**KING ARTHUR**

***or* The British Worthy**

***A DRAMATICK OPERA***

**First Music**

**Second Music**

**Overture**

**FIRST ACT**

**Bass**  
Woden, first to thee,  
A milk-white steed in battle won,  
We have sacrific’d.  
  
**Chorus**  
We have sacrific’d.  
  
**Tenor**  
Let our next oblation be,  
To Thor, thy thund’ring son,  
Of such another.

**Chorus**  
We have sacrific’d.

**Bass**  
A third; (of Friesland breed was he,)  
To Woden’s wife, and to Thor’s mother:  
And now, we have aton’d all three.

**Chorus**  
We have sacrific’d.  
  
**Tenor Duet & Chorus**  
The white horse neigh’d aloud.  
To Woden thanks we render,  
To Woden we have vow’d.

To Woden, our defender.  
  
**Soprano**  
The lot is cast, and Tanfan pleas’d;  
Of mortal cares you shall be eas’d,  
  
**Chorus**  
Brave souls, to be renown’d in story.  
Honour prizing,

Death despising,  
Fame acquiring

By expiring,  
Die, and reap the fruit of glory.  
  
**Tenor**  
I call you all  
To Woden’s Hall,  
Your temples round  
With ivy bound,  
In goblets crown’d,   
And plenteous bowls of burnish’d gold,  
Where ye shall laugh,  
And dance and quaff,  
The juice, that makes the Britons bold.  
  
**Chorus**  
To Woden’s Hall all,  
Where in plenteous bowls of burnish’d gold  
We shall laugh  
And dance and quaff,  
The juice, that makes the Britons bold.

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**Tenor & Chorus**  
"Come if you dare", our trumpets sound;  
"Come if you dare", the foes rebound:  
"We come, we come, we come, we come",  
Says the double, double, double beat of the thund’ring drum.  
  
Now they charge on amain,  
Now they rally again:  
The Gods from above the mad labour behold,   
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.  
  
The fainting Saxons quit their ground,  
Their trumpets languish in their sound;  
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;  
"Victoria, Victoria", the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory’s won,  
To the plunder we run:  
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,  
Triumphant with spoils of the vainquish’d invaders.

**First Act Tune**  
  
**SECOND ACT**

**Soprano – Philidel**  
Hither this way, this way bend,  
Trust not the malicious fiend:  
Those are false deluding lights,  
Wafted far and near by sprites.  
Trust ‘em not, for they’ll deceive ye;  
And in bogs and marshes leave ye.  
  
**Chorus of Philidel’s Spirits**  
Hither this way, this way bend.  
  
**Chorus of Grimbald’s Spirits**  
This way, hither this way, this way bend.

**Philidel**  
If you step no longer thinking,  
Down you fall, a furlong sinking:  
‘Tis a fiend who has annoy’d ye;  
Name but Heav’n, and he’ll avoid ye.  
Hither this way.

**Chorus of Philidel’s Spirits**

Hither this way, this way bend.

**Chorus of Grimbald’s Spirits**  
This way, hither this way, this way bend.

**Chorus of Philidel’s Spirits**

Trust not the malicious fiend.

Hither this way, this way bend.

**Chorus of Grimbald’s Spirits**  
This way, hither this way, this way bend.

**Bass – Grimbald**  
Let not a moonborn elf mislead ye,  
From our prey, and from your glory;  
To far, alas, he has betray’d ye;  
Follow the flames, that wave before ye;  
Sometimes sev’n, and sometimes one;

Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.  
  
See, see the footsteps plan appearing,  
That way Oswald chose for flying:  
Firm is the turf, and fit for bearing,  
Where yonder pearly dews are lying.  
Far he cannot hence be gone  
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.  
  
**Chorus of Philidel’s Spirits**  
Hither this way, this way bend.

**Chorus of Grimbald’s Spirits**  
This way, hither this way, this way bend.  
  
**Chorus of Philidel’s Spirits**

Trust not the malicious fiend.

Hither this way, this way bend.

**Chorus of Grimbald’s Spirits**  
This way, hither this way, this way bend.

**Philidel, Solos & Chorus**  
Come, follow me.

And me. And me.

And green-sward all your way shall be.  
  
Come, follow me etc.

No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.  
  
We brethren of air  
You heroes will bear,  
To the kind and the fair that attend ye.

