NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

ATHALIE

(RACINE)

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

(Op. 74.)

THE ENGLISH ADAPTATION BY

W. BARTHOLOMEW.

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ATHALIE.

I had, some time ago, completed an abridged English Version of Racine's "Athalie," when the idea of the following Poem was suggested to me by Mr. Costa, for the purpose of its being musically recited with its choral Lyrics; but as objections were made to so close a union of other music with that of Mendelssohn, the design was laid aside.

I resumed it, on hearing that a poem had been written and declaimed by its author in Germany; and had partly completed it, when the "Zwischeneden" of Edward Devrient arrived in London. I then availed myself of some of its trivial points—which I considered better than those extant in mine: but in no instance, I hope, that subjects me to censure as a Plagiarist.

By the expedient of declaiming these verses, the whole of the beautiful music, as written by Mendelssohn for the "Athalie" of Racine, may thus be effectively performed in the Concert Room; although the sanctity of the Tragedy it elucidates still deprives it of many advantages it would gain by dramatic representation—for which it was composed.

W. BARTHOLOMEW.

OVERTURE.

The Chronicles of Israel's kings relate
That Athalie, enthroned in regal state,
When she beheld her son by Jehu sate, decreed
That all the heirs of Jotham's throne should bleed.
The cruel mandate she believed was done;
But Josabeth preserved her brother's son—
The bleeding infant Joash: God had ordained
That he should reign; for he was David's heir.
His wounds were healed: reared with parental care,
Secluded in God's temple he remained.
Six years, while Athalie o'er Israel reigned.

The day of Pentecost,—that day of days,
When Israel saw Mount Sinai's summit blaze;
When from the hand of God, with holy fear,
Moses received the law we still renew—
That day of sacred joy and festive mirth,
When golden harvest crowns the terming earth,
Dawned on Jerusalem; where volute throngs
Once gathering, praised and blast their God in songs.
But ah! how changed the scene from days of yore!
Daunted and persecuted, few adore
The God of gods, upon whose earthly throne
Proud Athalie would rear a graven stone
Call'd Baal. Yet, in the portals of the Lord,
Thus was His Holy Name by His elect adored.

CHORUS.

Heaven and the earth display His grandeur is unbounded;
They declare He is God; they resound His endless fame:
He was Lord over all, ere the universe was founded;
O praise ye Him in song, His wondrous love proclaim!

2nd SOPRANO.

No hostile force Injustice raises
Can silence His elect, who bow and sing His praises,
For everlasting is His Name.
From day to day, His power and glory are resounded;
ATHALIE.

1st Soprano. Heaven and the earth display His grandeur is unbounded; O praise Him in song, His wondrous love proclaim!

Chorus. Heaven and the earth display His grandeur is unbounded; O praise ye Him in song, His wondrous love proclaim!

2nd Soprano. Each fruit He forms, and stores with honied treasures; He gives the lovely flowers their varied hues;

1st Soprano. Each night and day with constant care He measures,— Tempo the parched earth,—cools it with evening dews;

Duo. And earth, redundant crown'd, sustains each living creature

Alto. He ordained the sun to animate all nature; Light is the gift of His creating hands;

But past expressing,

Man's great blessing,

We now inherit in His pure and just commands.

Chorus. O Sinai! thou theme of never-ending story;— Theme of that day, when God in awful splendour came;

When, on thy summit clad in flame,

He vei'ld His radiant form

In the clouds of the storm,

Which dazzled mortal eyes with the brightness of His glory.

O say, why then did lightnings flash around,

And smoke in torrents roll? Why did the air resound

With His trumpets and His thunder? Why did the rocks and mountains shake at His descent?

Say, why was earth thus rent

From her foundations,—rent asunder?

Alto. He came to reveit to the children of our race,
Precepts of holiness, for glory that increaseth;

1st Soprano. He came unto the people chosen by His grace,
Commanding them to love Him with love that never ceaseth.

Chorus. Holy, holy, ever-blessed law!

O sovereign justice, goodness past expressing!

Grateful to God, in return for this blessing,

Let us render Him love with our faith and our awe!

1st Soprano. He freed our sires from Egypt's cruel sway;
In deserts, led and fed them night and day;

Our just and sacred laws, a God of kindness prove Him;

And, for our good, they command us to love Him.

Chorus. Holy, holy, ever-blessed law!

1st Soprano. He fought for them,—He made the deep divide;
And from arid rocks, refreshing streamlets glide:

Our just and sacred laws, a God of kindness prove Him;

And, for our good, they command us to love Him.

Chorus. Holy, holy, ever-blessed law!

O sovereign justice, goodness past expressing!

Grateful to God, in return for this blessing,

Let us render Him love with our faith and our awe!

1st Soprano. Ye, who through servile fear, unwillingly are moved,—

A God so good to you, should fill your hearts with zeal.

And is it then so hard to own He should be loved?—

To feel as grateful hearts should feel?

The boudman trembles when his tyrant frowareth:

A father's love, His loving children crowneth.

If God, in love to you, His kindness thus imparts;

Love Him with all your hearts.

Chorus. Holy, holy, ever-blessed law!

O sovereign justice, goodness past expressing!

Grateful to God, in return for this blessing,

Let us render Him love with our faith and our awe.

Heaven and the earth display His grandeur is unbounded; They declare He is God: they resound His endless fame!
Reader.

