

## The ARGUMENT.

Hymeneus was a Youth of Athens,  
who fell in Love with a noble Damsel,  
without Hope of ever obtaining her ; yet he assiduously  
pursued her, and often found Means to be  
with her and other of her Companions, by dressing  
himself in a female Dress, so that his Fraud could  
not be suspected.

Thus it happen'd, that he, with his Beloved  
(and many others, who went forth from Athens  
to a Sacrifice to Eleusinian Ceres) were forced  
away by some Pyrates, who came on them by  
Surprize ; and when they had got many Miles  
distant with 'em, rejoicing in their Prey, and spent  
with Toil, went ashoar ; and retiring to a Place  
where they thought themselves safe, lay down to  
sleep. Hymeneus taking that Opportunity to deliver  
himself, and the captive Virgins, had the  
good Fortune, to kill all the Pyrates before any one  
could awake ; and returning to the City, promis'd  
to restore to the Athenians their lost Children, if  
they would give her, he so lov'd; to him for  
Wife ; which was granted, and the Nuptials  
performed ; and he liv'd happy with her the rest  
of his Life.

**Text in Red** – not set by Handel

**Text in Blue** – from the Italian: not translated in this Libretto.

# ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*A Pleasant Garden.*

*Tirinthus, and afterwards Argenius.*

TIRINTHUS [ARIOSO]

Ah lost Rosmene, hapless Fair !  
Tell me, some friendly to my Care,  
Where strays the Charmer, tell me where ?

*The fatal Day that robb'd me of her Sight,  
Robb'd this fond Heart of ev'ry valu'd Bliss,  
And ever must I be estrang'd to Peace.*

*[Ah lost Rosmene, hapless Fair ! &c.*

ARGENIUS Tirinthus !

TIRINTHUS What would Argenius ?

ARGENIUS Oh hard Persev'rance of cruel Fate !  
All Search is baffled ; we can gain no News  
Of our Athenian Virgins captive State.

TIRINTHUS (And, ah ! what Lot will my Rosmene know?)  
Ill-fated Maids !

ARGENIUS Oh my lost Daughter, my belov'd Clomiris!

TIRINTHUS Oh impious Ravage of pyratie Bands !  
And thou great Goddess, Eleusinian Ceres,  
Could'st thou behold, thus unreveng'd behold,  
Vestals devoted to thy sacred Shrine,  
While offering to thy Deity, to fail  
A Prey to Pirates violating Hands ?

[ARIA] Had but my Sighs the Pow'r to swell  
The sleeping Gales, and roll the Sea,  
And back the treach'rous Bark repel,  
The Bark that bore my Life away ;  
My anxious Bosom wou'd suffice  
Sufficient Gales of ceaseless Sighs.  
  
But Winds and Seas the Spoilers aid,  
And bear far hence the wretched Maid.  
Ah, God of Love ! on gentle Wing,  
Back to this Shore the Captive bring.  
Had, &c. [Exit]

## SCENE II.

*Argenius, and Tirinthus, who returns.*

ARGENIUS Ceres assert thy slighted Deity,  
Revenge the daring Outrage, and restore  
The ravish'd Virgins to thy sacred Altars :  
With timely Aid protect the Innocent,  
And on the Guilty let thy Vengeance fall.

CHORUS.

Hymeneus comes, with Love attending ;  
Let all exult; your Ills are ending.

TIRINTHUS Farewel Argenius.

ARGENIUS      Where, my Friend?

TIRINTHUS    I go in Search of my lost, mourning Fair ;  
Nor will again return without Rosmene.  
From Shore to Shore will I unceasing roam,  
To effect her Safety, or at least obtain  
The small Relief of knowing of her Fate.    *[Going.*

*To them Hymeneus.*

HYMENEUS    Learn it of me. Disguis'd in female Robes,  
I with the Damsels join'd the sacred Rites,  
Happily fraudulent, and pertook their Fate:  
But weary'd with the Oar, the impious Crew,  
Scarce set their Footing on the distant Shore,  
When Sleep, to us propitious, clos'd their Eyes.  
Strait from the Spoiler's Side I drew the Sword,  
And as they slept slew all the Ruffian Band:  
Heaven strung my Arm, and I the Vestals freed.

CHORUS.

Hymeneus comes, with Love attending ;  
Let all exult, your ills are ending.

