

George Frideric Handel
Hercules – a Musical Drama
Libretto: Thomas Broughton

CD 1
ACT I

[1] Overtura

[2] Menuetto

Scene 1

A royal apartment.

Dejanira, Lichas and Trachinians

[3] **Accompagnato** (Lichas)
See, with what sad dejection in her looks,
indulging grief, the mournful princess sits!
She weeps from morning's dawn to shades of night,
from gloom of night to redd'ning blush of morn;
uncertain of Alcides'2 destiny,
disconsolate his absence she laments.

[4] **Aria**
No longer, Fate, relentless frown.
Preserve, great Jove, the hero's life!
With glory's wreath his actions crown,
and, o restore him to his weeping3 wife.

[5] **Accompagnato** (Dejanira)
O, Hercules! Why art thou absent from me?
Return, return, my hero, to my arms!
O, gods, how racking are the pains of absence
to one who loves, who fondly loves, like me!

[6] **Aria**
The world, when day's career is run,
in darkness mourns the absent sun:
So I, depriv'd of that dear light,
that warm'd my breast and cheer'd my sight,
deplore in thickest gloom of grief
the absence of the valiant chief.

[7] **Recitativo**
(Lichas)
Princess! Be comforted and hope the best:
A few revolving hours may bring him back,
once more to bless your longing arms.

(Dejanira)
Ah, no! Impossible! He never will return!

(Lichas)
Forbid it, heav'n, and all ye guardian pow'rs,
that watch o'er virtue, innocence and love!

Scene 2*To them Hyllus*

(Dejanira)

My son! Dear image of thy absent sire!
What comfort bringst thou to thy mother's ear?

(Hyllus)

Eager to know my father's destiny,
I bade the priests, with solemn sacrifice
explore the will of heav'n.
The altar smok'd, the slaughter'd victim bled,
when, lo, around the hallow'd walls
a sudden glory blaz'd.
The priest acknowledg'd the auspicious omen,
and own'd the present god, when, in a moment,
the temple shook, the glory disappear'd,
and more than midnight darkness veil'd the place.

(Lichas)

'T was dreadful all!

(Hyllus)

At length the rev'rend flamen,
full of the deity, prophetic spoke:

[8] Arioso

"I feel, I feel the god, he swells my breast!
Before my eyes the future stands confest:
I see the valiant chief in death laid low,
and flames aspire from Oeta's lofty brow."

[9] Recitativo (Hyllus)

He said; the sacred fury left his breast,
and on the ground the fainting prophet fell.

(Dejanira)

Then I am lost! O dreadful oracle!
My griefs hang heavy on my lab'ring soul,
and soon will sink me to the realms of night.
There once again I shall behold my Hercules,
or whirl the lance, or bend the stubborn bow,
or to the list'ning ghosts his toils recount.

[10] Aria

There in myrtle shades reclin'd,
by streams, that through Elysium wind,
in sweetest union we shall prove
eternity of bliss and love.

[11] Recitativo (Hyllus)

Despair not! But let rising hope
suspend excess of grief,
'till I have learn'd the certainty
of my dear father's fate.
Tomorrow's sun shall see

your Hyllus bend his pious steps,
to seek the hero through the travell'd globe.
If yet he lives, I will restore him to you,
or perish in the search.

[12] Aria

Where congeal'd the northern streams,
bound in icy fetters, stand,
where the sun's intenser beams
scorch the burning Libyan sand:
By honour, love and duty led,
with advent'rous steps I'll tread.

[13] Chorus

O filial piety! O gen'rous love!
Go, youth inspir'd,
thy virtue prove!
Immortal fame attends thee,
and pitying heav'n befriends thee!

Scene 3

To them Lichas

[14] Recitativo (Lichas)

Banish your fears! Alcmena's god-like son lives,
and from sack'd Oechalia,
which his arms have levell'd with the ground,
returns a conqueror!

(Dejanira)

O joyful news! Welcome as rising day
to the benighted world, or falling show'rs
to the parch'd earth! – Ye lying omens, hence!
Hence, ev'ry anxious thought!

[15] Aria (Dejanira)

Begone, my fears, fly, hence, away,
like clouds before the morning ray!
My hero found,
with laurel crown'd,
heav'n relenting,
fate consenting,
springing joys my griefs controul,
and rising transports swell my soul.

[16] Recitativo (Lichas)

A train of captives, red with honest wounds,
and low'ring on their chains, attend the conqueror;
but more to grace the pomp of victory,
the lovely Iöle, Oechalia's princess,
with captive beauty swells the joyfull triumph.