Jehovah, who inspired prophetic themes,
Wrought His designs in days of old, by dreams.
By dreams permitted, evil powers arrayed
His enemies and over them prevailed.
From restless slumber Athalie arose,
Haunted by visions fatal to repose:
Her mother, Jezebel, before her stood
As when she leaned, attired in all her charms:
A von, the shadow changed within her arms
To lacerated limbs defiled with blood!
There came a lovely boy, whose heavenly glance
Soothed her: he smiled, and stabbed her.—"Twas a trance.
This dream repeated, filled her with dismay:
Where'er she turned, she saw it night and day.
Went to the temple of the living God,
She fast for solace; there before her stood
Ehacim, the heir of Judah’s throne!—
For by that name was Joash only known.
There, waiting on the holy sacrifice,
No more a dream but clad in priestly guise,
Devoted to the Lord, her foe appears,
A man in mind although a child in years.
To love him these she proffers him the joys
That hourly visit her: she deems them toys,
Rejects them, though she promises a throne:
Boldly he tells her—"God is God alone,
And Baal naught." Yet breathes in childish words,
His faith in Him who feeds the little birds,
He tells the proud queen,—"God abaseth pride;
And soon or late avengeth homicide."
The tyrant baffled, issues the atrocity,
In faith unchangeable, in virtue undaunted,
His worth excites Jehovah’s votive song;
Their praise breaks forth in admirative song.

Chorus Sopranos.
What star in its glory riseth!
How beautiful and bright is this child’s dawning ray!
From vanity he turneth away;
And all that worldly pride deviseth,
He scorneth, as a vain display.

Altos.
While Athalie for Baal prepareth
Her incense and her strains of praise,
This child, in her presence, declareth
That God alone hath endless days.
He, like Elijah, boldly stands forth,
Undismayed by this Jezebel’s wrath!

Tenors.
Say, in thy hidden birth, what is by heaven intended?
Art thou, blessed child, from a prophet-sire descended?

Basses.
Daily, our fathers witnessed Samual
Before the tabernacle kneeling,
While heaven’s decrees they heard him revealing.

All.
As he came, may you come to comfort Israel!

Duet, 1st and 2nd Sopranos.
Evet-blessed child, rejoice,
By heav’nly love protected;
Fearing the Lord, heeding His voice,
Shielded by Him, and daily directed!
Far from the world, and gifted by heaven, still go,
Gracing thy holy birth;
Untainted by sin, while enduring its woe,
Increase in wisdom and increase in worth.

Chorus.
O, what lasting joy attendeth
Childhood when taught by heav’n; childhood the Lord defendeth.

Duet, 1st and 2nd Sopranos.
Thus in a secluded vale,
On the margin of a streamlet unmoved,
Sheltered from winter’s gale,
A lily expands, cherished by Nature and loved.
O how blest, how blest are they
Who fear the Lord in youth, and all His laws obey!

Alas! that all by virtue sainted
Find life a doubtful maze,—
Its paths, bewild'rd ways!
That souls who seek the Lord, who would remain untainted,
Meet only foes on every side!—
That they must war against oppressors!
Where can the righteous safely hide?
The earth is filled with vile transgressors.

O David's regal home, thou city, loved so well,
Renowned mount, where God Himself once deigned to dwell
Why is it, that on thee, the heavens in wrath have frowned?

Behold! Zion, behold!—canst thou refrain thy tears?
See a stern stranger crowned,
Upon thy throne, thine ancient throne, appears!

And now, in Thy Temple, that rang
With canticles of praise our holy David sang
To glorify the Lord, His God and Heavenly Father;

Behold! Zion, behold with grief and shame,
Impious strangers proclaim
Their god is supreme; and thus blaspheme the Lord,
Whose Name thy kings ador'd!

How long, how long, O Lord, shall we, who bow before Thee,
Behold the hostile goddess against thee arise?
Within Thy holy Temple, they scorn Thy sacrifice;
And treat us as insane,—Thy people who adore Thee.

How long, how long, O Lord, shall we, who bow before Thee,
See the goddess against Thee arise?

Tell us why, they say, stern Virtue should be regarded?
Should all the delights we prize
Be dreaded and discarded?
What has God done for you? O, be wise!

Rejoice! exclaims the frantic throag
Cherish mirth, and banish sadness!
Bring garlands, odours, let the lyre
The lance inspire;
Awake the song,
And fill our hearts with gladness!
None can tell what a day may bring;
Waft Care away on Pleasure's wing!
Enjoy the present hours,
And call their fleeting flow'res;
Who, this day,
Can say,—
To-morrow will be ours?

How long, how long, O Lord, shall we
See the goddess against Thee arise?

They, Lord, who scoff at Thee,—
Who scorn, while we adore Thee,—
These heirs of earth shall never see
Thy holy Zion's glory
Reflecting heav'n's eternal rays
The Just alone shall bow within thy heav'nly portal,—
The Just, in lays immortal,
Shall magnify Thy Name in strains of praise!

The sinner's joys decay,
As the night in morning vaneth;
Like dreams they fade away,
And regret unceasing remaineth.
Waking, they mourn
For delights that ne'er return.
While the Just, at Thy table are tasting
Holy peace, and the comforts of life everlasting;
Thy delirers, tormented, shall drink the bitter woes,
Which Thou, Lord, in Thy wrath, in the day of retribution,
Hast justly prepared for all Thy foes.

CHORUS.

O horror, thus to wake!
O vain and fleeting vision!
O woeful, dire mistake!

READER.

The queen, to solve the mystery, demands
The child shall be consigned into her hands:
Suspecting his illustrious descent,
She seeks him, to achieve her dire intent.
Her messengers are foiled, their efforts fail,
Their specious reasons prove of no avail.

JOAD.

"Spirits divine, is this Thy holy fire?
"It is! it glows! it speaks! Before mine eyes,
"Events of ages yet unborn, arise!
"Levites! with voices blending sacred chords,
"Assist the holy favour of my words!"

