

ARTAXERXES.

A N

ENGLISH OPERA.

As it is Performed

At the THEATRE-ROYAL

I N

COVENT-GARDEN.

The Music Composed by

THO. AUG. ARNE, Mus. Doc.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

M D C C L X I I .

[Price One Shilling.]

**FR. NIC. MANSKOPFSCHES
MUSIKHISTORISCHES
MUSEUM. FRANKFURT A.M.**

P R E F A C E.

THE Reputation of METASTASIO, Author of the following Drama, is too well established in the learned World, to need any Apology for giving the Publick a Translation of *Artaxerxes*, an Opera performed and admired all over *Europe*. But as the narrative Part of this Drama may seem too barren of forcible Epithets, which, in reading or speaking, dignify the Stile, it may be necessary to give Mr. *Dryden's* and Lord *Lansdown's* Sentiments on the Occasion, which exactly correspond with those of our Author. Mr. *Dryden* says, — 'That no Critic can justly determine the Merit or Difficulty of writing a Poem for Music, till he has been frequently conversant with some skilful Musician, and acquired, by Experience, a Knowledge of what is most proper for Musical Expression : ' And Lord *Lansdown*, in his Preface to the *British Enchanters*, exclaims against that Species of Dramatic Dialogue, which (instead of being free, natural, and easy, as Conversation should be) is precise, or formal, arguing *pro* and *con*, like Disputants in a School; he further asks the Question, 'Whether in Writing, as in Dress, it is not possible to be too exact, too starch'd, and too formal?' and concludes thus, — 'Pleasing Negligence many have seen; who ever saw pleasing Formality?'

P R E F A C E.

Metastasio, in his Dialect, seems to affect Simplicity; and from his great Experience in writing for Music, has given the following Plan for the Poetry of an Opera, *viz.*

That the Fable, or Recitative, to which fixed Musical Sounds are adapted, should be simple Dialect; hard and dissonant Epithets (though ever so forcible in other Respects) being destructive to Music, and, when sung, for the chief Part, unintelligible. — That the Similies be confin'd to the Songs; and that the Words, which are to express them, be as smooth and sonorous as possible lest the Composer be cramp'd in his Fancy, and the Singers rendered incapable of shewing their Skill, which chiefly consists in openly displaying the Tones of their Voices, or running executive Passages.

The Translator of this Opera has no Merit, but from his Endeavour to follow the Author in all these Particulars. He therefore submits this first Attempt of the kind to the Favour and Indulgence of the Publick, not doubting that (if they consider the Difficulty of writing under such Restrictions, the Necessity of sometimes departing from the Author, on Account of the different Idioms of our Language; and of leaving out many Beauties in the narrative Part of the Drama, for the sake of Brevity;) they will rather peruse it with an Eye of Favour than Severity.

The ARGUMENT.

Xerxes King of *Persia*, having been often discomfited by the *Greeks*, his Power began greatly to decline; which *Artabanes*, Commander of the Royal Guards, perceiving, he entertained the Hopes of sacrificing to his Ambition, not only *Xerxes*, but all the Royal Family, and by that Method to ascend the Throne of *Persia*; for which purpose, availing himself of the Advantage which his Familiarity and Friendship with the King gave him, he entered, at dead of Night, the Apartment of *Xerxes*, and slew him.

He afterwards so irritated the young Princes against one another, that *Artaxerxes*, one of the said Princes, caused his Brother *Darius* to be slain, believing him the Parricide, by the artful Insinuations of *Artabanes*.

Now nothing was wanting to compleat his treasonous Designs but the Death of *Artaxerxes*; which *Artabanes* having prepared, tho' by various Accidents delayed, (which furnish the Epifodical Ornaments of this Drama,) he could not accomplish it, the Treason being discovered, and *Artaxerxes* preserved: Which Discovery and Preservation form the principal Action of the ensuing Drama.

Justin. Lib. 3. Cap. 1.

The Action is represented in and near the Palace of the Kings of *Persia*, in the City of *Susa*.

D R A

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARTAXERXES, Prince and afterwards }
King of *Persia*; Friend to ARBACES, } Mr. *Peretti*.
and in Love with SEMIRA,

ARTABANES, Generalissimo, and Fa- }
vourite of the Royal Family; Father } Mr. *Beard*.
to ARBACES and SEMIRA,

ARBACES, Friend of ARTAXERXES, }
in Love with MANDANE, } Mr. *Tenducci*.

RIMENES, a General of the Army, }
and Confident of ARTABANES, } Mr. *Mattocks*.

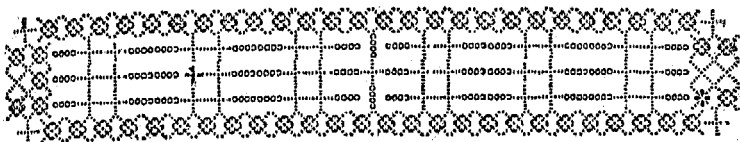
MANDANE, Sister to ARTAXERXES, }
in Love with ARBACES, } Miss *Brent*.

SEMIRA, Sister to ARBACES, in Love }
with ARTAXERXES. } Miss *Thomas*.

Nobles, Guards, and Attendants.

The DANCES by Mr. *Poitier* and Mr. *Sodi*.

ARTAX-



ARTAXERXES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*An inner Garden belonging to the Palace of
the King of PERSIA. Moon-light.*

MANDANE and ARBACES.

MANDANE.

STILL Silence reigns around, Suspicion sleeps,
And unperceiv'd, you may escape these Walls.
Arb. Adieu my Love; O think on thy *Arbaces*.
Man. Yet stay, sweet Youth, a few short Minutes stay,
Arb. Ador'd *Mandane*! see the Dawn appears.

