It is decreed. Nor shall thy fate, O Rome (Setting 1)

BEN JONSON

[SASSUS]

GUITAR
(A, d, g, b, e')

GUITAR
(�itorial transcription)

[BASSO CONTINUO]

[5\]

4

It is decreed. Nor shall thy fate, O Rome,

Resist my vow. Though hills were set on

Re - sist my vow. Though hills were set on

And seas met seas to guard thee,

Nor shall thy fate, O Rome,
I would through; Ay, plough up rocks, steep as the Alps, in dust And leave the Tyrhenian waters into clouds, But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city. The ills that I have done cannot be safe But by attempting greater; and I
feel A spirit within me chides my sluggish hands
And

says they have been innocent too long. Was I a man bred

great as Rome herself? One form’d for all her honours,

all her glories, Equal to all her titles? That could
stand Close up with At- las, and sus- tain her name As

strong as he does heav'n? And was I, Of all her

brood, mark'd out for the re- pulse Of her no- voice, when I stood can- didate To

If she can lose her nature, I can lose My

piety, and in her stony entrails Dig me a seat

where I will live again The labour of her womb, and be a burden Weightier than

all the prodigies and monsters That 'ere she teen'd since she first knew Mars.
It is decreed. Nor shall thy fate, O Rome, Re-sist my vow.
Though hills were set on hills And seas met seas to guard thee,
I would through; Ay, plough up rocks, steep as the Alps, in dust
And lave the Tyr-rhene wa-ters in - to clouds, But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud
ci - ty. The ills that I have done can-not be safe But by at-tempt - ing great-er; and I feel A spir-it with - in me chides my slug-gish hands And says they have been in-no-cent too
long. Was I a man bred great as Rome her - self? One form'd for all her hon-ours, all her glo-ries, Eq-ual to all her ti-tles? That could
stand Close up with At-las, and sus-tain her name As strong as he doechav'n? And was

I, Of all her brood, mark'd out for the re-pulse Of her no-voice,

when I stood can-didate To be com-man-der in the Pon-tic


If she can lose her na-ture, I can lose My pi-e-ty, and

in her stony en-trails Dig me a seat where I will live a-gain The la-bour of her womb, and

be a bur-den Weight-i-er than all the prod-i-gies and

mon-sters That 'ere she teem'd with since she first knew Mars.
It is decreed. Nor shall thy fate, O Rome (Setting 1)

BEN JONSON

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)
and JOHN HINGESTON (c. 1606-83)
It is decreed. Nor shall thy fate, O Rome (Setting 1)

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