(Hyllus)

My soul is mov'd for th'unhappy princess,
and fain, methinks, I would unbind her chains.
But say, her father, haughty Eurytus?

(Lichas)
He fell in single combat by the sword of Hercules.

(Dejanira)
No more, but haste, and wait thy Lord's arrival!
(*Exit Dejanira*)

(Lichas)
How soon is deepest grief exchange'd for bliss!

[17] **Aria**
The smiling hours, a joyful train,
on silken pinions waft again
the moments of delight.
Returning pleasures banish woe,
as ebbing streams recruited flow,
and day succeeds to night.

[18] **Chorus**
Let none despair, relief may come though late,
and heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate.
(*Exeunt*)

Scene 4

*A square before the Palace.
Iöle and Oechalian virgins, led captive.*

[19] **Recitativo** (Iöle)
Ye faithful followers of the wretched Iöle,
your bonds sit heavier on me than my own.
Unhappy maids! My fate has dragg'd you down,
like some vast pile, that crushes with its fall
the neighb'ring domes, and spreads wide
ruin round it.

(First Oechalian)
You are our mistress still.

(Iöle)
Alas! Erastia,
captivity, like the destroyer death,
throws all distinctions down,
and slaves are equal.
But, if the gods relent, and give us back
to our lost liberty – – Ah me!
How soon the flatt'rer hope is ready
with his cordial! – –
Vain expectation! No! – – Adieu for ever,
ye smiling joys and innocent delights
of youth and liberty! – – Severe remembrance!

[20] **Aria**
Daughter of gods, bright liberty!
With thee a thousand graces reign,
a thousand pleasures crowd thy train,

and hail thee, loveliest deity.
 But thou, alas, hast wing'd thy flight,
 the graces, that surround thy throne,
 and all the pleasures with thee gone,
 remov'd for ever from my sight!

- [21] **Recitativo** (Iöle)
 But hark! The victor comes.

Scene 5

To them Hercules and attendants

- [22] **March**

- [23] **Recitativo** (Hercules)
 Thanks to the pow'rs above, but chief to thee,
 Father of gods, from whose immortal loins
 I drew my birth! Now my long toils are o'er,
 and Juno's rage appeas'd. With pleasure, now,
 at rest, my various labours I review.
 Oechalia's fall is added to my titles,
 and points the rising summit of my glory.
(Turning to Iöle)
 Fair princess, weep no more! Forget these bonds,
 in Trachin you are free, as in Oechalia.

(Iöle)
 Forgive me, gen'rous victor, if a sigh
 for my dead father, for my friends, my country,
 will have its way; I cannot yet forget,
 that such things were, and that I once enjoy'd them.

- [24] **Aria** (Iöle)
 My father! Ah! Methinks I see
 the sword inflict the deadly wound:
 He bleeds, he falls in agony,
 dying he bites the crimson ground.
 Peaceful rest, dear parent shade,
 light the earth be on thee laid!
 In thy daughter's pious mind
 all thy virtues live enshrin'd.
(Exeunt Iöle and Oechalians)

Scene 6

Hercules (and Trachinians)

- [25] **Recitativo** (Hercules)
 Now farewell, arms! From hence the tide of time
 shall bear me gently down to mellow age;
 from war to love I fly, my cares to lose
 in gentle Dejanira's fond embrace.
- [26] **Aria**
 The god of battle quits the bloody field,
 and useless hang the glitt'ring spear and shield:
 While, all resign'd to conqu'ring beauty's charms,

he gives a loose to love in Cytherea's arms.

[27] Chorus

Crown with festal pomp the day,
be mirth extravagantly gay.
Bid the grateful altars smoke,
bid the maids the youth provoke
to join the dance, while music's voice
tells aloud our rapturous joys!

CD 2

ACT II

Scene 1

An apartment.

Iöle and Oechalians

[1] Sinfonia

[2] Recitativo (Iöle)

Why was I born a princess, rais'd on high,
to fall with greater ruin? Had the gods
made me the humble tenant of some cottage,
I had been happy.

[3] Aria

How blest the maid ordain'd to dwell
with sweet content in humble cell,
from cities far remov'd,
by murm'ring rills on verdant plains
to tend the flocks with village swains,
by ev'ry swain belov'd.
Though low, yet happy in that low estate,
and safe from ills, which on a princess wait.