DUETTINO.

*Fair Aurora, pr'ythee stay;
O retard unwelcome Day:
Think what Anguish rends my Breast;
Thus caressing, thus carest;
From the Idol of my Heart
Forc'd at thy approach to part.*

Arb.

8 A R T A X E R X E S.

Arb. Alas, thou know'st that for my Love to thee,
The King, great *Xerxes*, thy too rigid Father,
Has banish'd me the Palace; shou'd he know,
That in defiance of his stern Command,
I have presum'd to scale this Garden Wall;
How little would a Lover's Plea avail,
When thou his Daughter, cou'dst not move his Pity.

Man. Thy noble Father, mighty *Artabanes*,
Disposes at his Will the Heart of *Xerxes*,
And the young Prince my Brother *Artaxerxes*,
Brought up with thee in virtuous Emulation,
Honours thy Worth, and boasts thy valu'd Friendship;
Their Interest may soften his Resentment.

Arb. Weak are their Efforts, while his kingly Pride
Disdains to rank a Princess with a Subject.

Man. My Spirits sink, my Heart forgets to beat,
I have not Fortitude to bear thy Loss——
And must we part?—then all good Angels guard thee.

A I R.

*Adieu, thou lovely Youth,
Let Hope thy Fears remove;
Preserve thy Faith and Truth,
But never doubt my Love.*

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Arb. O cruel parting! how can I survive?
Divided thus from all that's sweet and fair,
From her, for whom alone I live.——

Enter

Enter ARTABANES.

Art. Son, *Arbaces*.

Arb. My Father!

Art. Give me thy Sword.

Arb. Sir, I obey.

Art. Here take thou mine.

Arb. 'Tis drench'd in Blood!

Art. Fly, hide it from all Eyes;

Xerxes the King this daring Arm hath slain.

Arb. Forbid it Heav'n!

Art. O much lov'd Son!

Thy Treatment was the Spur to my Revenge——
For thee I'm guilty.

Arb. Wou'd I had ne'er been born.

Art. Let not weak Scruples thwart my great Design;
Perhaps *Arbaces* shall be King of *Persia*.

Arb. I'm all Confusion——

Art. No more——be gone.

Arb. O fatal Day——unhappy lost *Arbaces*.

A I R,

*Amid a thousand racking Woes,
I pant, I tremble, and I feel,
Cold Blood from every Vein distill,
And clog my lab'ring Heart.*

[Exit.

Omitted in
the Repre-
sentation. } *I see my Fair one's lost Repose,
And O! lament the fatal Curse;
That he who gave me Life cou'd thus
From Virtue's Laws depart.*

B

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

ARTABANES *Solus.*

Be firm my Heart.—In the Pursuit of Guilt,
 The first Advance admits not a Retreat :
 The Royal Blood, to the last hateful drop,
 Must then be shed. Conscience thy checks are vain—
 The Prince appears,—now Art's my only Refuge.

Enter ARTAXEXES, RIMENES, *and* Guards.

Artax. Dear *Artabanes*, glad I meet thee here ;
 Thy Prince demands thy Counsel,
 Thy Royalty—Revenge—

Art. I tremble, Sir—

This dire Injunction wants an Explanation.

Artax. Disastrous Fate—yonder my Father lies
 Savagely murder'd !

Art. Ah ! my ill-boding Fears !

Unfated thirst of Empire !

Alas !—will nothing but a Father's Blood,

Allay thy Heat, and quench thy raging Fever !

Artax. Well I conceive--my faithless cruel Brother--

—*Darius*—

Artab. Who but he at dead of Night could penetrate
 The Palace ? Who approach the royal Bed ;
 Nay more, his known Ambition—

Artax. O, if here lives a Heart that calls me Friend,
 Or feels Compassion for his slaughter'd King,
 Quick let him bring the Traitor to our Presence.

Art. That welcome Task be mine—

Guards, follow me.

[*Going.*
Artax.

Artax. Yet stay——

Darius is the Son of *Xerxes*.

Art. Who kills the Father, is no more a Son.

A I R.

*Behold! on Lethe's dismal Strand
Thy Father's troubled Spirit stand!
In his Face what Grief profound!
See he rolls his baggard Eyes;
Hark! Revenge! Revenge he cries;
And points to his still bleeding Wound:
Obey the Call, revenge his Death;
And calm his Soul that gave thee Breath.* [Exit.

S C E N E I V.

ARTAXERXES going; *Enter SEMIRA.*

Sem. Stay, *Artaxerxes*, stay.

Artax. Adieu *Semira*.

Sem. And dost thou fly me? go then, cruel Prince,
No more shall ill-tim'd Fondness importune thee.

Artax. Beauteous *Semira*, should I longer stay,
There's such a fyren Sweetness in thy Voice,
'Twould lull me to forget my filial Duty.

Sem. Away, ungrateful.

A I R.

Artax. *Fair Semira, lovely Maid,
Cease in pity to upbraid
My oppress'd but constant Heart:
Full sufficient are the Woes,
Which my cruel Stars impose;
Heav'n alas! has done its part.* [Exit.

SCENE V.

Sem. I fear some dread Disaster——say, *Rimenes*;
What means this strange Confusion in the Prince?

Rim. *Xerxes* is slain——

Suspicion points the Finger at *Darius*;
And *Artaxerxes* bears a dreadful Conflict,
'Twi'xt filial Duty to revenge his Father,
And brotherly Compassion for *Darius*.

Sem. O fatal Deed! th' effect of wild Ambition;
Heav'n knows if *Artaxerxes*' Life be safe.

