

# SPRING

## CHARACTERS REPRESENTED:

SIMON (*a Farmer*) - BASS.  
JANE (*his Daughter*) - SOPRANO.

LUCAS (*a young Countryman*) TENOR.  
CHORUS OF COUNTRY PEOPLE.

### No. 1.—OVERTURE.

*Expressing the passage from Winter to Spring.*

### No. 2.—RECIT.—*Simon.*

Behold where surly Winter flies !  
Towards the north he passes off.  
He calls his ruffian blasts :  
His ruffian blasts obey,  
And quit the howling hill.

*Lucas.*

Behold from craggy rocks the snow  
In livid torrents melted runs !

*Jane.*

Forth fly the tepid airs,  
And from the southern shores allure  
The messenger of Spring.

### No. 3.—CHORUS.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mild-  
ness come ;  
And from her wintry grave bid  
drowsy nature rise.

*Girls and Women.*

See, gentle Spring delightful comes !  
The softness of its breath we feel,—  
The joy of renovating life !

*Men.*

As yet the year is unconfirm'd  
And oft the cold's returning blast  
With black envenom'd fogs the bud  
and bloom destroys.

*Chorus.*

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mild-  
ness, come !

And smiling on our plains descend ;  
Come, gentle Spring, while music  
wakes around.

### No. 4.—RECIT.—*Simon.*

At last the bounteous sun  
From Aries into Taurus rolls,  
Wide spreading life and heat ;  
Up rise the fleecy clouds sublime,  
And stretch their thin and silver  
wings  
O'er all surrounding heav'n.

### No. 5.—AIR.

With joy th' impatient husbandman  
Forth drives his lusty team,  
To where the well-us'd plough re-  
mains,  
Now loosen'd from the frost.  
With measur'd step he throws the  
grain  
Into the bounteous earth.  
O sun, soft show'rs, and dews !  
The golden ears in plenty bring.  
With joy th' impatient husbandman  
Forth drives his lusty team,  
To where the well-us'd plough re-  
mains,  
Now looser from the frost ;  
There freely yok'd, their toil begins,  
Cheer'd by the rustic lay.

### No. 6.—RECIT.—*Lucas.*

Laborious man hath done his part ;  
And while his heart with hope ex-  
pands,  
That nature's friendly aid will richly  
crown his toil,  
His ardent vows to Heav'n ascend.

### No. 7.—TRIO AND CHORUS.

*Lucas.*

Be propitious, bounteous Heaven ;  
O'er the hills and vales luxuriant  
Spread the rich autumnal feast !