TIRINTHUS    Brave Hymeneus !

ARGENIUS    Advent'rous Youth!

TIRINTHUS    From Athens now expect the due Reward.

HYMENEUS    All that I from my Country ask or wish  
Is but to call the lov'd Rosmene mine.

ARGENIUS    Is this alone thy Claim ?

TIRINTHUS    (How fatal to my Peace!)

ARGENIUS    So worthy art thou of that just Demand,  
That here I promise all my Aid can give.

TIRINTHUS    (Oh hasty Pledge!)

HYMENEUS    Come now Clomiris, and Rosmene come.

*To them Clomiris and Rosmene.*

ARGENIUS    Welcome, my Daughter, to my longing Sight.

CLOMIRIS    My honoured Sire !

TIRINTHUS    Life of my Hopes, propitious Fate at last  
Gives me —

ROSMENE    Alas!

TIRINTHUS    To view those Charms again —

ROSMENE    Again the Blessing to behold thee —

HYMENEUS    Hear me, Rosmene.

ROSMENE    (Oh Heaven!)

TIRINTHUS    (Oh cruel Powers !)

HYMENEUS    Reflect a while what Dangers you have pass'd,  
Where now you are, who reach'd the present Joy;  
And let more grateful Thoughts inspire thy Mind.

CLOMIRIS    (He loves another ; what have I to hope ?)

TIRINTHUS *to Argenius* Reflect Argenius on — ah! what is due —

ARGENIUS     These fault'ring Words speak inward Jealousy.

HYMENEUS [ARIA]

When sable Night's descending Shades  
Hangs on the Mountains lofty Heads,  
Thence hovers o'er the subject Plains,  
And all around the Darkness reigns;  
Each feeble Fire, each glimm'ring Light,  
Shines thro' the Shades, confest to Sight.  
Thus when the Gloom of Jealousy  
Blackens the Brow, low'rs in the Eye,  
The Sparks of Love that burn within,  
With noted Lustre then are seen.

[When, &c.]

*Exit [Argenius.]*

### SCENE III.

*Rosmene, Clomiris, Tirinthus and Hymeneus.*

HYMENEUS     Mine is no common Claim ; at length Rosmene  
You ought incline thee to any tender Vows.  
Thy Life, at least thy Freedom, is my Gift.

ROSMENE [ARIA]

I'm not ungrateful to your Claim, } *To Hymeneus*  
My Heart is kinder far. }

Such small Returns you need not blame, } *To Tirinthus*  
While you reign Sovereign here. }

My Breast to Pity is inclined, } *To Hymeneus*  
Pity to Love ally'd. }

Yet let not this disturb your Mind, } *To Tirinthus*  
But in my Truth confide. }

[I'm not, &c.]

*[Exit.]*

### SCENE IV.

*Hymeneus, Tirinthus and Clomiris.*

HYMENEUS     But that I stood between th' impending Ill,  
Till now the lov'd Rosmene had remain'd  
In baleful Servitude and barbarous Chains.  
Approve thy generous Heart, and yield the Fair —  
Still are you silent —

TIRINTHUS     You require too much.

[ARIA]     'Twere less for you my Breast t' explore,  
And bare expose my Heart ;  
From the fair Object I adore,  
I never can depart.  
Howe'er, to pay the vent'rous Task  
I gratefully incline,  
This Love forbids; and what you ask,  
Were Baseness to resign.

'Twere less, &c.     *[Exit.]*

## SCENE V.

*Clomiris and Hymeneus.*

CLOMIRIS      But that you stood between th' impending Ill,  
                 On distant Shores till now had I remain'd  
                 In baleful Servitude and barbarous Chains.

HYMENEUS    Enough, Clomiris speaks your Gratitude ;  
                 And leave, ah! leave me to my Sighs alone.

CLOMIRIS [ARIA]

While you're a Slave to other Eyes,  
    A Virgin owns your equal Reign ;  
And bids you, plainly with her Sighs,  
    Love where you are belov'd again.

And, ah! what Folly 'tis, she cries,  
    To vex thy tender Heart  
With steady Grief, for one who flies,  
    Regardless of thy Smart ?

While, &c. *[Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

HYMENEUS *alone.*

Yet, yet I ought not harbour idle Fears,  
That my fair Prize will not be yielded to me :  
False the Suspicion that surrounds my Heart,  
Athens the Wise will never prove ungrateful.