Rim. Let Fate be busy in destructive Slaughter,
We blest with Love, and seated on the Shore,
Will view the destin'd Shipwreck.

Sem. Think not that Love can find a Place to enter,
When the sad Heart's surrounded with Misfortunes;
Leave me, *Rimenes*, to my troubled Thoughts.

Rim. Your Web of Scorn is not so closely woven,
But I can see between each subtle Thread,
Yet, born to Love, undaunted, I'll pursue thee:
Since Hope inspires my Breast, what you deny,
Ungrateful Maid! kind Fancy shall supply.

A I R.

*When real Joy we miss,
'Tis some degree of Bliss,
'T enjoy ideal Pleasure,
And dream of bidden Treasure,*

*The Soldier dreams of Wars,
And conquers without Scars;
The Sailor in his Sleep,
With safety ploughs the Deep:*

*So I, thro' Fancies Aid,
 Enjoy my heav'nly Maid,
 And blest with thee and Love,
 Am greater far than Jove.*

[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

SEMIRA *Sola.*

Ye Gods, Protectors of the *Persian* Empire,
 Preserve my *Artaxerxes*——Yet he blest——
Semira's State is wretched: *Xerxes* Dead,
 This Prince will mount the Throne;
 Belov'd by me, and rais'd above my Hopes,
 The Hand which he intreated, when a Subject,
 When Sovereign of *Persia* he'll disdain.

A I R.

*How hard is my Fate,
 How desp'rate my State,
 When Virtue and Honour excite
 To suffer distress,
 Contented to blest,
 The object in whom I delight,*

*Yet 'midst all the Woes,
 My Soul undergoes,
 Thro' Virtue's too rigid Decree;
 I'll scorn to complain,
 If the force of my Pain
 Awaken his Pity for me.*

[Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII. *The Palace.**Enter MANDANE.*

Where do I fly?—Ah, hapless Maid!—
 Thus, in one fatal instant,
 To lose a Brother, Father, and a Lover!

*Enter ARTAXERXES.**Artax.* Alas, *Mandane!**Man.* Does *Darius* live?

Or are thy guilty Hands
 Imbru'd in Brother's Blood?

Artax. Fain wou'd I shun that Deed,
 Which to prevent, I've search'd throughout the Palace,
 For *Artabanes* and *Darius*—
 But all in vain.—

Man. See *Artabanes* comes.

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter ARTABANES.**Artax.* My Friend!—*Art.* I fought you, Sir—All is accomplish'd.*Artax.* Ha! speak, explain.

Art. Your Father's Death's reveng'd,
Darius slain, and *Artaxerxes* now
 Is *Persia's* King,

Artax. O Gods!*Man.* O dire Misfortune?

Art. Why that deep Sigh, my Liege? 'twas your
 Command.

Artax.

Artax. Alas! 'tis true, the Guilt is only mine.

Art. What Guilt, my Sovereign?

'Twas merely Justice to your murder'd Father.

Take Comfort, Sir;

And think, that in *Darius* Death,

A wicked bloody Parricide is punish'd.

S C E N E IX.

Enter SEMIRA.

Sem. O *Artaxerxes*!

Artax. Say, fair *Semira*, why this seeming Joy?

Sem. *Darius* is not guilty of the Murder.

Man. What do I hear?

Artax. I'm struck with double Horror.

Sem. Th' Affair is secur'd.

Artax. O quick, proceed.

Sem. Your watchful Centinels, when he had leap'd
The Garden Wall, o'ertook him as he fled,

His deep Confusion, palid Countenance,

And Sword yet reeking with the crimson Blood,

Strongly proclaim him guilty.

Artax. But the Name?

Sem. At my Request to know it,
All hung their Heads in silence.

Art. Alas, it is my Son.

[*Aside.*

Artax. Must *Artaxerxes* then ascend the Throne,
Distain'd with Brother's Blood?—

O, I shall never taste of Peace again.—

Quick, bring this Traitor; that unbounded Rage

May execute the Vengeance he deserves.—

Hold,

Hold, *Artabanes*———dear *Mandane*, stay——
Semira, leave me not in this Distress.——
 Where is my Friend *Arbaces*?

Artab. He was forbid the Court by Royal *Xerxes*,
 For his presumptuous Love of fair *Mandane*.

Artax. Fly, bring him to my Arms —— I here
 absolve him.

S C E N E X.

Enter RIMENES with ARBACES Prisoner.

Rim. Who in this Royal Presence would believe
Arbaces to be guilty?

Artab. How!

Artax. My Friend!

Artab. My Son!

Sem. My Brother!

Man. Oh, ye Gods! my Lover!

Artax. Wou'd in the Pangs of Death I'd met my
 Friend,

Rather than thus in Fetters like a Traitor.

Arb. I'm innocent.

Artax. O, make but that appear,
 And doubly 'twill endear thee to my Love.

Arb. I am not guilty, that's my only Plea.

Artab. This prudent Caution answers to my Wish.

[*Afide.*

Man. But your Resentment 'gainst the King——

Arb. Was just.

Artax. Didst thou not fly?

Arb. I did.

Man. This thy Reserve——

Arb. Is requisite.

Artax.

Artax. And thy down-cast Confusion——

Arb. Is suited to th' Occasion.

Rim. This bloody Sword—— [Shewing it.

Arb. Was in the Scabbard, when you took me
Prisoner.

Artab. And can't thou yet deny the cruel Deed?

Arb. Great Sir, I still assert my Innocence.

Artab. Audacious Boy! thus obstinate in Ill,
Thy Sight's my Torment, and this Deed my Shame.

Arb. And does my Father join in my Destruction?

A I R.

