

J O S E P H

AND HIS

B R E T H R E N.

A

S A C R E D D R A M A.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

The MUSICK by Mr. HANDEL.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS: And Sold by B. DOD at the
Bible and Key in Ave-Mary Lane near Stationers-Hall.

MDCC XLIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

Just Publish'd, (Price One Shilling.)

The Second Edition, with large Alterations and Additions, beautifully printed,

Dedicated to Her Highness the LADY AUGUSTA.

* * * The LADY'S PRECEPTOR: Or, A Letter to a Young Lady of Distinction upon POLITENESS. Taken from the French of the Abbé D'Ancourt, and adapted to the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the English Nation. By a Gentleman of Cambridge.

—————Adorn'd

With all that Earth or Heav'n could bestow,
To make her amiable: — On she came,
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Gesture Dignity and Love. MILTON.

The Contents.

Of Politeness in general.	Of Insincerity.
Of Politeness in Religion, and against Superstition.	Of Friendship.
Of Devotion.	Of Doing Good Offices.
Of Behaviour at Church.	Of Anger and Resentment.
Of the Duties and Decorums of Civil Life.	Of Gentleness and Modesty.
Of Behaviour to our Superiors.	Of Keeping and Imparting Secrets.
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Of Applauding and Censuring People rashly.	Of Hope and Belief.
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Of Gallantry from the Men.	Of Housewifry. [ness.
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Of Self-Conceit and Love of Vanity	Of Behaviour at Assemblies, Operas, and Plays.
Of Humility and Pride.	Of Gaming.
Of Affectation. [tiers.	Of Self-Conversation.
Of Going to Court, and Court.	Of Good nature and Charity.

Printed for J. Watts: And Sold by B. Dod at the Bible and Key in Ave-Mary Lane, near Stationers-Hall.



To His G R A C E the
DUKE of MONTAGUE.

May it please your G R A C E,



H A V E no other Apology to make for presuming to lay the following Performance at Your G R A C E'S Feet, than the Countenance you are pleased to give to the Refined and Sublime Entertainments of this Kind, and the generous Patronage you manifest towards the Great Master, by whose Divine Harmony they are supported. A Master meritorious of such a Patron, as he may be said, without the least Adulation, to have shewn a higher degree of Excellence in each of the various kinds of Composition, than any one who has preceded him ever arrived at in a single Branch of it; and to have so peculiar a Felicity in always making his Strain the Tongue of his Subject, that his Music is sure to talk to the Purpose, whether the Words it is set to do so, or not. 'Tis a pity however, My L O R D, that such a Genius should be put to the Drudgery of hammering for Fire where there is no Flint, and of giving a Sentiment to the Poet's Metre before he can give one to his own Melody.

DEDICATION.

Your GRACE need not be informed, that the Time allotted for the Representation of this kind of Drama deprives the Writer of sufficient Room for the gradual and artful Unravelling of his Subject, as well as the clear and full Explication of his Character.

These Defects, which are unavoidable, I need not request one of Your GRACE'S Penetration to pardon: Those owing to the Author, as too many I fear there are in this short Poem, I rely on your boundless Candor and Humanity to overlook, as I likewise do for your Pardon of this Intrusion.

To render the latter as little impertinent as possible, I shall not shape it in the usual Mode of Epistles Dedicatory, but, without attempting to inform Your GRACE any thing about Yourself, as if you had never put in practice the *Nosce Teipsum*, shall humbly take my Leave by assuring Your GRACE that I am, with the highest Sincerity,

Your GRACE'S most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

JAMES MILLER.



ADVERTISEMENT.

JACOB had Twelve Children, whereof *Joseph* and *Benjamin* were the two youngest, and were born to him of *Rachel*. The superior Affection which *Jacob* shewed towards *Joseph*, and the Account which the latter gave his Brethren of some of his Dreams denoting his own future Grandeur and their Subjection to him, raised their Jealousy and Hatred against him. Hereupon they take an Opportunity, when they were one Day in the Field together, to throw him first into a Pit, and afterwards to draw him out again, and sell him to a Company of mercantile *Ismaelites* who were going down to *Egypt*, persuading their Father *Jacob*, by the Stratagem of dipping a Coat which they had strip'd him of, in Blood, that he was devoured by a wild Beast.

The *Ismaelites* being arrived with *Joseph* in *Egypt*, sold him to *Potiphar*, a principal Officer in *Pharaoh's* Court, with whom he lived in high Favour a considerable time, 'till at length, upon the false Accusation of *Potiphar's* Wife, he was disgraced and cast into Prison. During his Confinement, the chief Butler, and chief Baker of *Pharaoh's* Court, were thrown into the same Place by the King's Order, both of whom having a Dream in the same Night, receiv'd an Interpretation of them from *Joseph*, which proved true, the chief Baker being within three Days hanged on a Tree, and the chief Butler restored to his Employment as was foretold; but being taken into Favour again thought no more of his Interpreter, as he had promised to do.

Here then our Drama finds *Joseph*, two Years after this Incident had happened. At this Time *Pharaoh* himself having had two Dreams in the same Night, the *First*, of Seven fat Kine coming out of the River, which were devoured by Seven other lean Kine which came up after them; and the *Second*, of Seven full Ears of Corn devoured by Seven thin ones, the Wisemen of *Egypt* could not interpret them. The chief Butler calling *Joseph* to Remembrance upon this Occasion, spoke of him to the King, who immediately order'd that he should be brought before him; of whom having received a satisfactory Explication of his Dreams, as that they were both of the same Purport, and pointed out Seven Years of Plenty, and Seven of Famine to succeed them, *Pharaoh* appointed him Ruler over the Land of *Egypt*, to lay up in the Years of Plenty a Store for a Supply in those of Dearth; at the same time giving him to Wife *Asenath* the Daughter of *Potiphera*, High-Priest of *On*, by whom, during the Years of Plenty, he had two Sons.

The Famine having at length spread itself into all Countries, *Jacob* hearing there was Corn in *Egypt*, sent his ten elder Sons thither to purchase some, keeping *Benjamin* the youngest with him for fear some Accident should befall him. *Joseph* immediately knew his Brethren, and seeing them at his Feet, he remembered his former Dreams, but did not make himself known to them, speaking roughly, treating them as Spies, and ordering them to return and bring down their younger Brother whom they spoke of, as a Proof of their Veracity. Having detained one of them in Prison, by way of a Hostage, he commanded his Officers privately, to restore every one of the others his Money into his Sack, and to send them away with their Corn, for the Land

of Canaan. Having, after a long time, prevailed on Jacob to let Benjamin go with them, they returned to Egypt and presented him before Joseph, who tenderly embraced him, and was so sensibly affected by the Interview, that, not being able to refrain from Tears, he was obliged to leave the Room. After this he made a grand Entertainment for them, giving at the same time a secret Order to his Officers to put his Silver Cup into Benjamin's Sack.

They had no sooner left the Town the next Morning but they were sent after, brought before Joseph again, and charged with stealing this Cup, when, their Sacks being examined, and the Cup found in that belonging to Benjamin, he was doom'd to continue a Slave to Joseph.

The rest of the Brethren refusing to return to their Father without Benjamin with them, and one of them passionately requesting to become a Bondman in his stead, Joseph could refrain no longer, but with Tears gushing from his Eyes, discovered himself to them. This News coming soon to Pharaoh, he order'd Joseph to send immediately, and bring down his Father and whole Family into Egypt, appointing one of the most fruitful Parts of the Country for their Habitation.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

PHARAOH, *King of Egypt.*

JOSEPH, *An Hebrew.*

REUBEN,

SIMEON,

JUDAH,

BENJAMIN,

} *Brethren to Joseph.*

POTIPHERA, *High-Priest of On.*

PHANOR, *Chief Butler to Pharaoh, afterwards Joseph's Steward.*

W O M E N.

ASENATH, *Daughter to the High-Priest.*

Chorus of Egyptians, Hebrews, &c.

S C E N E, M E M P H I S.

N. B. The Lines marked thus “ are omitted in the Representation, on account of the Length of the Piece.

J O S E P H.



J O S E P H

A N D H I S

B R E T H R E N.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, a P R I S O N.

J O S E P H *reclining in a melancholy Posture.*

A I R.



*Be firm, my Soul, nor faint beneath
Affliction's galling Chains;
When crown'd with conscious Virtue's Wreath,
The shackled Captive reigns. [Starting up.*

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Jos. But wherefore thus? Whence Heav'n these bitter Bonds?
Are these the just Rewards of stubborn Virtue?
Is this contagious Cell the due Abode
Of too much Innocence? --- Down, down, proud Heart,
Nor blindly question the Behest of Heaven!
These Chastisements are just - - for some wise End
Are all the partial Ills allotted Man.

A I R *repeated.*

*Be firm, my Soul, nor faint beneath
Affliction's galling Chains;
When crown'd with conscious Virtue's Wreath,
The shackled Captive reigns.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

To J O S E P H, P H A R A O H.

Phan. *Joseph*, thy Fame has reach'd great *Pharaoh's* Ear;
Who late in Dreams perturb'd, and taught by me
The wond'rous Power of thy experienc'd Art,
Demands thy instant Presence to unfold
Their mystick Purport.

Jos. Blest Vicissitude!
Jehovah, whom I serve, bears witness to me;
And from the Horrors of the Pit, once more,
Will deign Deliverance to his Servant's Soul.

A I R.

*Come, divine Inspirer, come,
Make my humble Breast thy Home,
Draw the Curtain from mine Eye,
And present place Futurity.*

*Thus, whilst I o'er Pharaoh's Dream,
Bright Interpretation beam,
Pharaoh's Self shall Temples raise,
And Egypt Incense to thy Praise.*

[Da Capo.]

Phan. Pardon that I so long forgot thee, *Joseph*;
My Heart upbraids me with Ingratitude.

Jos. Pardon thyself--- Ingratitude's a Vice
That bears its Scorpions with it --- The dire Mildew
Which makes a Desert of the human Mind,
And merits more of Pity than Resentment ---
But instant I'll with duteous Step attend
My Lord the King, and bow myself before him. [Exit *Jos.*]

S C E N E III.

P H A R A O H.

Fell Monster! base Ingratitude! avaunt;
No longer in this Breast I'll give thee Harbour.

A I R.

A I R.

*Ingratitude's the Queen of Crimes,
 For all the rest are of her Train,
 Her sure Attendants at all Times,
 The great Supporters of her Reign:
 If One you then ungrateful call,
 You crown him Monarch of them all.*

S C E N E IV. *A Room of State in Pharaoh's Palace.*

PHARAOH, High-Priest of On; ASENATH, Chorus of Egyptians, &c.

Phar. Thus, Stranger! I have laid my troubled Thoughts,
 The midnight Visions of my Bed before thee,
 Which all the Skill of *Egypt* can't unfold ---
 Come then, interpret to the King his Dreams.

Jos. O mighty *Pharaoh*, it is not in me;
 Interpretation does belong to Heav'n;
 And may the Lord *Jehovah* give the King
 A gracious Answer!

[INVOCATION.]

“ By that O'erflowing of the *Nile*,
 “ Which makes the careful Tiller smile;
 “ By those glad Rays that swell the Grain,
 “ And pay with Sheaves the Reaper's Pain;
 “ By all the Blessings ev'ry Day,
 “ Which *Egypt* tastes from *Pharaoh's* Sway,
 “ Thy dark Resolves, kind Heav'n! display. }

Chorus of Egyptians.

O God of Joseph, gracious, shed
 Thy Spirit on thy Servant's Head;
 That to the King he may reveal
 The Truths his Mystick Dreams conceal.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Jos. Pharaoh, thy Dreams are one --- the Lord *Jehovah*
In Vision shews what he's about to do.

The Seven fat Cattle, and full Ears of Corn,
Denote Seven Years of Plenty --- The like Seven
Of meagre Kine, and unreplenish'd Grain,
Mark the same Years of Famine to succeed.
Embrace this Warning, and with studious Search
Look out a Man of Providence and Wisdom,
To garner up in the redundant Years,
A Store for Comfort in the Days of Dearth.

Phar. Divine Interpreter! What Oracle
Could thus have solv'd my Doubts? --- Where can we find
A Man like thee, in whom God's Spirit dwells;
Be this Day Ruler o'er my House and People,
And by thy Word let all the Land be govern'd;
But only in the Throne will I be greater.

Jos. These are thy Workings, Infinite *Jehovah*!

A I R.

Asen. [*Aside.*] O lovely Youth, with Wisdom crown'd,
Where ev'ry Charm has Place!
What Breast so firm was ever found,
As could resist such Grace?
If thou hast stoln my Virgin Heart,
To me in change thy own impart.

[Pharaoh putting his Ring on Joseph's Finger.]

Phar. Wear, worthy Man! this Royal Signet wear,
Pledge of thy boundless Dignity and Power;
Whilst in our Second Chariot thou shalt ride,
And Heralds cry before thee, *Bow the Knee*:
Then henceforth, as the Saviour of the World,
Let * *Zaphnath-Paaneah* be thy Name.

CHORUS.

* *Zaphnath-Paaneah* signifies Saviour of the World.

C H O R U S.

*Joyful sounds! melodious Strains!
 Health to Egypt is the Theme!
 Zaphnath rules, and Pharaoh reigns---
 Happy Nation! Bliss supreme!*

[Exunt.]

S C E N E V.

A S E N A T H *alone.*

Whence this unwonted Ardour in my Breast?
 These new-born Sighs --- 'Tis true that he is Wise ---
 Majestick --- graceful --- Ah! I fear this Stranger
 Has trespass'd on my unsuspecting Bosom.

A I R.

*I feel a spreading Flame within my Veins,
 Which all my Arts will not avail to quench;
 With fruitless Toil from Place to Place I range,
 No Toil, no Place gives Respite to my Pains.*

S C E N E VI.

To A S E N A T H, J O S E P H.

Jos. Struck, beauteous Damsel, with thy modest Charms,
 I've ask'd thee of thy Father and the King,
 To help allay the anxious Toils of Grandeur,
 And smooth the rugged Brow of Publick Care.
 Yet, authoris'd by both, I dread my Fate,
 'Till thy own Voice has fix'd my Destiny.

S C E N E VII.

To them P H A R A O H and P O T I P H E R A.

Phar. Zaphnath, I grant thy Suit --- Behold thy Bride!
Potiph. Approach, my *Asenath* --- Behold thy Husband!

D U E T.

Jos. O! canst thou, Fair Perfection! say?
O! canst thou bless me with thy Love?

Asen. My Father's Will I must obey;
My Monarch's Pleasure must approve.

Jos. Celestial Virgin!

Asen. ----- Godlike Youth!

Both. Renown'd for Innocence and Truth;
Propitious Heav'n has thus in Thee
Completed my Felicity.

Jos. " O Pharaoh! all the Dignity and Splendor,
" Which thou hast deign'd to robe thy Servant in,
" Are nothing to the Gift of this fair Jewel.

Phar. " Long mayst thou live to wear her at thy Heart.
Now, *Potiphera*, instant to the Temple
In joyous Pomp, and whilst the Rite's perform'd,
Let our loud Clarions tell it to the Skies. [Exeunt.

A Grand March during the Procession.

S C E N E VIII. A T E M P L E.

*The High Priest joining the Hands of JOSEPH and ASENATH
at the Altar, PHARAOH, Attendants, and Chorus of
Egyptians.*

High-Priest. 'Tis done--- the sacred Knot is ty'd,
Which Death alone can e'er divide.

C H O R U S.

*Immortal Pleasures crown the Pair,
Who thus by Heav'n high-favour'd are,
Joys ever round them wait;
May these below, like those above,
Contend who most and longest love,
And be as Blest, as Great.*

Phar.

Phar. Glorious and happy is thy Lot, O *Zaphnath*,
Join'd to such Sweetness, Dignity, and Virtue.

A I R.

*Since the Race of Time begun,
Since the Birth-Day of the Sun,
Ne'er was so much Wisdom found,
With such matchless Wisdom crown'd.*

C H O R U S.

*Swift our Numbers, swiftly roll,
Wast the News from Pole to Pole;
Asenath with Zaphnath's join'd,
Joy and Peace to all Mankind!*



P A R T II. S C E N E I.

A S E N A T H, P H A N O R, and Chorus of Egyptians.

C H O R U S.



*HAIL, thou Youth by Heav'n below'd!
Now thy wond'rous Wisdom's prov'd!
Zaphnath Egypt's Fate foresaw,
And snatch'd her from the Famine's Jaw.*

Pha. How vast a Theme has *Egypt* for Applause!
O *Asenath*, behold thy mighty Lord!
High on his gilded Car triumphant ride,
Whilst prostrate Multitudes that do him Honours,
Obstruct his Passage through the Streets of *Memphis*.
The raptur'd Virgins hail him in their Lays,
And gazing Matrons lift their grateful Hands,
Whilst hoary Sages rise, and bow the Head,
And Infants half articulate his Name.

Asen. These Honours flow not from the Flatterers Lips,
Like those that lavish Stream in *Fortune's* Lap; But

But from Sincere Benevolence, and Love,
And Bosoms glowing with a grateful Transport.

A I R.

Phan. *Our Fruits, whilst yet in Blossom, die,
Our Harvest's in the new-sown Seed;
Barren the mournful Ridges lie,
Undeck'd the once enamell'd Mead.*

*But Zaphnath's Providential Care
Retaliates for the niggard Soil;
Through him in Dearth we Plenty share,
Nor heed th' inexorable Nile.*

He's Egypt's common Parent, gives her Bread;
He's Egypt's only Safety, only Hope;
Whilst Egypt's Welfare is his only Care.

C H O R U S.

*Blest be the Man by Pow'r unstain'd,
Virtue there itself rewarding!
Blest be the Man to Wealth unchain'd,
Treasure for the Publick hoarding!*

Asen. Phanor, we mention not his highest Glory,
Mark midst his Grandeur what Humility,
The Gift of that great God whom he adores.
Yet something seems of late to bear upon him,
And cloud his wonted Smile; not all his Splendor,
Th' Applause of Millions, or my studious Love,
Can yield him Comfort, or assuage his Grief.

Phan. Perchance he wants to view his native Land,
Whose God and Laws are the Reverse of Egypt's.

Asen. Phanor, 'tis true, he calls it oft' to mind,
And oft' in Silence sighs, and mourns his Absence;
Nor finds he Peace, save when his smiling Infants,
The Pledges of our Love, are in his Arms:

There

There will he grasp them --- there, with ardent Look,
He eyes them --- while, from 'midst his struggling Sighs,
Words burst like these ----

A I R.

*Together, lovely Innocents, grow up,
Link'd in eternal Chains of Brother-Love;
For you mayn't Envy bear her pois'nous Cup,
Nor Hate her unrelenting Armour prove.*

He then is silent, then again exclaims ----
Inhuman Brethren ! O unhappy Father !
What Anguish too much Love for me has cost thee !
Such are his Cares, nor have I yet discover'd
The fatal Cause --- But once more I'll attempt it.

Phan. “ These Men of *Canaan* too, pretended Brethren,
“ Who come to purchase Corn, give him Disquiet :
“ One of them he detain'd in Bonds as Hostage
“ For their Return with Proof they were not Spies ;
“ But their long Absence makes him doubt their Faith.
“ I'll to my Lord, and learn this Prisoner's Fate.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E II.

SIMEON *in Prison.*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Where are these Brethren --- Why this base Delay !
To let me languish a whole Year in Dungeons !
But are not Brethren base ? O *Joseph ! Joseph !*
That Thought is Hell ---- Remembrance scorches with it !
But was it I alone ? --- O no ! --- Then Heav'n
Has been at 'compt perchance with my Confederates,
Whilst the wild Beast, false-tax'd with *Joseph's* Death,
Has met 'em on the way, and ta'en his Vengeance.

A I R.

A I R.

Remorse, Confusion, Horror, Fear,

Ye Vultures of the guilty Breast!

Now, Furies! now she feels you here,

Who gnaw her most, when most distress.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

J O S E P H and P H A N O R.

Phan. This Hebrew Prisoner ----

Jos Hither bring him, *Phanor.*

[Exit *Phanor.*

The wide Circumference of Egypt's Regions,
The vast Extent betwixt the Nile and Ocean
Given me to rule, is Slav'ry, not an Honour;
Not Rest, but Travel ----

----- " Ye departed Hours,
" What happier Moments have I seen! --- O *Hebron!*
" What Peace enjoy'd amidst thy smiling Valleys!
" Might I review thee! might I careless tend
" Thy fleecy Herd; might I once more embrace
" My good old Sire; list to his sacred Lessons
" Of God's Creation, of Man's fatal Fall,
" The Race-preserving Ark, the Heaven-hung Bow,
" And Hope Divine of *Abraham* and his Seed ---
" It cannot be --- Tyrant, enslaving Greatness!
" Who'd languish in thy gilded Chains an Hour,
" That in the Courts of Quietness could dwell?

A I R.

The Peasant tastes the Sweets of Life,

Unwounded by its Cares;

No courtly Craft, no publick Strife

His humble Soul insnares.

But Grandeur's bulky noisy Joys

No true Contentment give;

Whilst Fancy craves Possession cloy,

We die thus whilst we live.

But

But *Simeon* comes, Treach'rous blood-thirsty Brother!
 Fain wouldst thou had my Life! Cruel! but hold ---
 I fear, O Heav'n! that some disastrous Death
 Has snatch'd the other from me, and perhaps
Simeon's the only Brother left me now;
 I'll touch thee not --- the Image of our Father
 Sits on thy Brow --- nor shall thy Perfidy
 Dissolve the sacred Ties of Love and Nature.
 But I will speak such Daggers to thy Soul! ---

S C E N E IV.

To JOSEPH, SIMÉON.

Sim. I tremble at his Presence.

Jos. Thou Impostor!
 Com'it thou before me, but to dare my Fury?
 Where are thy Brethren --- Brother-Traitors? Ha!
 Did I not say it? Did I not foresee it?
 Ye Serpent-Spies! under Pretext of Famine
 Ye came to see the Nakedness of *Egypt*.
 One Year has run its Course --- not yet return'd!
 Where is their Faith? Impostor, thou shalt pay
 The Forfeit of their Guilt.

Sim. My gracious Lord,
 Our Testimony's true --- By Famine driv'n,
 We hither fled for Succour --- We're Twelve Brethren,
 Sons of one Father in the Land of *Canaan*.
 Ten thou hast seen, and one is not; the youngest
 Was to the Care of his old Father left.

Jos. The Sight of him might dissipate my Doubts ---
 But where's your Promise? --- Why is he not come?

Sim. Paternal Love, my Lord, alone detains him.
 What Anguish must it give the good old Sire,
 To have this only Hope torn from his Bosom,
 The Prop and Comfort of his falling Years?
 How would it shake his poor old tottering Frame?

How wring his bleeding Heart !

Jos. Peace, Nature, Peace! [Aside.

Sim. Grief for the Loss of his beloved *Joseph*,
Already reigns too cruel in his Heart ;
No Sun or sets, or rises on the Earth,
That doth not find, and leave him too in Tears.

Jos. [Aside.] Great God sustain my Fortitude! -----
[To *Sim.*] This *Joseph*,
How died he?

Sim. A wild Beast, my Lord, devour'd him.

Jos. Devour'd by a wild Beast! Have, have a care!
Didst thou then see his bleeding Arteries?
His mangled Limbs? Now, by the Life of *Pharaoh*,
I spy some Treachery --- There are Men on Earth
More cruel, *Simeon*, than the wildest Beast.

Sim. Dreadful Discourse! [Aside.

Jos. He trembles! [Aside.

Sim. Thy Suspicion ---

Jos. --- Is just --- know you not yet I can divine,
And view the dark Recesses of the Soul?
In vain from me you'd hide the Truth, Impostor! [Ex. *Jos.*

A I R.

Sim. *Impostor! Ah! my foul Offence,*
Wrote in my Face,
O dire Disgrace!
Admits, admits of no Defence.
Tho' treach'rous Hearts from mortal Sight
May veil a while
Their impious Guile,
Heav'n sees, and brings dark Deeds to light. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

J O S E P H, A S E N A T H.

Jos. Whence, *Asenath*, this Grief that hangs upon thee,
And like a Morning Mist which hovers o'er The

The Violet's Bed, bedews thy lovely Cheeks?

Asen. Life of my Life, and Source of all my Bliss,
It is but to resemble thee the more.

When *Zaphnath* sighs can *Asenath* be gay?
Can *Asenath* enjoy, when *Zaphnath* suffers?

A I R.

*The silver Stream, that all its way
Transparent to the Ocean flows,
Mix'd with the turbid Surges grows
As ruffled and impure as they.*

*Thus glided I through Life's serene,
But now dire Griefs thy Breast inflame,
My mingling Bosom Shares the same,
And I, like thee, am wretched seen.*

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Tell me, O tell me thy Heart's Malady,
That I may steal it from thee if I can.

Jos. A slight Disorder --- publick Cares ---

Enter PHANOR.

Phan. My Lord,
The long-expected Strangers are arriv'd,
And with them comes a Youth of matchless Beauty.

Jos. [*Aside.*] My Benjamin! Thanks Heav'n! [*To Phan.*
Straight make them enter.

My Love, retire a while --- Soon thou shalt know
The Business of my Heart --- Permit me only
Some Moments more ---

Asen. Your Will, my Lord, is mine. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

PHANOR and JOSEPH's Brethren.

Phan. Fear not --- Peace be unto you --- 'twas your God,
That gave you Treasure in your Sacks, for me

I had your Money, and declare you Guiltless,
 Nor think that *Zaphnath* bears so base a Soul
 As to condemn you wrongfully --- nor one
 So cruel to refuse you farther Succour.

Judab. Thy gracious Words revive my drooping Spirits;
 And kindly Hope of being guiltless thought
 Glows in my Heart, and kindles Life anew.

A I R.

*To keep afar from all Offence,
 And conscious of its Innocence,
 Is not enough for the Defence
 Of an unspotted Heart.*

*A light Suspicion oftentimes
 Of uncommitted unthought Crimes
 Its Purity with Slander limes,
 And gives it the Delinquent's Part.*

Chorus of the Brethren.

*Thus one with ev'ry Virtue crown'd,
 For ev'ry Vice may be renown'd.*

S C E N E VII.

To them, JOSEPH, and Attendants.

Reuben. Once more, O pious *Zaphnath*! at thy Feet
 We pay due Homage, and implore thy Succour.

Judab. Our Reverend Sire intreats thee to accept
 A humble Off'ring of our Country's Fruits;
 Not such as with thy Grandeur suits, but what
 Our present wretched State hath left --- O *Zaphnath*!
 Our Fields lie desolate, and cover'd o'er
 With naught but Horror, Barrenness and Drought,
 Menacing the distress'd Inhabitant
 With Death inevitable, whose pale Herald
 Sits on his pining Cheeks --- O Pity, Pity!

Our good old Father sues for Pity from thee;
 For Pity we implore thee, and for Pity
 Our youngest Brother lowly bows to kiss
 Thy bounteous Hand.

Benj. This Kiss, my gracious Lord,
 Comes wash'd with Tears --- O save my Country, save
 My dear, dear Father --- and may *Abraham's* God
 For ever save my Lord.

Jos. [*Aside.*] How his Discourse
 Melts down my Soul --- Rise --- is your Father well?
 [*Aside.*] I had almost said Mine --- The good old Man
 Of whom ye spake --- say, is he living still?

Judah. My Lord, thy Servant lives, and lives in Health.

Jos. And this his youngest Son?

Benj. It is, my Lord,
 My Name is *Benjamin*.

