

End of the First Part.

PART II.



Overture, Zauberflote—Mozart.



Recit. Miss Singleton. Samson.

Relieve thy champion, image of thy strength,
And turn his labours to a peaceful end.

Song.

Return, O God of hosts,
Behold thy servant in distress.



Recit. Mrs Salmon. JUDAS MAC.

O let eternal honours crown his name;
 Judas! first worthy in the rolls of fame.
 Say, " He put on the breast-plate as a giant,
 " And girt his warlike harness about him,
 " In his acts he was like a lion,
 " And like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey.

Air.

From mighty kings he took the spoil,
 And with his acts made Judah smile.
 Judah rejoiceth in his name,
 And triumphs in her heroes fame.

Recit. Mr. Bartleman. Dr. Callcott.

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love:
 Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
 With light and heat resplendent,
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks!
 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd.
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.

Air.

In winter awful Thou! with cloud'ft storms.
 Around Thee thrown; tempest o'er tempest roll'd
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, Thou bidd'ft the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

DOUBLE CHORUS: Israel in Egypt.

He gave them hailstones for rain; Fire mingled with the hail, ran along upon the ground.

Recit. Mr Braham. Jephtha.

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness child
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my fault'ring tongue.
Oh! let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deserts! for the ears of men
It is too shocking—Yet, have I not vow'd,
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps
Like Chemosh, and such fabled deities?
Ah! no—Heaven heard my thoughts & wrote them down.
It must be so!—'tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs
That lash me into madness!—Horrid thought!
My only daughter—so dear a child—doom'd
By a father! Yes; the vow is past, and
Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes.
Therefore, tomorrow's dawn—I can no more.

Air.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there like you to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign.

Recit. Mrs Salmon. Jephtha

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd
 With human blood, why are you thus afraid
 To execute my father's will? The call of heaven
 With humble resignation I obey.

AIR.

Farewell ye limpid springs and floods,
 Ye flow'ry meads and mazy woods,
 Farewell thou busy world, where reign
 Short hours of joy, and years of pain.
 Brighter scenes I seek above,
 In the realms of peace and love.

Chorus. Solomon.

From the censer curling rise
 Grateful incense to the skies;
 Heaven bleffes David's throne,
 Happy, happy Solomon.
 Live, live for ever, pious David's son,
 Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.

End of the Second Part.

PART III.



LUTHER'S HYMN—*Verse, Mr Braham.*

GREAT God what do I see and hear,
The end of things created ;
The Judge of mankind does appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpets sound, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before—
Prepare my soul to meet Him.

Recit. accomp. Miss Stephens. Acis & Gal.

(BY DESIRE)

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
Purling streams, and bubbling fountains ;
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the glories which you yield :
Too thin the shadow, of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

Air.

(*Flageolet obligato, Mr. Sharp*)

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire
Cease your song, and take your flight,
Bring back my Acis to my sight. DA CAPO.

New Song, Mr. Braham.

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA;

OR, THE

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

*Composed expressly for him by Mr. C. Smith.**Recit. accompanied*

High o'er Corunna's dark embattled towers,
 Dread meteor signs the wrathful clouds display.
 Omen of blood, the sun's red orbit lowers,
 Where hostile armies stand in proud array.
 Hark! on yon hill the clam'rous clarions sound,
 Fiery and bold, the war-steeds spurn the ground,
 And 'larum'd nature seems to shrink with fear.

Air.

With uproar wild, and hideous crash,
 Like mountain floods wide sweeping o'er the plain,
 Down from the heights the squadrons dash,
 Destruction in their train.

In colum'd strength the foe appears,
 Helms and corsets, shields and spears
 Glance radiant on the fight.

Advancing from the British line,
 Inspir'd, obeys the battle sign,
 And rushes to the fight.

Death hovers round in conquering state,
 His victims strew the realms of fate;
 On high his fightless banners wave,
 Woe to the coward, glory to the brave.
 Glory or death! the valiant Britons cry,
 Charge follows charge, the baffled eagles fly,
 The foe gives ground, England has victory.

But see, alas! yon chieftain's drooping head,
 'Tis MOORE, the pride of England, doom'd to bleed.
 On the dun air a murmur'ing echo brings
 Triumphant tidings on its dewy wings;
 The falling victor hails the sound,
 With steadfast look beholds his wound;
 "Forbear, my friends," th' expiring hero sigh'd,
 "Comrades, farewell!" then grasp'd his sword, and died.

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.

Air, Miss Stephens.

Resta ingrata in parto addio
Ardi pur per altra face
Machi turba mela pace
Tremera del m o furor.

Air, Mr Bartleman. Theodora.

Lord to thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope we sing and pray ;
Tho' convulsive rocks the ground,
And thy thunders roll around,
Still to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope we sing and pray.

Da Capo.

Grand Chorus. Samson.

Fix'd in his everlasting seat,
Jehovah rules the world in state;
Great Dagon rules the world in state;
His thunders roar, Heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.
The stars with deep amaze,
Remain in stedfast gaze,
Jehovah is of Gods the first and last:
Great Dagon is of Gods the first and last.

FINIS.

*On Friday, Feb. 17, (for the only time this season)
the Sacred Oratorio of*

THE MESSIAH.

Composed by G. F. HANDEL.

Being the last night of Mr. BARTLEMAN'S
performance.

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