Artab. *Thy Father! away, I renounce the soft Claim;*
Thou spot on my Honour, thou blast to my Fame,
Let Justice the Traitor to punishment bring;
His Father be lost, when he murder'd his King. [Exit.

S C E N E XI.

Arb. Ye cruel Gods, what Crime have I committed:
To draw relentless Vengeance on my Head?——

Semira! Sister! hear me with Compassion.

A I R.

Sem. *Acquit thee of this foul Offence,*
Return with spotless Innocence;
Then shall my hapless Brother see,
That never Sister lov'd like me.

[Exit.

S C E N E XII.

Arb. Appearance, I must own, is strong against me,
But Truth is on my side——I'm innocent.

C

Artax.

Artax. Pray Heav'n thou may'st ; but till the Law decide,

You must remain a Prisoner. [*Exit.*

Arb. Ah, dear *Rimenes*, pity my hard Fate,——
My Friend!

Rim. I am no Traitor's Friend——Adieu, [*Exit.*

S C E N E X I I I .

Arb. Beauteous *Mandane*, turn at least and hear me.

Man. Away! you sue in vain. [*Going.*

Arb. O stay, I charge thee——

Think on thy former Love.

Man. 'Tis turn'd to Hate.

Arb. And you believe me guilty?

Man. I am convinc'd.

A I R .

Arb. *O too lovely, too unkind,*
 If my Lips no credit find ;
 Pierce my Breast, my Heart shall prove
 Strong in Virtue, firm in Love ;
 Guiltless, wretched, left forlorn,
 And worse than murder'd by the Scorn.

[*Exit guarded.*

S C E N E X I V .

MANDANE *Sola.*

Recitative accompanied.

Dear and beloved Shade of my dead Father,
Thee I invoke to spirit up my Rage,
Left fond Credulity too strongly plead,

And

And turn my Purpose from a just revenge ;
 For, Oh, I feel the Tyrant Love within,
 He rends my Breast, he struggles for *Arbaces* ;
 Help me, kind Gods, to tear away his Image.

A I R.

*Fly, soft Ideas, fly ;
 That neither Tear nor Sigh,
 My Virtue may betray :
 Nature's great Call,
 That governs all,
 A Daughter must obey.
 Alas, my Soul denies,
 To bear Revenge's Cries ;
 Dare not fond Heart,
 To take his Part,
 But drive his Form away.*

[Exit.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Royal Apartments.

Enter ARTAXERXES and ARTABANES.

ARTAXERXES.

GUARDS, speed ye to the Tower,
And instantly conduct *Arbaces* to me.

Artab. Good my Lord,

Think not the partial Fondness of a Father
Has urg'd this Council.

Artax. No; 'tis Justice dictates;
He still persists that he is innocent,
And his fair Truth was ne'er 'till now suspected:
I will withdraw.—

O, reconcile the Safety of your Son,
With your King's Peace, and th' Honour of his Throne.

A I R.

*In Infancy, our Hopes and Fears,
Were to each other known;
And Friendship in our riper Years,
Has twin'd our Hearts in one.
O clear him then from this Offence,
Thy Love, thy Duty prove;
Restore him with that Innocence,
Which first inspir'd my Love.*

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Artab. So far my great Resolve succeeds.
Approach, *Arbaces*.

Enter ARBACES and Guards.

And you his Guards, in the next Chamber, wait
[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Arb. My Father!

Artab. Ever watchful to preserve thee,
I artfully have gain'd from *Artaxerxes*,
The Liberty to question thee:
Take then this fortunate Occasion,
And by a secret Way, which I will shew thee,
Delude the Guards, and fly.

Arb. Sir, my Escape
Wou'd rise in Evidence to prove me guilty.

Artab. 'Tis Folly all! I give thee Liberty;
From the King's Wrath I snatch thee; and, perhaps,
The publick Voice shall call thee to the Throne.

Arb. What said you, Sir?

Artab. Long have you known,
The People's hatred to the Royal Blood:
Away,

The Sight of you will fire the mut'nous Troops;
Whose Leaders to your Interest are sworn.

Arb. I turn a Rebel! Horror's in the Thought—
Your Pardon, Sir;—Is this a Father's Counsel?
Guards, enter quick, bring me again my Chains—
Conduct me to my Prison.

Artab. I burn with Rage.

Arb. Yet calm this Transport—think on my Affliction—
Sir—Father—turn—O grant one kind Adieu.

Artab. Unworthy Boy! I'm deaf to thy Request.

A I R.

Arb. *Disdainful you fly me,
In Anger exclaim;
All Comfort deny me,
And murder my Fame.*

*No Grief can the Heart
To Pity incline,
That bears not a part,
In Sorrow like mine.*

*Nature's tender Plea is vain;
Welcome then my Chains again.*

*O Rigour unjust!
O Counsel accurst!
Ambition ill-plac'd;
My Virtue disgrac'd;
The Pains I endure,
Death only can cure.*

*Disdainful you fly me,
In Anger exclaim;
All Comfort deny me,
And murder my Fame.*

*No Grief can the Heart,
To Pity incline;
That bears not a Part,
In Sorrow like mine.*

*Nature's tender Plea is vain;
Welcome then my Chains again,*

[Exit, with the Guards.

S C E N E

O Sir reflect—Is this a time for Nuptials,
When my unhappy Brother—

Artab. Peace, no more.—

'Tis my Command—reply not, but obey. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Sem. I tremble—hear me, Sir—O, if you love me,
Prevent this Marriage.

Rim. Sure *Semira* mocks me?

Sem. Tho', by Constraint, you seize my helpless Hand,
My Heart disdains the brutal Violence.