Scene 2

To her Dejanira

[4] Recitativo (Dejanira)

(Aside, entering)

It must be so! Fame speaks aloud my wrongs,
and ev'ry voice proclaims Alcides' falsehood;
love, jealousy and rage at once distract me!

(Iöle)

What anxious cares untimely thus disturb
the happy consort of the son of Jove?

(Dejanira)

Insulting maid! I had indeed been happy,
but for the fatal lustre of thy beauty!

(Iöle)

Alas! What mean you?

(Dejanira)

Well-dissembl'd ignorance!
Thou knowst not then the force
of thy own charms! – O! That Alcides
ne'er had felt their influence!

(Iöle)
False and improbable suggestion!
How should this artless form, these trifling beauties,
mean at the best, and discomposed by grief,
kindle love's fire in great Alcides' breast,
which burns with glory's generous flame?

(Dejanira)
Fair hypocrite! The silent rhetoric
of weeping beauty pleads with resistless force.

- [5] **Aria**
When beauty sorrow's liv'ry wears,
our passions take the fair-one's part.
Love dips his arrows in her tears,
and sends them pointed to the heart.

- [6] **Recitativo** (Iöle)
Whence this unjust suspicion?

(Dejanira)
Fame of thy beauty (so report informs me)
first brought Alcides to Oechalia's court.
He saw, he lov'd, he ask'd you of your father.
His suit rejected, in revenge, he levell'd
the haughty town, and bore away the spoil:
But the rich prize, for which he fought
and conquer'd, was Iöle.

(Iöle)
Ah, no! It was ambition,
not slighted love, that laid Oechalia low,
and made the wretched Iöle a captive.
Report, that in the garb of truth disguises
the blackest falsehood, has abused your ear
with a forged tale; but, oh! Le me conjure you
for your dear peace of mind, beware of jealousy!

- [7] **Aria**
Ah! Think what ills the jealous prove:
Adieu to peace, adieu to love,
exchang'd for endless pain.
With venom fraught the bosom swells,
and never ceasing discord dwells,
where harmony should reign.

- [8] **Recitativo** (Dejanira)
It is too sure, that Hercules is false.
(Going)

Scene 3

To them Lichas

- [9] **Recitativo** (Lichas)
My godlike master?

(Dejanira)
Is a traitor, Lichas,
traitor to Hymen, Love and Dejanira.

(Lichas)
Alcides false? Impossible!

- [10] **Aria**
As stars, that rise and disappear,
still in the same bright circle move,
so shines unchang'd thy hero's love,
nor absence can his faith impair.
The breast, where gen'rous valour dwells,
in constancy no less excels.

- [11] **Recitativo** (Dejanira)
In vain you strive his falsehood to disguise!
(*Exit Dejanira*)

(Lichas)
This is thy work, accursed jealousy!
(*Lichas exit*)

- [12] **Chorus**
Jealousy! Infernal pest,
tyrant of the human breast!
How from slightest causes bred,
dost thou lift thy hated head!
Trifles, light as floating air,
strongest proofs to thee appear.

Scene 4

Iöle; to her Hyllus

- [13] **Recitativo** (Hyllus)
(*Aside, entering*)
She knows my passion, and has heard me
breathe my am'rous vows;
but, deaf to the soft plea,
rejects my offer'd love. –
See, where she stands,
like fair Diana, circled by her nymphs.

(Iöle)
Too well, young prince,
I guess the cause, that this way leads your steps.
Why will you urge a suit, I must not hear?
Love finds no dwelling in that hapless breast,
where sorrow and her gloomy train reside.

(Hyllus)

The stealing hand of all subduing time
may drive these black intruders from their seat,
and leave the heav'nly mansion of thy bosom
serene and vacant to a softer guest.

(Iöle)

And think'st thou, Iöle can ever love
the son of Hercules, whose arms depriv'd her
of country, father, liberty? Impossible!

(Hyllus)

I own the truths that blast my springing hopes;
yet, o permit me, charming maid,
to gaze on those dear beauties,
that enchant my soul,
and view, at least, that heav'n
I must despair to gain.

(Iöle)

Is this, is this the son of Hercules,
for labours fam'd, and hardy deeds of arms?
O prince, exert the virtues of thy race,
and call forth all thy father in thy soul.

[14] Aria

Banish love from thy breast,
'tis a womanish guest,
fit only mean thoughts to inspire.
Bright glory invites thee,
fair honour excites thee,
to tread in the steps of thy sire.

