

1747
048M
JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

The MUSICK by Mr. HANDEL.

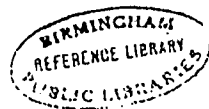


L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN WATTS: And Sold by B. DOD at the
Bible and Key in Ave-Mary Lane near Stationers-Hall.

M DCC XLVII.

[Price One Shilling.]



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE WILLIAM,

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND,

THIS FAINT PORTRAITURE

OF A

Truly Wise, Valiant, and Virtuous COMMANDER,

As to the Possessor of the like Noble Qualities,

IS,

With most profound Respect and Veneration,

INSCRIBED,

By HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most obedient, and

most devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

SIMON, *his Brother.*

CHORUS *of Israelitish Men and Women.*



J U D A S



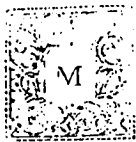
JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

PART I.

Chorus of *Israelites*, Men and Women, lamenting the Death
of *Mattathias*, Father of *Judas Macchabæus*.



OURN, ye afflicted Children, the Remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn Strains;
Your sanguine Hopes of Liberty give o'er;
Your Father, Friend, and Hero is no more.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Man.

Well, Brethren, may your Sorrows flow
In all th' expressive Signs of Woe;
Your softer Garments tear,
And squalid Sackcloth wear;
Your drooping Heads with Ashes strew,
And with the flowing Tear your Checks bedew.

B

RECIT.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

Daughters, let your distressful Cries,
 And loud Lament ascend the Skies;
 Your tender Bosoms beat, and rear
 With Hands remorseless your dishevell'd Hair.
 For pale and breathless *Mattathias* lies:
 Sad Emblem of his Country's Miseries!

D U E T T.

*From this dread Scene, these adverse Pow'rs,
 Ah! whither shall we fly?
 O Solyma, thy boasted Tow'rs
 In smoky Ruins lie.
 Ah whither shall we fly?*

C H O R U S.

*For Sion Lamentation make,
 With Words that weep, and Tears that speak.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Simon.

Not vain is all this Storm of Grief,
 To vent our Sorrows gives Relief.
 Wretched indeed! But let not *Judah's* Race
 Their Ruin with desponding Arms embrace.
 Distractful Doubt and Desperation,
 Ill become the chosen Nation,
 Chosen by the great *I AM*,
 The Lord of Hosts, who, still the same,
 We trust, will give attentive Ear
 To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

A I R.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

3

A I R.

*Pious Orgies, pious Airs,
Decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His Pity, and regain his Love.*

C H O R U S.

*O Father, whose almighty Pow'r
The Heav'ns, 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.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Simon.

*I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright Cherubim between,
His radiant Glory erst 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.*

A I R.

*Arm, arm, ye Brave; a noble Cause,
The Cause of Heav'n your Zeal demands;
In defence of your Nation, Religion, and Laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your Hands.*

B 2

C H O R U S.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

C H O R U S.

*We come, we come, in bright Array,
Juda, thy Scepter to obey.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Judas.

'Tis well, my Friends; with Transport I behold
The Spirit of our Fathers, fam'd of old,
For their Exploits in War. -- Oh may *their* Fire
With active Courage *you* their Sons inspire:

As when the mighty *Joshua* fought,
And those amazing Wonders wrought;
Stood still, obedient to his Voice, the Sun,
'Till Kings he had destroy'd, and Kingdoms won.

A I R.

*Call forth thy Pow'rs, my Soul, and dare
The Conflict of unequal War:
Great is the Glory of the conquering Sword,
That triumphs in sweet Liberty restor'd.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

To Heav'n's almighty King we kneel,
For Blessings on this exemplary Zeal.
Bless him, *Jehovah*, bless him, and once more
To thine own *Israel* Liberty restore.

A I R.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

5

A I R.

*Come, ever-smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train;
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
With whom eternal Pleasures reign. **

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

These noble Views, O Judas, shall inspire
Our eager Souls with thy heroic Fire.

A I R.

*'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
That gives fresh Beauty to the Sun;
That makes all Nature look more gay,
And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away.*

C H O R U S.

*Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling Load of hostile Chains.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Judas.

So will'd my zealous Father, now at rest,
In the eternal Mansions of the Blest;
"Can ye behold, said he, the Miseries
"In which the long-insulted Judah lies?

* The following Air was design'd, and wrote, for this Place, but it got, I know not how, into the *Occasional Oratorio*, and was there incomparably Set, and as finely executed,

*O Liberty, thou choicest Treasure,
Seat of Virtue. Source of Pleasure;
Life without thee knows no Blessing,
No Endearment worth caring.*

" Can

6 JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

“ Can ye behold their dire Distress,
“ And not, at least, attempt Redress? ----
Then faintly, with expiring Breath ----
“ Resolve, my Sons, on Liberty, or Death.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

We come; Oh see, thy Sons prepare
The rough Habiliments of War;
With Hearts intrepid, and revengeful Hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread Commands.

