ANTHOLOGY OF SACRED SONG

CELEBRATED ARIAS SELECTED FROM ORATORIOS BY OLD AND MODERN COMPOSERS
EDITED BY MAX SPICKER

VOL. 1. SOPRANO
2. ALTO
3. TENOR
4. BASS

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### Anthology of Sacred Song

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Christmas Oratorio.
Aria.

Allegretto grazioso \( \text{\( \frac{6}{4} \) 100} \)

J. S. BACH.

Prepore thyself, Zion, with tender affection, The

pur-est, the fair-est, this day to receive, the pur-est, the

fair-est, prepore thyself, Zion, with tender af-

Copyright, 1902, by G. Schirmer (Inc.)  Copyright renewal assigned, 1929, to G. Schirmer (Inc.)
Prepare thyself, Zion, with tender affection,
the pur-est, the fair-est, this day to receive,
Zion, with tender affection the pur-est, the fair-est, this day to receive,
the fairest, the pur-est, prepare thyself, Zion,
with tender affection, prepare thyself,
Zi-on, with tender affection, the purest. the fairest, this day to receive.

Fine. Thou must meet Him with a heart with love overflowing,

with a heart with love overflowing, haste then, with ardor the Bridegroom to
poco agitato

welcome, haste then, with ardor the Bride grooms to welcome, haste then, with ardor the Bridegroom to welcome.

p espress.

Thou must

p più tranquillo

meet Him with a heart with love o'er flow

allarg.

ing, haste then, with ardor the Bridegroom to welcome.

col canto

D. C. al Fine.
thou repose, slumber, beloved, and take thy repose,

Soon wilt thou wake, our joy and salvation, slumber, beloved, and

take thy repose. Soon wilt thou wake, our joy and salvation.
Slumber, beloved, and take thy repose,

Soon wilt thou waken, our joy and salvation.
0! may thy breast find gladness and rest In our heart-felt exultation, in our heart-felt exultation. 0! may thy breast find gladness and...
St. Cecilia.

Andante non troppo. (d = 84)

Father, whose blessing we entreat, Look

downward from Thy mercy-seat

Upon Thy servants' praise.

pray'r and praise. O Father, whose blessing we entreat, Look

downward from Thy mercy-seat

Upon Thy servants'

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pray'r and praise, upon Thy servants' pray'r and praise.

a tempo

O, let us Thy protection share, O

let us Thy protection share, And give us grace the

worst to bear, and give us grace the worst to bear, If
più cresc.

Cruel men cut short our days, if cruel men cut

p calando

short our days, if cruel men cut short our days. O
give us grace the worst to bear, O give us grace the worst, the

poco a poco rit.

Tempo I.

worth to bear. Father, whose blessing we en-
treat, Look downward from Thy mercy-seat Upon Thy
servants' pray'r and praise. Look downward from Thy mercy-
seat Upon Thy servants' pray'r, Thy ser-
vants' pray'r and praise, O Father, look

downward upon Thy servants' pray'r.
St. Peter.
Aria.

Andante con moto. (d = 76)

O Thou afflicted, and tossed with tempest, O Thou afflicted and tossed with tempest, and tossed with tempest, afflicted and not comforted; Behold, behold in righteous...
ness shalt Thou, shalt Thou be estab - lished; O Thou aff -
flict-ed, and toss-ed with tempest, O Thou afflict-ed, and toss-ed with
tempest, afflicted and not com - fort-ed: Thou shalt be
far from op-pres-sion, for Thou shalt not fear,
Thou shalt be far from op-pres-sion, for Thou shalt not fear,
and from terror, for it shall not come

near Thee. No weapon against Thee shall prosper, and every tongue

in judgment Thou shalt condemn.

Thou afflicted, and tossed with tempest, O Thou af-

flicted, and tossed with tempest, and tossed with tempest, af-
flict-ed and not com-fort-ed: Be-

hold, in right-eous-ness shalt Thou be es-

tab-lished, Thou shalt be

far from op-pres-sion, for Thou

shalt not fear, Thou shalt not fear.
The Woman of Samaria.

Aria.

Larghetto espressivo.

S. BENNETT.

O Lord, Thou hast searched me out, and known me, Thou knowest my down-sitting, and
mine up - ris - ing, Thou un - der -

stand - est my thoughts long be - fore,

long be - fore, my thoughts,

long be - fore. O Lord, Thou hast

search - ed me out, and known me;
for lo! there is not a word,

not a word in my tongue, but Thou

know-est it al-to-gether.

O Lord, thou hast search-ed me out, and

known me. Thou know-est my down-
sitting, Thou know-est my down-sitting

and mine up-ris-ing, and mine up-ris-ing;

Thou know-est it

altogether, Thou know-est it

altogether.

pp colla parte
The Fall of Jerusalem.

