Acis and Galatea - 13

- pheme, the mon-ster Poly- pheme! See what

- pheme, be-hold the mon-ster Poly- pheme! See what

- pheme, be-hold the mon-ster Poly- pheme! See what ample

- pheme, the mon-ster Poly- pheme! See what

ample strides he takes, see what ample strides he takes! The moun-

ample strides he takes, see what ample strides he takes! The moun-

ample strides he takes, see what ample strides he takes! The moun-

ample strides he takes, see what ample strides he takes! The moun-

ods, the forest shakes, the moun-

tain nods, the forest shakes. The waves run

ods, the forest shakes, the forest shakes. The waves run fright-

ods, the forest shakes, the forest shakes. The waves run fright-

- 51 -
N° 14 (Recit—Polypheme) - I RAGE! I BURN!

Furioso

Polypheme

Furioso

rage, rage, rage,

Adagio Furioso

melt, I burn,

The fee-ble god has stabb’d me to the heart.

Adagio Furioso

Thou trusty pine! Prop of my god-like steps, I lay thee by! Bring me a hundred

Adagio e piano

reeds of decent growth, To make a pipe for my capacious mouth; In soft enchan-ting

Adagio e piano

ac- cents let me breathe sweet Gal-a-te-a’s beau- ty, and my love.
N° 15 (Air - Polypheme) - O RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY

Allegro

POLYPEMEL

O rud-dier than the cher-ry! O swee-ter than the ber-ry! O rud-dier than the cher-ry!

Allegro

O nymph, more bright than moon-shine night, like kid-ling, blithe and mer-ry.

O nymph, more bright than moon-shine night, like kid-ling, blithe and mer-ry.

O rud-dier than the cher-ry! O rud-dier than the cher-ry!
Acis and Galatea - 15

sweeter than the berry! O sadder than the cherry! O sweeter than the berry!

nymph, more bright than moonshine night, like kidlings, blithe and merr-

mer-ry, O nymph, more bright than moonshine night, like kidlings, blithe and

mer-ry.
Acis and Galatea - 15

Ripe as the melting cluster, No lily has such luster, Yet hard to tame as raging flame, and fierce as storms that bluster, Yet hard to tame as raging flame, and fierce as storms that bluster.

D.S. §

O ruder than the
N° 16 (Recit - Polypheme & Galatea) - WHITHER, FAIREST

POLYPHEMIE

Whither, fairest, art thou running? Still my warm embraces shuning! The lion calls not to his prey.

GALATEA

Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay. Thee, Polyphemus, great as Jove, Calls to empire and to love; To his palace in the rock, To his dairy, to his flock, To the grape of purple hue, To the plum of glossy blue, Wildings which expecting stand, Proud to be gathered by thy hand.

POLYPHEMIE

Of infant limbs to make my food, And swill full draughts of human blood! Go, monster!

GALATEA

bid some other guest; I loathe the host; I loathe the feast.
Acis and Galatea - 17

N° 17 (Air - Polyphem) - CEASE TO BEAUTY TO BE Suing
WOULD YOU GAIN THE TENDER CREATURE

Would you gain the tender creature? Softly, gently, kindly treat her.

Suffering is the lover's part, softly, gently, softly, gently, kindly treat her.

Suffering is the lover's part. Would you gain the
N° 19 (Recit - Acis) - HIS HIDEOUS LOVE

His hideous love pro-vo kes my rage, Weak as I am, I must en- gage, In-
spir'd by thy vic-to-rous charms, The god of love will lend his arms.
N° 20 (Air - Acis) - LOVE SOUNDS THE ALARM

Love sounds th' a - larm, love sounds th' a - larm. And fear is a - fly-ing.

and fear is a - fly-ing.

When beau-ty's the prize, when beau-ty's the prize. What

mor-tal fears dy-ing?

When beau-ty's the prize,
When beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dying?

When beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dying?

Love sounds th'alarm, love sounds th'alarm, love sounds th'alarm, and

Love sounds th'alarm, love sounds th'alarm, love sounds th'alarm, and

Fear is flying, love sounds th'alarm,

Fear is flying, love sounds th'alarm,
and fear is a-ly-ing. When beau-ty's the prize, when beau-ty's the prize, What mor-tal fears dy-ing?

In de-fence of my trea-sure I'd bleed at each vein, With-out her no plea-sure, for life is a pain, With-out her no plea-sure, With-out her no plea-sure, for life is a pain.
N° 21 (Air - Damon) - CONSIDER, FOND SHEPHERD

Consid' rer, fond shep herd, how

flee'ing's the plea sure, That flat ters our hope, in pur suit of the far,
Acis and Galatea - 21

flatters our hope, in pursuit of the fair.

The joys that attend it, by moments we measure, But life is too little to
N° 22 (Recit - Galatea) - CEASE, O CEASE

GALATEA

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth Trust my constancy and

truth; Trust my truth, and powers a-bove The powers propitious still to love.
N° 23 (Trio - Galatea, Acis & Polypheme)
THE FLOCKS SHALL LEAVE THE MOUNTAINS

Andante e staccato

The flocks shall leave the mountains, the woods the turtle dove, the nymphs forsake the fountain, ere I forsake my love.

The flocks shall leave the mountains, the woods the turtle dove, the nymphs forsake the fountain, ere I forsake my love.
moun-tains, the woods the tur-tle dove, the nymphs for-sake the foun-tains, ere I, ere
flocks shall leave the moun-tains, the woods the tur-tle dove, the nymphs for-sake the foun-tains, ere

I for-sake my love, ere I for-sake my love, ere
I for-sake my love, ere I for-sake my love, ere

Torture! Fury! Rage!

I for-sake my love.
I for-sake my love.

Des-pair! I can-not, can-not bear, I can-not, can-not bear, I can-not, can-not
flocks shall leave the mountains, the woods the turtle dove, the
flocks shall leave the mountains, the woods the turtle dove,

bear. Tor-ture! Fu-ry!
I can-not, can-not bear, I can-not, can-not

nymphs for-sake the foun-tains, ere I for-sake
nymphs for-sake the foun-tains, ere I for-sake

bear. Tor-ture! Fu-ry! Rage! Des-pair! I can-not, can-not bear, I can-not, can-not

my love.
ere I for-sake my love.

bear. I can-not, can-not bear, I can-not, can-not, can-not bear, no, no, I can-not, can-not, can-not