of men, swift as the his name among the

Israel be thy guide, mmortal go, Heaven s thy guide.

kes haste to find his

my son, who at the vith me, what hopes

foe, and brought otes divine, praise

ne sky. ded foe, now cap-

him, without my

old age; but you,

weight to share of wandering in the

vain, in which all

ormer shout.

God! O hear ercy, heav'n, we

ly the thoughts is sad event too MICAH.—The accident was loud, we long to know from whence. MESSENGER.—Let me recover breath; it will burst forth.

Manoah.—Suspense in news is torture; speak it out.

Messenger.—Then take the worst in brief. Samson is dead.

Manoan.-The worst indeed.

Messenger.—Unwounded of his enemies he fell, at once he did destroy, and was destroyed. The edifice (where all were met to see) upon their neads and on his own he pulled.

Manoah.—O lastly over strong against thyself! a dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge, glorious, yet dearly bought.

AIR.

MICAH.—Ye sons of Israel, now lament: your spear is broke, your bow unbent! Your glory's fled; amongst the dead great Samson lies; for ever, ever closed his eyes.

CHORUS.

ISRAELITES.—Weep, Israel, weep a louder strain; Samson, your strength, your hero's slain.

A DEAD MARCH.

ENTER ISRAELITES, WITH THE BODY OF SAMSON.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Manoah and Israelites.—Glorious hero, may thy grave peace and honour ever have; after all thy pains and woes, rest eternal, sweet repose.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.—The virgins, too shall on their feastful days, visit his tomb with flowers, and there bewail his lot, unfortunate in nuptial choice.

VIRGINS.—Bring the laurels, bring the bays, strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.—May every hero fall like thee, thro' sorrow to felicity.

VIRGINS.—Bring the laurels, bring the bays, strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

ISRAELITES.—Glorious hero, may thy grave peace and honour ever have; after all thy pains and wees, rest eternal, sweet repose.

RECITATIVE.

Manoah.—Come, come; no time for lamentation now; no cause for grief; Samson like Samson fell, both life and death heroic. To his foes ruin is left; to him eternal fame.

AIR

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.—Let the bright Seraphim in burning row, their loud uplifted Angel-trumpets blow; let the Cherubic host, in tuneful choirs, touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

CHORUS.

ISRAELITES.—Let their celestial concerts ail unite, ever to sound His praise in endless morn of light.