Recitative and Aria.

M. BLUMNER.

Allegro.

Recit.

My warning heed, all ye who love our Lord! *a tempo*

My father, Eleazar, is contending with frantic hordes, risen in wild rebellion. Disloyal zealots, headed by Johannes, son of Levi of Giskala, have surrounded the temple's court-yard that my father guards. And
Si-meon, son of Jo-rash, lead-ing hosts of plun-der-ing I-du-

manains on to save the cit-y, rag-es there un-hin-der’d. Three-fold fratri-cide dis-

hon-or-Zion, while e’er the land resounds with tread of march-ing Romans,

Andante.

who, as fain to ven-ge their fail-ure, are press-ing hard on us from ev’ry side. Now

fear in-pires the heart of all the na-tion to seek for hid-den trai-tors.
Tempo I. On a sudden, thro' ev'ry by-way flies the fatal word: The lowly band of Nazarenes, they are the pois'rous serpent on the breast of Zion. Then flee with node.

lay from out the town! a tempo The Lord a-quinello e con calore

bide with you! Be ev'-ry heart up-lift-ed by the pow-er of His
Spir - it! On Him, our Guide and Helper, I re - ly, whone'er in need or sorrow shall for -

Andante tranquillo.

Aria.
Andante tranquillo, ma non lento.

Thine, O Sav - iour, Thine is love un - end - ing, Thou art e'er my

Guard - ian and my Guide, Thou art e'er my

Guide, Thou sus-tain-est them that faint - ing lan - guish, bread of life
to all the hungry giv'est, Thou sustainest them that

fainting languish, bread of life to all, bread of life

Thine, O Saviour, Thine is love unending,

Thou art e'er my Guardian and my Guide, Thou in
me and I in Thee, O Lord, then grace is my portion every more,
Thou in me and I in cresp.
Thee, O Lord, then grace is my portion, then grace is my portion, my
portion every more, then grace is my portion,
ritard.
then grace is my portion every more!
Eli.
The Morning Prayer.

Andante. (♩ = 120)

M. COSTA.
dolce e tranquillo

Lord, from my bed again I rise, To offer up the sacrifice of praise and pray'r to Thee, the sacrifice of praise and pray'r to Thee. I laid me down to sleep at night, I trusted in Thine arm of might; Thine
con anima

Thy servant through the day,
Direct my steps in wisdom's way,
Let me not turn aside,
Let me not walk where...
scorn-ers walk, And sin - ful men pro - fane - ly talk;

Still be my God, still be my God, my God and
guide, my God and guide, still

be my God and guide!
Eli.
Recitative and Evening Prayer.

Andantino tranquillo. (\( \text{d}=96 \))

M. COSTA.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, 0 most High! To show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night. Blessed are
they that dwell in Thy house; for a day in Thy courts is bet-ter than a

thousand. I had ra-ther be a door-keep-er in the house of my

a tempo
cresc. —- decresc.

God than to dwell in the tents of wick-ed-ness.

pp a tempo colla voce
cresc.

The Evening Prayer.
Andantino.(\(\dot{\phi} = \dot{96}\))

ten. This night I lift my heart to Thee, Whose dwell-ing is in heaven a-

bove; O, deign to hear and an-swer me, My Fa- ther— God of love! Art
poco cresc.  

Thou not, Lord, in ev'-ry place? Is there a thing beneath Thy care? Though Angels only see Thy face, Yet Thou, O Lord, art ev'-rywhere...

give Thine Angels charge to keep Their wings spread over me, this

night; Let them defend me, let them defend me—let me sleep,

15891
let me sleep Till darkness, till darkness melts in light!

Bless the Lord, my soul; O, bless the Lord;

co a poco con sordino e più tranquillo

And all that is within me,

bless His holy name!

Bless the Lord, O

bless His holy name!
Ruth.

Aria.

Andante non troppo. (♩ = 56)

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame, for He knoweth our...
frame; He remembereth, He remembereth that we are
dust. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the
courts of the Lord, my soul longeth, yea, even
fainteth for the courts of the Lord; My heart
and my flesh, my heart and my flesh cry out, cry out
for the living God,
my heart and my flesh cry
marcato
cresc.
for the living God.
dim. pp

dim. e rit. a tempo p espress.
Like as a father
p a tempo cantabile

pi - ti - eth his chil - dren, so the Lord pi - ti - eth

them that fear Him, like as a fa - ther

cresc.
pitieth his children, so the Lord
dim.

pitieth them that fear Him, so the

Lord, the Lord, the Lord pitieth


molto rall.


rall

collegio:

a tempo

Him.

a tempo
St. Ludmilla.
Recitative and Aria.

