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THE  
HERMIT

Written by the late celebrated D<sup>r</sup> Goldsmith,

Set to Music by

James Hook.

Adapted for

TWO VIOLINS, VOICE & HARPSICHORD.

Opera XXIV

Price 4<sup>s</sup>



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Allen A. Brown  
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# THE HERMIT.

By D<sup>r</sup> Goldsmith.

I

“TURN, gentle Hermit, of the Dale,  
“And guide my lonely Way  
“To where yon’laper chears the Vale,  
“With hospitable Ray.

“For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,  
“With fainting Steps, and flow;  
“Where Wilds, immeasurably spread,  
“Seem lengthning as I go.

“Forbear, my Son, (the Hermit cries,)  
“To tempt the dang’rous Gloom,  
“For yonder faithless Phantom flies  
“To lure thee to thy Doom.

“Here to the houseless Child of Want  
“My Door is open still;  
“And tho’ my Portion is but scant,  
“I give it with good Will.

“Then turn to Night, and freely share  
“Whate’er my Cell bestows;  
“My rusby Couch, and frugal Fare,  
“My Blessing, and Repose.

“No Flocks that range the Valley free  
“To Slaughter I condemn;  
“Taught by that Pow’r that pities me,  
“I learn to pity them.

“But from the Mountain’s grassy Side  
“A guiltless Feast I bring;  
A Scrip with Herbs and Fruit supply’d,  
“And Water from the Spring.

“Then, Pilgrim, turn; thy Cares forego;  
“All earth-born Cares are wrong:  
“Man wants but little here below,  
“Nor wants that little long?”

Soft as the Dew from Heav’n descends  
His gentle Accents fell;  
The modest Stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the Cell.

Far in a Wilderness obscure  
The lonely Mansion lay;  
A Refuge to the neighb’ring Poor,  
And Strangers led astray.

No Stores beneath its humble Thatch  
Requir’d a Master’s Care;  
The Wicket, op’ning with a Latch,  
Receiv’d the harmless Pair.

And now, when busy Crowds retire  
To take their ev’ning Rest,  
The Hermit trimm’d his little Fire,  
And cheer’d his pensive Guest;

And spread his vegetable Store,  
And gaily prest and smil’d;  
And, skill’d in legendary Lore,  
The ling’ring Hours beguil’d.

Around in sympathetic Mirth  
Its Tricks the Kitten tries;  
The Cricket chirrups in the Hearth,  
The crackling Faggot flies.

But nothing could a Charm impart,  
To sooth the Stranger’s Woe;  
For Grief was heavy at his Heart,  
And Tears began to flow.

His rising Cares the Hermit spy’d,  
With answer’ing Care oppress’d:  
“And whence, unhappy Youth, (he cry’d)  
“The Sorrows of thy Breast?”

“From better Habitations spurn’d,  
“Reluctant dost thou rove;  
“Or grieve for Friendship unreturn’d,  
“Or unregarded Love?”

“Alas! the Joys that Fortune brings  
“Are trifling, and decay;  
“And those, who prize the paltry Things,  
“More trifling still than they.

“And what is Friendship, but a Name;  
“A Charm that lulls to sleep;  
“A Shade that follows Wealth, or Fame,  
“And leaves the Wretch to weep?”

“And Love is still an emptier Sound,  
“The modern fair one’s Jest;  
“On Earth unseen, or only found  
“To warm the Turtle’s Nest.

“For Shame, fond Youth, thy Sorrows hush,  
“And spurn the Sex,” he said:  
But while he spoke, a rising Blush  
His love-lorn Guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d, he sees new Beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the View;  
Like Colours o’er the morning Skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful Look, the rising Breast,  
Alternate spread Alarms;  
The lovely Stranger stands confest  
A Maid in all her Charms.

“And ah! forgive a Stranger rude,  
“A Wretch forlorn” (the cry’d,)  
“Whose Feet unhallow’d thus intrude  
“Where Heav’n and you reside.

“But let a Maid thy Pity share,  
“Whom Love has taught to stray;  
“Who seeks for rest, but finds Despair  
“Companion of her Way.

“My Father liv’d beside the Tyne,  
“A wealthy Lord was he;  
“And all his Wealth was mark’d as mine,  
“He had but only me.

“To win me from his tender Arms,  
“Unnumber’d Suitors came;  
“Who prais’d me for imputed Charms,  
“And felt, or feign’d a Flame.

