

Part I: 5. I felt thy torture

Alto Solo with Accompaniment



Andante

348

sfz *p* *cresc.* *mf*

350 *dim.* *mf* *dim.* *dim.*

354 **Alto Solo** *p* 356 358

I felt thy tor-ture, son, with such mix'd joy— As pain and vir-tue

360 *mf* 362

give. To cheer thy state I bid as-cend those sub-tle—and fair

364 *cresc.* 366 *cresc.*

spi-rits, Whose homes—are the dim caves of hu-man thought, And who in-