A. DVOŘÁK.

Andante moderato, un poco mosso. Recit. sotto voce

With in what gloomy depths of forest

are we enclos'd, O mistress dear!

hanging crags our pathway menace, A round us all things tell of fear.

Allegro.

The very wild beasts fly the place: In

f agitato
cresc.

vain one seeks a human face. My heart with deadly fright is throbbing. No, no further
Meno mosso, quasi Tempo I.

will I go with thee,

no, no, no farther will I go with thee, no.

Aria.
Lento. sotto voce

no, no! Thy leading would I had not followed, nor come to this dreadful spot, thy leading would I had not followed, nor come to this dreadful spot!
Think, from the time you aged man within thy dwelling first appeared, 

Torment and pain thy soul has known, Nor hast thou e'er had peace and
comfort. The mighty power which His teaching wields. Which from His words like rushing rain is pouring. Has bowed thy will, and over mastered thee, And driven thee forth from thy home!

How great has He made thy endurance!

How changed thy ways, desires, and thoughts! How
dolce

firm thy frame, so weak a-fore-time!

Yea, I feel that all thy life till now has been trifling, and wholly vain.

I feel that all thy life till now has been trifling, and wholly vain.
Christmas Eve.

Aria.

NIELS W. GADE.

Andantino.

pure devotion May each heart be fill'd; Haste to

yon der cradle, haste to yon der cradle, Worship

ye the Child, worship ye the Child.
Long-desired salvation

Comes to bless mankind; our God's loving-kindness, yours it is to find.

Lo, the night of evil soon will pass away...
way, soon will pass away;

con anima

Full and free redemption

Brings a brighter day, free redemption

Brings a brighter day.
Christmas Eve.

Aria.

NIELS W. GADE.
ing, I read distress and

wrath; I hear the tramp of na -

tions, I hear the tramp of na - tions,

De - struc -

tion round their path.
Andante con moto.

But now a cheerful morning Over spreads the weary earth, Once more is Hope up...
Springing, To greet the Saviour's birth; But now a cheerful morning O'er spreads the weary earth, Once more is Hope upspringing, To greet the Saviour's birth.
The Holy City.
Aria.

Largo religioso. \( j = 30 \)

Andantino religioso.
\( j = 60 \) dolce

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God, which God hath prepared for them that love Him, for them that love Him; the things which God hath prepared...
Piu mosso. (d = 68)

pard, pre-pard for them that love Him.

For

He hath prepared for them a city, whose builder and Maker is God,

pard, pre-pard for them a city, whose
build-er and Mak-er is God. Eye hath not seen,
hath not seen the things pre-pa-red for them that love Him.

Piu mosso.

There re-main-eth, there-fore, a rest for the
people, the peo-ple of God; there-fore, fear, there-fore,
fear, lest any come short of it, there-fore,
fear, therefore, fear, lest any come short of it, lest any come short, come short of it. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered in to the heart of man the things which God hath prepared, prepared for them that love Him.
Ruth.

Recitative and Aria.

A. R. GAUL.

Recit.

Now go your ways, my daughters well-loved; Return ye

each unto your mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with ye,

as ye both have dealt with those departed, and with me!

Aria.

Andantino affettuoso. (d = 50)

O gracious Lord, cast down Thine
eyes

Up on Thy servant here,

And grant me strength thro' life's brief length

My woes, my earthly woes to bear. a tempo

It hath seem'd well, Almighty God,

That I should chasten be,

But O, I would not stay the rod,
For all is known, is known to Thee!

Gracious Lord, cast down Thine eyes upon Thy servant here, and grant me strength thro' life's brief length. My woes, my earthly woes to bear.

A tempo
If by the way I faint and fall,
Of burdens sore complain,

ser. me not, but strength allot,
That I may rise, may

rise again! a tempo
And when my life on earth is

o'er,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
And let me dwell for ever-more
With Thee, in
Paradise with Thee!
If by the
way I faint and fall,
Of burdens sore com-
plain,
Desert me not, but strength allot,
That I may rise, may rise again.
The Ten Virgins.
Aria.

Larghetto. ($\frac{1}{4} = \frac{3}{8}$)

A. R. Gaul.

 Thou art the guide of our youth; Lead, lead Thou us

on day and night, Make our path clear as Thy truth, Yea,

clear as Thy truth and Thy light. Thou art the guide of our youth;
Be Thou so, be so unto the end, Lead us, lead thou us into all

truth, our Maker, our Maker, our Saviour, our Friend!

Then, tho' we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we will

fear no evil, for Thou art with us; Thy rod and Thy staff, they
comfort us, they comfort us, they comfort us, they comfort us. Thou art the guide of our youth;

Lead, lead thou us on day and night, Make our path clear,

clear as Thy truth, clear as Thy truth and Thy light.
Athalia.
Recitative and Aria.