Rim. Give me thy Beauty, and reserve thy Heart;
Thou keep'st the worst, I gain the better part.

A I R.

*To sigh and complain,
Alike I disdain;
Contented my Wish to enjoy:
I scorn to reflect,
On a Lady's Neglect,
Or barter my Peace for a Toy.*

*In Love as in War,
I laugh at a Scar,
And if my proud Enemy yield;
The Joy that remains,
Is to lead her in Chains,
And glean the rich Spoils of the Field.* [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Sem. How many Links to dire Misfortune's Chain,
Are woven in one Day!

Enter MANDANE.

Stay, dear *Mandane*—

Why this haste?

Man. I attend the Council.

Sem. I'll too attend if ought within my Pow'r,
May help my Brother.

Man. Our Views are diff'rent; thou desir'st to
save him;
I seek his Death.

Sem. Is this a Language for *Arbaces'* Lover?

Man. It well becomes the Daughter of dead *Xerxes*.

Sem. Away, thou cruel Maid!

Enforce his Crime, and urge his speedy Death.
But first prepare your Heart, and quite erase
The soft Remembrance of your former Passion,
The tender Hopes and Fears, warm Vows of Truth,
Fond Sighs exchang'd, and, last, the sweet Idea
Of that dear Form, which first inspir'd your Love;

Man. Ah barbarous *Semira!* thus to wake
My guilty Pity; Rebel to my Duty.

A I R.

*If o'er the cruel Tyrant Love,
A Conquest I believ'd;
The flatt'ring Error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd.*

D

Forbear

*Forbear to fan the gentle Flame,
Which Love did first create,
What was my Pride is now my Shame;
And must be turn'd to Hate.*

*Then call not to my wav'ring Mind,
The Weakness of my Heart;
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd,
To take the Traitor's Part.*

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

SEMIRA *Sola.*

Which fatal Evil shall I first oppose?
My Princess, Brother, this detested Lover,
The King, my Father, all are Enemies;
And each attacks me in some tender Part:
While I exert my Pow'r against the one,
The others rush on my defenceless Breast.

A I R.

*If the River's swelling Waves,
Overflow their usual Bed;
Scarce th' affrighted Peasant saves,
From the Flood his homely Shed.*

*To' he stop one open Shore,
Where the Waters swiftly glide,
In an hundred Places more,
Rushes in th' impetuous Tide.*

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

A Hall of Royal Council with a Throne, Seats on the Sides for the Grandees of the Kingdom, a small Table and Chair on the right Hand of the Throne, Artaxerxes, preceded by Guards, afterwards by the Nobles, follow'd by Mandane, Semira, Artabanes and Rimenes.

Artax. Ye solid Pillars of the *Persian* Empire,
Behold me fated to sustain the Cares
Of my paternal Throne, and much I'm griev'd
That my lov'd Father's Death, so heavy lies
Upon my absent Friend; but since *Arbaces*
Denies this Accusation; let the Father,
Whose Virtues have endear'd him to our Favour,
Be the Son's Judge to cast him or acquit him;
In him is vested all our regal Pow'r.

Man. In him? does Friendship so prevail o'er Duty?

Artax. Not so, *Mandane*, for his loyal Father
Has double Reason for Severity:
I ought to vindicate the Death of *Xerxes*;
But if *Arbaces* be the Criminal,
His Father, with more Rigour, will revenge
His Monarch's Death, and his own public Shame.

Artab. Ah, Sir, what Tryal!——

Artax. Worthy of thy Virtue——
If any think me partial, let him speak.

Rim. This Silence is a gen'ral Approbation.

Sem. My Brother comes.

Man. Ah me!

Artax. Give your Attention.

[*Ascends the Throne, the Grandees sit.*]

Man. (*aside.*) Now Prudence guide the Reins of my Affection.

Cease, busy Heart, to flutter in my Breast.

SCENE IX.

Enter ARBACES in Chains; guarded.

Arb. Am I so much the hatred of all *Persia*,
That it unites to witness my Misfortune?
My Sovereign!

Artax. O *Arbaces*, call me Friend;
For till thy Crime is prov'd, that Title's mine,
But, as a Name so tender ill becomes
Th' impartial Judge, thy most unhappy Cause
I have assign'd to worthy *Artabanes*.

Arb. My Father Judge?

Artax. Yes, he.

Arb. I'm chill'd with Horror.

Artab. *Arbaces*, in this Presence thou appear'st
To be the Murderer of Royal *Xerxes*:
The Circumstances urg'd are these—
That thou hast entertain'd presumptuous Love
Of this most honour'd Princess;
For which, by *Xerxes* banish'd from the Court,
You sought Revenge, and found it in his Death.

Arb. Nay more, the bloody Sword, the Time, the Place,
And Flight, conspire to fix the Guilt on me,
And yet my Heart is free;—I'm Innocent.

Artab.

Artab. Demonstrate that, and so appease the Wrath
Of this offended Princess.

Arb. Ah! forbear;—

If you would have me with a steady Mind,
Support my Sufferings; make not th' Assault
In such a tender Part.—Barbarous Father!

Artab. Rash young Man, be silent.—

Consider where thou art, and who attends thee.

Man. Be still, my beating Heart. [Aside.]

Artax. But this thy Crime,

Requires Defence, or a sincere Repentance.

Arb. My King, I find no Crime to be defended,
Nor motive for Repentance; that's my Answer.

Artab. O, filial Love! [Aside.]

Man. Whether he plead or not,

He equally is guilty.—Where is Justice?

Is this the Father that should vindicate,

His murder'd King, and his own public Shame?

Arb. Cruel *Mandane!* does thy Voice condemn me?

