



The T R O P H Y,

B E I N G

S I X C A N T A T A S

To the Honour of his ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM, Duke of CUMBERLAND;

Expressing the just Sense of a grateful Nation,  
in the several Characters of

The VOLUNTEER,	} {	The MUSICIAN,
The POET,		The SHEPHERD,
The PAINTER,		The RELIGIOUS.

By ———.

Set to Musick by Dr. GREENE. 1746.

CANTATA I. The VOLUNTEER.

RECITATIVE.

**D**E E P in a forest's shadowy seat,  
A youth enjoy'd his calm retreat,  
Deaf to the din of civil rage,  
And discord of the impious age;

When

When visionary sleep depress'd  
 His drowfy lids, and thus alarm'd his rest.  
 Two rival forms immensely bright  
 Appear'd, and charm'd his mental fight ;  
 Honour and Pleasure seem'd descending,  
 On each her various train attending,  
 Of decent, sober, great, and plain,  
 Of gay, fantastick, loud, and vain.  
 With confident, yet charming grace,  
 Pleasure first brake the silence of the place.

## AIR.

Enjoy with me this calm retreat,  
 Dissolv'd in ease thine hours shall flow :  
 With love alone thy heart shall beat,  
 And this be all th' alarms you know :  
 Cares to sooth, and life befriend,  
 Pleasures on your nod attend.

## CHORUS.

Cares to sooth, and life befriend,  
 Pleasures on your nod attend.

## RECITATIVE.

Her decent front strait Honour shew'd,  
 Where mingled scorn and anger glow'd ;  
 Contempt of Pleasure's flow'ry reign,  
 Inrag'd at all her abject train ;  
 And thus in rapid strains express'd  
 The tumults of her honest breast.

## AIR.

## AIR.

Rise, youth—thy country calls thee from thy shade ;  
 Behold her tears,  
 And hear her cries :  
 Religion fears,  
 And Freedom dies,

Amid the horrors of War's dreadful trade.

Thy country groans : forego thy shade—  
 'Tis Honour calls thee to her aid.

## CHORUS.

Thy country groans : forego thy shade—  
 'Tis Honour calls thee to her aid.

## RECITATIVE.

The youth awoke---and starting wide,  
 Sleep, with its vision, left his side.  
 His soul th' idea fill'd alone ;  
 The heroick form, the piercing tone  
 Of Honour on his memory play'd,  
 And all his heart confess'd the heav'nly maid.

## AIR.

Sweet object of my choice,  
 Adieu, thou calm recess !  
 My bleeding country's voice  
 Tears me from thy embrace.

From musing water-falls,  
 From shades and flow'ry meads,  
 'Tis virtuous Honour calls,  
 And princely WILLIAM leads.

From all a father's love,  
 From all a nation's care,  
 Behold where BRITAIN'S Jove  
 Sends forth his god of war :

'Gainst mountains cap'd with snows,  
 'Gainst foul Rebellion's rage  
 The willing Hero goes  
 Gigantick war to wage——

The gen'rous heart what flow'ry scenes can please,  
 Or tempt to waste his youth in usefess ease !

## CHORUS.

The gen'rous heart what flow'ry scenes can please,  
 Or tempt to waste his youth in usefess ease !

## CANTATA II. The PoET.

## AIR.

Give me, indulgent Muse, to rove  
 The mazes of thy laurel'd grove,  
 To choofe a wreath for WILLIAM'S brow  
 Above Sybilla's golden bough.

## RECITATIVE,

I walk—I wander here and there——  
 How can I choofe where all is fair ?  
 This I prefer, and that refuse ——  
 Guide me, my still-inspiring Muse.  
 I faid, and pluck'd the chosen wreath :  
 Large drops of blood distill'd beneath ;

A figh

A sigh now shook the weeping tree,  
 And thus a vocal sound  
 Brake from the recent wound,  
 And set the form of beauteous Daphne free.

AIR.

Coy Daphne you behold in me ;  
 For WILLIAM'S sake I willing bleed.  
 No wreath but this from Phœbus' tree  
 Is worthy him, who Britain freed.  
 Less fair was Phœbus' chace for unsought fame,  
 Be his the wreath, who woo'd and won the dame.

CANTATA III. The PAINTER.

AIR.

Sweet mimick thou of Nature's face,  
 Thy pencil take, thy colour spread :  
 On thy canvas curious trace  
 Every virtue, every grace,  
 That hovers round our WILLIAM'S head.

RECITATIVE.

Let Victory before him fly,  
 And Fortitude with stedfast eye ;  
 Let Prudence with her mirrour haste,  
 Studious of future by the past ;  
 With Industry in vigour blooming,  
 And Science knowing much, yet less assuming.

To group the piece, and swell the train,  
 With Hydra heads Rebellion draw,  
     Spouting at ev'ry vein  
     The blood of thousands slain;  
 Thousands too few to glut her rav'nous maw:  
 Paint her panting, sinking, dying,  
 Paint her sons at distance flying:  
 Paint Britannia full of smiles,  
     Scarce recover'd from her toils:  
 Paint Justice ready to avenge her pain,  
 Dragging the monster in her massy chain.  
 Near her paint Mercy crown'd: soft-smiling let her stand,  
 With arm out-stretch'd to stop her just, determin'd hand.

