Sam. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath, Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dalila. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken In what I thought would have succeeded best. Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson, Afford me place to show what recompense towards Thee I intend for what I have misdone. Though sight be lost, life yet hath many solaces, Enjoy'd where other senses want their delights At home in leisure and domestic ease. I to the Lords will intercede, that I may fetch thee From forth this loathsome prison-house to abide With me, where my redoub't love and care May ever tend about thee to old age with all Things grateful cherr'd, and so supplied, That what by me thou hast lost thou least shall miss.

Sam. No, no, of my condition take no care. It fits not; thou and I long since are twain. Nor think me so unwary or accurst To bring my feet again into the snare Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains, Thy gins, and toils. Thy fair enchanted cup And warbling charms no more on me have power. How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby Deceivable in most things as a child, helpless? How wouldst thou insult when I must live uxorious To thy will in perfect thraldom, how again betray me, Bearing my words and doings to the Lords to gloss upon. This Gail I count the house of Liberty To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Dalila. Let me approach at least and touch thy hand.

Sam. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint. At distance I forgive, go with that. Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works It hath brought forth to make thee memorable Among illustrious women, faithful wives. Cherish thy hast'n'd widowhood with the gold Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dalila. I see thou art implacable, more deaf To prayers, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas Are reconcile'd at length, and Sea to Shore: Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages. Why do I humble thus myself, and suing For peace, reap nothing but repulse or hate? Bid go with evil omen and the brand Of infamy upon my name denounc't?
Fame if not double-facet is double mouth'd.
My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering Tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
But in my country where I most desire,
I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above faith of wedlock bands, my tomb
With odors visited and annual flowers.
At this who ever envies or repines
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Exit Dalila and Attendants

Scene ii

Ephram. She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end till now conceal'd.

Sam. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly who committed
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

Micah. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
power,
After offense returning, to regain Love once
Possest, nor can easily repuls't, without much
Inward passion felt and secret sting of amorous
remorse.

Sam. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

SONG

Ephram. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or ampest
merit
That woman's love can win or long inherit
But what is, hard is to say, harder to hit
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

Micah. If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd thy groomsman
Worthless to thee compar'd successor in thy
bed
Nor both so loosely disallied their nuptials
Nor this last so treacherously had shorn
The fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish't on their Sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish't, judgment scant
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mixt
Of constancy no root infixt
That either they love nothing, or not long?

Ben. Whate'er it be to wise men and best
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin
Veil: Soft, modest, meek, demure
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Embark'd with such a Steers-mate at the Helm?

Levi. Favor'd of Heav'n who finds
One virtuous, rarely found
That in domestic good concubines:
Happy that house! his way to peace
is smooth:
But virtue which breaks through all opposition
And all temptation can remove
Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Chorus. Therefore God's universal Law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe
Nor from that right to part an hour
Smile she or lour
So shall he least confusion draw
By female usurpation, nor dismay'd.

Act IV

Scene i
Enter Harapha with Companions

Ephram. Had we best retired, I see a storm?

Sam. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Ephram. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sam. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Micah. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The Giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither?
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.
Sam. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Levi. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Hara. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;
Men call me Harapha. Thou knowst me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other's force in camp or listed field;
I now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Sam. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Hara. Dost thou already single me; I thought
Gyves and the Mill had tam'd thee? O that fortune
Had brought to the field where thou art fam'd
To have wrought such wonders with an Ass's Jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcase where the Ass lay thrown.

Sam. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
What thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

Hara. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be toucht.

Sam. Such usage as your honorable Lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold,
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without vain shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give
Thee no great advantage on me; put on all thy
Gorgeous arms, thy He;met, thy Spear, and seven-times
Folded shield. I only with an Oak'n staff will meet
Thee raise such outcries on thy clatter'd Iron
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shall wish thyself at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shall never see Gath more.
Hara. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
Which greatest Heroes have in battle worn, had not
Spells and black enchantments, some Magician's Art
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
Heaven
Feign'd at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf't wild Boars or ruffl'd Porcupines.

Sam. I know no spells, use no forbidden Arts;
My trust in the living God who gave me
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my violated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Got to his Temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these Magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his Champion bold,
Which the utmost of his Godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Hara. Presume not thy God, whate'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and delivered up
Into thy Enemies' hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common Prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else.

Sam. All these indignities, for such they are,
From thine these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them form God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
Whose ear is ever open; and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
In confidence where I once again
Defy thee to the trail of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose god is God,
Thine or whom I with Israel's Sons adore.

Hara. Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A Murderer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

Sam. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove me these?
Hara. Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords?
Their Magistrates confess it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men who never
Did thee harm, then like a Robber stripp'dst them
Of their robes? The Philistines, when thou hadst
Broke the league, went up with arm'd powers thee
Only seeking, to others did no violence nor spoil.

