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 lastling 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!

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

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.

SILENUS

Wags, no more! You grow too bold.

SECOND SATYR

There's no mention yet appears.

SILENUS

Strike a charm into their ears.
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!

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

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

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

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Shall we steal away their beards?

Shall we cramp 'em?
Satyrs, no.

Wags, no more! You grow too bold.
There's no mention yet appears.

Strike a charm into their ears.
First Satyr

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

SILENUS

SECOND SATYR
SECOND SATYR

SILENUS

FOURTH SATYR

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!

Let them down the hill be roll'd!
[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!

Third Satyr

SECOND SATYR

SILENUS

THIRD SATYR

FOURTH SATYR

SILENUS

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!

SILENUS

SECOND SATYR

Shall we cramp 'em?

Satyrs, no.

FIRST SATYR

SECOND SATYR

Would we had Boreas here, to blow!

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

SECOND SATYR

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

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,
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One sylvan's club, or 't'other's head?
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