

CD 1

Act I

A rural prospect, diversified with rocks, groves, and a river. Acis and Galatea, seated by a fountain; Chorus of nymphs and shepherds, distributed about the landscape; and Polyphemus discovered sitting upon a mountain.

[2] Chorus

Oh, the pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains,
Harmless, merry, free and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.

Acis, Galatea, Chorus

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distills the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flow'rs display their hue.
For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine,
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

[3] Galatea

Ye verdant plains and woody mountains,
Purling streams and bubbling fountains.
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleasures which ye yield;
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales, to cool my love.

[4] Hush ye pretty warbling quire!

Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire.

Cease your song, and take your flight,
Bring back my Acis to my sight!

[5] Acis

Where shall I seek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains!

O tell me, if you saw my dear!
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains?

[6] Damon

Stay, shepherd, stay!
See, how thy flocks in yonder valley stray!
What means this melancholy air?
No more they tuneful pipe we hear.

[7] Shepherd, what are thou pursuing?

Heedless running to thy ruin;
Share our joy, our pleasure share.

Leave thy passion till tomorrow,
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.

[8] Acis

Lo! here my love! turn, Galatea, hither turn thy eyes;
See, at thy feet the longing Acis lies!

[9] Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love on her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath!

Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;

No grace, no charm is wanting,
To set the heart on fire.

[10] Galatea

Oh! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

[11] As when the dove laments her love,

All on the naked spray;
When he returns, no more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.

Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing
Melting murmurs fill the grove,
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

[12] Acis, Galatea

Happy we!

Galatea

What joys I feel!

Acis

What charms I see!

Galatea

Of all youths thou dearest boy!

Acis

Of all nymphs though brightest fair!

Both

Thou all my bliss, Thou all my joy!

Chorus

Happy we!
What joys I feel, what charms I see!
Happy we!

CD 2

Act II

[1] Chorus

Wretched lovers! fate has past
This sad decree: no joy shall last.
Wretched lovers, quit your dream!
Behold the monster Polypheme!

See what ample strides he takes!
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores:
Hark, how the thund'ring giant roars!

[2] Polyphemus

I rage — I melt — I burn!
The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart.
Thou trusty pine, prop of my god-like steps,
I lay thee by!
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
to make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

[3] O ruddier than the cherry,
O sweeter than the berry,
O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!

Ripe as the melting cluster,
No lily has such luster;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

[4] Whither, fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?

Galatea

The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambskin stay.

Polyphemus

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 gather'd by thy hand,

Galatea

Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monster! bid some other guest:
I loathe the host, I loathe the feast.

[5] **Polyphemus**

Cease to beauty to be suing,
Ever whining love disdainings.
Let the brave their aims pursuing,
Still be conqu'ring not complaining.

[6] **Damon**

Would you gain the tender creature,
Softly, gently, kindly treat her.
Suffr'ing is the lover's part.

Beauty be constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.

[7] **Acis**

His hideous love provokes my rage:
Weak as I am, I must engage!
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The god of love will lend his arms.

[8] Love sounds th'alarm,
And fear is a-flying!
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?

In defense of my treasure,
I bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

[9] **Damon**

Consider, fond shepherd,
How fleeting's the pleasure,
That flatters our hopes
In pursuit of the fair!

The joys that attend it,
By moments we measure,
But life is too little
To measure our care.

[10] **Galatea**

Cease, oh cease, thou gentle youth,
Trust my constancy and truth,
Trust my truth and pow'rs above,
The pow'rs propitious still to love!

[11] **Acis, Galatea**

The flocks shall leave the mountains
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love!

Polyphemus

Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot bear!

Acis, Galatea

Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee,
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

Polyphemus

Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly!
Die, presumptuous Acis, die!

[12] **Acis**

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
And take my dying to your deep abodes.

[13] **Chorus**

Mourn, all ye muses! weep, all ye swains!
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains!
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the neighb'ring shore:
Ah, the gentle Acis is no more!

[14] **Galatea**

Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone!

Chorus

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve!
Bewail not whom thou canst relieve.

Galatea

Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constance and truth?

Chorus

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve!
Bewail not whom thou canst relieve;
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art,
The goddess soon can heal thy smart.

Galatea

Say what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

Chorus

To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

[15] **Galatea**

'Tis done: thus I exert my pow'r divine:
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine!

[16] Heart, the seat of soft delight,
Be though now a fountain bright!
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood.

Rock thy hollow womb disclose!
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows;
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

[17] Chorus

Galatea, dry thy tears,
Acis now a god appears!
See how he rears him from his bed,
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murm'ring stream,
Shepherds' pleasure, muses' theme!
Through the plains still joy to rove,
Murm'ring still thy gentle love.