Sam. Among the Daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argu'd me no foe;
In your City held my Nuptial Feast:
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,
Under pretense of Bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who, threat'ning cruel death, constrain'd the bride
To wring form me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceive'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My Nation was subjected to your Lords.
It was the force of Conquest;
But I a private person, whom my Country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single Rebellion and did Hostile Acts.
I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd,
To deliver my country from servile bonds,
And would have perform'd it if my known offense
Had not disabl'd me, not all your force.
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Hara. With thee a Man condemn'd,a slave enroll'd,
Due by the Law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Sam. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

Hara. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonors, and not render death?

Sam. No man withholds thee, nothing form thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd but my fists are free.

Hara. This insolence other kind of answer fits.
Sam. Go baffl'd coward, lest I run upon thee, 150
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet, lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Hara. By Dagon, ere long thou shalt lament 155
These braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

Exit Harapha and Comrades

Scene ii

Ephram. His Giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,
Stalking with less unconsci'nable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

Sam. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood, 160
Though Fame divulge him Father of five Sons
All of Gigantic size, Goliath chief.

Levi. He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or yet further to afflict thee.

Sam. He must allege some cause, and offer'd flight 165
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not.
Much more affliction then already felt
They cannot well impose, not I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labors,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

SONG

Ephram. Oh how comely it is and how reviving 180
To the Spirits of just men long oprest!
When God into the hands of deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men.

Micah. He all their Ammunition 185
And feats of War defeats
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigor arm'd,
Their Armories renders them useless
While with winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose their defense, distract'd and amaz'd.

Ben. But patience is more oft the exercise
Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own Deliverer,
And Victor over all
The tyranny or fortune can inflict.

Levi. Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men; but sight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom Patience finally must crown.

Act V
Scene i
Enter an Officer

Ephram. This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Laboring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I desry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A scepter or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A Public Officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.

Officer. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

Micah. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Officer. Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say;
This day to Dagon is a solemn Feast,
With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honor this great Feast, and great Assembly;
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee heart'n'd and fresh clad
To appear as fits before the illustrious Lords.

Sam. Thou knowst I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them,
Our Law forbids at their Religious Rites
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.
Officer. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them. 

Sam. Have they not Sword-players, and ev'ry sort
Of Gymnic Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
Jugglers and Dancers, Mimes, but they must pick me
Out with shackles tir'd, and over-labor'd at their
public Mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Officer. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

Sam. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
To be their fool and jester, and in my midst
Of sorrow and heart-grief to show them feats,
And play before their god, the worst of all
Indignities, yet on me join'd with extreme
Contmept? I will not come.

Officer. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Sam. So take it with speed thy message needs.

Officer. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Exit Officer

Sam. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Ephram. Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring than thou wilt bear.

Sam. Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to Idols;
Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon?
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more exacrably unclean, profane?

Micah. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.
Sam. Not in their Idol-Worship, but by labor
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Levi. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Sam. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds;
But who constrains me to the Temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistian Lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely; venturing to displease
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.

Ben. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Sam. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor
Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Epbr. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

Officer. Samson, this second message from our Lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our Slave,
Our captive, at the public Mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such Engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou art firmer fast'n'd than a rock.

Sam. I could be well content to try their Art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Officer. I praise thy resolution; doff these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sam. Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with Friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not. Lords are Lordliest in their wine;
And the well feast'd Priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd:
No less the people on their Holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or myself;
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Exit Samson with Officer

Ephram. Go, and the Holy One of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the Heathen round.

Micah. Send thee the Angel of thy Birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, and be now a shield of fire;
That Spirit that first rush'd on thee in the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was there in Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed.

Scene ii
Enter Manoa

Ben. But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than erewhile
He seems: supposing here to find his Son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Manoa. Peace wit you brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my Son,
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their Feast.
I heard all as I came, the City rings
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,
Lest I should see him forc't to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

Levi. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; say reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

Manoa. I have attempted, one by one, the Lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and Father's tears
To accept of ransom for my Son their pris'ner.
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc't
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.

Loud cheers heard off stage

Manoa. What noise or shout was that? it tore the Sky.

Ephram. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Manoa. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid:
Much rather I shall choose to live the poorest
In my Tribe, than richest, and he in that
Calamitous prison left. No, I am fixt not to
Part hence without him.

Micah. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurse their Parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son,
Made older than thy age through eyesight lost.

Manoa. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobl'd
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
I am persuaded, God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair
Were not his purpose to use him further yet in
some great service,
And since his strength with eyesight was not lost.
God will restore him eyesight to his strength.

Ben. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,
Of his delivery and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Manoa. I know your friendly minds and--

Another, more terrible sound is heard

Manoa. O what noise! Mercy of Heaven!
What hideous noise was that?
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.
Levi. Noise call you it or universal groan
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd?
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Manoa. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise,
Oh it continues, they have slain my Son.

