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

NEW YORK: G. SCHIRMER
# Anthology of Sacred Song

## Soprano

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Pentecost Cantata.
Aria.

Con moto.

Voice.

Piano.

My heart ever faithful, Sing praises, be joyful,

My heart ever faithful, sing praises, be joyful, Thy Jesus is near,

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Printed in the U.S.A.
heart ev'er faithful, Sing praises, be joyful, sing praises, be joyful, Thy

Jesus is near!

Away with complaining, away with complaining, Faith

ever maintaining, My Jesus is here; Away with complaining, Faith

ever maintaining, My Jesus is here, My Jesus is here.
Away with complaining, away with complaining, Faith ever maintaining, My Jesus is here. My heart ever faithful, Sing praises, be joyful, My heart ever faithful, Sing praises, be joyful, Sing praises, be joyful, Thy
Jesus is here, Sing praises, be joyful, sing praises, be joyful, My heart ever faithful, Sing praises, be joyful, Sing praises, be joyful, Thy Jesus is here.
My Spirit was in Heaviness.

Aria.  

Andantino. (m. 80)

Joh. s. Bach.

Sighing, weeping, sorrow, need, sighing,

weeping, anxious longing, fear of death, rend my troubled heart in

twain, I am torn by grief and pain; Sighing, weeping, sorrow, need, sorrow,
need, anxious longing, fear of death, Sighing, weeping, sorrow, need, sighing, weeping, sorrow, need, rend my troubled heart in twain, I am torn by grief and pain; sighing, weeping, sorrow, sorrow, need.

\[ \text{a tempo} \]
Engedi.\textsuperscript{)}

Recitative and Aria.

L. v. BEETHOVEN.

Allegro. ($d = 120$)

Prophetess. Recit.

What sorrow pierceth the righteous David's heart!

jected on the earth he lies, He fears the Lord for- sakes him, and suffers the pains of

tranquillo

hell. How blest the man who trusts in God, and walk-eth in the paths of

wis-dom; The Lord ex-alt-eth, ex-alt-eth him He loves.

\textsuperscript{)}The music to this Oratorio has been adapted from Beethoven's "Christ on the Mount of Olives."

18793
To God belong-eth vengeance, The haughty shall be humbled.

Aria.
Larghetto. (d=80)

Praise, praise ye Jehovah's goodness, And bless His holy name! He hears the meek and lowly, the meek and lowly; The proud, the proud He brings to shame.

Praise Him, oh praise. His holy
Allegro. (d = 138)

name.

Oh, praise Him, praise Him, all ye nations!

How blest are they, how blest, how blest are they,
how blest, how blest are they, Who trust in God and

love Him, and all His laws obey, who trust and love.

Him, and all His laws obey, who

trust in God and love Him, who love Him, and

all His laws obey.

But
woe! to those who hate Him, or say, "He hath for-

got!" The curse of God is on them, Destruction is their

lot, Destruction, destruction, destruction,

is their lot, destruction, destruction,

-piu tranquillo-

col canto

Oh,
Tempo I.

praise Him, praise Him, all ye nations!

and bless His holy name.

God, in God, and love Him, and all His laws obey.

How blest, how blest are they Who trust in God, in God and

love Him, Who love, who love.
Him, and all His laws obey! Oh,

praise Him! Oh, praise Him! How blest are they,

How blest are they,

how blest, how blest are they.
St. Peter.

Aria.

Andante con moto. (d = 76)

The Virgin Mother.

Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

dolcissimo e sotto voce

tranquillo

mourn as a dove, I mourn as a

doove, I shall go softly all my years in the

poco cresc.

poco cresc.

dim.

bitterness of my soul; I mourn as a

dim.
dove, I mourn as a dove, I shall go

softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul. Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction, mine eye

mourneth by reason of affliction.
Labor not to comfort me, for I will weep bitterly,

I will weep bitterly; I mourn as a dove,

as a dove

mourn as a dove, I shall go softly

all my years in the bitterness of my soul,

all my years

all my years in the
bitterness of my soul.

La-bor not to com-fort me,

for I will weep

bit-ter-ly,

I will weep

bit-ter-ly,

I. mourn.

I mourn as a dove.
The Destruction of Jerusalem.

Recitative and Aria.

English version by Dr. Th. Baker.

MARTIN BLUMNER.

Allegro.

Maria.

Unfaithful heart!

Unfaithful heart!

Recit.

Dare not thou remain with me!

For thy intent shall never more be
Maestoso.

Aria. mf

mine!

Tromba

Thou

sit - test on Thy judg - ment - seat,

Thy

cresc.

sword, Je - hovah, is up - lift - ed

to

fall,

to

fall up - on the head of the heathen,

tho' whom Thou
smit - est Is - ra - el,        thro' whom Thou

smit - est, smit - est Is - ra - el.

Allegro con moto.

Nor find we safe - ty, ere _a - tonement for de - se -

molto ritard.

cra - tion of the ho - li - est of ho - lies, ere a - tone - ment for de - se -
cra - tion of the ho - li - est of ho - lies, until the tur - bid tide of e - vil, un - til the
turbid tide of evil be turn'd away by Israel, be

turn'd away by Israel, be turn'd away by

Israel of all our

sin, the heavy burden doth call for sacrifice as heavy. As

sacrifice, O Lord, take me, as
molto cresc

sacrifice, O Lord, take me!