CHORUS.

Lord, let us hear Thy voice, while humbly bending
Then shall we feel its holy soothing power:
As when the dews of Spring descending
Revive each drooping herb and flower.

JOAD.

"Earth, lend an ear! O heaven, regard my cries!
"Say not, O Jacob, sleep seals great Jehovah's eyes;
"Sinners depart, ere God in wrath arise!
"How is that solid lead, which once was purest gold?
"Who is the slaughtered priest that I behold?
"Perfidious city, mourn! Jerusalem,
"Behold thy prophets slain, O weep for them!
"Thy God no longer looks on thee with favour;
"Thine incense burns no more with holy savour!
"Where do those women and their children go?
"The Lord hath laid the Queen of Cities low!
"Her Priests are captive?—Her monarchs are rejected!
"Her godly rites forsaken, unprotected!
"Down, Temple! Cedars, burn!
"Jerusalem, for thee, for thee I mourn!
"What hand hath made thy loveliness a dream?—
"And changed mine eyes to sources of that stream.
"Which flows for griefs like thine?"

CHORUS SPEAKER.

Remember Zion, Lord, do not withhold
The blessings she received from Thee of old.

JOAD.

"A new Jerusalem appears
"In yonder desert, darting brilliant rays;
"Her stately brow a stamp immortal bears!
"All nations chant her praise.
"The old Jerusalem thus brightly never shone.
"Are all that gather round her throne
"Her children? She hath made them all her own.
"Jerusalem, lift up thy head and see,
"Awed by thy grandeur, monstrons bow to thee!
"Kings of all nations, dazzled by thy glory,
"Kissing thy dust, do homage and adore thee!
"Blessed are they, who thus for Zion feel
"Their souls inflamed with holy, fervent zeal.
"Beneath the earth, O heaven, with saving grace;
"And send redemption for the human race!"
ATHALIE.

Reader.  Breathing this prayer's the vision fades away:
Again the vailed chief resumes his sway.

Joah.  "The gorgeous diadem, prepare ye now:
That David wore on his anointed brow.—
"Levites, to arm yourselves, now follow me
To the seceded armory, where we
Have secreted the lances and the swords,
Stained with the blood of the Philistine hordes;—
"Those arms, victorious David there preserved.—
And dedicated to the God he served.
"Can we employ them in a nobler cause
"Than to uphold Religion and her laws?"

[Exeunt Joah and the Levites.

Reader.  And while the Levites arm for the affray,
The anxious women to each other say—

Solomith.  "What fears, what troubles now, my sisters, rise!
"Are these the primal fruits, O Lord, for Thee?
"Are these the sweet and sacred perfumes, we
This day should on Thine altar calmly sacrifice?
"What woeful objects meet our limed glance?
"Within this House of peace! who would have prophesied
"That murderous swords and homicidal lances
"Should gleam on every side!"

Chorus Speaker.  Why is Jerusalem so lukewarm for the Lord?
So still, while dangers round her press?
Why is it, Abner does not speak a word
To succour us, and lighten our distress?

Solomith.  Also! within a court where they alone regard
The right of might and violence;
Where pleasures, honours, ill-deser'd, reward;
A faint, blind, and base obedience:
Where, sisters, shall a pleading voice be heard
For sad and suffering innocence?

Chorus Speaker.  "Midst peril and disorder so extreme,
"For whom do they prepare the sacred diadem?"

Solomith.  "That hath been ordered by the Lord;—
"And only by His prophet hath been heard.
"We know not what may be intended.
"Are we behind His shield to be defended?
"Or, are we doomed to fall beneath the sword?"

Chorus.  Promised joys! menaced woes! O mystic gloom impending!
Sopranos, Altos.  Are they blessings, or curses, that gather now above?
Can frowning storms of wrath descending,
Be blent with smiling beams of love?
O Zion! thine art downed,—devouring flames will burn all,—
Destroy thy relics,—Thine, O Lord!

Tenors, Basses.  Our Zion firmly stands on great Jehovah's word;
His promise is eternal!

Sopranos, Altos.  Thy splendours disappear, they fade before mine eyes!
Tenors, Basses.  I see, on every side, her splendid rays extending!
Sopranos, Altos.  See, in a gulf profound, our Zion is descending!

Tenors, Basses.  I see Zion's head in the skies!
Sopranos, Altos.  How low, alas, how low!
Tenors, Basses.  How high, and oh, how glorious!
Sopranos, Altos.  Hear her cries, full of woe!
Tenors, Basses.  Hear her songs, all victorious!
ATHALIE.

1st Soprano.

These cries of doubt, forbear
Our God will make all clear
Let us revere Him,
And humbly fear Him!

Chorus.

Revere Him,
And humbly fear Him:
His frowns will prove
But hidden smiles of love.

1st & 2nd Sop.,

Hearts feel, that love Thee,
No evil can disturb their rest:
Craving Thy grace, Lord, granted ere they implore Thee,
Thus are they ever blest.
On the earth,—in Thy realms of glory.
Nought can exceed the joy,—the calm and holy rest,
Of hearts, pure hearts, that love Thee!

 Alto, & Chorus.

Amidst the sacred champions of the Lord,
Eliacim, the regal child is led:
They bear renowned David's conquering sword,
His sceptre, and the crown that graced his head.
The stately pageant moves to stately sounds;
And thus with music, Zion's dome resonates.

WAR MARCH OF THE PRIESTS.

Reader.