[15] Recitativo (Hyllus)

Forgive a passion, which resistless sways
ev'n breasts immortal!

[16] Aria

From coelestia seats descending,
joys divine awhile suspending,
gods have left their heav'n above,
to taste the sweeter heav'n of love.
Cease my passion then to blame,
cease to scorn a godlike flame.

[17] Chorus

Wanton god of amorous fires,
wishes, sighs and soft desires,
all nature's sons thy laws maintain!
O'er liquid air, firm land and swelling main
extends thy uncontrol'd³¹ and boundless reign.

Scene 5

Another Apartment
Hercules and Dejanira

[18] Recitativo (Dejanira)

Yes, I congratulate your titles,
 swell'd with proud Oechalia's fall –
 but o, I grieve to see the victor to the
 vanquish'd yield. –
 How lost, alas! How fall'n from what you were!
 Your fame eclips'd, and all your laurels blasted!\

(Hercules)
 Unjust reproach! No, Dejanira, no!
 While glorious deeds demand a just applause!

[19] Aria
 Alcides' name in latest story
 shall with brightest lustre shine;
 and future heroes rise to glory
 by actions emulating mine.

[20] Recitativo (Dejanira)
 O glorious pattern of heroic deeds!
 The mighty warrior, whom nor Juno's hate,
 nor a long series of incessant labours
 could e'er subdue,
 a captive maid has conquer'd!
 O shame to manhood! O disgrace of arms!

[21] Aria
 Resign thy club and lion's spoils,
 and fly from war to female toils!
 For the glittering sword and shield
 the spindle and the distaff wield!
 Thund'ring Mars no more shall arm thee,
 glory's call no more shall warm thee,
 Venus and her whining boy
 shall all thy wanton hours employ.

[22] Recitativo (Hercules)
 You are deceived! Some villain has bely'd
 my ever-faithful love and constancy.

(Dejanira)
 Would it were so, and that the babblers' fame
 had not through all the Grecian cities spread
 the shameful tale!

(Hercules)
 The priests of Jupiter
 prepare with solemn rites to thank the god
 for the success of my victorious arms:
 The ready sacrifice expects my presence.
 I go! Meantime let these suspicions sleep,
 nor causeless jealousy alarm your breast.
(Exit)

Scene 6

Dejanira

Recitativo (Dejanira)

Dissembling, false, perfidious Hercules!
Did he not swear, when first he woo'd my love,
the sun should cease to dawn, the silver moon
be blotted from her orb, ere he prov'd false?

[23] Aria

Cease, ruler of the day, to rise,
nor, Cynthia, gild the ev'ning skies!
To your bright beams he made appeal,
with endless night his falsehood seal!

[24] Recitativo (Dejanira)

Some kinder pow'r inspire me, to regain
His alienated love, and bring the wand'rer back!
Ha! Lucky thought! I have a garment, dipt
in Nessus' blood, when from the wound he drew
the barbed shaft, sent by Alcides' hand;
it boasts a wond'rous virtue, to revive
th'expiring flame of love: So Nessus told me,
when dying to my hand he trusted it.
I will prevail with Hercules to wear it,
and prove its magic force, ...
(Enter Lichas)
and see, the herald!
Fit instrument, to execute my purpose!

Scene 7**Recitativo** (Dejanira)

Lichas, thy hands shall to the temple bear
a rich embroider'd vest, and beg thy lord
will instant o'er his manly shoulders throw
his consort's gift, the pledge of reconciliation.
(Lichas)
O pleasing task! O happy Hercules!

[25] Aria

Constant lovers, never roving,
never jealous torments proving,
calm, imperfect pleasures taste.
But the bliss to rapture growing,
bliss from reconciliation flowing,
this is love's sublime repast.

[26] Recitativo (Dejanira)

But see, the princess löle! – Retire!
(Exit Lichas)
Be still, my jealous fears, and let my tongue
disguise the torture of my bleeding heart.

Scene 8

To her löle

Recitativo (Dejanira)

Forgive me, princess, if my jealous frenzy

too roughly greeted you!
I see and blame the error,
that misled me to insult
that innocence and beauty.

(Iöle)
Thank the gods,
that have inspir'd your mind with calmer thoughts,
and from your breast
remov'd the vulture jealousy!
Live, and be happy in Alcides' love,
while wretched Iöle – –
(Weeping)

(Dejanira)
Princess, no more!
But lift those beauteous eyes
to the fair prospect of returning happiness.
At my request Alcides shall restore you
to liberty, and your paternal throne.