Recit.

G. F. HÄNDDEL.

O Judah, Judah! chosen seed! to what distress art thou de-

creed! How are thy sacred feasts profaned, Thy rites with vile pol-

lution stain'd! Proud Athali'a's impious hand Sheds desola-

tion through the land,

Bids strange, unhallowed altars flame, And proudly braves Je-

ho-vah's Aria.

Largo. ($=78$)
Oh Lord, whom we adore, whom we adore, whom we adore!

Shall Judah rise no more? Can this be Thy decree, can this be Thy decree?

Oh Lord, can this be Thy decree?
Oh

Lord, whom we adore! Shall Judah rise no more, no more, no more, no more? Shall Judah riseno more?—no more? Oh—Lord, can this be Thy de-

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Deborah.
Recitative and Aria.

Great Proph-e-tess! my soul's on fire, To ex-e-cute the ar-dous you in-
spire. O that the fight were now be-gun! My fa-ther should not blus-h to call me son.

Andante, (d–126)
Aria.
in the battle, fame pursuing,

We'll with slaughter float the plains, we'll with slaughter...
we'll with slaughter float the plains.
In the battle,
fame pursuing,
And our tyrants, low in ruin,
Soon shall wear, soon shall wear their captives' chains.

f agitato

And our tyrants, low in ruin, low in ruin, Soon shall wear their captives' chains, soon shall wear, soon shall
Hercules.
Aria.
Allegro ma non troppo. (J = 84)

G. F. HÄNDEL.

The smiling hours, a joyful train,

The moments of delight, the moments of delight,
The moments of delight, waft the moments of delight.

The smiling hours, a joyful train, On silken pinions waft again, on leggiero poco cresc.

Silken pinions waft again The moments of de-

leggiero
light, the moments of delight, the moments of delight, waft, waft again, waft again the moments of delight.

Adagio.

light, the moments of delight. Tempo I.

Return ing.
pleasures ban-ished woe,

As ebbing streams recruited flow, And day succeeds to night. Returning pleasures ban-ished woe, As ebbing streams recruited flow, And day succeeds to night.

and day succeeds to-night, and day succeeds to night.  

Da Capo al Fine.
Israel in Egypt.

Aria.

Largo. ($\dot{J} = 76$)

G. F. Händel.

 Thou shalt bring them in,
and plent them in the moun-
in the sanctuary, oh Lord, which Thy handshave established,
a - rry

which Thy

p dolce

p piu lento

handshake e - stab - lish - ed, which Thy

hands have e - stab - lish - ed.

a tempo

dim.
Joshua.
Recitative and Aria.

G. F. Händel.

But who is this? Tremendous to behold! A form divine, in
pandoply of gold! With dignity of mien and state ly

cresc.

Grace He moves in solemn, slow, majestic pace,

His auburn locks his comely shoulders spread,

A sword his hand, a helmet fits his head, His warlike visage
and his sparkling eye Bespeak a hero, or an angel night!

Aria.
Largo. (d = 72)

un poco p
Marco"ato

dolce ed
ten

A"ful

express.

pleas"ng be"ng, say,

If from heavn thou wingst thy

dolce

way? if from heavn thou wingst thy way? Deign to let thy servant know,
If a friend? or pow'rful foe? or pow'rful foe,

If from heav'n thou wing'st thy way? if from heav'n thou wing'st thy way?

- or pow'rful foe?

pleasing being, say, Deign to let thy serv-ant know,
Deign to let thy servant know, If a friend,
or powerful foe?

Deign to let thy servant know, If a friend, or powerful foe.
Joshua.
Recitative and Aria.

G. F. Händel.

Recit.

Now give the army breath, let war a while Smooth his rough front, and wear a cheerful smile. The interval, if Ach-sah but approve,

Aria.
Tempo di Gavotta.

I'll con-cer-rate to vir-tue and to love.

ben marc.
Heroes, when with glory burning, All their toil with pleasure bear.

And believe, to love returning, Laurel-wreaths beneath their care.

Heroes, when with glory burning, All their toil with pleasure bear, And believe, to love returning.
to love returning, Laurel wreaths beneath their care.

Heroes,

when with glory burning, All their toil with pleasure bear, And believe, to love returning, Laurel wreaths beneath their care,

And believe, to love re-
turning, Laurel-wreaths beneath their care,

And believe, to love returning, Laurel-

wreaths, laurel-wreaths beneath their care.

Fine.
War to h ar-dy deeds in-vites, war to h ar-dy deeds in-

vites, Love the dan-ger well re-qui tes, love the dan-ger well re-qi tes,

love the dan-ger well re-qui tes. War to

har-dy deeds in-vites, Love the dan-ger well re-

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quite, War to hardy deeds invites,

Adagio.

con espress.

Tempo I.

Love the danger well requites.

He-rovers,

when with glory burning, All their toil with pleasure bear, And believe, to love re-

turning, Laurel-wreaths beneath their care, laurel-wreaths beneath their care.

Dal Segno al Fine.
Judas Maccabaeus.

Aria.

G. F. HÄNDEL.

Andante larghetto. (♩=66)

Fa- ther of Heav'n! a tempo

Thy e-ter nal throne, Look with an eye of

bless ing down; While we prepare, with ho-ly rites, To so lem-
nize the Feast of Lights.

- ther of Heav'n! from Thy eternal throne

Look with an eye of blessing down;

While we prepare,

with ho-ly rites, To solemnize the Feast of Lights, the Feast of...

Lights, to solemnize the Feast of Lights,
While we prepare, with holy rites, To solemnize the Feast of Lights.

And thus our grateful hearts employ; And in Thy praise this altar raise,

With carols of triumphant joy, With carols of triumphant joy, Father of Heav'n,
from Thy e-ter-nal throne, from Thy e-ter-nal throne

Look with an eye of blessing down; While we pre-pare,

with holy rites, To so-lemnize the Feast of Lights, the Feast of

Lights, to so-lemnize the Feast of Lights a tempo

cresc.
The Messiah.
Recitative and Aria.

G. F. Händel.

Recit.

Be-hold! a vir-gin shall con-ceive, and bear a son,

and shall call his name Em-ma-nu-el: God with us.

Isaiah: vii. 14.—Matt. i. 23.

Aria.
Andante. (p. 55)

...
O thou that tell'est good tidings to Zion,
get thee up into the high mountain!
up into the high mountain!

get thee up into the high mountain!
O thou that tell'st good tidings to Jerusalem,

lift up thy voice with strength!
lift it up, be not afraid!

Say unto the cities of Judah,
say unto the cities of Judah:
Behold your
thou tell'st good tidings to Zion,

con spirito

rise, shine, for thy light is come;

Arise, arise, arise,

rise, shine, for thy light is come, And the glory of the Lord, the
con spirito

risen is risen upon thee, is risen, is

risen upon thee, the glory, the

glory, the glory of the Lord

allargando

is risen upon thee.
The Messiah.
Aria.

Largo. (d'78)

G. F. HÄNDEL.

was despised, des-pis-ed and rejected,
j ect-ed of men, a man of sor-rows,
sor-rows, and acquainted with grief,

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grief a tempo

was despis-ed, re-ject-ed, He was des-pis-ed, and re-ject-ed of

men, a man of sorrows, and ac-quaint-ed with grief, a man of sorrows, and ac-

quaint-ed with grief. He was despis-ed, re-ject-ed, a man of

sorrows, and ac-quaint-ed with grief, and ac-quaint-ed with grief, a man of
sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

He gave His back to the smit-ers, and His cheeks to them that plucked off His hair, and His cheeks to
them that plucked off His hair, and His cheeks to

them that plucked off His hair; He hid not His

face from shame and spitting, He hid not His

face from shame,

He hid not His face from shame, from shame and spitting.
Samson.
Aria. *)

G. F. HÄNDEL.

Largo. (d=69)

tur,n, re-turn, O God of Hosts,
O God, re-

tur,n, O God of Hosts! behold, behold Thy

servant in distress, behold Thy

*) When sung in its place in the Oratorio this Aria has no Da Capo. The Da Capo would of course be necessary, if sung as a detached Aria. M. S.
servant in distress!

Return, O God!

be-

hold

Thy servant in distress,

return, O God, return, O God of Hosts!

poco cresc.

behold, behold, behold Thy servant, Thy

poco riten.

f a tempo

p

col canto

f a tempo

p
servant in distress, be hold, be hold Thy servant, Thy servant in distress!

Return, return, O God, return, O God of Hosts! be hold, be

hold Thy servant in distress! a tempo

Fine.
Poco piú mosso.

His might-y griefs, his might-y griefs re-dress, his might-y
griefs, his might-y griefs, his might-y griefs re-dress,
cresc.

Nor by the hea-then be they told, nor by the hea-then be they told,
poco string.

cresc.

His might-y griefs re-dress, Nor by the

cresc.

heathen, by the hea-then be they told, nor by the hea-then be they told.

allargando

tranquillo

allargando

D. C. al Fine
Saul.
Aria.

Largo. ($ \beta = 68$)

G. F. Händel.

Oh Lord, whose mercies numberless
O'er all Thy works prevail.

rall. a piacere

a tempo

(o'er all Thy works, o'er all Thy works,)

Thy works prevail:

col canto

up a tempo
Though daily man Thy laws transgress,
Thy patience cannot fail, no, cannot fail, Thy patience cannot

Lento molto

(Thy patience, Thy patience,) Thy patience cannot

p Tempo I.