Jos. Let me embrace thee ---
 And may that God, my Son, whom thou invoc'st,
 Watch o'er, and ever shed his Blessings on thee!

A I R.

Benj. *Thou' deign'st to call thy Servant, Son,
 And O, methinks, my Lord, I see,
 With an amazing Semblance shown,
 My Father's Image stamp'd on thee:
 Thee, therefore, would I Father call;
 But the Similitude of Face
 Is not enough --- the Soul is all ---
 O may his Soul thy Bosom grace!*

Jos. [*Aside.*] Sweet Innocence! Divine Simplicity!
 Tears, by your Leave ---- [*To Servants.*] Attend, prepare
 our Table ---

--- Instant --- These Men shall eat with me to-day.

Benj. Let not thy Mercy linger --- Grief and Famine
 Oppress our aged Father --- Aught Delay

May fatal prove--- We left him desolate.

Jos. [*Weeping.*] Nature will through the Vail---- Anguish
and Joy

Jointly demand my Tears. [*Exeunt Jos. Phan. and Attendants.*

Reuben. Didst thou observe him, *Judah*? --- Mark his Looks!

Judah. I did --- canst thou interpret them?

Reuben. I cannot.

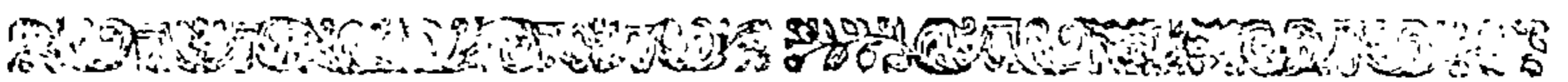
Profound and inaccessible, O *Judah*,
Are all the inward Movements of the Great,
And never by the Countenance are known.

Judah. May great *Jehovah* turn his Heart to Pity!

C H O R U S.


O God, who in thy heav'nly Hand
Dost hold the Hearts of mighty Kings,
O take thy Jacob, and his Land,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings.

Thou know'st our Wants before our Pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender Mercies let us share,
O Lord, we trust alone in thee!



P A R T III. S C E N E I.

A S E N A T H, P H A N O R.

Asen.  Hat say'st thou, *Phanor*! Prove these Strangers then
Such base Ingrates? Bore off the silver Cup,
That's sacred to my Lord's peculiar Use!

Phan. They have--- but shall not long enjoy their Rapine;
Already they are taken, and in Bonds
Await their Doom.

Asen. Ungrateful impious Men!

“ What Gifts, what Favours did the gen'rous *Zaphnath*

“ Show'r

“ Show’r down upon them; Honours so unwonted,
 “ You’d thought this *Hebrew* Family his own.

Phan. “ At his chief Table I beheld them plac’d,
 “ Exalted above all the Lords of *Egypt*;
 “ Whilst from the richest Viands his own Hand
 “ Dealt Delicacies to them.

Asen. ————— “ Often, *Phanor*,
 “ The Bounties and Indulgence of the Great
 “ Fall from their Hands by Chance, and, falling, light
 “ As oft’ on the Desertless --- Why then wonder
 “ To find them with Ingratitude repaid?

A I R.

Phan. *The wanton Favours of the Great,*
Are like the scatter’d Seed when sown;
A grateful Harvest they create,
Whene’er on gen’rous Acres thrown.

But, if, as O! too oft’, they fall,
Where Weeds and Briers the Soil prophane:
Or lost, they bear no Fruit at all,
Or, bearing, yield a worthless Grain.

S C E N E II.

To them, JOSEPH.

Asen. Whence so disturb’d, my Lord---Let not the Crime
 Of others be inflicted on thyself.

Jos. My Sorrows have a deeper, deadlier Root.

Asen. Why dost thou hide them then from me?--O *Zaphnath*,
 This Diffidence does wrong to faithful Love.
 Wherefore that Look? Those Sighs? --- Much, much I fear
 That *Asenath*’s the Source of this Disquiet ---
 Why from her else conceal’d --- Dire Jealousy,
 That baneful Viper, rankles in thy Breast.

A I R.

*Ah Jealousy, thou Pelican,
That prey'st upon thy Parent's bleeding Heart ;
Though born of Love, Love's greatest Bane,
Still cruel! wounding her with her own Dart.*

Jos. O wrong me not, thy *Zaphnath* never harbour'd
A Thought that way --- Each Hour I gaze upon thee
I view some new Perfections in thy Soul,
And find with Transport something more to love.
One Moment longer, and I'll lay before thee
This only Secret of my anxious Bosom.
At present know, my dear old Father lives,
Still lives, but inconsolable and wretched.

Asen. Whence springs his Misery?

Jos. From this cruel Famine,
E'en griping Penury, my Love, has seiz'd him ;
No Succour left --- Whilst, for his dire Affliction,
I only shed unprofitable Tears.

Asen. But why, my Lord, hast thou not *Egypt's* Stores,
The Wealth of Nations? ---

Jos. *Pharaoh* made me not
Dispenser, only Keeper of his Treasures ;
Nor should Corruption cleave unto these Hands,
Or would I touch what's sacred to the Publick,
To save myself and Race from instant Ruin.

Asen. Then call them into *Egypt*! --- Whence, my Lord,
This criminal Delay?

Jos. I fear the King ---
Fear *Egypt* too.

Asen. Such Fears are but ungen'rous ;
You've all the Hearts of *Pharaoh* and his People.

A I R.

Jos. *The People's Favour, and the Smiles of Pow'r,*
Are no more than the Sun-shine of an Hour;
There Envy, with her Snakes, assails,
Here cank'ring Slander still prevails,
'Till Love begins to wain;
Oblivion then envelopes all,
Our Merits past, and straight our Fall
Is stil'd the Publick Gain.