Man. Bear up, my Heart. [Aside.]

Artab. Your just Resentment, Princess?

Spurs on my lazy Virtue.—

Let *Persia* then, in *Artabanes* Rigour.

Record his Justice and his Loyalty.— [Takes the Pen.]

My Son I here condemn— [Signs.] *Arbaces* dies.

Man. Oh Gods!

Artax. Suspend a while, the rash Decree.

[*Artabanes rises, and gives the Paper
to Artaxerxes.*]

Artab. 'Tis sign'd, my Liege—I have fulfill'd my
Duty.

Artax. Unnatural Sentence!

Sem.

Sem. O inhuman Father!

Man. Alas, my Tears betray me.

Arb. Weeps *Mandane*,

In pity of my cruel Destiny?

Man. Pleasure may start a Tear, as well as Grief.

Artab. Now I have finish'd the stern Judge's Part,
Permit, O King, the Feelings of a Father.
Pardon, my Son, th' Effect of Tyrant Duty;
Suffer with Patience, and remember this,
The worst of ev'ry Evil is the Fear.

Arb. My Patience, Sir, begins at last to leave me:

Omitted. {
In View o'th' World, to find myself expos'd
A seeming guilty Object; all my Hopes
Cut off i'th' Bloom, the Morn of Life my End;
Hated by *Persia*, by my King,
And her whom I adore: to know that you,
Barbarous Father,—(Ah, I lose myself!)

Adieu.——

Artab. I freeze.

Man. I die.

Arb. Stay, rash *Arbaces*!

[*Going.*
Aside.
[*Returning.*
Where wou'd'st thou go? Ah, Sir, forgive your Son;
Behold me at your Feet.——

Excuse the Transports of my frantick Grief;
Shed all my Blood, 'tis yours,—I'll not complain;
But kiss the honour'd Hand that sign'd my Death.

Artab. Enough, O rise——

Thou hast but too much Reason to lament:
But know—(O Gods!—take one Embrace, and part.

A I R.

Arb. *By that belov'd Embrace,
By this my fond Adieu,
Deplore my hapless Case,
Condemn'd, alas! by you.
Appease my Love, my Truth commend,
Yourself preserve, my King defend.
My Sentence I obey,
To filial Duty true;
And scarce have Pow'r to say
A long and last Adieu!* [Exit, guarded.

S C E N E, X.

Man. Ah me! at poor *Arbaces*' parting,
I feel the Stroke of Death.

Artab. I hope, *Mandane*'s Wrath will now subside;
For I have sacrific'd my only Son,
To satisfy her Vengeance.

Man. Savage, no more——
Avoid my Presence; dare not to view the Light
Of Sun or Stars; but hide thy cruel Head
Within the deepest Bowels of the Earth.

Artab. Is then my Virtue——

Man. Silence, Inhuman!

Artab. Did not *Mandane*'s Rage, excite my Justice?

Man. The Daughter ought to vindicate the Father;
But thou, a Father, shou'dst have sav'd thy Son.

A I R.

A I R.

Monster, away!
From chearful Day;
To the gloomy Desert fly:
Paths explore,
Where Lions roar,
And devouring Tygers lie.
Tho' for Food,
They wade in Blood,
All to save their Young agree:
Ev'ry Creature,
Fierce by Nature,
Harmless is compar'd to thee.

[Exit.

S C E N E XI.

Artax. See, lov'd *Semira!*

How Heav'n conspires the Ruin of *Arbaces*.

Sem. Inhuman Tyrant!

You first destroy your Friend,
 And then bewail him.

Artax. I, to thy Father's Will, his Life committed;
 How was I then a Tyrant?—

All *Persia* knows my Friendship for *Arbaces*,
 And faithful Love to thee.

Sem. I thought you once

A tender Lover and a gen'rous Friend;

But in one Instant you have prov'd yourself

In Friendship false, and treacherous in Love. [Exit.

S C E N E

SCENE XII.

Artax. O *Artabanes*?

Artab. Lament not, Sir, but leave Complaints to me;
I am the most unhappy of Mankind.

Artax. Thy Woe must needs be great,
When mine is insupportable. [Exit.

SCENE XIII.

ARTABANES *Solus.*

Recitative accompanied.

At length my Soul has room t'indulge its Grief—
What racking Thoughts surround the guilty Breast—
O my dear Son, forgive the piercing Woes,
Which my foul Deeds inflict upon thy Youth:
I come to save thee from the Jaws of Death,
And pay thy Virtues with a kingly Throne.

A I R.

*Thou, like the glorious Sun,
Thy splendid Course shalt run:
What tho' the Night
Obscure his Light,
When prison'd in the West;
The Day returns,
Again he burns,
The God of Day confest.*

[Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

E

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Prison.

ARBACES *in a melancholy Posture.*

ARIETTA.

WHY is Death for ever late,
To conclude a Wretch's Woe;
Those who live in happy State,
Feel too soon th' untimely Blow.

Enter ARTAXERXES.

Artax. *Arbaces!*

Arb. Gracious Heav'n what's this I see!
Does royal *Artaxerxes* deign to visit
The Wretch *Arbaces*, in this horrid Gloom!

Artax. Pity and Friendship brought me here to
save thee.

Arb. To save me?

Artax. Yes. That secret Passage leads
To Life and Liberty; then quickly fly——
Remember *Artaxerxes*, and be happy.

Arb. Your pardon, Sir, the World esteems me
guilty——

Then let me die; your Honour, Sir, requires it.
Happy my Exit, having once preserv'd
My Sov'reign's Life, and now his spotless Honour.