If yet his sins be not too
great, The busy fiend con

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troll; (the busy fiend, the busy fiend; the busy fiend con-

Yet longer for re-

pent-ance wait, And heal his wounded soul, his wounded

soul, and heal his wounded soul, his wounded soul, his wounded

And heal his wounded soul.
Solomon.
Aria.

Larghetto, ed un poco piano. (d = 80)  

What though I trace each herb and flower,  
That drinks the morning dew, Did I not own Je...
ho-vah's power,  How vain were all I knew!  how vain,  how
vain were all I knew,  how vain,  how vain were all I knew!

What though I

trace each herb and flower,  That drinks the morn-ing-

con anima

dew,

Did I not own Je-bo-vah's power, How
vain were all I knew! how vain were all I knew, how vain, how vain, how

vain were all I knew, how vain were all I knew!

Say, what’s the rest but empty boast, The
The pedant's i-dle claim, Who, hav-ing all the sub-stance lost, At-tempts to grasp a name, at-tempts to grasp a name?
Susanna.
Recitative and Aria.

G. F. Händel.

Recit.  
p

A love like mine, so faithful and so pure,

Shall un-im-pair’d to latest time endure; For heav’n-born virtue

doth its warmth inspire, And fav’ring angels fan the god-like fire.

Aria.
Grazioso.  (\text{\textit{\(J = 48\)}})

When
first I saw my lovely maid beneath the citron's shade, In

native innocence array'd, My heart became her prize, my heart became her prize;

When first I saw my lovely maid beneath the citron's shade, My heart became her prize. When
first I saw my lovely maid Beneath the citron's shade,
In native innocence array'd, My heart became, my heart became her prize, my...
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I gaz'd, I lov'd, I gaz'd again, Could mortal breast from love refrain? Her thousand virtues still maintain The conquest of her eyes; I gaz'd, I lov'd, 

cresc. 

dim. 

mf poco allargando 

gaz'd again, Could mortal breast from love refrain?

col canto 

D. S. al Fine.
Theodora.

Aria.

Largo. (coda)

G. F. Händel.

Lord, to Thee, each night and day, Strong in hope we

sing and pray strong in hope we sing and pray, each night and
day we sing and pray,

to Thee we pray, Lord, to

Thee, in hope we sing and pray,
to Thee each night and

day,
to Thee we sing and pray,

Lord, to Thee, each night and day, Strong in hope we
sing and pray, we sing and pray, strong in hope we sing and pray.

Allegro moderato. \( \text{\textit{d = 92}} \)

Though convulsive rocks the ground,
And Thy thunders roll around,

Still to Thee, each night and
day, still to Thee

we sing and pray; though con-vul-sive rocks the

ground, and Thy thunders roll a-round,

and to Thee we sing and pray.

Dal Segno al Fine.
Christus.

Arioso.

Larghetto. (d = 58)

He was oppress'd and af-

flict-ed sore, yet He o-

ten'd not His mouth. As a

lamb which is brought to the slaugh-

ter, He is dumb, and as a sheep be-
fore her shears. But thus saith God, the Lord:

I have for a small moment thee forsaken,

but with great glory and worship will I
crown thee, will I crown thee.
have also given thee for a light to the Gentiles,
that thou may'st be my salvation unto the ends of the earth.
The Star of Bethlehem.

Arioso.

Andante con moto.\((d = 52)\)

F. KIEL.

For my soul is a thirst for God, yea, ev'n for the living God. When shall I?
come to appear, before the presence of God? Send forth Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me, may lead me and bring me unto Thy holy hill and to Thy dwelling, and that I may go in...
to the altar of God,
even to the

God of my joy,
of my joy and

gladdness of my gladness.
The Star of Bethlehem.

Andante. ($= 24$)

F. KIEL.

Turn again to thy rest, 0 my soul, for the Lord hath rewarded thee, the Lord hath rewarded thee. For thou
hast _ de - liv - er'd, hast de - liv-er'd my -

soul from death, and mine eyes from tears, and my

feet from fall-

ing. Turn a - gain to thy rest, O my

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soul, for the Lord hath re-
ward ed thee, the Lord hath
ward ed thee, hath re - ward ed
thee.

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The Rose of Sharon.

Aria.

