

Ye Verdant Hills

The First Elder's air from the oratorio *Susanna* (tenor)

Text by an anonymous poet, possibly by *Newburgh Hamilton* (1691–1761) [Br]

Set by *Georg Friedrich Händel* (1685-1759) [Gr / Br]

Accompanied recitative

Tyrannic **love!** **I** **feel** **thy** **cruel** **dart,**
[ta:ɪ.'ræɪn.ɪk lʌv a:ɪ fil ða:ɪ 'kru.əl dɑɪt]

nor **age** **protects** **me** **from** **the** **burning** **smart.**
[nɔr e:ɪdʒ pɹə.'teks mi fɹʌm ðʌ 'bɜ:n.ɪŋ smɑɪt]

What, seated with the elders of the land,
to guide stern justice' unrelenting hand;
shall I submit to feel the raging fires?
Youth pleads a warrant for his hot desires;
but when the blood should scarce attempt to flow,
I feel the purple torrents fiercely glow...

Air

Ye verdant hills, ye balmy vales,
Bear witness of my pain;
How oft have Shinar's flow'ry dales
Been taught my am'rous strain!
The wounded oaks in yonder grove
Retain the name of her I love.

In vain would age his ice bespread,
To numb each gay desire,
Tho' sev'nty winters hoar my head,
My heart is still on fire.
By mossy fount and grot I rove
And see the murmuring rills of love...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