Artax. Such noble Sentiments can ne'er proceed
From guilty Minds——Belov'd *Arbaces* fly——

As

As Friend I beg thee to preserve thyself;
But if that fails——as Sov'reign I command thee.

Arb. In Gratitude to thy exalted Friendship,
I'll quit this Scene of Horror and Despair.
But oh! thus exil'd, I shall only fly,
Restless to tread the Paths of Misery.

A I R.

*Water parted from the Sea,
May increase the River's Tide;
To the bubbling Fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile Valleys glide:
Yet in search of lost Repose,
Doom'd, like me, forlorn to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.*

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

A R T A X E R X E S *Solus.*

That Front, secure in conscious Innocence,
Defies the Charge of Guilt: Affliction's Veil
Can never quite eclipse the inward Light,
That from a noble Soul darts forth its Rays,
When in the Countenance the Heart is seen.

A I R.

*Tho' oft a Cloud, with envious Shade,
Conceals the Face of Day;
The Sun is still in Flames array'd
His Beams immortal not decay'd:
Soon the gloomy Veil retires;
He darts each pow'rful Ray,
And Light and Heat expires.*

[Exit.

E 2

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter ARTABANES *with a Train of Conspirators.*

My Son, *Arbaces*—where art thou retir'd?—
 Sure he shou'd hear my Voice—what ho—*Arbaces!*—
 O Heav'n!—Guards watch the Entrance of the Prison,
 Till I can find my Son. [*Exit,*

Enter RIMENES.

Rim. Not yet arriv'd!—
 Sir, *Artabanes!*— [*Exit,*

Re-enter ARTABANES.

Artab. O unhappy Father!
 My Son I seek in vain—my Blood grows chill;
 I fear—I doubt—perhaps in—

Re-enter RIMENES.

Rim. *Artabanes!*

Artab. Where is *Arbaces?*

Rim. Is he not with you?

Artab. O cruel Gods! th' Unfortunate has perish'd.

Rim. Suspicion always borders on Extreame;
 And might not *Artaxerxes* or *Mandane*,
 The Friend or Lover, have procur'd his Flight?
 What strange Delay is this!—let's to our Task;
 Behold the Way that leads us to the Palace.

Artab. And what great Enterprize shall I accomplish,
 My Son being lost?

Rim.

Rim. What, have you then, for nought,
 Secur'd the Royal Guards, and I, the Troops?
 Determine, Sir; this instant, *Artaxerxes*
 Prepares to take the Coronation Oath;
 The sacred Cup is by your Order poison'd:
 And shall we then so basely——

Artab. O my Friend!

Arbaces lost, for whom shou'd I engage?

Rim. Thy Son *Arbaces*, from thy Hand expects
 The Throne, if living; and if dead, Revenge.

Artab. That, that alone recalls my fleeting Spirit:
 Lead on, kind Friend; my Fate depends on thee.

Rim. I'll lead thee on to joyful Victory.

A I R.

*O let the Danger of a Son,
 Excite vindictive Ire;
 The Prospect of a Kingdom won,
 Shou'd light Ambition's Fire.*

*To wounded Minds, Revenge is balm,
 With Vigour they engage;
 And sacrifice a pleasing Calm,
 To a more pleasing Rage.*

[Exit.

S C E N E I V.

*ARTABANES Solus.**Recitative accompanied.*

Ye adverse Gods! y've found the only way
 To quell my vast Ambition; perplexing Doubt,
 Whether my Son yet lives, awakens Fear;
 And the dire Image of Despair starts up,
 Unnerves my Arm, and checks my daring Soul.

A I R.

*O, much lov'd Son, if Death
 Has stol'n thy vital Breath,
 I'll share thy hapless Fate;
 But e'er the Dagger drinks my Blood,
 A murder'd King, at Lethe's Flood,
 The Tidings shall relate.*

*Bid Charon cease from Toil,
 And rest upon his Oar,
 Till I attain the happy Soil,
 Where we shall part no more.*

[Exit.

S C E N E

AIR.

'Tis not true, that in our Grief,
Others weeping in Distress,
To our Troubles bring Relief,
Making each Misfortune less.

No, when sore oppress'd by Fate,
Better 'tis to sigh alone,
Than support a double Weight,
Other's Sorrows, and our own.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter ARBACES.

Arb. Nor here my searching Eyes can find *Mandane*,
Fain wou'd my Heart, before eternal
Indulge its Fondness with a last Adieu
Perhaps, this Way—but whither do
Rash Man——O heav'nly Pow'rs be
My Spirits fail me—yet I'll speak—*Man.*

Enter MANDANE.

Man. Ye Pow'rs! *Arbaces!* and at Liberty

Arb. A friendly Hand unlock'd my cruel Fate

Man. Ah! fly begone.

Arb. How can I part, for ever, from such Beauty

Man. Perfidious Traitor! what wou'dst thou with me?

Arb. Am I no longer dear to my *Mandane*?

Man. Thou art become the Object of my Hate.

Arb. Barbarous Maid! my Death shall end thy Scorn.

I fly to meet my Fate—Adieu—for ever. [Going.

F

Man.

Man. Hear me, *Arbaces*.

Arb. Ha! what Torture more?

Man. I cannot speak.

Arb. O Heav'n!

Man. Fly, save thyself.

Arb. What means my Princess?—this returning
Pity——

Man. Does not arise from Love—but fly—and live.

D U E T T O.

Arb. For thee I live, my Dearest;
But if I meet Disdain,
For thee, my Dear, I'll die.

Man. How lovely thou appearest,
My Blushes will explain.
I can no more reply.

Arb. Then hear me.

Man. No.

Arb. Thou art——

Man. Divide not thus my Heart;
Leave me——In Pity go.