[ARIA]

Mine yet will be the Turtle-fair,  
    Sav'd by me  
From the Danger hovering near,  
    And set at Liberty.

By me was kill'd the Ravisher,  
And the Mourner freed from Fear.

No more sighing,  
No more fearing,  
Is the Fair, now freed from Chains,  
Dead the Spoiler, ceas'd her Pains.

Mine yet, &c.

CHORUS.

Hymeneus comes, with Love attending ;  
Let all exult, your Ills are ending.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

ROSMENE, *and then Argenius.*

[ARIOSO]

Ye Powers assist me thus distrest,  
With Griefs too great to bear, opprest.

ARGENIUS     So wills superior Pow'r, the awful Senate,  
Thy Country too, and Reason joins the Voice,  
That you prepare to pay thy brave Deliverer.

ROSMENE     But, ah! resistless Love withstands that Will ;  
A faithful Love —

ARGENIUS                     — Rosmene, urge it not,  
Nor call that Faith, which is but mere Perverseness.

ROSMENE     Must I then, sway'd by Power, perfidious prove,  
That I may shun the Name of an Ingrate?

ARGENIUS     Illustrious Damsels yielding to the Will  
Of Parents, or their Country's greater Voice,  
Cannot be said to be perfidious ;  
Or e'en that Perfidy becomes a Virtue.

ROSMENE     The Breach of Faith must ever be a Crime.

ARGENIUS     Worse is the Rebel and ungrateful Mind.

ROSMENE     Oh Honour ! — Duty ! — oh ill-fated Love !

ARGENIUS

[ARIA]

See on the barbarous Theatre,  
Where Some sad Wretch is brought to die,  
The generous Lion does not tear,  
But fawns around his destin'd Prey.

The well-known Victim once reliev'd,  
The grateful Beast and drew the Thorn ;  
And for the Kindness he receiv'd,  
Such is the Savage's Return.

See on, &c.     *[Exit.*

### SCENE II.

*Rosmene, and then Clomiris.*

ROSMENE     My Mind is hurry'd by such diff' rent Thoughts,  
Now wills — yet knows not — blames — relents again ;  
That like a Ship amidst opposing Waves,  
I stand each Shock, unknowing where to turn.

CLOMIRIS     Some gloomy Sorrow hangs upon thy Brow;  
Let me, Rosmene, share the latent Woe.

ROSMENE     Know'st thou what 'tis to love?

CLOMIRIS     I feel some strange Beginning of his Reign.

ROSMENE Yet to relate my Griefs, were lost on Thee.

[ARIA] Fond Maid, you hear of Love in vain,  
Unconscious of the pleasing Pain :  
But flatter not thyself secure,  
Yet thy Heart may know its Power:  
Close the God in Ambush lies,  
Ever ready to surprize ;  
Aiming most his pointed Darts,  
To revenge on rebel Hearts.  
Doubly guard, if thou wou'dst shun,  
Or you'll know it but too soon.

Fond Maid, &c. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*Clomiris and Tirinthus.*

CLOMIRIS Rosmene hence departed but e'en now :  
Here courting Solitude, I found the Fair,  
Pensive and sad in copious Sorrows drown' d.

TIRINTHUS Ah from what Fountain do her Sorrows rise?

CLOMIRIS Hid in her Breast the deep-felt Anguish lies :  
But to some mighty Source it owes its Birth.

TIRINTHUS And how did'st this passion note?

CLOMIRIS Gasping for breath she spoke; and left precipitate.

TIRINTHUS [ARIA] A new tempestuous Gloom I find,  
O'er-spreading fast my alter'd Mind :  
As when oe'r Heaven's fair Serene,  
At first some Cloud, but faintly seen,  
Scuds on and gathering by Degrees;  
Involves at last both Skies and Seas.  
So Jealousy does now o'er-rule  
The calmer Temper of my Soul,  
And spreads around its gloomy Veil :  
While more the angry Blasts may swell,  
Till every Passage of my Breast,  
It by the raging Storm possest.

A new, &c. [Exit.

### SCENE IV.

*Clomiris and Hymeneus*

CLOMIRIS You wear the Promise of retreating Care.

