



Alexander's Feast, Part I

'Twas at the royal feast.

G. F. Handel

Recit:

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won, By Philip's warlike son: A-

loft in awful state, The godlike he-ro sate On his im-perial throne:

His va-liant peers were plac'd a-round; Their brows with ro-ses and with myrtles

bound: So should de-sert in arms be crown'd. The lovely Thais by his

SLOW

side Sate like a blooming eastern bride, In flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride.