

No. 27.

RECIT.—“STAY PRINCE!”

SPRIT SOPRANO.

Stay, Prince! and hear great Jove's com - mand— He summons thee, this night, a - way. AENEAS. To - night thou must forsake this land— The an - gry God will brook no long - er To night? stay. Jove com - mands thee, waste no more In Love's de - lights, those pre - cious hours, Al - low'd by th'Al - mighty Pow'r To gain . . the La - tian shore And ru - in'd Troy re - store. AENEAS, Jove's com - mands shall be o - bey'd, To - night our an - chors shall be weigh'd. But ah!

but ah! . . . . . what lan-guage can I

try My in-jur'd Queen to pa-ci-fy: No soon-er she re-signs her

heart, But from her arms . . I'm forc'd to part. How can so hard a fate be-took? One night en-

- joy'd, the next for-sook. Yours bethe blame, yegods! For I o-bey your will, but with

more . . . ease . . could die but with more, more . . . ease . . . could die.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.