

Spring.

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 mildness 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 [destroys.
With black envenom'd fogs the bud and bloom

Chorus.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, 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 ;
Uprise 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 remains,
Now loosen'd from the frost.
With measured 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 remains,
Now loosen'd from the frost ;
There freely yok'd, their toil begins,
Cheer'd by the rustle lav

No. 6.—RECIT.—*Lucas.*

Laborious man has done his part ;
And while his heart with hope expands,
That nature's friendly aid will richly crown his toil,
His ardent vows to heaven ascend

No. 7.—TRIO AND CHORUS.

Lucas.

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

Chorus.

Be propitious, &c.

Lucas.

O let the gales of red-ey'd morning,
Simon.
Upon refreshing dew-drops breathing,

Jane.

The genial sun and ev'ning show'r,
With pow'r of produce bless the land.

Trio.

The hopes of man shall then be crown'd,
And songs of joy Thy praise shall tell.

Chorus.

Be propitious, &c.

Men.

O let the gales of grey-ey'd morning,
The genial sun and evening show'r,

Women.

The ev'ning show'r and genial sun,
With power of produce bless the land.

Chorus.

The hopes of man, &c.

No. 8.—RECIT. (ACCOMPANIED).—*Jane.*

Our fervent prayers are heard ;
Th' effusive southern breeze
Warms the wide air with vernal showers distant.
In heaps on heaps the vapours sail ;
And now their genial stores descend,
Wide spreading o'er the freshen'd world.

No. 9.—DUET AND CHORUS.—*Jane.*

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,
Calls us to the fields ;
Come, sweet maidens, let us wander
O'er the fragrant scene.

Lucas.

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,
Calls us to the fields ;
Come, companions, let us wander
Midst the sweets of May.

Both.

Spring, her lovely charms, &c.

Jane.

Let us gaily tread the dew drops,
Cull the blooming flow'rs.

Lucas.

See the valleys, see the meadows,
Where the lilies sip the streamlet.

Girls and Youths.

Spring, her lovely charms, &c.

Jane.

Mark the mountains ! see the waters !
View the lucid sky !

Lucas.

All is lovely, all delightful,
All replete with joy.

Jane.

See the playful lambkins caper

Lucas.

Fish disportful skim the water

Jane.

Bees from flow'r to flow'ret ramble.

Lucas.

Tuneful birds thro' blossoms flutter.

Chorus.

All is lovely, all delightful,
All replete with joy.

Girls.

What enjoyment, O what pleasure,
Swells our grateful hearts !

Youths.

Soft sensations, rapture's impulse,
Changeful rule the breast !

Simon.

Till the feelings, all ecstatic,
Own the present God.

Girls and Youths.

With loud praises grateful flowing,
Magnify His Name.

Men.

Let the voice of pure thanksgiving
Rise above the clouds.

Chorus.

Let the voice, &c.

No. 10.—CHORUS, WITH TRIO.

God of light ! God of life ! Hail, mercy's Lord !

Trio.

From whose abundant stores
The earth with plenty flows
And whose Almighty love
Makes glad the heart of man.

Chorus.

God of light ! God of life ! Hail, mercy's Lord
Endless praise to Thee we'll sing,
Almighty Lord of all.