“Each Hour a mercenary Crowd  
“With richest Proffers strove;  
“Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,  
“But never talk’d of Love.

“In humble, simplest Habit clad,  
“No Wealth or Pow’r had he;  
“Wisdom and Worth were all he had;  
“But these were all to me.

“The Blossom op’ning to the Day,  
“The Dews of Heav’n refin’d,  
“Could Nought of Purity display,  
“To emulate his Mind.

“The Dew, the Blossoms of the Tree,  
“With Charms inconstant shine;  
“Their Charms were his, but woe to me,  
“Their Constancy was mine.

“For still I try’d each fickle Art,  
“Importunate and vain;  
“And while his Passion touch’d my Heart,  
“I triumph’d in his Pain

“Till quite dejected with my Scorn,  
“He left me to my Pride,  
“And fought a Solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he dy’d.

“But mine the Sorrow, mine the Fault,  
“And well my Life shall pay;  
“I’ll seek the Solitude he fought,  
“And stretch me where he lay.

“And there forlorn, despairing hid,  
“I’ll lay me down, and die;  
“Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
“And so for him will I.”

“Forbid it, Heav’n!” (the Hermit cry’d,)  
And clasp’d her to his Breast;  
The wond’ring fair one turn’d to chide.  
‘Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

“Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
“My Charmer, turn to see  
“Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
“Restor’d to Love and thee.

“Thus let me hold thee to my Heart,  
“And ev’ry Care resign;  
“And shall we never, never part,  
“My Life — my all that’s mine.

“No, never, from this Hour to part,  
“We’ll live, and love so true;  
“The Sigh that rends thy constant Heart  
“Shall break thy Edwin’s too?”

# THE HERMIT.

## N<sup>o</sup> I.

Violins

Voce

Basso

*Largo*

Turn, gentle Hermit of the Dale, and guide my lone - ly

Way to where you Ta - per chears the Vale, with hor - ri - ble Ray, Ray, For

here, forlorn and lost, I tread, with fainting Steps and flow; where Wilds, immeasur -

- - ra - bly spread, seem length'ning as I go - , seem length'ning as I go, seem length' - - - ning

as I go.



Andantino

N<sup>o</sup>  
2.

For bear, my Son, the Her- mit cries, to tempt the dang'rous Gloom, for

yonder faithless Phantom flies to lure thee to thy Doom. For- bear, my Son, the

Hermit cries, to tempt the dang'rous Gloom, for yonder faithless Phantom flies to

lure thee to thy Doom: for yonder faithless Phantom flies to lure thee to thy

Doom - - - to lure thee to thy Doom - - - to lure thee to thy Doom.

Volti Subito

Here to the houseless Child of Want, my Door is o - pen still - - - ; and tho' my Portion

is but scant, and tho' my Portion is but scant, I give it with good Will, I

give it with good Will. Then turn, to Night, and free - ly share what e'er my Cell be -

- stows, my ru - fhy Couch, and frugal Fare, my Blessing and Re - pose; then

turn to Night, and free - ly share, what e'er my Cell be - stows, my rufhy Couch and

fru - gal Fare, my Blessing and re - pose - - - my rufhy Couch and fru - gal Fare, my

Blessing and Re - pose - - - my Blessing and Re - - pose - - - my Blessing and Re -

- pose. No

Flocks that range the Valley free to Slaughter I con - demn; taught by that Pow'r that

pities me, I learn to pi - - ty them. but from the Mountain's graffy Side, a

guiltless Feast I bring, a Scrip with Herbs and Fruit supply'd, and Wa - - ter from the

Spring, - and Wa - ter from the Spring, and Wa - ter from the Spring. Then

Volti Subito

Pilgrim, turn; thy Cares forego; all earthborn Cares are wrong; Man wants but lit - tle

here below, nor wants that little long. then, Pilgrim, turn; thy Cares forego; all

earth born Cares are wrong; Man wants but lit - tle. here below, nor wants that lit - tle

long. Man wants but lit - tle here below, nor wants that lit - tle long, - - - nor

wants that lit - tle long - - - - nor wants that lit - tle long.

wants that lit - tle long - - - - nor wants that lit - tle long.