A. C. MACKENZIE.

Lento. (d = 76)

Gladness, gladness is taken away,

is taken, is taken away, And joy out of the
plen-ti-ful field, glad-ness is ta-ken a-way, and
joy out of the plen-ti-ful field; In the vine-yards there is no
sing-ing, in the vine-yards there is no sing-ing, nei-
ther is there an-y shout-ing, nei-ther is there an-y
shouting, neither is there any

rit. a tempo

shouting.

pa tempo

The tread-ers tread out no wine, no wine,

mf ad lib.

the tread-ers tread out no wine, no wine,
no wine, And the noise of the vintage hath ceased,
and the noise of the vintage hath ceased, hath ceased,
and the noise of the vintage hath

hath ceased, and the noise of the vintage hath
calando

calando

calando

Gladness is taken away,
is taken away, And joy out of the
plen - ti-ful field;
In the vine-yard there is no
sing - ing, nei-ther is there an - y shout - ing,
nei-ther is there an - y shout - ing,
rit.

nei-ther is there an - y shout - ing.

rit.
cantabile

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The Miracle of Nain.

Recitative and Aria.

English version by Dr. Th. Baker.

H. MARÉCHAL.

Lento.

Recit.

He is dead, the child I cherish!

How happy I, O Heav'n! if with him I could perish!

The
son after the sire! The widow all in tears, and the

mother despairful!

Shall my woes never cease? a tempo

mollo rit.

Aria. on espress.

One would
Andante.

say, he rests, and that a smile yet

linger, a tender smile yet faintly

colla voce

linger in his eyes!

He is dead, the child I cherish!

Ye gods! how vain are all our mortal joys!
Ye gods! how vain are all our mortal joys!

and how our every hope is soon fled,

oh, how our every hope is soon fled!

dolce
dolce e cantabile
can such a tender love be destroyed,

and all my hopes, all my
hopes—were nothing more than a dream, a
dream that passes over, leaving naught save a keen re-
gret! Ah, stringendo

I have lost my son! Ah!

I have lost my son!
Tempo I.

Tis the end! all is o'er! Ah!

A poco a poco

'tis the end!

Andante con moto.

Molto espressivo

dim. dim.
Elijah.
Aria.
F. MENDELSSOHN.

Andantino. (\( \text{d} = 72 \))

\textit{mollo espress.}

O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires; O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him; commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him; and fret not thyself—because of evildoers. O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for
Him, wait patiently for Him; O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. O rest in the Lord, O rest in the Lord, and wait, wait patiently for Him.
St. Paul.
Recitative and Arioso.

Acts ix: 2.

Recit.

And he journey'd with companions towards Damascus, and had authority and command from the High Priest that he should bring them bound, men and women, into Jerusalem.

Psalm cxv: 12; 2 Tim. ii: 19; Philipp. iv: 5.

Arioso.

Andantino. (d = 66)

But the Lord is mindful of His own, He remembers His chil...
dren. But the Lord is mindful of His own, the
Lord remembers His children, remembers His
children.

Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the Lord is
near us, bow down before Him, ye mighty,
for the Lord is near us. Yea, the

Lord is mindful of His own, He remembers His chil-
dren. Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the

Lord is near us.
Aria.

Aria.

C. H. H. PARRY.

The Lord is long-

suffering and merciful,

He keepeth not His anger for ever.

He looked on our affliction and pain,

And hath forgiven us, and hath forgiven us.
all our sins.

Even now, unto your mourning city

He bringeth home your King.

No more the voice of the oppressor shall ye fear,

No more a shameful tribute shall ye pay,
The Lord Himself will fight for you, His arm shall over-thrown your enemies; And Jerusalem from her stain shall be cleansed and shine as a bride, and shine as a bride in the morning of her bridal.

Allegretto semplice.
Your streets again shall echo with your children's
voices, your folds shall be full again with your bleating flocks, your

fields shall also stand so thick with ripening corn that they shall

laugh, that they shall laugh and

sing.

The Lord is long-suffering and merciful,
He keepeth not His anger for ever.

He looked on our affliction and pain,
And hath forgiven us,
and hath forgiven us all our sins.

molto rall.
col canto

a tempo
The World's End.
Recitative and Aria.

Allegro. (d. 188)

Recit.

Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the time of reap.

- ing is now come, for the harvest of
earth, of earth is ripe.

Thrust in
with thy sharp sick-le, and ga-ther the clusters of the

her grapes are full, full and ripe.

Aria. Adagio. (d = 96)

Great and won-der-ful are all Thy works, Lord!
And just and true, O Lord, all Thy ways, Thou King of the
Holy! Thou King of the Holy! Thou King of the
Holy! Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
and glorify Thy holy Name? for Thou a-lone art
ho-ly, for Thou a-lone art ho-ly!
Great
and wonderful are all Thy works,

Lord! And just and true are all Thy ways, Thou

King of the Holy! Thou King of the Holy! Thou King of the

Holy! Lord! Thou alone art holy!
The World's End.

Aria.

J. RAFF.

Andante.  

 Behold, the House of God is with men.

And He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and

He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people.

p con sentimento

And God shall wipe away all.
tears from their eyes, God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.
And death is no more, nor sorrow, nor crying, and pain shall be no more,
and pain shall be no more, for the
former things have passed away, the former, the
first things have passed away.