SEMI-CHORUS.

*Disdainful of Danger, we'll rush on the Foe,
That thy Pow'r, O Jehovah, all Nations may know.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Ambition! if e'er Honour was thine Aim,
Challenge it here: ----
The glorious Cause gives Sanction to thy Claim.

A I R.

*No unhallow'd Desire
Our Breasts shall inspire;
Nor Lust of unbounded Pow'r;
But Peace to obtain;
Free Peace let us gain,
And Conquest shall ask no more.*

CHORUS.

*Hear us, O Lord, on Thee thy Servants call,
Resolv'd on Conquest, or a glorious Fall.*

PART



JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

P A R T II.

C H O R U S.

 *AL'N is the Foe.---- So fall thy Foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

Victorious Hero! Fame shall tell
With her last Breath, how *Apollonius* fell,
And all *Samaria* fled; by thee pursued,
Through Hills of Carnage, and a Sea of Blood.
While thy resistless Power dealt around,
With their own Leader's Sword, the deathful Wound.
Thus too the haughty *Seron*, *Syria's* Boast,
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd Host.

'A I R.

*So rapid thy Course is,
Not numberless Forces
Withstand thy all-conqu'ring Sword;
Tho' Nations surround thee,
No Pow'r shall confound thee,
'Till Freedom again be restor'd.*

R E C I-

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

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 Harnes about him.
 "In his Acts he was like a Lion,
 "And like a Lion's Whelp roaring for his Prey *.

A I R.

*From mighty Kings he took the Spoil,
 And with his Acts made Judah smile;
 Judah rejoiceth in his Name,
 And triumphs in her Hero's Fame.*

C H O R U S.

*Hail, hail Judea, happy Land!
 Salvation prospers in his Hand.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas:

Thanks to my Brethren.---- But look up to Heav'n;
 To Heav'n let Glory, and all Praise be giv'n;
 To Heav'n give your Applause,
 Nor add *the second Cause*,
 As once your Fathers did in *Midian*,
 Saying, *The Sword of God and Gideon*.
 It is the Lord, who for his *Israel* fought,
 And this our wonderful Salvation wrought.

JUDAS MACHABÆUS.

9

AIR.

*How vain is Man, who boasts in Fight,
The Valour of Gigantic Might;
And dreams not that a Hand unseen
Guides and directs this weak Machine!*

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Messenger.

O Judas, O my Brethren!
New Scenes of bloody War
In all their Horrors rise.

Prepare, prepare,
Or soon we fall a Sacrifice
To great *Antiochus*; from th' *Egyptian Coast*,
(Where *Ptolomy* hath *Memphis* and *Pelusium* lost,)
He sends the valiant *Gorgias*, and commands
His proud victorious Bands
To root out *Israel's* Strength, and to erase
Ev'ry Memorial of the *Sacred Place*.

AIR and CHORUS.

*Ab! wretched, wretched Israel! fall'n how low,
From joyous Transport to desponding Woe.*

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Be comforted. --- Nor think these Plagues are sent
For your Destruction, but for Chastisement.
Heav'n oft in Mercy punisheth; that Sin
May feel its own Demerits, from within,

C

And

10 *JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.*

And urge not utter Ruin. --- Turn to God,
And draw a Blessing from his Iron Rod.

A I R.

*The Lord worketh Wonders
His Glory to raise,
And still as he thunders
Is fearful in Praise.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

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.

A I R.

*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.*

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Enough. --- To Heav'n we leave the Rest. ---
Such gen'rous Ardour firing ev'ry Breast,

We

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

11

We may divide our Cares. --- The Field be thine,
O *Judas*, and the *Sanctuary* mine.
Lo *Sion*, holy *Sion*, Seat of God,
In ruinous Heaps is by the Heathen trod;
Such Profanation calls for swift Redress,
If e'er in Battel *Israel* hopes Success.

A I R.

With pious Hearts, and brave as pious,
O Sion, we thy Call attend:
Nor dread the Nations that defy us,
God our Defender, God our Friend.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

Ye Worshipers of God:
Down, down with the polluted Altars, down;
Hurl *Jupiter Olympius* from his Throne,
Nor rev'rence *Bacchus* with his Ivy Crown,
And ivy-wreathed Rod.
Our Fathers never knew
Him, or his beastly Crew,
Or knowing, scorn'd such idol Vanities.