N<sup>o</sup> 3. Duetto

Viol: 1<sup>o</sup>  
Viol: 2<sup>o</sup>  
Basso

Tempo di Minuetto

Violin Primo Con Voce  
Soft as the Dew from Heav'n de-  
Violin Secondo Con Voce

-scends, Soft as the Dew from Heav'n descends, his gentle, gen-tle Accents fell; The modest  
Soft as the Dew from Heav'n descends, his gentle, gen-tle Accents fell;

Stran-ger low-ly bends, low-ly bends, and follows, follows, and follows to the Cell - -  
The modest Stran-ger low-ly low-ly bends, and follows, follows, and follows to the Cell - -

- and follows, follows to the Cell - - - and follows,  
and follows, follows to the Cell - - - and follows,

follows to the Cell; and follows to the Cell; and follows to the Cell.  
follows to the Cell; and follows to the Cell; and follows to the Cell.

N<sup>o</sup> 4.

Glee for three Voices.

NB. this may be sung as a single Song.

Viol. 1<sup>o</sup>  
Viol. 2<sup>o</sup>

Far in a Wil-der-ness ob-scure the lone-ly, lone-ly  
Far in a Wil-der-ness ob-scure the lone-ly, lone-ly  
Far in a Wil-der-ness ob-scure the lone-ly, lone-ly

Vivace

Man-sion lay; a Refuge to the neigh'ring Poor, or Strangers led a-stray; or  
Man-sion lay; a Refuge to the neigh'ring Poor, or Strangers led a-stray; or  
Man-sion lay; a Refuge to the neigh'ring Poor, or Strangers led a-stray; or

Cres

Stran-gers led a-stray: a Refuge to the neigh'ring Poor, or Strangers led a-  
Stran-gers led a-stray: a Refuge to the neigh'ring Poor, or Strangers led a-  
Stran-gers led a-stray: a Refuge to the neigh'ring Poor, or Strangers led a-

- stray. No Stores be-neath its hum-ble Thatch, no Stores beneath its  
- stray. No Stores be-neath its hum-ble Thatch, no Stores be  
- stray. No Stores be-neath its hum-ble Thatch, no Stores beneath its

humble Thatch, no Stores beneath its humble Thatch requir'd a Master's Care, requir'd a Master's  
 - neath its hum - - ble Thatch requir'd a Master's Care, requir'd a Master's  
 humble Thatch, no Stores beneath its humble Thatch requir'd a Master's Care, requir'd a Master's

Care; the Wicket, op'ning with a Latch, receiv'd the harmless Pair - - - -  
 Care; the Wicket, op'ning with a Latch, receiv'd the harmless Pair; the Wicket, op'ning  
 Care; the Wicket, op'ning with a Latch, receiv'd the harmless Pair; the

*p* *Cres*

- - - - - re - ceiv'd - - - - - receiv'd the harmless  
 with a Latch, receiv'd the harmless Pair; re - - ceiv'd - - - - - the harm - - les  
 Wicket, op'ning, op'ning with a Latch, the Wicket, op'ning with a Latch, receiv'd the harmless

*f*

Pair; re - ceiv'd the harmless Pair; re - ceiv'd the harmless Pair.  
 Pair; the harm - - - les Pair; the harm - - - les Pair.  
 Pair; re - ceiv'd the harmless Pair; re - ceiv'd the harmless Pair.

*fmo*

10 Andantino Grazioso

N<sup>o</sup>  
5.

And now, when busy Crowds retire, to take their Ev'ning Rest, the Hermit trimm'd his

little Fire, and chear'd his penfive Guest; and spread his ve-ge-table Store, and spread his ve-ge-

-table Store, and gayly preft and fmild; and, skill'd in legen-dary Lore, the ling'ring Hours be-

- guild - - the ling'ring Hours be - guild - - the ling'ring Hours beguild.

2

Around, in sympathetic Mirth,  
 Its Tricks the Kitten tries;  
 The Cricket chirrup in the Hearth,  
 The crackling Faggot flies.  
 But Nothing could a Charm impart,  
 To footh the Stranger's Woe;  
 For Grief was heavy at his Heart,  
 And Tears began to flow.



Andantino

His

rifing Cares the Hermit spy'd, with anfwring Care op-preft: and whence, un-happy Youth, he cry'd, the

Sorrows of thy Breast? From better Ha-bi-tations spurnd, re-luctant doft thou rove; or

grieve for Friendship unreturn'd, or unre-guarded Love, - - or un-re guarded Love? A -

- las! the Joys that Fortune brings are trifling, and de-cay, and those, who prize the paltry Things, more

trifling far than they.

N<sup>o</sup> 7.