Both. Ye Gods that torture so,
Some timely Respite send,
When will your Rigour end?

[Exeunt, different Ways.

S C E N E V I I I.

*A Temple, and Throne, with a Crown and Scepter;
the Image of the Sun, with a lighted Altar.*

A R T A X E R X E S, A R T A B A N E S, Nobles, &c.

Artax. To you, my People, much lov'd, I offer
Myself, not less a Father than a King:

Your

Your native Rights, your Customs, and your Laws,
With jealous Care I ever will maintain,
And raise up Treasure in my People's Hearts.

Artab. Here is the sacred Cup—
Your solemn Oath must bind the lasting Tye;
Fulfil th' accustom'd Rites—and drink thy Death.

[*Afide.*

Recitative accompanied.

Artax. Resplendent God! by whom sweet *April*
blooms,
Thou genial Beam, that warms us and enlightens,
Look awful down: and if my treacherous Lips
Have utter'd Falshood, may this wholesome Draught
Change, as it pass'es, into deadly Poison.

S C E N E IX.

Enter SEMIRA hastily.

Sem. Fly quick, my Liege; thousands of rebel Troops
Surround the Palace, by *Rimenes* led;
Your Death is plotted, and your Guards corrupted.

Artax. O Gods!—

Artab. What fear you, Sir? my single Presence
Shall quell this Tumult, and protect my King.

Artax. Away, my Friend, to Victory or Death.

[*Going.*

S C E N E X.

Enter MANDANE.

Man. Hold, Brother, the rebellious Crew are fled.

Artax. Say how, *Mandane*?

Man. Led by false *Rimenes*,
They forc'd the Gates, and enter'd, when *Arbaces*
Departing

44 A R T A X E R X E S.

Departing to eternal Banishment,
 His single Breast oppos'd, and swore to die
 In his great Master's Cause: All dropp'd their Arms,
 Except that daring Rebel at their Head,
 On him *Arbaces* like a Lion flew,
 Clove thro' his Helmet, slew him, and revenged thee.

Artax. Where's my Preserver---bring him to my
 Arms? . [*Exit Officers, with Guards.*]
 He murder *Xerxes*! Impious Supposition!

Man. My Heart respire!

Sem. O loyal Brother!

Man. Valour suppress'd now springs again to Glory.

A I R.

*The Soldier, tir'd of War's Alarms,
 Forswears the clang of hostile Arms,
 And scorns the Spear and Shield:
 But if the brazen Trumpet sound,
 He burns with Conquest to be crown'd,
 And dares again the Field.*

S C E N E, *the Last.*

Enter ARTABANES and ARBACES.

Arb. Behold my King, *Arbaces* at thy Feet.

Artax. O still my Friend! come to my grateful
 Breast.

Man. Yet that my Brother may with better Grace
 Reward this Deed, and satisfy the People,
 Some Reason give us for the bloody Sword,
 Thy tim'rous Flight, and all that wak'd Suspicion.

Arb.

Arb. If Deeds, not Words, proclaim a loyal Heart,
Permit me to be silent—I am innocent.

Artax. Confirm it with a solemn Imprecation,
And of a Truth, as *Persia's* Law prescribes,
That Vessel drain'd shall be the sacred Pledge.

Arb. I am prepar'd.

Artab. O cruel Gods! if my Son drinks he's poison'd.

Recitative accompanied.

Arb. Resplendent God, by whom sweet *April* blooms,
Thou general Beam that warms us and enlightens!

Artab. (*aside.*) O wretched Father!

Arb. If my treach'rous Lips,
Have utter'd Falshood, may this wholesome Draught,
Change, as it passes, into——

Artab. Hold, 'tis Poison.

Artax. What Fury urg'd thee to so vile a Deed?

Artab. Away Disguise; the Draught was meant
for thee.

But my paternal Fondness has betray'd me,
I murder'd *Xerxes*; and, to gain the Throne,
Wou'd have destroy'd thee too.

Artax. Wretch, thou shalt die.

Arb. Then I disdain to live.

Artax. *Mandane* shall reward thy spotless Virtue.
And thy fair Sister shall partake our Throne;
But for that Traitor——

Arb. I will die for him,
My Blood is his, and shall atone his Crimes.

Artax. Thy Loyalty and Virtue, injur'd Youth,
Shall change his Sentence into Banishment:
Make no Reply—his Exile is for Life.

Man.

46. A R T A X E R X E S.

Man. Sure Heav'n inspir'd the merciful Decree;
Arbaces and *Semira* must approve it:
Tho' for his Crimes the Father justly suffers,
His Life is spar'd, that you his guiltless Children
May not be ever wretched in his Death.

CHORUS.

*Live to us, to Empire live,
Great Augustus, long may'st thou,
From the subject World receive,
Laurel Wreaths t'adorn thy Brow.*

DUETTO.

*Of his Country ever free,
There the Royal Father see!*

CHORUS.

*To the Patron of our Laws,
Pierce the Air with loud Applause.*

DUETTO.

*Virtue in his Soul resides;
In his Truth the World confides.*

CHORUS.

*To the Patron of our Laws,
Pierce the Air with loud Applause.*

DUETTO.

DUETTO.

*Pity from the Throne descending,
 How the Monarch it endears ;
 When with Justice, Mercy blending,
 In the King a God appears.*

DUETTO.

*Tyrants claim with iron Scepter,
 Duty which our Fears impart ;
 But our gentle kind Protector,
 Monarch reigns o'er ev'ry Heart.*

CHORUS.

*Live to us, to Empire live,
 Great Augustus, long may'st thou,
 From the subject World, receive
 Laurel Wreaths t'adorn thy Brow.*

F I N I S.