[Da Capo.]

Asen. Art thou not *Zaphnath*? Is not *Egypt* sav'd
 All thy own Work? And won't her Sons with Transport
 Give a new Life to him who gave thee Life?

Jos. "How could his pious Zeal endure in *Egypt*
 "The impious Adoration paid to Idols,
 "And ev'ry Monster bred beneath the Sky?
 "When all this fair and ample Universe
 "Has one sole Cause, sole Mover, and sole Good,
 "The Source of Truth, Felicity, and Virtue,
 "Worthy alone to be ador'd and lov'd.

Asen. "That awful Being, with whose sacred Praises
 "I've heard thy grateful Lips so oft' resound,
 "I likewise sing! --- Here then, secure with us,
 "Thy pious Sire may mingle in the Concert,
 "Nor hear of *Egypt's* visionary Gods ---
 I'll instant to the King, and supplicate
 With Laud for Bounties past, this farther Boon.

A I R.

Prophetick Raptures swell my Breast,
And whisper we shall still be blest;
That this black Gloom shall break away,
And leave more heav'nly bright the Day.

Da Capo. [Exit *Asen.*]

Jos. “ Now for these Brethren---Will their smother'd Envy
 “ Break out anew on the peculiar Favours
 “ I deign'd the Youth?--- Will they, with brutal Gripe,
 “ Seize on his seeming Guilt to work his Ruin?
 “ Perfidious Men! I'll prove ye ere I trust ye.
 “ This Cup shall, like the gen'rous Juice it serves,
 “ Lay ope' the Mark, and Bias of your Hearts. ---
 They come---and Indignation in their Looks ---
 My Bosom beats with an unusual Pulse.

S C E N E III.

To JOSEPH, PHANOR *with the Brethren in Chains.*

Sim. Whence this vile Treatment! these injurious Chains?
 For what Transgression are we shackled thus,
 Like Thieves and Traitors?

Phan. That's like what ye are.
 You've stol'n the sacred Cup that's set apart,
 For my Lord's Use. ---

Why have ye thus rewarded Ill for Good? [Exit.]

Sim. Imposture! --- Fury! --- If the Sacred Vessel
 Be found with us, rain Vengeance on our Heads.

Jos. Straight we shall see --- and then let the Delinquent
 Alone receive the Wages of his Guilt.

Sim. “ In one we all are guilty --- with him join'd
 “ By Blood and Country, with him we'll divide
 “ Grief, Infamy, and Death.

Jos. “ Ah! had you always but pursu'd the Steps
 “ Of pious *Jacob*, you'd had nought to fear:
 “ But I can read a Story in your Hearts
 “ That Time cannot obliterate --- a Youth
 “ Most barb'rously betray'd! --- an Innocent
 “ To Strangers sold! --- Hah! are ye struck! --- Enough ---
 Heav'n may delay to punish guilty Men,
 But won't forget them.

Reuben.

Reuben. }
 Simeon. } [*Aside.*] " Ah! he surely knows
 Judah. } " Our Perfidy.

S C E N E IV.

To them PHANOR.

Phan. At length the Cup is found.

Jos. Where?

Phan. Hid, my Lord, amidst thy gen'rous Presents.

Benjamin had it.

Jos. Benjamin!

Benj. I had it!

Phan. Behold his Sack, and in it view the Theft.

Benj. Am I a Robber? Shield me, righteous Heav'n!

Jos. Seize him.

Benj. O Heav'n! thou know'st my Innocence!

Jos. No more ---

Leave him alone to suffer --- As for you,

Go, get you up in Peace unto your Father.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Benj. What! without me? Ah! how return in Peace!
 What can you say? What Comfort can you yield
 To the distracted Parent? O unhappy!
 Unhappy Benjamin! Thou at thy Birth
 Gav'st Death unto thy Mother --- and now dying,
 Thou likewise tak'st thy tender Father's Life.

A R I O S O.

Benj. O Pity! ---

Jos. [*Aside.*] ——— Ah! I must not bear.

Benj. Not to myself ---

Jos. [*Aside.*] ——— Be blind, my Eyes.

Benj. My sinking Father! ---

Jos. [*Aside.*] ——— Trait'rous Tear!

Benj. O pity him! ---

Jos. [*Aside.*] ——— Be still, ye Sighs.

A I R.

Benj. Remember, at the first Embrace
 You call'd me Son --- O view this Face ;
 I still as much deserve the Name ;
 Thy Heart alone is not the same.

Jos. To Prison with him.

Sim. O illustrious Zaphnath,
 Give room to Pity ; thou who rulest Kingdoms,
 Rule, to thy greater Glory, thy own Spirit :
 Or to his Father render back the Youth,
 Or Death to us.

Jos. [*Roughly.*] On whom the Cup was found, him I retain.
 [*Exit.*]

Sim. What, gone! not hear us!

Judah. ————— Yet methoughts I saw
 Some Marks of Pity on his Face ---

Sim. What Pity!

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

The Man who flies the Wretched, nor will hear them,
 For fear of yielding to their piercing Cries,
 Has only Pity for himself.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Judah. Peace, Simeon ;
 Remember *Lothan's* Fields, the horrid Pit!
 And *Joseph's* Cries! --- Were we not deaf to them ?
 Then we'd not hear --- and now we are not heard.

Reuben. What Counsel can we take? --- If we return,
 Our Father dies with Grief --- If here we stay,
 With Famine --- Death is either way his Lot ---
 And black Despair is ours ---

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Sim. O gracious God,

We

We merit well this Scourge, but thou art He,
Whose Property is ever to have Mercy.

Chorus of the Brethren.