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**Tenor – Shepherd**  
How blest are shepherds, how happy their lasses,  
While drums and trumpets are sounding alarms!  
Over our lowly sheds all the storm passes;  
And when we die, ‘tis in each other’s arms.  
All the day on our herds, and flocks employing;  
All the night on our flutes, and in enjoying.  
  
**Chorus**  
How blest are shepherds etc.

**Shepherd**  
Bright nymphs of Britain, with graces attended,  
Let not your days without pleasure expire;  
Honour’s but empty, and when youth is ended,  
All men will praise you, but none will desire.  
Let not youth fly away without contenting;  
Age will come time enough for your repenting.  
  
**Chorus**  
Bright nymphs of Britain etc.

**Soprano Duet – Two Shepherdesses**  
Shepherd, shepherd, leave decoying,  
Pipes are sweet on summer’s day,  
But a little after toying,  
Women have the shot to pay.  
Here are marriage-vows for signing,  
Set their marks that cannot write:  
After that, without repining,  
Play and welcome, day and night.  
  
**Chorus of Shepherds**  
Come, Shepherds, lead up a lively measure;  
The cares of wedlock are cares of pleasure:  
But whether marriage brings joy, or sorrow,  
Make sure of this day, and hang tomorrow.

**Second Act Tune**

**THIRD ACT**

**Prelude**

**Soprano – Cupid**  
What ho, thou genius of this isle, what ho!  
Liest thou asleep beneath those hills of snow?  
Stretch out thy lazy limbs; Awake, awake,  
And winter from thy furry mantle shake.  
  
**Bass – Cold Genius**  
What power art thou, who from below,  
Hast made me rise, unwillingly, and slow.  
From beds of everlasting snow!  
See’st thou not how stiff, and wondrous old,  
Far unfit to bear the bitter cold,  
I can scarcely move, or draw my breath;  
Let me, let me, freeze again to death.  
  
**Cupid**  
Thou doting fool, forbear, forbear;  
What dost thou mean by freezing here?  
At Love’s appearing, all the sky clearing,  
The stormy winds their fury spare:  
Thou doting fool, forbear, forbear;  
What dost thou mean by freezing here?  
Winter subduing, and Spring renewing,  
My beams create a more glorious year.  
  
**Cold Genius**  
Great Love, I know thee now:  
Eldest of the gods art thou:  
Heav’n and earth, by thee were made.  
Human nature,

Is thy creature.  
Ev’rywhere thou art obey’d.  
  
**Cupid**  
No part of my dominion shall be waste,  
To spread my sway, and sing my praise,  
E’en here, e’en here I will a people raise,  
Of kind embracing lovers, and embrac’d.  
  
**Chorus of Cold People**  
See, see, we assemble,  
Thy revels to hold:  
Tho’ quiv’ring with cold,  
We chatter and tremble.  
  
**Cupid**  
‘Tis I, ‘tis I, ‘tis I, that have warm’d ye;  
In spite of cold weather,  
I’ve brought ye together.

‘Tis I, ‘tis I, ‘tis I, that have warm’d ye.  
  
**Chorus**  
‘Tis Love that has warm’d us etc.  
  
**Cupid & Genius**  
Sound a parley, ye fair, and surrender;  
Set yourselves, and your lovers at ease;  
He’s a grateful offender  
Who pleasure dare seize:  
But the whining pretender   
Is sure to displease.

Since the fruit of desire is possessing  
‘Tis unmanly to sigh and complain;  
When we kneel for redressing,  
We move your disdain:  
Love was made for a blessing,  
And not for a pain.  
  
**Chorus**  
‘Tis Love that has warm’d us etc.

**INTERVAL**

**FOURTH ACT**

**Act Tune**

**Soprano Duet – Two Sirens**  
Two daughters of this aged stream are we;  
And both our sea-green locks have comb’d for ye;  
Come bathe with us an hour or two,  
Come naked in, for we are so;  
What danger from a naked foe?  
Come bathe with us, come bathe, and share,  
What pleasures in the floods appear;  
We’ll beat the waters till they bound,  
And circle round.