Largo e Sempre Pianissimo

And what is

Friendship, but a Name; a Charm that lulls to sleep; a Shade that follows Wealth, or

Fame, and leaves the Wretch to weep; and Love is still an emptier Sound, the modern

fair one's Nest; on Earth un-seen, or only found to warm, to warm the Turtle's

Nest: and what is Friendship, but a Name, a Charm that lulls to sleep, a Shade that

follows Wealth, or Fame, and leaves the Wretch to weep.

Recitative

For Shame, fond Youth, thy Sorrows huffh, and spurn the Sex, he said; but while he spoke, arising

bluff his lovelorn Guest betray'd; arising Bluff his lovelorn Guest betray'd.

N<sup>o</sup> 8.

Vivace

Surpriz'd, he fees new

Beauties rise, swift mantling to the View, like Colours o'er the morning Skies, as bright as tranfient too. The

bashful look, the rising Breaft, alternate spread Alarms; the lovely Stranger stands confest a Maid in all her

Charms . . . a Maid in all her Charms, Charms.

N<sup>o</sup>  
9.

Largo

And

ah! forgive a Stranger rude, a Wretch forlorn, the cry'd; whose Feet unhallow'd thus intrude where

Heav'n and you re-side. But let a Maid your Pity share, whom Love has taught to stray, who

seeks for Rest, but finds Despair Companion of her Way; then, ah! forgive a Stranger rude, a

Wretch forlorn, the cry'd; whose Feet unhallow'd thus intrude where Heav'n and you re-side - - - where

Heav'n and you re-side.

## Andante

N<sup>o</sup>.  
10.

My Father  
liv'd be- - fide the Tyne, a wealthy Lord was he; and all his Wealth was mark'd as  
mine, he had but on- - ly me; he had but on- - ly me.

2

To win me from his tender Arms,  
Unnumber'd Suitors came;  
Who priz'd me for imputed Charms,  
And felt, or feign'd a Flame.

3

Each form a mercenary Crowd  
With richest Proffers strove;  
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
But never talk'd of Love.

4

In humble simplest Habit clad,  
No Wealth or Pow'r had he;  
Wisdom and Worth were all he had;—  
But these were all to me.

5

The Blossom opening to the Day,  
The Dews of Heav'n refin'd,  
Could nought of Purity display,  
To emulate his Mind.

6

The Dew, the Blossoms of the Tree,  
With Charms inconstant shine;  
Their Charms were his, but woe to me,  
Their Constancy was mine.

7

For still I try'd each fickle Art,  
Importunate and vain;  
And while his Passion touch'd my Heart,  
I triumph'd in his Pain.

8

'Till quite dejected with my Scorn,  
He left me to my Pride,  
And sought a Solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he dy'd.

9

But mine the Sorrow, mine the Fault,  
And well my Life shall pay;  
I'll seek the Solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

10

And there forlorn, despairing hid,  
I'll lay me down and die;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I.

Recitative

Forbid it, Heav'n! the Hermit cry'd, and clasp'd her to his

Breast; The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide, 'twas Edwin's self, 'twas Edwin's self that prest.

Andantino Maestoso

N<sup>o</sup> 11.

Edwin  
Turn, Angeli-na,

e- ver dear, turn, Angeli-na, e ver dear, my Charmer, my Charmer, turn to see, thy

own, thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here, re- stor'd to Love and thee - - - re-

- stor'd to Love and thee - - - re- stor'd to Love and thee. Thus let me hold thee

Angelina

to my Heart, thus let me hold thee to my Heart, and ev- 'ry Care, ev'ry Care re- sign,

and shall we never, never part, my Life, my Life, my all that's mine

my Life, my Life, my

all, my all that's mine, my Life, my Life, my all that's mine.

Volti Subito

Angelina  
We never from this Hour will part, We never from this Hour will part, well

Edwin  
We never from this Hour will part, We never from this

live, well live, and love fo true; the Sigh that rends thy con-stant Heart, the

Hour will part, well live, and love fo true; the

Sigh that rends thy con-stant Heart. f hall break, f hall break Ange - li - na's too; - - -

Sigh that rends thy con-stant Heart. f hall break, f hall break thy Ed - win's too;



Cres *f*

*f*hall

*f*hall

Cres *f*

break - - - - fhall break Ange-li - na's too; fhall break - - - - fhall

break - - - - fhall break thy Ed-win's too; fhall break - - - - fhall

*f*

break Angeli - na's too; Ange - li - na's too; Angeli - na's too.

break thy Edwin's too; thy Edwin's too; thy Edwin's too.

*f* *ff*

FINIS.











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