Yeoad, the High Priest, tells the wondering child
That he is Joseph, David's regal heir,
Preserved by heaven. The holy cohorts swear
They will obey him, and maintain his right.
Leading him forth to live or die a king;
While they depart, invoking heaven they sing.

Chorus.

Depart, depart, ye sons of Aaron, go;
We go, we go, we a nobler quarrel never raised
The zeal that in our fathers blazed.

Depart, depart, ye sons of Aaron, go:
We go, we go, we
It is our King, 'tis God for whom we strike the blow.

1st Alto.

Where are the shafts Thou employest?
O where is the wrath of Thy rod?

1st Soprano.

Art not Thou a stern jealous God,
Who, to wrath provoked, destroyest?

2nd Soprano.

Where are Thy blessings, O Lord, granted to us in olden times?
While we are groaning under oppressions,
Wilt thou only heed our unpardonable crimes?
Art Thou no more the God showing mercy for transgressions?

Sop. & Altos.

Where are Thy blessings, O Lord, granted to us in olden times?

1st Soprano.

'Tis at Thee, from the hostile quiver,
The wicked hurl their shafts with shouts of savage joy;
Let us, they say, destroy
God's adoration for ever:
Let us deliver all mankind from His hard yoke;
Let us destroy all His Prophets, let His altars be broke
So that His Name, and all His glory,
Shall be remembered as a story:
For this God, Son and Lord,
Shall be no more adored,
CHORUS. Where are the shafts Thou employest? Where is the wrath of Thy rod? Art not Thou a stern jealous God, Who, to wrath provoked, destroyest?

1st Soprano. Last of a race of kings adorn'd, Blooming on Judah's regal stem; lovely and delicate flower; Alas! art thou doomed to fall once more within the power Of hatred and revenge,—of a cruel mother's sword? Say, if down to thy cradle an angel did come, Spreading his guardian wings to be thy defender? Or if, in the night of the tomb, The voice of the living God, hath raised thee up a wonder?

Alto. A son, sprang from a sire, and grandsire who brake Thy laws,— Are their attain'd, O Lord, in him a guilty cause?

Soprano, Alto. Say, is Thy mercy withheld, is he forsaken for their crimes?

1st & 2nd Sop. Alto. Is he forsaken? O Lord, awaken!

CHORUS. Where are the shafts Thou employest? Where is the wrath of Thy rod? Art not thou still a jealous God, Who, to wrath provoked, destroyest?

CHORUS SPEAKER. "My sisters, do you not hear "The cruel Tyrian trumpets' warlike tune?"

Salomith. "Yes, and the vile barbarians' cries assail mine ear; "I shudder!—let us be gone; "Let us fly to the sanctuary's shade, "For shelter, and for salutary aid."

[Exeunt.]

Reader. The Tyrian queen now enters with a band Of chieftains: and the Priest, at her command, Displays Eleazar seated on Judah's throne. His youthful brow adorned with David's crown. The child is recognised; the Queen astounded; Her chiefs are daunted, and her soldiers fly. "Joash is David's heir!" the people cry: Vainly for aid the haughty tyrant calls. And justly doom'd—blaspheming Heav'n, she falls, Throughout Jerusalem, hosannas ring: Men, women, children shout "God save the king!" Zedekiah's Temple is destroy'd, his priests is slain. Zion rejoices, and bows to God again:— To God,—whose judgments, laws, and endless mercies prove The orphan's Father is a God of love.

(Spoken, with Music.) Heav'n and the earth display His grandeur is unbounded; They declare He is God; they resound His endless fame!
No. 1.

**Chorus:—“HEAV‘N AND THE EARTH DISPLAY.”**

 Allegro maestoso vivace.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Allegrò maestoso vivace.

Piano.
wondrous love pro-claim, o praise . . . Him, His wondrous love pro-claim.

song, o praise ye Him, o praise . . . Him, His wondrous love pro-claim.

His wondrous love proclaim, o praise . . . Him, His wondrous love pro-claim.

host ile force In-justice rai ses. Can si lence His e lect, who

bow and sing His praise: For ever last ing in His

name. From day to day His power and glory are re-

sound ed, From day to day His power and glory are re-
Solo, Soprano.

Heav'n and the earth display His grandeur is unbounded; O praise Him in song, His wondrous love proclaim, O praise...
Each fruit He forms and stores with ho-nied trea-sures;

won-drous love pro-claim.

won-drous love pro-claim.

won-drous love pro-claim.

won-drous love pro-claim.

He gives the love-ly-flow'r their va-ried hues.

Each night and

day, with con-stant care He mea-sures; Tem-pers the parch-ed earth,

cools it with ev-en-ing dews; And earth re-du-dant-crown'd, sus-tains each liv-ing cre-a-ture,

S863.
1st Soprano.

And earth redundant crown'd, sustains each creature.

2nd Soprano.

And earth redundant crown'd, sustains each creature.

Solo, 1st Alto.

He ordained the

sun to animate all nature;

Light is the gift of His creating hands;

But past expressing, Man's greatest

blessing. We now inherit in His pure and just commands, inherit

8085.
in His pure and just commands.

**[Musical notations]**

\begin{center}
\textit{Audite con voce.}
\end{center}

**Chorus. Soprano and Alto. Unison.**

\begin{center}
Audite con voce.
\end{center}

**Tenor and Bass. Unison.**

\begin{center}
O Sinai, then theme of never-ending story, Theme of that day, when God in awful splendour came;
\end{center}

**Chorus. Soprano and Alto. Unison.**

\begin{center}
Audite con voce.
\end{center}

**Tenor and Bass. Unison.**

\begin{center}
O Sinai, then theme of never-ending story, Theme of that day, when God in awful splendour came;
\end{center}
When, on thy summit clad in flame, He veiled His
radiant form In the clouds of the
storm, Which dazzled mortal eyes with the
brightness of His glory.

9053.
say, why then did lightning flash around, and
say, why then did lightning flash around, and

smoke in torrents roll? Why did the air resound with His
smoke in torrents roll? Why did the air resound with His

trumpets and His thunder? Why did the
trumpets and His thunder? Why did the

rocks and mountains shake at His descent? Say, why was
rocks and mountains shake at His descent? Say, why was
earth rent
From her foundations, rent a-

Why was earth thus rent a-

He came to reveal to the children of man. Precepts of holiness for glory that in -cres -eth. He came to the people chosen by His grace, Commanding them to love Him, with love that never ceas -
freed our sires from Egypt's cruel sway; in the desert

led and fed them night and day. Our just and sacred laws, a

God of kindness prove Him; And for our good, they command us to love Him.

Holy, holy, ever-blessed law! He fought for

Holy, holy, ever-blessed law:

Holy, holy, ever-blessed law!

Holy, holy, ever-blessed law!
Freshing streamlets glide: Our just and sacred laws, a God of kindness prove Him;

And for our good, and for our good, they command us to love.

Holy, holy, ever-blessed law! Sovereign justice, goodness past expressing!

Grateful to God, in return for this blessing.
God, in return for this blessing, O let us render love with our faith and awe; love with our faith and awe; O render love, love with faith and awe; O let us render love with our faith and our awe! Ye, who through servile fear unwillingly are moved, A

K
Solo. 1st Soprano.

Solo. 1st Alto.

Solo. 2nd Alto.

K

P sempre stac.
God so good to you, should fill your hearts with zeal. And is it then so

God so good to you, should fill your hearts with zeal. And is it then so

God so good to you, should fill your hearts with zeal. And is it then so

hard to own He should be lov - ed? To feel as grate - ful

hard to own He should be lov - ed? To feel as grate - ful

hard to own He should be lov - ed? To feel as grate - ful

hearts should feel?

hearts should feel?

hearts should feel? The bond - man trem - bles when his ty - rant

8665.
A father's love, His loving children crowneth.

If God in love to you, His kindness thus imparts,
If God in love to you, His kindness thus imparts,
If God in love to you, His kindness thus imparts,

Love Him with all your hearts, Love Him with all your hearts, with
Love Him with all your hearts, Love, love Him with all your
Love Him with all your hearts, Love, love Him with all your
all your hearts. . . . Love Him with all. . . . your hearts, with all your hearts, Love Him with all. . . . your hearts, with all your hearts, Love Him with all. . . . your hearts, with all your hearts, Love Him with all. . . .

CHORUS:

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ev-er-bless-ed law! Sov'-reign jus-tice,
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ev-er-bless-ed law! Sov'-reign jus-tice,
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ev-er-bless-ed law! Sov'-reign jus-tice,
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ev-er-bless-ed law! Sov'-reign jus-tice,
good-ness past ex-press-ing!

Grateful to God, in return for this blessing,

Grateful to God, in return for this blessing; O let us render

love with our faith and awe; O let us render
faith and awe; render love, render love,

love with our awe; render love, render love,

faith and our awe; render love, render love,

love with our awe; render love, render love,

render love with faith, and awe;
render love with faith and awe;
render love with faith, and awe;
render love with faith and awe;

let us render Him love;
let us render Him love, render love;
let us render Him love, render love;
let us render Him love, render love;

5085.
with our faith and awe, let us render Him love with our faith and awe. 
with our faith and awe, let us render Him love with our faith and awe. 
with our faith and awe, let us render Him love with our faith and awe. 
with our faith and awe, let us render Him love with our faith and awe. 

Ped.
Heaven and earth display His
awe! Heaven and earth display His
awe! Heaven and earth display His
awe! Heaven and the earth display His

grandeur is unbounded: They declare He is God, they resound His endless fame;
grandeur is unbounded: They declare He is God, they resound His endless fame;
grandeur is unbounded: They declare He is God, they resound His endless fame;

They declare He is God.
No. 2. Recitative—"WHAT STAR IN ITS GLORY UPRISETH?"

Andante quasi Recit.
CHORUS, SOPRANO.

What star in its glory up'rises! How beautiful and bright is this child's dawning

ray! From vanity he turns away; And all that worldly pride deviseth, He

scorneth, as a vain display.

While Athaliah for Beal prepareth, Her in

cense and her strains of praise, This child, in her presence, declareth That God alone hath

endless days. He, like E-li-jah, boldly stands forth, Un-dismay'd by this Jezebel's
Say, in thy hidden birth, what is heavenly intended? Art thou, blessed child, from a prophet's sire descendent? Daily our fathers witnessed Samuel before the tabernacle kneeling, while heaven's decree:

Soprano and Alto Union.

As he came, may you come to comfort Israel! As he came, may you come to comfort Israel! As he came, may you come to comfort Israel! As he came, may you come to comfort Israel! As he came, may you come to comfort Israel!

B Allegretto non troppo. Solo: 1st Soprano.

B Allegretto non troppo. Soprano: Ever blessed child, rejoice, ever—
-bles-sed, ev-er-bless-ed child, By heavenly love pro-tect-ed; Fearing the Lord, heed-ing His
voice, Shiel-ded by Him, and dai-ly di-rec-ted.

E-v-er-bless-ed child, re-

cres.  

dim.  

Far from the world, and gift-ed by heav-en, still go, . Grea-ing thy ho-ly birth; Un-

-juice, ev-er-bless-ed, ev-er-bless-ed child, By heavenly love pro-

cres.  

dim.  

