

## ANCIENT CONCERTS, LONDON.

The *Athenæum*, of March 18, 1843, says, in reviewing the first of these concerts, "As regards the music selected, the gems of the evening, to us, were Handel's overture to "Alcides," with a minuet and march which might have been written yesterday, and a chorus, "Domine ad adjuvandum," by Giovanni Porta. This was a Venetian composer born about the end of the seventeenth century, who for awhile was music director to Cardinal Ottoboni, the patron of Corelli, subsequently paid a visit to London, and finished his career as chapel-master to the Elector of Bavaria, in whose service he died in 1740. His name

is appended to seventeen operas, some of which must be well worth enquiring after, if the noble composition, produced on Wednesday, be a fair specimen of his genius. We have not heard anything so grand save from Handel. The opening movement, indeed, bears so close an affinity to the "Hailstone Chorus," that we could not help speculating whether the splendid plagiarist, who from an ancient dance tune could weave the pastoral symphony in "The Messiah," might not possibly have made its acquaintance; a fugue which follows is little less admirable. How low have the Italians fallen since such music was written, and not by their most famous men!

## A L I C E B R A N D.

## GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

*Soli.*

Mer-ry it is now in the good greenwood, When the ma-vis and merle are

When the ma-vis and merle are

sing-ing, When the deer sweeps by and the hounds are in cry, And the

sing-ing,

hun-ter's horn is ringing, and the hunter's horn, and the hunter's horn is

hun-ter's horn is ringing, and the hun-ter's horn, and the hunter's horn is

*Repeat in chorus.*

ring - ing. *Dolce.*  
ring - ing. Oh, A - lice Brand, my na - tive land Is lost for love of

you, And we must hold by wood and wold, As outlaws wont to do, as

out - laws wont to do, And I must teach to hew the beech, The

hand that held the glaive, For leaves to spread our low - ly bed, And stakes to fence the

Mer - ry it is now in the good greenwood, So  
cave, and stakes to fence the cave. So

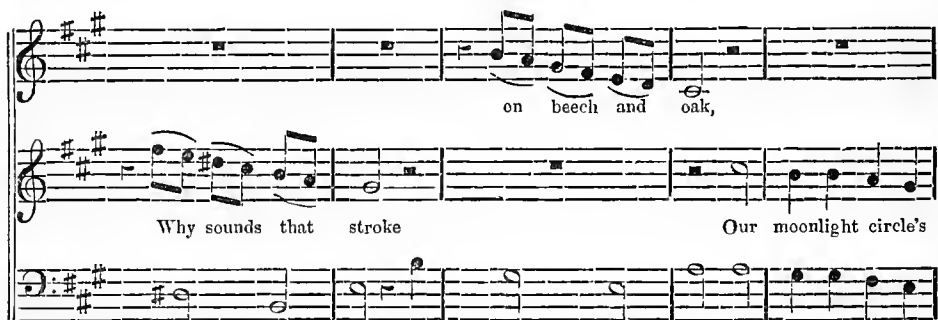
blithe Lady Al - ice is sing - ing, On the beech's pride and the oak's brown side, Lord  
blithe Lady Al - ice is sing - ing,

Rich - ard's axe is ring - ing, Lord Richard's axe - Lord Richard's axe is  
Lord Richard's axe - Lord Richard's axe is

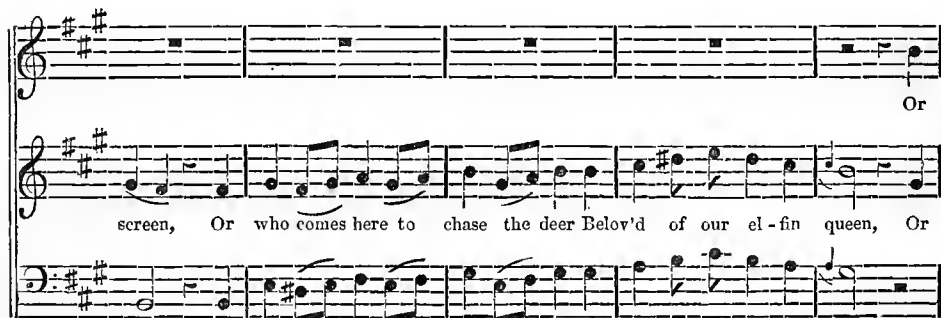
ringing.  
ringing.  
Uprose the moody ol - fin king, Who wonn'd within the hill, Like



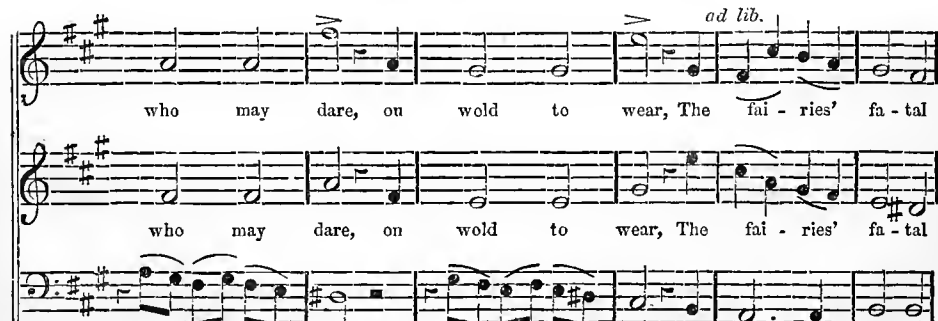
wind in the porch of a ruin'd church, His voice was ghostly shrill, Why



sounds that stroke on beech and oak, Our moonlight circle's



screen, Or who comes here to chase the deer Belov'd of our el-fin queen,



No. 67. Or who may dare, on wold to wear, The fai-ries' fa-tal

green. Merry it is now in the good greenwood, When the mavis and merle are  
green. Merry it is now in the good greenwood, When the mavis and merle are

sing - ing, But merri - er are they in Dum - fer - line grey, While all the bells are  
sing - ing, But merri - er are they in Dum - fer - line grey, While all the bells are

ringing, While all the bells, while all the bells are ringing, while all the bells are  
ringing, While all the bells, while all the bells are ringing, while all the bells are  
while all - - -

ringing, while all - - - while all the bells are ring - ing.  
ringing, while all the bells are ringing, while all the bells are ring - ing.  
- - - while all the bells are ringing, while all the bells are ring - ing.