N° 20. Recit.—His hideous love provokes my rage.

Tenor Voice.

His hideous love provokes my rage, Weak as I am I must en-

Accomp.

gage, Inspir'd by thy victorious charms, The God of Love will lend his arms.

N° 21. Air.—Love sounds the alarm.

Tenor Voice.

Vivace.

Accomp.

(\text{\textit{d} = 132})
Love sounds th'alarm......, Love sounds th'alarm, and fear is a fly-ing,

and fear is a fly-ing, When beauty's the prize, When

beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dy-ing?

beauty's the prize.

......, when beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dy-ing?
When beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dying?

Love sounds 'tis an alarm, Love sounds 'tis an alarm,

Love sounds the alarm, and fear is a flying, Love sounds the alarm,

Love sounds the alarm,

and fear is a flying, When beauty's the prize, when
When beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dying?

In defense of my treasure I'd bleed at each vein, without her no pleasure, for life is a pain; without her no pleasure, without her no pleasure, for life is a pain.

Da Capo.

Handel's "Acis & Galatea" (N. Y. Ed. 4th Edition.)