-taint-ed by, sin while en-dur-ing its woe, . In-crease in wis-dom and in-

tect-ed; Fearing the Lord, heed-ing His voice, Shiel-ded by Him, and dai-ly di-

cres.  

dim.  

5085
tect-ed, Fear-ing the Lord, and heed-ing His voice,

Shield-ed and di-rec-

dur-ing its woe,

In-creas-ing wis-dom and in-crease...
in

youth, and all

His laws o-bey...
o...

youth, and all

and all His laws...
o...

youth, and all

His laws, His laws...
o...

youth, and all

His laws, His laws...
o...

O, how blest are they,

worth.

O, how blest are they,

O, how blest are they,

O, how blest are they,

O, how blest are they,

Blest are they,

Blest are they,
O, how blest are they, O, how blest, O, how blest.
O, how blest are they, O, how blest, O, how blest.
O, how blest, blest are they, O, how blest, blest.
O, how blest, blest are they, O, how blest, blest.
O, how blest, blest are they, O, how blest.
O, how blest, blest are they.

Solo, 1st Alto.
are they.
are they.
are they.
are they.
are they.
are they.
are they.

Ped.
D Allegro moderato.

Last! that all by virtue sainted Find life a doubtful maze,
Its paths, bewildered ways! That souls who seek the Lord, who would remain an-

tainted, Meet only foes... on ev'ry side!

cres.

That they must war against oppressors! Where can the righteous safely hide?

The earth is filled, the earth is filled...
with vile transgressors!

O David's regal
dwelt: Why is it, that on thee the heav'n in wrath have browne: ed? Be - hold, Zi - on, be -
hold, canst thou refrain thy tears! See a stern stranger crowned, Upon thine an - cient throne, ap -
Crowned, upon thy throne, thine ancient throne appears!

now, in Thy Temple, that rug With canticles of praise our holy David sang...

Tuglo-n-y the Lord, His God and heavenly Father:

Behold, Zion, behold, Zion, behold...

8085.
canst thou re-frain thy tears? See a stranger up-on thy

canst thou re-frain thy tears? See a stranger, a

See a stranger, a

See a stranger, a

See a stranger, a stranger up-on thy throne,

cres.

See a stranger, a stranger up-on thy throne ap-

See a stranger, a stranger up-on thy throne ap-

See a stranger, a stranger up-on thy throne ap-

See a stranger, a stranger up-on thy throne ap-

See a stranger, a stranger up-on thy throne ap-

See a stranger, a stranger up-on thy throne ap-

G Più Allegro.

Solo. 1st Soprano.

How long, how long, O Lord, shall we who bow be-for Thee, Be

G 'Più Allegro.

8085.
hold the hostile godless against Thee adae?

With in Thy holy

temple they scorn Thy sacrifice.

And

treat us as insane—Thy people who adore Thee.

Ochres.

How long, how long, O Lord, shall

How long, how long, O Lord, shall

How long, how long, O Lord, shall

How long, how long, O Lord, shall
Tell us we, who bow before Thee, See the god less against Thee arise!

why, they say stern Virtue should be re-

- garded? Should all the delights we prize Be

dread ed and disc ar ed? What has God done for you? O be

8965.
wise! Song. 1st Azza.

Rejoice! exclaimed the frantic throng; Cherish

birth, and banish sadness! Bring garlands, odes, let the

lyre. The dance inspire; Awake the song, And fill our hearts with

gladness! None can tell what a day may bring. Waft Care a-

way on Pleasure's wing! Enjoy the present.
hours, ... And call their fleeting flow'rs! ... Who, this day, can

say,— To mor-row will be ours?

Chorus.

How long, ... how

How long, ... how

How long, ... how

How long, ... how

How long, ... how

long, ... O Lord, ... long, ... O Lord, ... long, ... O Lord, ... long, ... O Lord, ...
How long shall we see the godless arise? See the

godless against Thee arise? They, Lord, who scoff at

godless against Thee arise? They, Lord, who scoff at

godless against Thee arise? They, Lord, who scoff at

SOPRANO AND ALTO IN UNISON.

Thee, Who scorn, while we adore

TENOR AND BASS IN UNISON. Who scorn, while we adore

SOPRAN.
These heirs of wrath shall never see Thy holy Zion’s glory Re - 

fleeting heaven’s eternal rays.
The just a· lone shall bow within Thy heav'n·ly por·tal; The just, in

lays im· mor·tal, Shal mag· ni· fy Thy Name in strains of praise.

The sinner's joys de· cay, As the night in morn·ing wan·eth, Like
dreams they fade a· way, And re· gret un· ceas· ing re· main· eth.

They, Lord, who scoff, who

[Music notation with additional text]
Waking, they mourn. For delights that never return. While the scoff at Thee, Who just, at Thy table are tasting Holy peace, and the comforts of life ever scorn while we adore Thee. ppp

--last--ing; Thy sufferers, for-- These heirs of wrath shall never--

--ment--ed, shall drink the bitter woes, Which Thou, Lord, in Thy set Thy holy Zion's

S085.
wrath, in the day of retribution, Hast justly prepared for all Thy glory.

O horror, thus to wake! O vain and fleeting vision!

O horror, thus to wake! O vain and fleeting vision!

O horror, thus to wake! O vain and fleeting vision!

O horror, thus to wake! O woeful, dire mistake!
No. 3.  
Chorus. — "LORD, LET US HEAR THY VOICE."

1st & 2nd Soprano.

Lord, let us hear Thy voice, while humbly bending!

1st & 2nd Alto.

Lord, let us hear Thy voice, while humbly bending!