**PASSACAGLIA**

**Tenor**  
How happy the lover,  
How easy his chain,  
How sweet to discover!  
He sighs not in vain.  
  
**Chorus**  
How happy the lover etc.

**Soprano & Bass**  
For love ev’ry creature  
Is form’d by his nature;  
No joys are above  
The pleasures of love.

**Chorus**  
No joys are above etc.

**Soprano & Bass ­– He & She**

**She**

You say, ‘tis Love creates the pain,  
Of which so sadly you complain;  
And yet would fain engage my heart  
In that uneasy cruel part:  
But how, alas! think you, that I,  
Can bear the wounds of which you die?  
  
**He**  
‘Tis not my passion makes my care,  
But your indifference gives despair:  
The lusty sun begets no spring,  
Till gentle show’rs assistance bring:  
So Love that scorches, and destroys,  
Till kindness aids, can cause no joys.  
  
**She**  
Love has a thousand ways to please,  
But more to rob us of our ease;  
For waking nights, and careful days,  
Some hours of pleasure he repays;  
But absence soon, or jealous fears,  
O’erflows the joy with floods of tears.  
  
**He**  
But one soft moment makes amends  
For all the torment that attends.  
  
**She & He**  
Let us love, let us love, and to happiness haste;  
Age and wisdom come too fast:  
Youth for loving was design’d.

**He**  
I’ll be constant, you be kind.  
  
**She**  
You be constant, I’ll be kind.  
  
**She & He**  
Heav’n can give no greater blessing  
Than faithful love, and kind possessing.

**Fourth Act Tune**

**FIFTH ACT**

**Bass – Aeolus**  
Ye blust’ring brethren of the skies,  
Whose breath has ruffled all the wat’ry plain,  
Retire, and let Britannia rise  
In triumph o’er the main.  
Serene and calm, and void of fear,  
The Queen of Islands must appear.

**Symphony**  
  
**Soprano – Nereid & Chorus**  
Round thy coast, fair nymph of Britain,  
For thy guard our waters flow;  
Proteus all his herd admitting,  
On thy green to graze below.  
Foreign lands thy fish are tasting,  
Learn from thee luxurious fasting.  
  
**Two Tenors & Bass**  
For folded flocks, and fruitful plains,  
The shepherd’s and the farmer’s gains,  
Fair Britain all the world outvies;  
And Pan, as in Arcadia reigns,  
Where pleasure mix’d with profit lies.  
Tho’ Jason’s fleece was fam’d of old,  
The British wool is growing gold;  
No mines can more of wealth supply:  
It keeps the peasants from the cold,  
And takes for kings the Tyrian dye.  
  
**Song & Chorus**  
Your hay it is mow’d, and your corn is reap’d;  
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heap’:.  
Come, boys, come;  
Come, boys, come;  
And merrily roar out our harvest home.  
  
We’ve cheated the parson, we’ll cheat him again,  
For why shou’d a blockhead have one in ten?  
One in ten,  
One in ten;  
For why shou’d a blockhead have one in ten?

For prating so long like a book-learn’d sot,  
Till pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot;  
Burnt to pot,  
Burnt to pot;  
Till pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot.  
  
We’ll toss off our ale till we cannot stand.  
And heigh for the honour of old England:  
Old England,  
Old England;  
And heigh for the honour of old England.  
  
**Soprano – Venus**  
Fairest Isle, all isles excelling,  
Seat of pleasure, and of love;  
Venus here, will choose her dwelling,  
And forsake her Cyprian grove.

Cupid from his fav’rite nation,  
Care and envy will remove;  
Jealousy, that poisons passion,  
And despair that dies for love.  
  
Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,  
Sighs that blow the fire of love;  
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,  
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Ev’ry swain shall pay his duty,  
Grateful ev’ry nymph shall prove;  
And as these excel in beauty,  
Those shall be renown’d for love.

**Tune for Trumpets**

**A New Song and Chorus   
for Britannia & St George**

**Tenor**

Sound Heroes, Sound your brazen trumpets!

Stand in the centre of the universe,

And call the list’ning world around,

While we with joyful notes rehearse,

In artful numbers, and well-chosen verse,

Mighty Britannia’s story.

**Chorus**

Let all rehearse in lofty verse;

Great is the Garter’s glory.

Sound its renown,

Resplendent crown:

Most priz’d by monarchs,

Reigning o’er the realms!

O! Bless’d St George,

O! Patron rever’d.

Enshrine this fair and sceptr’d isle,

In splendour evermore.

Sing, sing the glory,

Swell, swell the story:

St George and Britannia

Triumph o’er the earth!