HYMENEUS 'Tis to Argenius all my Joy I owe;  
Whose Aid th' Athenian Sentence draws,  
And joins the Senate in a Lover's Cause :  
And thus my Sorrows hasten to their End.

CLOMIRIS Soon will I tell the grateful News to her,  
Whose Hands thy timely Valour freed from Chains,  
While her fond Heart is fix'd with stronger Bonds.

[ARIA] So much your Happiness she shares,  
That in your Joys are lost her Cares.  
So true a Love inspires her Breast,  
To selfish Hopes unknown;  
She is content to have you blest,  
And would be lost alone. So much, &c.

## SCENE V.

**HYMENEUS** *alone.*

Love still the weak unwary Youth beguiles,  
In Shew a Child, smiling and innocent ;  
Each hasty Novice courts the sporting Foe,  
Dreaming on nought but happy Hours with him ;  
But restless Nights and Days attend him found ;  
Let them not love, who'd shun the certain Pain.

[ARIA] Who with the Rose delighted plays,  
Will find the pointed Thorn.  
Beware, ye Moths, the Taper's blaze,  
And, e'er too late, retire ;  
For Death attends the flatt'ring Rays  
That you so much admire.  
Who, &c. *[Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

*Argenius and Tirinthus, and then Hymeneus and Rosmene.*

**ARGENIUS** You've heard that Athens joins your Rival's Suit,  
To soften, not to force, the Fair-one's Will :  
Still to Rosmene's Voice your Fates are left,  
And either's Happiness waits on her Smiles.

[TERZETTO] **HYMENEUS** Ease my Anguish, cruel Fair,  
E'er Death my Woes remove.  
**ROSMENE** Wou'd you, too partial to your Care,  
That I unfaithful prove ?  
**TIRINTHUS** Ne'er, my Charmer, ne'er depart  
From your former Truth and Love.  
**ROSMENE** Wou'd you, Idol of my Heart,  
That I ungrateful prove?  
**HYMENEUS & TIRINTHUS** { A. 2. Hear, in Pity of my Grief;  
Crown my Claim, and give Relief.  
**ROSMENE** Perfidious I'll not prove, *[To Hymeneus]*  
Ungrateful must not prove. *[To Tirinthus]*  
**TIRINTHUS & HYMENEUS A. 2.**  
Then be kind, and bid me die.  
**A.3.** Better, ah better ! still it were,  
Wou'd Death relieve me from my Care.  
**HYMENEUS** This Cruelty remove.  
**TIRINTHUS** On me resolve to fix.  
**ROSMENE** Shall I unfaithful prove ? *[To Hymeneus]*  
Shall I ungrateful prove? *[To Tirinthus]*  
**HYMENEUS & TIRINTHUS** { A. 2. Say then, at last, our Doubts to end,  
Who will thy Favour find.  
**ROSMENE** Yet, yet, I know not whose 'twill be,  
To Both alike inclin'd. *Da Capo.*

**CHORUS.**

The Heart a worthy Trophy is  
To Beauty's conqu'ring Power ;  
And Hymeneus shall win the Prize,  
Subdu'd by Love before.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.



## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Hymeneus, Tirinthus and Rosmene.*

HYMENEUS, TIRINTHUS A. 2.

No longer let us wait the final Word.

ROSMENE I would decide, but Pity holds me back ;  
Since one will mourn, and blame the partial Choice.

HYMENEUS Pronounce my Fate.

TIRINTHUS I wait my Doom.

ROSMENE Ah, Love and Gratitude ! those jarring Pleas  
Advance their double Claim, and tear my Heart.

HYMENEUS Speak, my Fair.

TIRINTHUS My Fate declare.

ROSMENE Ah, cruel both ! yet for a while Farewel.

*[Offers to go, and they detain her.]*

[ARIA] Between you both  
I leave my Heart ;  
To that your Suit  
Your Love impart :  
Let it either's Claim receive,  
And for me the Answer give.  
  
Then quick to me  
It may disclose,  
Which most deserves,  
Most Merit shews :  
To whom my Heart shall so approve,  
I promise all my Troth and Love.  
Between, &c. *[Exit.]*

### SCENE II.

*Tirinthus, and Hymeneus.*

HYMENEUS If your's the long-contended Fair shall be,  
In silent unrepining, Grief, I'll give  
At once to Life and all my Woes an End.