1st & 2nd Tenor.

Lord, let us hear Thy voice, while humbly bending!

1st & 2nd Baritone.

Lord, let us hear Thy voice, while humbly bending!

Piano.

Then shall we feel its holy soothing

Then shall we feel its holy pow'r, its

Then shall we feel its holy soothing

Then shall we feel its holy soothing

8085.
power: As when the dews of

Spring descending. Revive each

drooping herb and flower. Revive each
Joan.
Earth, lend an ear! O heaven, regard my cries!
Say rot, O Jacob, sleep seals great Jehovah's eyes;
Sinner, depart, ere God in wrath arise!
How is that sordid lead, which once was purest gold?

Who is the slaughter'd priest that I behold?
Perfidious city, mourn!
Jerusalem,
Behold thy prophets slain,
O weep for them!
Thy God no longer looks on thee with favour!

Thine incense burns no more with holy savour!
Where do those women and their children go?
The Lord hath laid the Queen of Cities low!

8085.
Her priests are captives! Her monarchs are rejected! Her godly rites forsaken, unprotected! Down temple! Oeolars, burn! Jo-

- rusalem! for thee, What hand hath made thy love-
for thee I mourn! lines a dream—

- And changed mine eyes to sources of that stream Which flows for... griefs like

Chorus Speaker.

Joan.—A new Jerusalem appears In yonder
tine? Remember Zion, Lord; do not withhold The blessings she received from Thee of old!

desert, darting brilliant rays; Her stately brow a stamp immortal bears! All nations chant her praise! The old Jerusalem thus brightly never shone! Are all that gather round her
throne,—Her children?—She hath made them all her own.

Jerusalem, lift up thy head and see.

Awed by thy grandeur, monarchs bow to thee!
Kings of all nations, dazzled by thy glory, homage and adore thee. Blessed are they, who thus for Zion feel Their souls inflamed with holy, fervid zeal! Bedew the earth, O heaven, with saving grace: And send redemption for the human race!

Reader—Breathing this prayer, the vision fades away. Again the mused chieft resums his sway.

JOAB.
The gorgeous diadem, prepare ye now; That David wore on his anointed brow.

Levites, to arm yourselves, now follow me To the secluded armoury, where we Have secreted the lances and the swords,

Stained with the blood of Philistine hordes; Those arms, victorious David there preserved, And dedicated to the God he served.
Can we employ them in a nobler cause than to uphold Religion and her laws?

**Reader.** And while the Levites arm for the affair, The anxious women to each other cry:

**Salomith.** What fears, what troubles now, my sisters, rise!
Are these the fruits of our Lord, for Thee?
Are these the sweet and sacred perfumes, we This day adorn on Thine altar calmly sacrifice?

---

**1st Chorus Speaker.** What woof objects meet our timid glances Within this house of peace! Who could have prophesied, That murderous swords and homicidal lances Should gleam on every side?

---

**2nd Chorus Speaker.** Why is Jerusalem so lukewarm, for the Lord? So still, While dangers round her press! Why is it, Ahaz does not speak a word To succour us, and lighten our distress?

---

**Salomith.** Alas! within a court, where they alone regard The right of might and violence: Where places, honours ill bestowed, reward A tacit, blind, and base obedience: Where, sisters, shall a pleading voice be heard For sad and suffering innocence?

---

**1st Chorus Speaker.** 'Midst peril and disorder so extreme, For whom do they prepare the sacred diadem?

---

**Salomith.** That hath been ordered by the Lord; And only by His Prophet hath been heard. We know not what may be intended. Are we behind His shield to be defended? Or, are we doomed to fall beneath the sword?
No. 4.

**Chorus.**—"PROMISED JOYS."

**Soprano.**

*Andante con moto.*

Promised joys! tossed woes! O mystic gloom im -

**Alto.**

*Andante con moto.*

Promised joys! tossed woes! O mystic gloom im -

**Piano.**

- pending! Are they blessings, or curses, that gather now a -

- pending! Are they blessings, or curses, that gather now a -

-love! Can frowning storms of wrath descend -

-love! Can frowning storms of wrath descend -

-love! Can frowning storms of wrath descend -

-love! Can frowning storms of wrath descend -
love? Promis'd joys! menac'd woes! O mystic gloom im-pend

love? Promis'd joys! menac'd woes! O mystic gloom im-pend

A Allegro vivace. f

- ing! O Zi-on, thou art doomed! De-vour-ing flames will

- ing! O Zi-on, thou art doomed! De-vour-ing flames will

 exemptions.

burn all—De-stroy thy re-li-ces,Thine, O Lord! Our

burn all—De-stroy thy re-li-ces,Thine, O Lord! Our

Zi-on firm-ly stands on great Je-ho-vah's word! His

Zi-on firm-ly stands on great Je-ho-vah's word! His
Zion is descending!

see Zion's head in the skies, I see Zion's

How head in the skies, in the skies!
low, a-lass, how low!... Hear her
low, a-lass, how low!... Hear her
How high and O how glorious!
How high and O how glorious!

cries full of woe!... Hear her
cries full of woe!... Hear her
Hear her songs all victorious!
Hear her songs all victorious!

cries of woe, hear her cries of woe!...
cries of woe, hear her cries of woe!
Hear her songs victorious, her songs,...
Hear her songs victorious, her songs,...
hear her cries! hear her cries!
hear her cries! hear her cries!
hear her songs! hear her songs!
hear her songs! hear her songs!

cries! O Zion, thou art doom'd, Thy
cries! O Zion, thou art doom'd, Thy

hear her songs! hear her songs!
hear her songs! hear her songs!

re·lies flames will burn all!
re·lies flames will burn all!

hear her songs all vic·to·ri·ous!
hear her songs all vic·to·ri·ous!