Eternal Monarch of the Sky,
Our cruel Crime thou didst descry,
O! with the same all-piercing Eye }
Our melting Penitence observe.

Thou, the Beginning and the End!
Creator! Father! Guardian! Friend! }
Returning Prodigals attend,
And grant us Aid we don't deserve.

Sim. But Peace, *Zaphnath* returns ---

S C E N E V.

To them JOSEPH.

Jos. How! not departed!
Ye insolent! away! What foolish Hope? ---

Judah. Though Fear, my Lord, and Anguish
Have nigh lock'd up our Lips, yet would I crave
To offer one Word more --- and O! my Lord,
Let not thine Anger burn against thy Servant.
When drove by dire Necessity to wrest
From the reluctant Bosom of our Father,
(Ah! with what Force! but such was thy Command:
His youngest, dearest Son, his Heart's first Joy!
He weeping, thus bespake us--- Well you know,
This Child's the Prop and Succour of my Age,
The only Relick of my *Rachel's* Bed;
Joseph, alas! my much lamented *Joseph*,
In a sad Hour went out, and fell a Prey,
As oft' you've told me, to the Tiger's Rage;
If then you tear this also from my Arms,

And

And Mischief shall befall him--- my gray Hairs
Ye will bring down with Sorrow to the Grave.

Jos. [*Aside.*] My Soul itself now weeps.

A I R.

Sim. *Thou hadst, my Lord,*
 A Father once --- perhaps hast now --- O feel,
 Feel then for us --- as thou didst love thy own,
 O pity ours --- Feel then our Anguish, feel.

Give, give him up the Lad
In whom his Life is bound ---
O let me suffer,
Whatever Punishment is doom'd for him ;
He is too young for Slavery or Stripes ;
Labour and Years have render'd me more hardy.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Lay all on me, Imprisonment, Chains, Scourges,
All, all I can endure --- But to my Father,
To be the Messenger of Death I cannot.

Jos. [*Aside.*] I can no longer---*Phanor*, bring the Youth---

[*Exit Phanor, and returns with Benjamin.*

Far off, ye Guards and Servants --- from my Presence
Let ev'ry Man depart--- [*To the Brethren.*] Know, I am *Joseph*.
Doth my dear Father live? --- I am your Brother ;
Your long-lost Brother --- I am *Joseph*.

The Brethren. *Joseph!*

Sim. O Heav'n!

Judah. *Joseph!*

Sim. Wretched We!

[*Aside.*

Jos. Arise :

And banish Fear--- my *Benjamin*, come hither ;
And let me press thee to my yearning Bosom.
Brethren, receive and give a kind Embrace.

Benj. " My Brother *Joseph* living! Ah! my Father!
" What Floods of joyous Tears at this glad Tale,
" Will wash the Furrows of thy hoary Checks? *Jos.*

Jos. [To *Benj.*] Forgive this harmless Stratagem. [To the
Brethren.] and ye,

Pardon my groundless Jealousy --- I fear'd
You now to *Benjamin* might prove perfidious,
As erst to me --- But I have try'd your Faith.
" Virtue's your Guide, Fraternal Love unites ye,
" And *Joseph* was your last Offence ---

Sim. O *Joseph*!

Just, yet mysterious, are the Ways of Heav'n.

Jos. " So now, it was not you that sent me hither,
" But God; to be a Father unto *Pharaoh*,
" And Ruler of his Land; your Envy thus
" Converting to my Grandeur, and the Good
" Of half Mankind ---
" But haste ye to our Father, and relieve
" His anxious Spirits.

S C E N E the L A S T.

To them, A S E N A T H.

Asen. --- Whilst the *Nile* and *Memphis*,
To him and his are destin'd for a Country;
Thus *Pharaoh* has ordain'd --- [To *Jos.*] Now, my dear Lord,
Cast Sorrow from thy Breast.

Jos. And thou, my Fair,
Disclaim thy Doubts, and no more breathe Suspicion.

Asen. Trust me, O *Zaphnath*, 'twas the Breath of Love.

Zaph. Mine too, O *Asenath*, was still the same.

D U E T T O.

Asen. What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose,
Or Breezes from the new-mown Close?
What's sweeter than an April-Morn,
Or May-Day's silver fragrant Thorn?

What

What than Arabia's spicy Grove ---

---O sweeter far the Breath of Love.

Hence, Gen'rous Lovers! scorn Alarm,

Away Suspicion cast;

Beauty and Wit begin the Charm ---

--- But Kindness makes it last. Da Capo.

Jos. " My Bliss is now at full, and swells a Tide
 " Of multiply'd Delights; Wife, Father, Brethren!
 " And thou, my *Benjamin!* all, all partake
 " The glowing fond Affections of my Soul.
 " Soon we'll resort, and pay our due Obeisance
 " At gracious *Pharaoh's* Feet --- But first of all,
 With Songs of ardent Gratitude and Praise,
 Let us approach the high Eternal's Throne,
 The Fountain of all Joy, all Peace, all Honour.

C H O R U S.

" *Jehovah, Lord, who from thy Mercy-Seat*
 " *Dost mark the Movements of this lower World;*
 " *The Virtuous still at last thy Bounties meet,*
 " *Whilst from her Pinnacle proud Vice is hurl'd.*

" *Therefore with Angels, and the heav'nly Throng,*
 " *Let Man give Laud to thy tremendous Name;*
 " *Thee seek in ev'ry Prayer --- in ev'ry Song,*
 " *Thy Justice, as thy Goodness, still proclaim.*

A N T H E M.

*We will rejoice in thy Salvation, and triumph in the Name
 of the Lord our God. Hallelujah!*

F I N I S.