TIRINTHUS And should on you the happier Fortune smile,  
And her indulgent Choice reward thy Love ;  
Take, take Rosmene, and let Death be mine.

[ARIA] My Heart within my Bosom beats;  
I feel it big with Fears,  
As his who dreads the forked Bolt,  
When he the Thunder hears.  
  
The fix'd Decree of ruling Jove,  
So dreaded, is at hand ;  
And whose the hard Repulse, to know,  
We now impatient stand.  
My Heart, &c. *[Exit.]*

### SCENE III.

*Hymeneus and Clomiris.*

CLOMIRIS     I too well pleas'd shall share thy Happiness,  
                  If the contested Fair thy wishes crowns.  
                  So generous is the Love that warms this Breast,  
                  That to its own, your Quiet it prefers.  
                  So says the hapless Maid, who pines for thee —

HYMENEUS     " These kind Expressions of her Love perplex me —

CLOMIRIS     " And now implores, if you refuse your Love,  
                  " That you allow her's but a kind Remembrance;  
                  " And, in Reward and Pity of her Pains,  
                  " That her's you'll be, if you Rosmene lose.

HYMENEUS     I call'd the Powers to witness; while I swore,  
                  Rosmene's, or no other's, will I be.

CLOMIRIS     Assist me, Patience ! Yet you may indulge  
                  Such generous Love, a Moment's willing Thought.

HYMENEUS     I know not who it is that needs my Pity.

CLOMIRIS [ARIA]     If you'd a pitying Thought allow ;  
                              And who requests it, yet not know,  
                              Bestow it then on me.  
  
                              It is Clomiris' am'rous Cause,  
                              Her secret Pain, her many Woes,  
                              I thus have urg'd to thee.  
                              If you'd, &c.        *[Exit.*

### SCENE IV.

HYMENEUS.

Forgive this artful Ignorance, Clomiris,  
If while I am a Slave to other Charms,  
I hear unheeding thy ill-fated Love.

*[Exit.*

### SCENE V.

ROSMENE *alone.*

Some cruel Fate conspires against my Peace —  
I must decide ; the final Choice draws nigh —  
Yet will I try what study'd Art can aid,  
And feign Distraction ; while, within collected,  
I act in Folly's Shew what Wisdom prompts.

### SCENE VI. [Sc. V]

*Hymeneus and Rosmene, who feigns herself mad.*

HYMENEUS     No more, Rosmene, thus suspend the Choice.  
                  But, ah ye Powers ! what means this alter'd Look,  
                  This gloomy Brow, these restless roving Eyes !  
                  So sudden and so wonderful a Change  
                  Freezes my Heart with icy Jealousy —  
                  Recal thy wand'ring Mind, and heed my Suit.

ROSMENE     No more.

**HYMENEUS** Must I no more ?

[CAVATINA] Wou'd you, with cruel Will, my Rest destroy ;  
Take too my Life, 'twere then a Bliss to die.

*[Exit.*

## **SCENE VII. [SC VI]**

*Tirinthus from one part, and Rosmene from the other.*

**TIRINTHUS** O lovely Treasure of my Heart !  
My only Joy !

**ROSMENE** In vain, from One Importunate I fly ;  
My Fate still casts another in my Way.

*[She walks distractedly.*

**TIRINTHUS** Tost by some inward Thoughts, she moves disorder'd,  
And stormy Grief sits low'ring on her Brow.  
For Pity, hear.

**ROSMENE** No more.

**TIRINTHUS** Must I no more ?

[CAVATINA] Wou'd you, with cruel Will, my Rest destroy;  
Take too my Life, 'twere then a Bliss to die.

*[Exit.*

## **SCENE THE LAST.**

*Clomiris and Argenius, then Rosmene,  
and, lastly, Hymeneus and Tirinthus from different Parts.*

**CLOMIRIS** Have you, Argenius, heard the new Affliction?  
To frantic Acts the lost Rosmene yields.

**ARGENIUS** Too well I know, and mourn the sudden Change.

**CLOMIRIS** No Peace cou'd dwell in such divided Thoughts,  
Lost in the Claims of Faith and Gratitude.  
But see, she comes distract — ah, wretched Chance!

*[Enters Rosmene.*

**ROSMENE** Is this the Day to end the doubtful Strife ?  
Is this the Day ? The Sentence then attend.

*To Hymeneus and Tirinthus*

[DUET] **HYMENEUS & TIRINTHUS A 2.**

Wou'd you, with cruel Will, my Rest destroy ;  
Take too my Life, 'twere then a Bliss to die.

