

Recitative (Silenus and Satyrs): Mark, my satyrs, what a show!

SILENIUS

Mark, my satyrs, what a show!
 Look! Does not this temple glow
 Like another sky of lights?
 Yonder sit the crested knights,
 Once the noblest of the earth,
 Quickened by a second birth;
 Who, for prowess, and for truth,
 There are crowned with lasting youth,
 And now hold, by Fate's command,
 Seats of bliss in fairy land.
 But their guards! Strange watch they keep!
 Rouse 'em, satyrs, from their sleep!

Third Satyr First Satyr

Holla, sylvans! Sure they're caves which sleep in - hab - its, Else they're graves!

[Basso continuo]

[# 4 #]

SECOND SATYR Shall we cramp 'em?

SILENIUS Satyrs, no.

THIRD SATYR Would we had Boreas here, to blow!

FOURTH SATYR Shall we steal away their beards?

Fourth Satyr

For Pan's goat, that leads the herds?

[Basso continuo]

[b5]

FIRST SATYR Let's try, whether is more dead
One sylvan's club, or t'other's head?SECOND SATYR Let us to some river take them,
Plump, and see if that will wake them.

First Satyr

Let them down the hill be roll'd!

[Basso continuo]

[#]

SILENIUS Wags, no more! You grow too bold.

SECOND SATYR There's no mention yet appears.

SILENIUS Strike a charm into their ears.

Fourth Satyr

Who, for prowess, and for truth,
 There are crowned with lasting youth,
 And now hold, by Fate's command,
 Seats of bliss in fairy land.
 But their guards! Strange watch they keep!
 Rouse 'em, satyrs, from their sleep!

4
herds?

2 3

4b

4

For Pan's goat, that leads the

SECOND SATYR
 FIRST SATYR

Shall we cramp 'em?

SILENUS

Satyrs, no.

SECOND SATYR
 THIRD SATYR

Would we had Boreas here, to blow!

FOURTH SATYR

Shall we steal away their beards?

SILENUS

SECOND SATYR

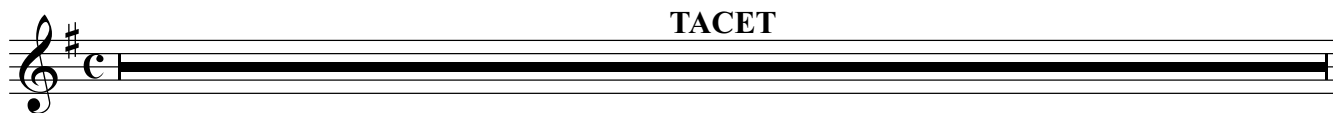
Let's try, whether is more dead
 One sylvan's club, or t'other's head?

SILENUS

Wags his nose! You take them, bold.
 Plump, and see if that will wake them.
 There's no mention yet appears.

Strike a charm into their ears.

First Satyr



First Satyr
 Recitative (Silenus and Satyrs): Mark, my satyrs, what a show!

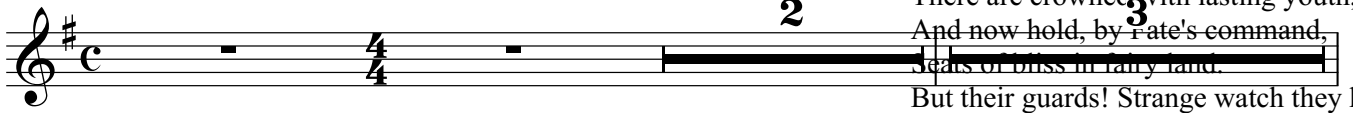
SILENUS SATYR

SECOND SATYR

THIRD SATYR

FOURTH SATYR

Mark, my satyrs, what a show!
 I look'd on this scene with a glow?
 Like another sky of high Satyrs, he.
 Yonder is the crest that knights,
 Whom he and his brother call to them.
 Quicken'd by a second birth;
 What, for steel was, with the fo'arts?
 There are crown'd with lasting youth,
 And now hold, by Fate's command,
 Seats of bliss in fairy land.
 But their guards! Strange watch they keep!
 Rouse 'em, satyrs, from their sleep!



[Third] Satyr

A musical staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (c). The staff contains a thick black line representing a rest, with the word "TACET" written above it.

Third Satyr

Who, for prowess, and for truth,
 There are crowned with lasting youth,
 And now hold, by Fate's command,
 Seats of bliss in fairy land.
 But their guards! Strange watch they keep!
 Rouse 'em, satyrs, from their sleep!

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Holla, sylvans! Sure they're c^uish sleep in -". The bottom staff is a lute line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It starts with a 3-measure rest, then plays a triplet of eighth notes (F#, G, A) followed by a quarter note (B). The lyrics are: "First Satyr hab - its, Else they're graves!". Above the lute staff, there are rhythmic markings: a '3' above the first measure, a '3' above the second measure, a '3' above the third measure, a '4b' above the fourth measure, and a '4' above the fifth measure.

SECOND SATYR

Shall we cramp 'em?

SILENUS

Satyrs, no.

THIRD SATYR

Would we had Boreas here, to blow!

FOURTH SATYR

Shall we steal away their beards?

FIRST SATYR

SECOND SATYR

Let's try, whether is more dead
 One sylvan's club, or t'other's head?

SILENUS

Let us to some river take them,
 Plump, and see if that will wake them.

SECOND SATYR

SILENUS

[Basso continuo]

Who, for prowess, and for truth,
There are crowned with lasting youth,
And now hold, by Fate's command,
Seats of bliss in fairy land.
But their guards! Strange watch they keep!
Rouse 'em, satyrs, from their sleep!

3

4

4

[# 4#] [b5]

4b

[#]

SECOND SATYR
FIRST SATYR

Shall we cramp 'em?

SILENUS

Satyrs, no.

SECOND SATYR
THIRD SATYR

Would we had Boreas here, to blow!

FOURTH SATYR

Shall we steal away their beards?

SILENUS

Wags, no more! You grow too bold.

SECOND SATYR

There's no mention yet appears.
Let's try, whether is more dead

SILENUS

One sylvan's club, or t'other's head?
Strike a charm into their ears.

Let us to some river take them,
Plump, and see if that will wake them.