I.

Not on beds of fading flow'rs.

Comus.

Oboe I.

Oboe II.

Violin I.

Violin II.

Viola.

Voice.

Bass.

Not on beds of fa - ding flow'rs,

Printed by C. G. Röder, Leipzig.

Shedding soon their gaudy pride, Nor with swains in Sy-ren Bow'rs

Will true Pleasure, will true Pleasure long re -

1st 2nd

1st 2nd

-side. On awful Vir - tue's Hill sub - lime Enthroned

7 ♭7 6 5 6 4 5 6
4 3 4 2 3
7

f *p*

sits th'immor - tal fair; Who wins her Height must patient climb, The steps are

♮6 6 6 6
4

Pe-ril, Toil, and Care; So from the first did Jove or - dain E-ter-nal

bliss for transient Pain, E-ter-nal bliss for tran - sient

Adagio.

1st 2nd

più f *p* *f*

1st 2nd

Pain, E-ter-nal bliss for tran-sient pain. pain.

1st 2nd

♭7 6 6 5 6 6
4 3

tr tr

6 6 4 6 6 4 3
2

II.

Fame's an Echo.

Comus.

Traversa.

Violin I.

Violin II.

Viola.

Voice.

Bass.

Fame's an E - cho, Prattling double An empty ai - ry glitt'ring bubble,

A breath can swell, a breath can sink it The wise not worth their keeping think it.

Why then, why such toil and pain Fame's un-certain smiles to gain

Like her sist - er For-tune blind,

To the bestshe's oft unkind And the worst her fa-vour find,

Adagio.

And the worst her fa-vour find; And the worst her fa-vour

f

find.

III.

"Vengeance, O come inspire me"

Alfred.

Prestissimo.

Corno I & II.

Oboe I.

Oboe II.

Violin I.

Violin II.

Viola.

Voice.

Bass.

p

p

f

Octaves.

f

p

tr

6

6 5
4 3

tr

f

p

6

6

f

6 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$

f *p* *f*

p

Vengeance, O come in-spire me, O come in-spire me! Vir-tue and Free-dom fire me,

6 $\frac{5}{6}$ 6 $\frac{5}{6}$ 6 6

Vir - tue and Free - dom fire me Join me ye sons of Glo - ry, Join me ye sons of

Glo - ry, the foe shall fly be - fore ye, And fame re - cord your

sto - ry in never dying lays in never dying lays. The

foe shall flee be - fore ye, And fame re - cord your sto-ry In ne - ver dy - ing

ff

lays, in ne - ver dy - ing lays.

ff

Vengeance, O come, in-spire me, Vir-tue and Freedom fire me; Join me ye sons of glo-ry,

Join me ye sons of glo-ry The foe shall fly be-fore ye, The

foe shall fly be - fore ye, and fame re-cord your sto-ry, and fame re-cord your sto-ry,

in never dy-ing lays, in ne-ver dy-ing lays The foe shall fly be-fore ye, And

f *p*

fame re-cord your sto-ry . In ne-ver dy-ing lays The foe shall fly be-

poco f

f *p* *f* *poco f* *ff*

fore ye And fame re-cord your sto-ry in ne-ver dy - ing lays.

f

p

p

ff

6 6/5 6 6/5

f

p

6 *p* 6

f

f 6 6 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ 6 6

tr

p

f

The peace-full dove shall soar on high, The

5 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ *p* 6 $\frac{5}{6}$ 6 6 6

p

Danish Ra - ven droop and die, and ev'- ry loy - al heart shall vie, To me-rit Al-freds praise, To

p

me-rit Al-freds praise, and ev'-ry loy-al heart shall vie, shall vie, To me-rit Al - freds praise.

Da Capo

IV.

Arise, sweet messenger of morn.

Alfred.

Moderato Allegro.

Violin I.

Violin II.

Viola.

Voice.

Bass.

2 5 6 6 6 6 4 3

6 4 ♭3 6 4 3 7 7

A - rise, a - rise, sweet mes-sen-ger of morn,

With thy mild, mild beams this Isle a -

dorn, with thy mild, mild beams this Isle a - dorn.

p

For long as shep-herds sport and play, for long as shep-herds sport and play, as shep-herds

p

sport and play, this, this shall be a ho - ly day, this, this shall be a

f *p*

ho - ly day, a ho - ly day, this, this shall be a ho - ly day.

V.

Sleep, gentle Cherub.

Judith.

Andante largo.

Violin I.

Violin II.

Viola.

Voice.

Bass.

p

Sleep,

gen - tle Cherub, Sleep descend, Sleep descend, Thy heal-ing wings protective spread

— thy heal - ing wings pro - tect - ive spread. And o'er his

sa - cred temples bend, bend, o bend their sa - lu - ta - ry shade, O gentle Che - rub, O sleep, de -

scend, descend, thy healing wings pro - tect - ive spread, And o'er his sa - cred tem - ples bend, O

bend thy shade, thy sa - lu - ta - ry shade, O bend thy sa - lu - ta - ry shade.

più p pp

VI.

O come, o come my dearest.

Andante.

Fall of Phaeton.

Violin.

Voice.

Bass.

O come, o come my dearest, and

hi - - - ther, bring thy lips a - dorn'd with

all the bloom-ing spring, thy lips a - dorn'd with all the bloom - ing spring.

A thou-sand, thou-sand sweets their fra-grant a - toms blend, which

in a gale of joy, which in a gale of joy thy breath ___ at - tend: Thy

love in gen-tle murmurs to my soul ___ ap - ply, Heal me with kisses, Oh!

heal ___ me with kis-ses or else ___ I die, or else I die.

End with the first Symphony.

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