}

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

No more in *Sion*, let the Virgin Throng,
Wild with Delusion pay their nightly Song
To *Ashtoreth*, yclep'd the *Queen of Heav'n*:
Hence, to *Phœnicia* be the Goddess driv'n;

C 2

Or

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

Or be she, with her Priests, and Pageants, hurl'd
To the remotest Corner of the World;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious Lies.

D U E T.

*O never, never bow we down,
To the rude Stock, or sculptur'd Stone:
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his Nod.* Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

*We never, never will bow down
To the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone. ----
We worship God, and God alone.*





JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

P A R T III.

Israelitish Priest. [Having recovered the Sanctuary, &c.]

A I R.



ATHER of Heav'n, from thy eternal Throne,
Look with an Eye of Blessing down;
While we prepare with holy Rites,
To solemnize the Feast of Lights.
And thus our grateful Hearts employ;
And in thy Praise,
This Altar raise,
With Carols of triumphant Joy.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

See, see, yon Flames that from the Altar broke,
In spiry Streams pursue the trailing Smoke;
The fragrant Incense mounts the yielding Air;
Sure Prefage, that the Lord hath heard our Pray'r.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long Woes may cease,
And Judah's Daughters taste the Calm of Peace;
Sons, Brothers, Husbands to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at Home, or havock'd in the War.

A I R.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

A I R.

*So shall the Lute, and Harp awake,
And sprightly Voice sweet Descant run;
Seraphic Melody to make,
In the sweet Strains of Jesse's Son.*

*Israelitish Messenger. **

From *Capharselama*, on Eagle Wings I fly,
With Tidings of impetuous Joy. ---
Came *Lysias*, with his Host, array'd
In Coat of Mail; their massy Shields
Of Gold, and Brass, flash'd Lightning through the Fields.
While the huge Tow'r-back'd Elephants display'd
A horrid Front; but *Judas*, undismay'd,
Met, fought, and vanquish'd all the rageful Train.
Nor could the bold *Arabians* save
Their Chief, *Timotheus*, from a Coward's Grave. ---
Yet more; *Nicanor* is with Thousands slain;
The blasphemous *Nicanor*, who defy'd
The living God, and in his wanton Pride,
A Monument ordain'd
Of Victories yet ungain'd.
But lo! the Conqueror comes, and on his Spear
To dissipate all Fear,
He bears the Vaunter's Head, and Hand,
That threaten'd Desolation to the Land.

C H O R U S.

*Sing unto God, and high Affections raise,
To crown this Conquest with unmeasur'd Praise.*

R E C :

* Several Incidents were introduced here by way of *Messenger*, and *Chorus* in order to make the Story more compleat, but it was thought they would make the Performance too long, and therefore were not Set, and therefore not printed this being design'd, not as a finish'd Poem, but merely as an *Oratorio*.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

15

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Sweet flow the Strains, that strike my feasted Ear. ---
Angels might stoop from Heav'n, to hear
The comely Songs ye sing,
To *Israel's* Lord and King. ---
But pause awhile. --- due Obsequies prepare,
To those who bravely fell in War. ---
To *Eleazar* special Tribute pay. ---
Through slaughter'd Troops he cut his way
To the distinguish'd Elephant, and, whelm'd beneath
The deep-stabb'd Monster, triumph'd in a glorious Death.

A I R.

*With Honour let Desert be crown'd;
The Trumpet ne'er in vain shall sound;
But all attentive to Alarms,
The willing Nations fly to Arms:
And conquering, or conquer'd, claim the Prize,
Of happy Earth, or far more happy Skies.*

Eupolemus. [The Jewish Ambassador to Rome.]

Peace to my Countrymen; --- Peace, and Liberty. ---
From the great Senate of imperial Rome,
With a firm League of Amity, I come.
Rome, whate'er Nation dare insult us more,
Will rouse, in our Defence, her Veteran Pow'r;
And stretch her vengeful Arm, by Land, or Sea,
" To curb the Proud, and set the Injur'd free.

CHORUS.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

CHORUS.

*To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n,
That grateful Hearts can send from Earth to Heav'n.*

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

Again to Earth let Gratitude descend. ---
Praise-worthy is our Hero, and our Friend. ---
Come, my fair Daughters, choicest Art bestow,
To weave a Chaplet for the Victor's Brow;
And in your Songs for ever be confess'd,
"The Valour that preserv'd, the Pow'r that bless'd,
Bless'd you with Hours, that scatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundless Joy.

AIR.

*O lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd,
Come, spread thy Blessings all around;
Let fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,
And Vallies smile with wavy Corn:
Let the shrill Trumpet cease, nor other Sound,
But Nature's Songsters, wake the chearful Morn.*

AIR and CHORUS.

Simon.

*Rejoice, O Judah, and in Songs divine,
With Cherubin and Seraphin harmonious join.
Hallelujah, &c.*

F I N I S.