

**FIG 4 SONGS SUNG BY NANCY STORACE AT A BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL 1791**

**Part 1 At the concert, "A Grand selection of Sacred Music" on Wednesday April 27<sup>th</sup> 1791 in St Paul's Chapel**

**1 SONG Signora Storace (Handel)**

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth, Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of thy glory

**2 RECITATIVE and AIR Signora Storace (Theodore)**

Oh! Worse than death indeed, lead me ye guards

Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames,

I'll thank your gracious mercy

**AIR**

Angels ever bright and fair!

Take, O take me to your care

Speed to your own courts my flight

Clad in robes of virgin white

**CHORUS**

**RECITATIVE**

Rejoice O Judah, this triumphant day

Let all, the goodness of our God display

Whole mercies to the wondering world declare

His chosen people are his chosen care. Chorus

**3 CHORUS AND DUETTO Signora Storace & Mrs Shipley (Judas Maccabaeus)**

Sion now her head shall raise

Tune your harps to songs of praise.

**CHORUS**

From the censor, curling rise

Grateful incense to the skies

Heav'n Blesses David's throne

Happy, Happy, Solomon.

Live, live for ever, pious David's Son,

Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon

**4 RECITATIVE AND AIR Signora Storace Recitative accompanied**

Ye sacred priests whose hands ne'er yet were stained

With human blood, why are ye thus afraid

To execute my Father's will? The call

Of heaven with humble resignation I obey

**AIR**

Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods

Ye flow'ry meads and mazy woods.

Farewell, thou busy world, where reign  
Short hour of joy, and years of pain,  
Brighter scenes I seek above,  
In the realms of peace and love

**Part 2 “Grand Miscellaneous Concert at the Theatre” on Thursday April 28<sup>th</sup> 1791**

**1 SONG      Signora STORACE**

**(From the Haunted Tower)**

Whither my love-ah, whither art thou gone,  
Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn,  
Say by thy heart can falsehood e’re be known,  
Ah, no-ah, no, I judge it by my own:  
The heart he gave with so much care,  
Which treasur’d in my breast I wear,  
Who for its master beats alone,  
I’m sure the selfish thing’s his own,

**2 SONG    Signora STORACE**

Dove sei amato beni,  
Veii lalma a cosolur  
Vine vieni amato bene,  
Son oppresso da tormenti  
Edi crudi mui lamenti,  
Sol conte posso beur.

**3 SONG (From No Song no Supper)**

With lowless suit and plaintive ditty,  
I call the tender mind to pity,  
My friends are gone, my heart is beating,  
And chilling poverty’s my lot,  
From passing strangers aid entreating,  
I wander thus alone forgot;  
Relieve my woes, my want’s distressing,  
And Heav’n reward you with its blessing  
Here’s tales of love, and maids forsaken,  
Of battles fought, and captives taken  
The jovial tars so boldly failing,  
Or cast upon some distant shore,  
The hapless bride her fears bewailing  
And fearing ne’er to see him more  
Relieve my woes, my want’s distressing  
And Heav’n reward you with its blessing.