8685.
Zion, thou art doom'd, devouring flames will burn all—

Zion, thou art doom'd, devouring flames will burn all—

hear her songs!

hear her songs!

Thine, O Lord, hear her songs all victorious!

Thine, O Lord, hear her songs all victorious!

cries, hear her cries of woe!

cries, hear her cries of woe!

hear her songs, all victorious!

hear her songs, all victorious!
E Audente come sopra.
Chor. Sopranos.

Promis'd joys! men-ac'd woes! O mystic gloom im-

Chor. Alters.

Promis'd joys! men-ac'd woes! O mystic gloom im-

E Audente come sopra.

Chor. 1st Soprano.

Pending! These cries of doubt forbear! Our

Pending!

Chor. Will make all clear; Let us re-

Chor. Cres. Pp

Soprano.
Ho-ly rest. Hearts feel that love Thee, Nought

Ho-ly rest. Hearts feel that love Thee, Nought

Ho-ly rest. Hearts feel that love Thee, Nought

Can ex-ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee! On the earth, in Thy realms of

Can ex-ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee! On the earth, in Thy realms of

Can ex-ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee! On the earth, in Thy realms of

On the earth, in Thy realms of

On the earth, in Thy realms of

On the earth, in Thy realms of

On the earth, in Thy realms of

S055.
Hearts feel that love Thee, Nought can exceed the joy, the calm, and holy rest.
No. 6.

WAR MARCH OF THE PRIESTS.

Allegro vivace.

Piano.
No. 6.

CHORUS.—“DEPART, YE SONS OF AARON.”

*Allegro maestoso.*

**Soprano.**

De-part, de-part, ye sons of Aa-ron, go:

**Alto.**

De-part, de-part, ye sons of Aa-ron, go:

**Piano.**

no-bler quarrel ne-ver rais- ed The zeal that in your fathers bla-zed De-part, de-

- part, ye sons of Aa-ron, go, de-part, de-part, ye sons of Aa-ron, go. It is our King, ‘tis God for whom ye
blow, for whom ye strike the blow.

(going off)

blow, for whom we strike the blow. We go, we go, we

blow, for whom we strike the blow. We go, we go, we

Depart, depart, ye sons of Aaron,

Depart, depart, ye sons of Aaron,

sons of Aaron go, we go,

sons of Aaron go, we go,

go, depart, depart!

go, depart, depart!

we go, we go!

we go, we go!
Andante sostenuto assai.
Solo. 1st Alto.
Where are the shafts Thou em-placest? Where is the wrath of Thy rod?
Solo. 1st Soprano.
Art not Thou a stern jealous God, Who, to wrath provoked, destroyest?
Solo. 2nd Soprano.
Allegro agitato.
Where are Thy blessings, O Lord, granted to us in olden times? While we are groaning under oppressions, Wilt Thou only heed our unrepented crimes?
Allegro agitato.

Art Thou no more the God showing mercy for transgressions?
Chorus. Soprano & Alto in Unison.
Where are Thy blessings, O
Lord, granted to us in old-en times? Tis at Thee, from the hostile quiver, The wick-ed hurl their shafts ... with shouts of sa-vage joy. Let us, they say, des-
troy God's a-de-ra-tion for ev-er: Let us de-liv-er all man-kind from His hard yoke: Let us de-stroy all His pro- phets, let His al-tars be broke; So that His name, and all His
O Lord!

Art not Thou a stern jealous God, Who, to wrath provoked, destroyest?

Sea-

F Allegro agitato.

Last of a race of kings, dord, Blooming on Judah's regal stem; lovely and delicate

P Allegro agitato.

flower; Alas! art thou doom'd to fall once

more within the power Of hatred and re-

venge, of a cruel mother's sword! Say, if down to thy
cra-
dle an-
gel did come, 
Sprea-
ding his 

guard-
dian wings 
to 
be 
thy de-
ten-
der? Or

if, in the 
night of 
the 
tomb, 
The 
voice of 
the 
Liv-
ing 
God 
hath 
rais'd thee 
up 
a 
won-
der!

son, 
spang 
from 
a 
sire, 
and 
grand-
sire 
who 
braze 
Thy 
laws, 
Are 
their 
att-
tains, 
Q

Solo. 1st 
SOPRANO.

Say, is Thy mer-
cy with-
held, is he for-

Lend, in him a 
guilty 
cause? Say, is Thy mer-
cy with-
held, is he for-

Solo. 2nd 
SOPRANO.

Is he for-
saken, for-

Is he for-
saken, for-

Is he for-
saken, for-

Is he for-
saken, for-

sak-
en for their 
crimes?

sak-
en for their 
crimes?

sak-
en for their 
crimes?

sak-
en for their 
crimes?
Chorus: My sisters, do you not hear
Speaker: The cruel Tyrian trumpets' warlike tone?
Salomith: Yes, and the vile barbarians' cries assail mine ear;
I shudder!—let us be gone,
Let us fly to the sanctuary's shade,
For shelter and for salutary aid. (Exeunt.)
CHORUS.—"HEAVEN AND THE EARTH DISPLAY."

Allegro maestoso.

Zion repents, and bows to God again:—To God, whose judgments, laws, and endless mercies prove, The orphan's Father is a God of love.

A CHORUS.

Heav'n and the earth display His grandeur is unbounded: They declare He is God; they resound His endless fame; They declare He is God; they resound His endless fame:

B
They declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,
they declare He is God, they declare He is God,

THE END.