[27] Aria (Iöle & Chorus)
Still caressing, and caress'd,
ever blessing, ever blest,
live the hero and the fair!
This is, valour, thy reward,
this, o beauty, the regard
kind heav'n pays the virtuous pair.

[28] Duet (Dejanira)
Joys of freedom, joys of pow'r
wait upon the coming hour,
and court thee to be blest.

(Iöle)
What heav'nly pleasing sounds I hear!
How sweet they steal upon my ear,
and charm my soul to rest.
(Exit Iöle)

[29] Recitativo (Dejanira)
Father of Hercules, great Jove,
succeed this last expedient of despairing love!

[30] Chorus
Love and Hymen, hand in hand,
come, restore the nuptial band!
And sincere delights prepare,
to crown the hero and the fair.

CD 3 ACT III

Scene 1 *Lichas and Trachinians*

[1] Sinfonia**[2] Recitativo** (Lichas)

Ye sons of Trachin, mourn your valiant chief,
return'd from foes and dangers threat'ning death,
to fall, inglorious, by a woman's hand!

(First Trachinian)
O! Doleful tidings!

(Lichas)
As the hero stood, prepared for sacrifice,
and festal pomp adorn'd the temple,
these unlucky hands presented him,
in Dejanira's name, a costly robe,
the pledge of reconciliation.
With smiles, that testified his rising joy,
Alcides o'er his manly shoulders
threw the treach'rous gift –
but, when the altar's flame with warmth
began to dew his moisten'd limbs,
the clinging robe, by cursed art envenom'd,
through all his joints dispers'd a subtle poison.
Frantic with agonizing pain, he flings
his tortur'd body on the sacred floor,
then strives to rip the deathful garment off,
but, with it, tears the bleeding, mangled flesh;
his dreadful cries the vaulted roof returns!

[3] Aria

O scene of unexampled woe,
o sun of glory, sunk so low!
What language can our sorrow tell?
Gallant, unhappy chief, farewell!

[4] Recitativo (First Trachinian)

O fatal jealousy! O cruel recompence
of virtue, in severest labours try'd!

[5] Chorus

Tyrants now no more shall dread
on necks of vanquish'd slaves to tread!
Horrid forms, of monstrous birth,
again shall vex the groaning earth!
All fear of punishment is o'er:
The world's avenger is no more!

Scene 2

The Temple of Jupiter

Hercules, Hyllus, Priests and Attendants

[6] Concitato (Hercules)

(*Arioso*)
O Jove! What land is this, what clime accurst,
by raging Phoebus scorch'd? I burn, I burn,
tormenting fire consumes me! – O, I die!

Some ease, ye pitying pow'rs!
 I rage, I rage with more than Stygian pains;
 along my fev'rish veins,
 like liquid fire, the subtle poison hastes.
 Boreas, bring thy northern blast,
 and through my bosom roar!
 Or, Neptune, kindly pour ocean's collected flood
 into my breast, and cool my boiling blood!
 I rage, with more than Stygian pains!
 Boreas! Or Neptune! O cool my boiling blood!

[7] **Recitativo** (Hyllus)
 Great Jove! Relieve his pains!

[8] **Accompagnato** (Hercules)
 Was it for this unnumber'd toils I bore?
 O Juno and Eurystheus, I absolve ye!
 Your keenest malice yield to Dejanira's:
 Mistaken, cruel, treacherous Dejanira!
 O, this curst robe! It clings to my torn sides
 and drinks my vital blood!

(Hyllus)
 Alas! My father!

(Hercules)
 My son! Observe thy dying sire's request:
 While yet I live, bear me to Oeta's top.
 There, on the summit of that cloud-capt hill,
 the tow'ring oak and lofty cypress fell,
 and raise a funeral pile; upon it lay me.
 Then fire the kindling heap, that I may mount
 on wings of flame, to mingle with the gods!

(Hyllus)
 O, glorious thought! Worthy the son of Jove!

(Hercules)
 My pains redouble – O! Be quick, my son,
 and bear me to the scene of glorious death.

(Hyllus)
 How is the hero fall'n!

[9] **Aria**
 Let not fame the tidings spread
 to proud Oechalia's conquer'd wall!
 The baffled foe will lift his head,
 and triumph in the victor's fall.
(Exeunt. Hercules borne off.)

Scene 3

The Palace. Dejanira, sola.

