
Theodora: Morell's conclusion, not set to music by Handel, but printed in the preface to the wordbook, which the audience had in front of them during the performance

Septimius to the Christians

Ye happy Christians, happy 'midst your Woes,
Behold a Convert; take me to your Fold;
Your Enemy no more, if helpless Friend.

As lovely in their Deaths, as in their Lives,
Fal'n are the matchless Pair: and falling thus,
They struck Conviction in a thousand Hearts;
But chiefly *Theodora*, whom no Threats,
Nor her disfigur'd Lover's lifeless Limbs,
Could terrify. – She saw, and with a Smile
Contemptuous on the Impotence of Rage,
Bade lead her to the Stake. – Where while she pray'd,
A sweet Effusion of celestial Joy,
Flush'd in her Cheeks, and gave her native Charms
New Lustre, ev'n such Majesty, she seem'd
Not going to Heav'n, but just come from thence;
To Lesson with this Truth the Standers-by;
That, *Whoso hopes to live, must wish to die.*

Join ye your Songs, ye Saints on Earth,
With the blest Saints above:
And hail the Triumphs of their Birth,
In Glory, Peace, and Love.