

ODE TO HANDEL,

BY THE REV. DR. SCOTT,

ON THE

Anniversary of his Commemoration.

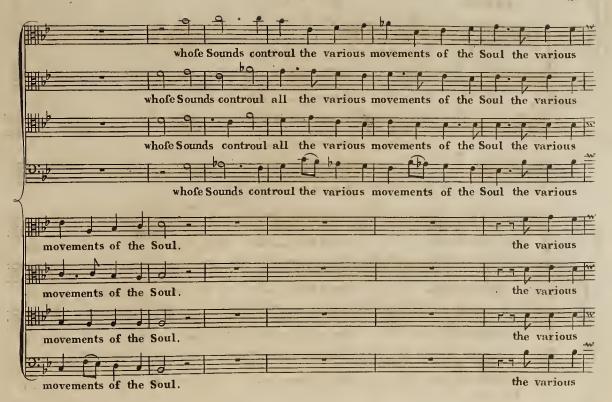
I.

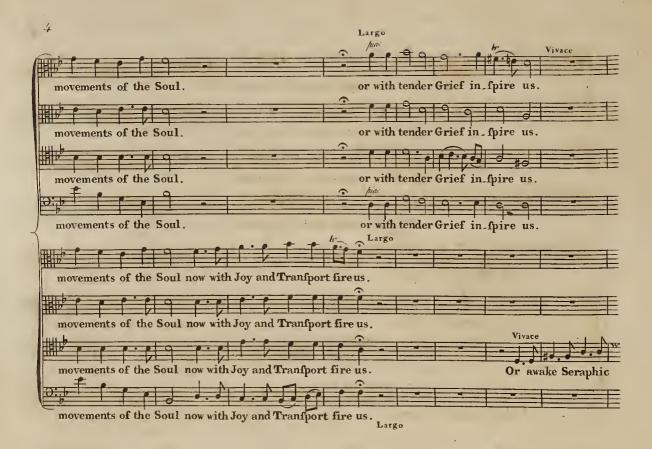
SWEET Harmonist, whose Sounds controul
The various Movements of the Soul:
Now with Joy and Transport fire us;
Or with tender Grief inspire us;
Or awake seraphic Love,
Such as Angels' feel above!—
But see what Magic holds the list'ning Throng!
The very Soul is turn'd to Ear,
While the full Tides of Music pour along,
Majestic, deep, and clear.

II.

Hail fweet Enchanter of the Soul,
Long shall we own thy soft Controul,
And as returns this festive Day,
To Thee our free Libations pay!
We'll chant thy Praise in merry Glee,
Wrapt up in Harmony and Thee!
Nor shall the Praises we bestow be vain—
By Praises, such as Britons give,
Age and Decrepitude forget their Pain,
Decay'd Musicians live.—

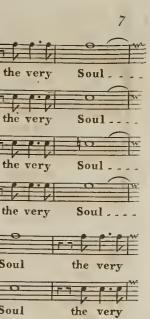


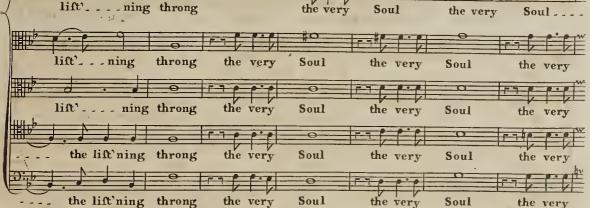












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