[10] **Accompagnato** (Dejanira)
 Where shall I fly! Where hide this guilty head?
 O fatal error of misguided love!

O cruel Nessus, how art thou reveng'd!
 Wretched I am! By me Alcides dies!
 These impious hands have sent my injur'd lord
 untimely to the shades! Let me be mad!
 Chain me, ye Furies, to your iron beds,
 and lash my guilty ghost with whips of scorpions!
 See! See! See! They come!
 Alecto with her snakes!
 Megaera fell, and black Tisiphone!
 See the dreadful sisters rise!
 Their baneful presence taints the skies!
 See the snaky whips they bear!
 What yellings rend my tortur'd ear!
 Hide me from their hated sight,
 friendly shades of blackest night!
 Alas! No rest the guilty find
 from the pursuing Furies of the mind!

Scene 4

Dejanira, to her löle

[11] Recitativo (Dejanira)

Lo! The fair, fatal cause of all this ruin!
 Fly from my sight, detested sorc'ress, fly,
 lest my ungovern'd fury rush upon thee,
 and scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n!
 Alas! I rave! The lovely maid is innocent,
 and I alone the guilty cause of all!

(löle)

Though torn from ev'ry joy, a father's love,
 my native land and dear-priz'd liberty,
 by Hercules' arms, still I must pity
 the countless woes of this unhappy house.

[12] Aria

My breast with tender pity swells
 at sight of human woe,
 and sympathetic anguish feels,
 where'er heav'n strikes the blow.

Scene 5

To them the Priest of Jupiter, Hyllus, Lichas and Trachinians

[13] Recitativo (Priest of Jupiter)

Princess, rejoice! Whose heav'n-directed hand
 has rais'd Alcides to the court of Jove's!

(Dejanira)

Speak, priest! What means this dark,
 mysterious greeting?
 That he is dead, and by this fatal hand –
 too sure, alas! – my bleeding heart divines.

(Priest of Jupiter)

Borne (by his own command) to Oeta's top,

stretch'd on a funeral pile, the hero lay,
 the crackling flames surround his manly limbs –
 when lo, an eagle, stooping from the clouds,
 swift to the burning pile his flight directs;
 there lights a moment, then, with speedy wings,
 regains the sky. Astonish'd we consult
 the sacred grove, where sounds oracular
 from vocal oaks disclose the will of Jove.
 Here the great sire his offspring's fate declared:

Accompagnato

"His mortal part by eating fires consum'd,
 his part immortal to Olympus borne,
 there with assembled deities to dwell!"

[14] Aria (Lichas)

He, who for Atlas prop'd the sky,
 now sees the sphere beneath him lie,
 in bright abodes
 of kindred gods,
 a new-admitted guest,
 with purple lips
 brisk nectar sips,
 and shares th'ambrosial feast.

[15] Recitativo & Accompagnato (Dejanira)

Words are too faint
 to speak the warring passions,
 that combat in my breast –
 grief, wonder, joy by turns
 deject and elevate my soul!

(Priest of Jupiter)

(*To Iöle*)

Nor less thy destiny, illustrious maid,
 is Jove's peculiar care, who thus decrees:
 "Hymen with purest joys of love shall crown
 Oechalia's princess and the son of Hercules."

[16] Recitativo (Hyllus)

How blest is Hyllus, if the lovely Iöle,
 consenting, ratifies the gift of heav'n!

(Iöle)

What Jove ordains, can Iöle resist?

[17] Duet (Iöle)

O prince, whose virtues all admire,
 since Jove has ev'ry bar remov'd,
 I feel my vanquish'd heart conspire
 to crown a flame by heav'n approv'd.

(Hyllus)

O princess, whose exalted charms
 above ambition fire my breast,
 how great my joy to fill those arms

at once with love and empire blest!

(Iöle)

I grieve no more, since now I see
all happiness restor'd in thee.

(Hyllus)

I ask no more, since now I find
all earthly good in thee combin'd.

- [18] **Recitativo** (Priest of Jupiter)
Ye sons of freedom, now, in ev'ry clime,
with joyful accents, sing the deathless chief,
by virtue to the starry mansions rais'd!

- [19] **Chorus**
To him your grateful notes of praise belong,
the theme of liberty's immortal song!
Aw'd by his name, oppression shuns the light,
and slav'ry hides her head in depths of night,
while happy climes to his example owe
the blessing that from peace and freedom flow.
To him your grateful notes of praise belong,
the theme of liberty's immortal song!