## AIR.

Cease to declaim, the artist cries,  
 Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,——  
 See, by degrees the features rise:  
 Behold them all in WILLIAM'S face.

## CANTATA IV. The MUSICIAN.

## RECITATIVE.

O various power of magick strains,  
 To damp our joys and footh our pains!  
 Ev'ry movement of the will  
 Obedient owns the artist's skill.  
 Thus in gay notes, and boastful words,  
 The master of the tuneful chords;

But

But soon he found his boast was air,  
 His love still blasted with despair,  
 And Chloe cold, or seeming cold  
 To all the tuneful tales he told.

## AIR.

To love when he tun'd the soft lyre,  
 It sigh'd and it trembled in vain ;  
 Tho' warm'd by his amorous fire,  
 The fair one ne'er answer'd his strain.

## RECITATIVE.

Hear, cries the artist, pow'r divine,  
 Great leader of the tuneful Nine ;  
 Teach thy votary to swell  
 With love-inspiring strains the shell,  
 Such as please my Chloe best,  
 And easiest glide into her breast.

## AIR.

No more I woo in warbling strains,  
 No more I sing the lover's pains  
 To cold and careless ears :  
 To warlike notes I tune the string,  
 The song to WILLIAM'S praise I sing——  
 The nymph with rapture hears.

## CANTATA V. The SHEPHERD.

## RECITATIVE.

Beneath an oak's indulgent shade  
 A shepherd at his ease was laid ;

He pluck'd the bough, the wreath he wove  
 Sacred to WILLIAM, and to love,  
 And taught the vocal woods around  
 His name and Delia's to resound.

## AIR.

Of peace restor'd the shepherd sung,  
 And plenty smiling o'er the fields;  
 Of peace restor'd the woodlands rung,  
 And all the sweets that quiet yields;  
 Of love he sung and Delia's charms,  
 And all restor'd by WILLIAM's arms.

## RECITATIVE.

Driv'n from his native soil belov'd,  
 By cost and care not unimprov'd,  
 A northern swain himself betook  
 To rest, in that sequester'd nook.  
 One fav'rite lamb escap'd the spoil,  
 The only meed of all his toil;  
 Which now o'erspent he drove before,  
 Now fondling in his bosom bore.  
 He heard, and strait the cause requir'd,  
 With wonder more than envy fir'd.

## AIR.

Say, swain, by what good pow'r  
 Thou wing'st the fleeting hour,  
 With strains that wonder move,  
 And tell of ease and love;

While



While I by war's alarms  
 Am forc'd from safety's arms ;  
 From home and native air,  
 And all their social care.  
 Say, swain, &c.

## RECITATIVE.

Again, replied the swain, repair  
 To northern fields and native air ;  
 Again thy kindly home review,  
 And all its social cares renew.  
 Within what cave, or forest deep,  
 To grief indulgent, or to sleep,  
 Hast thou escap'd the gen'ral joy,  
 Sweet gift of BRITAIN'S fav'rite Boy ?

## AIR.

'Twas WILLIAM'S toil this leifure gave,  
 By him I tune my oaten reed,  
 By him yon golden harvests wave,  
 By him these herds in safety feed :  
 Him shall our grateful songs declare  
 Ever to British shepherds dear.

## DUET.

Him shall our grateful songs declare  
 Ever to British shepherds dear.

CANTATA VI. The RELIGIOUS.  
RECITATIVE.

Here, tyrant Superstition, ugly fiend,  
Harpy with an angel's face,  
Monster in Religion's dress,  
Thy impious pray'rs and bloody visions end.

Hence, with thy sister Persecution, go——  
Hence with all her pleasing dreams  
Of martyrs' groans, and virgins' screams,  
The stretching rack, and horrid wheel,  
Slow fires, and consecrated steel,  
And ev'ry priestly implement of woe,  
And ev'ry threat'ned tool of hoodwink'd zeal,  
Ingenious Rome can find, or tortur'd Nature feel.

## AIR.

From Britain's happier clime repair  
To southern suns and slavish air——  
To empty halls,  
To midnight bells,  
To cloister'd walls,  
To gloomy cells

Where moping Melancholy dwells——  
WILLIAM's name shall reach you there,  
And sink your souls with black despair.

## RECITATIVE.

The Hero comes, and with him brings  
Fair Hope, that soars on Cherub's wings;

Firm

Firm Faith attends with stedfast eye,  
 Intent on things above the sky,  
 To mortal ken unknown; and She,  
 Meek and seemly, kind and free,  
 Ever hoping, still believing,  
 Still forbearing, still forgiving,  
 Greatest of the heavenly Three.

AIR.

Britons, join the godlike train,  
 Learn, that all but Truth is vain,  
 And to her lyre attune your joy:  
 No gifts so pure as those she brings,  
 No notes so sweet as those she sings,  
 To praise the heav'nly-favour'd Boy.



The Marriage of the MYRTLE and the YEW.

A F A B L E.

To DELIA, about to marry beneath herself. 1744.

By the Same.

**A** Myrtle flourish'd 'mongst the flowers,  
 And happy pass'd her maiden hours:  
 The lovely Rose, the garden's queen,  
 Companion of this shrub was seen;