Behold, the House of God is with
men. And He will dwell with them, and
they shall be His people, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people,
they shall be His people,
Jephtha.

Cavatina.

C. RHEINTHALER.

Larghetto.

The Lord will not be ever wroth, the Lord will not be ever wroth,

but with mercy unending, with mercy unending again,

again will spare us!

The Lord will not be ever wroth.

If ye will
seek Him with all your hearts, if ye will seek Him with all your hearts, then shall ye surely find Him; if ye will seek Him with all your hearts, then shall ye surely find Him; then shall ye surely find Him.
Christmas Oratorio.
Aria.

Andante espressivo.  

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

Patiently, patiently have I waited for the Lord, patiently, patiently, patiently.
have I waited for the

Lord, have I waited, have

I waited for the Lord.

espressivo

And

pp
lo! he heard my cry, and lo! he heard my cry, and lo! he heard, and lo! he heard, and lo! he heard, and lo! he heard — my cry.
"The Heavens declare."

Arioso.

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

Andantino un poco Allegretto. $(d = 68)$

Thou, O Lord,

Thou, O Lord, art my Protector,

Thou, O Lord, art my Redeemer, Thou O Lord, art my Protector and my Re-
deemer, Thou  O Lord, art my Protect- or, and my Re-

pìu cresc.

dolce

deemer, and my Redeem-er, Thou, O Lord,

art my Protect- or, art my Protect- or, and

cres.

Thou my Redeem-er, Thou art my Protect- or,

cresc.

dim.

Thou art my Redeem-er, Thou, O
Lord, art my Protector, and Thou my Redeemer, Thou O Lord,

Thou, O Lord, art my Protector, and my Redeemer.
The Light of the World.

Aria.

Andante moderato. (d = 88) Sir A. SULLIVAN.

The Lord is risen, He will dwell with men, and they shall be his people!

con molto sentimento

and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.
God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,

neither shall there be any more pain, For the former things are pass'd away. Behold, I make all things new, saith the Lord, For the former things are
pass'd away. Behold, I make all things
new, saith the Lord, saith the Lord.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. There shall be
no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,

neither shall there be any more pain, and
God shall wipe away all tears, all tears from their eyes.
There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,
con abbandono rall.
neither sorrow nor crying.
Andante tranquillo. ($\approx 78$)  

Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world; For the world passeth away, And the lust thereof.

Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world.
world, for the world pass-eth a-way, for the world pass-eth a-way, the world pass-eth a-way, and the lust there-of. But he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever,
He that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever.

Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world, for the
world passeth away, and the lust thereof. But he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever, abideth, abideth for ever.
English version by Dr. Th. Baker.

Constantin.

Recitative and Aria.

G. VIERLING.

Moderato.

Recit. tranquillo

From swarming highways I now have escaped.

By flickering torches the maidens were dancing in revelry.

Wanton:

How lightly they bound!

Yon flowers and

leaves all entwining and hiding,

England the pillar's glimmering.
round. Be si - lent, ye ech - oes of earth - ly de - sire!

Here

sempre più tranquillo

still-ness is reign-ing, Here rest-ful-ness on-ly my heart shall in - spire.

p dolce

Aria.

Andante con moto.

Lord, Lord, for whom my soul is burn - ing,

Tender Sav - iour,
tender Saviour, all my yearning,

all my yearning Thine shall be for evermore,

for ever, for ever, ever-

more!

See, the world would

fain mislead me, Who the royal band do wear,
Still with ardent vows of passion Pleading, pleading, fain my heart would

sna re. Lord, Lord, Let my faith be nev er

shaken! Lord, Thou who alone art

light, Lord, drive away this sinful

yearning; Lord, to whom my soul is turn ing, Drive a

18891
way this sin-ful yearn-ing, Streng-th-en me, for-sake me.
Andante.

As Thou wilt,

Fa- ther, in the hour When flesh and spir- it fail: As Thou wilt,

when Hell's dreadful pow'r Doth o'er my strength pre- vail, doth o'er my strength pre-

vail, And faint- ing, or of death a- fraid, I help- less

cry to Thee for aid.
Un poco piú mosso.

As Thou wilt, Father,
though my way be lonely, dark and drear;
As Thou wilt, when no heavenly ray
comes through the dark to cheer;
But awful shapes and sounds
afright, like dreadful visions
of the night,
dreadful visions of the night.

Adagio.
Andante.

O gracious Father, wise and kind, Thou knowest what is best,

And oft through storms Thy children find The haven of Thy rest, the

haven of Thy rest. Lord, grant me, when earth's troubles cease,

Adagio.

To enter Thine eternal peace.

pp colla voce

Amen.