Ephram. Thy Son is rather slaying them; that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Manoa. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

Micah. Best keep together here, lest, running hither,
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n,
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
What if his eyesight by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

Manoa. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Levi. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Manoa. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Ben. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

Enter Messenger

Ben. And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our Tribe.

Mess. O whither shall I run or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle
Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold?
Providence or instinct or nature seems,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these
My Countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance form the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Manoa. The accident was load and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we here not;
No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know.
Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Manoa. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Manoa. Sad, but thou knowst to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a Hostile City.

Mess. Feed on that first, there nay in grief be surfeit.

Manoa. Relate by whom.

Mess. By Samson.

Manoa. That still lessons the sorrow,
And converts in nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah Manoa, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Manoa. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess. Then take the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

Manoa. The worst indeed! O all my hopes's defeated
To free him hence! but death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day I had conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Delivery, which now proves abortive.
Yet ere I give the reigns to grief, say first,
How died he? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he,
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Manoa. Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Manoa. Self-violence? what cause brought him so
Soon at variance with himself among his foes?

Mess. Inevitable cause at once both to destroy
and be destroy'd:
The Edifice where all were met to see him
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.
Manoa. O lasty over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
But while things yet are in confusion,
Give us, if thou canst, eye-witness of what
First or last was done, relation more particular
and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sunrise,
The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had dispatch't
When all abroad was rumor'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious Theatre
Half round on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the Lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold.
The other side was op'n, where the throne
On banks and scaffolds under Sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The Feast and noon grew high and Sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state Livery clad; before him Pipes
And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot before him and behind,
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts, and Spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the Air clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break; he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendious force,
None daring to appear Antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
As overtir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy Pillars
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicuous led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd.
At last with head erect thus cried aloud,
"Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld.
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd;
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When Mountains tremble, those two massy Pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors, or Priests,
Not only of this but each Philistian City round
Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.
Samson with these inmixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

Ephram. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now li'st victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold
Of dire necessity.

Micah. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,
And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
Chanting their Idol.

Ben. Among them he a spirit of frenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They only set on sport and play
Unwittingly importun'd
Their own destruction to come speedy on them.

Levi. So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

SONG

Ephram. But he thought blind of sight
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward light illumined
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening Dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts,
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic Fowl.
But as an Eagle his cloudless thunder
On their heads; So virtue giv'n for lost,
Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begott'n bird
In the Arabian woods embost

That no second knows nor third
And lay erewhile a Holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd,
And thou her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird ages of lives.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life Heroic, on his Enemies fully reveng'd.
To Israel honor hath left and freedom,
To himself and Father's house eternal flame;
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him,
But favoring and assisting to the end.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness,
No contempt, dispraise, or blame,
Nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us on death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak't in his enemies' blood,
And from the stream with lavers pure
And cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore.

I with what speed the while
Will send for all my kindred, to fetch him hence
And solemnly attend with funeral train
Home to his Father's house: there will I build him
A Monument, and plant it round with shade
Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valor, and adventures high.

The Virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial ways
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.
Chorus. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns
And to his faithful Champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously, whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent;
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismisst,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

THE END
Allegro moderato.
Cease, o my sad Soul

(Moderato) (Samson, Act I, Scene i)

Why was my birth from heaven fore-told? why was my

breeding prescribed as of a person set apart from God,

disgraced for great exploit, if I must die be-trayed, captived, and both

my eyes put out, be-trayed and captived with mine eyes put out.
What shall I do
(Dioclesian)

(Original key D minor)

(Tempo di Minuetto) (Samson, Act II, scene 1)

Voice

A woman can only my fateful tie may in her prime

PIANO

Of love with spaul d'embrass vi-tal -a -ming-sid with gold -ed (4), she

pur-pose to betray me, to betray

Three she lived with golden

Pray -ing and sighs to win from me, to win my heart's secret, she sought -

make me hate tor myself. Alas, I wedded and unbeknowt my heart.

Unfigured Bass

The counterpoint in the right hand of this realization is the second oboe part of Purcell's instrumental version of this piece (for 2 Oboes and Continuo). The first oboe plays the voice part.
What can we poor females do

(Allegretto vivace) (II) l'ultima, Act III, scene i)

Voice:

It was weakness in me with in 0-days to all our sex,

(P) (strongly accented, non legato)

to all our sex curio si-ly, inquisitive, impor-tune

Of secrets, then publish them Common female faults female faults.

Let weakness with weakness come, and reported to the sea by the same of

Piano:
(come prima)

Now I will try to sense

in my soul and bed. Here I should tell you this Day and Night.

None and loves you or write to myself, write to myself.