**ROSMENE** Your Life! ah, much deceived ; the tender Maids  
Descend to Earth, commission'd from their Spheres,  
Life to bestow, and not to take away.

**TIRINTHUS** Her Words are wild.

**HYMENEUS** Alas ! she raves.

**ARGENIUS** Relieve her, oh ye Powers!

**CLOMIRIS** Who gives her Aid?

ROSMENE     **The Choice I have determin'd**, I'll decide ;  
But the Abyss discloses to my View ;  
And lo! just Rhadamanthus' awful Shade  
Moves thro' the dreary Regions to my Side ;  
I'll see, if he approves my great Decree.

[ACCOMPAGNATO]

Behold he comes, with slow majestic Pace,  
Clad in his Robes of venerable Black,  
And grasps a Sword, and holds the equal Scales ;  
A rightful Judge to end the doubtful Cause.  
Say ! must I prove perfidious or ingrate?  
With gloomy Sorrow, seated on thy Brow, *[To Hymeneus]*  
And overspread with deadly Pale thy Look — *[To Tirinthus]*  
Stand'st thou, distrustful of the near Event ? *[To Hymeneus]*  
Fear'st thou to lose? *[To Tirinthus]* Stern Shade decide —  
He lifts on high, he lifts the naked Blade,  
Quick to descend — and now the Blow descends,  
And from my Bosom cleaves away my Heart. —  
'Tis done — But, ah! my troubled Spirits sink.  
Methinks the Day spreads round a dusky Veil,  
And my Soul wings its Flight — Who, who supports me!

*[She is held by Tirinthus and Hymeneus]*

HYMENEUS     Unhappy Maid !

TIRINTHUS     Ah, wretched Fair !

CLOMIRIS     Disast'rous Chance !

ARGENIUS     Heart-rending Stroke !

ROSMENE     And lives Rosmene in the Arms of Both?  
Away — *[To Tirinthus]* and let me here be only found.

[CAVATINA]     To what thy better Fates decreed,  
                         At last, o'ercome, I yield.     *[To Hymeneus]*  
                         Hence, let that Breast from Hopes be freed,  
                         Since thus I am compell'd.     *[To Tirinthus]*

So answer'd Paris the Idalian Swain,  
Deciding thus the great the doubtful Prize:  
When the contending Goddesses appear'd,  
And either, anxious, claim'd the Golden Fruit.  
Clomiris say, Argenius, is it true?

ARGENIUS     'Tis true.

CLOMIRIS     'Tis true.

HYMENEUS     Ah, with what Anguish swells my throbbing Heart,  
To find she raves.

ROSMENE     I do not rave.

TIRINTHUS     Assist ye pitying Powers, the frantic Fair.

ROSMENE I am not frantic.

[ARIA]

I'm like the Ship, that steering nigh,  
Prepares to greet this well-known Strand ; *[To Tirinthus]*  
But Winds arise, and swell the Sea,  
And drive her on this other Land. *[To Hymeneus]*  
If from this dear forsaken Coast, *[To Tirinthus]*  
The Sport of adverse Fate, I'm tost ;  
In what can I, thus forc'd, offend?

I'm like, &c.

No more my Pilot gives me to return,  
To that forsaken Shore; say is it true ?

HYMENEUS 'Tis true.

ROSMENE Behold the Vessel that in Safety steer'd  
Thro' all the Fury of the Winds and Tides,  
And all at last appeas'd, she makes this Land,  
As reason guides, and quiet anchors here.

*[Gives her hand to Hymeneus.]*

Now Art no more the borrow'd Speech shall frame ;  
I spoke in Folly, but in Prudence fix.

HYMENEUS Oh, unexpected Change ! blest Hymeneus!

ROSMENE And now, Tirinthus, yield thy Mind to Peace,  
Nor disapprove the Means that bring me Ease.

CHORUS.

The Heart, where noble Virtue dwells,  
Consulting Duty's Ties,  
Ne'er to its own frail Fancy yields,  
But Reason's Voice obeys.

And if it feeds some other Flame  
Than Reason does approve,  
That first it flies, and free from Blame,  
Avows the alter'd Love.

THE END OF THE OPERA.