Tromba

That once a-

cresc.
p espress.

gain Thy loving kindness may shine as Zion's radiant shield,

that once again Thy loving kindness, Lord, shine as

Zion's radiant shield, give I my blood,
poco a poco cresc.

give I my blood; with stainless hands I

agitato

shed it now for Israel, give I my blood,

poco a poco cresc.

give I my blood, with stainless hands

cresc.

dim.

shed it now, Tromba! I shed it now for

Is - ra - el!

cresc.

dim.
Eli.

Recit. and Aria.

Micheal Costa.

Maestoso.

Open unto me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord!

Maestoso.

Aria.

Allegro con brio. ($d = 132$)

I will exalt Thee, O Lord, I will exalt Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast lifted me up, for Thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my
foes to rejoice over me. I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me; I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me; Thou hast turned my mourning, my mourning into dancing, into dancing, and girded me with gladness, and girded me with gladness. I will ex-
to Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me, to rejoice, to rejoice over me!

I cried unto
Thee, and Thou hast healed me, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me: Thou hast turned my mourning, my mourning into dancing, my mourning into dancing, into dancing, and girded me with gladness, and girded me with gladness; to the end, that my glory may sing praise to Thee.
Lord my God, Lord my God, I will give thanks, I will give thanks unto Thee forever, forever, forever, I will give thanks, I will give thanks, thanks, thanks, thanks, O Lord, thanks!
God, forever!

Lord, my God, my God, I will give thanks unto Thee forever, forever!

15799
St. John's Eve.
Recitative and Aria.

Adagio con moto (d' = 69)

Bars from ♩ to ♩ can be omitted.

15794
Recit.
Molto lento.

0 peaceful night! 0

Recit.
Molto moderato. ($=68$)

time of holy calm!
For wounded hearts the sure-ly healing balm;

$p a t e m p o$
In thy cool depths, if weary and distress'd, The soul may fore-taste have of heav'n's own

Adagio, come Imma

Now nightingale to silence gives a voice, 

Molto moderato, come Imma

And in the

stillness, running brooks rejoice; While o'er all, with solemn, steadfast

eyes, the stars, the stars look down on human des-tinies.
sostenuto
night and stars, and ev-ry bless-ed power That sheds sweet in-flu-ence

p sostenuto

poco cresc.
at this witch-ing hour, On ye I call, on ye I

espress. il Tema
call to guide my trem-bling hand, As here, be-fore the

Poco andante e tranquillo. (d = 54)

Rose of Fate, I stand.
Say, what dost thou hear in the secret deep Of thy heart, my Rose? O love-liest flow'r, a-
wake thee from sleep, And thine eyes un-close; For fain would I read in their tender glow, Read all my destiny. In sunshine re-
joyce? or in darkness weep? Rose, which shall it
be! Rose, which shall it be? As the years pass on, as the
years pass on, pass on with unceasing flow.

Say, what dost thou whisper with fragrant breath, O my dainty bloom? Dost

speak of life loveless a living death, As my dreary doom? Or

tell'st thou of days when the voice unknown that flutters my heart With
**Con brio**

**Sempre cresc.**

Sons of true love from the flow'ry heath, Shall never depart, shall never depart, But

**Molto espress.**

Sing at my side, sing at my side and be all

**Con tenerezza**

mine own. Live on, my sweet Rose,

Till the Christ-mas bells Fill earth and sky; In fade-less beau-ty,

My heart fore-tells, Thou'lt meet his eye. Who sure-ly is coming with
words of fate, Thy lord and mine

flow'r, dear flow'r, dear
flow'r, what might compels, What charm of thine, My
lover to hasten, my lover to hasten, what might compels my lover to
hasten, my lover to hasten, to hasten, and
poco rite dim. a tempo

not be late?

dolce

poco rite dim. p a tempo

flow'r, dear flow'r,

not be

what might compels. My lover to hast-en, and not be

late?
The Holy City.
Aria.

These are they, these are they, which came out of great tribulation,

Andantino. ($\approx 60$)

these are they, which came out of great tribulation,

and have wash'd, have wash'd their robes, and made them white in the blood of the

A.R. Gaul
Lamb, and have wash'd their robes;

these, these are they; therefore are they be-

fore the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His

Tem-ple.

And they shall shine as the

brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, the
came out of great tribulation, these are they, which

came out of great tribulation,

and have wash'd, have wash'd their robes, and made them

white in the blood of the Lamb. These are

they, these are they!
The Ten Virgins.
Aria.

Largo religioso. \( \dot{=} 80 \)

Andante religioso. \( \dot{=} 84 \)

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not

night if Thou be near, Oh may no earth-born

cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servants, Thy servants
p a tempo con tenerezza

eyes. When the soft dews of kindly

dolce

sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly

steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to

rest For ev - er on my Sav - iour's

breast!

p a tempo
Abide with me from morn till eve,

For without Thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh,

For without Thee I dare not die.
Come near and bless us when we wake,

Ere through the world our way we take,

Till in the ocean of Thy love We lose ourselves in heaven above.
The Messiah.
Zachariah ix: 9, 10.
Aria.

G. F. Händel.

Allegro. \((\cdot = 96)\)

Rejoice! re-joice! re-joice — greatly!

O daughter of Zion,

Rejoice! re-joice, re-joice,
daughter of Zi-on! re-joice greatly, shout,

marcato
daughter of Je-ru-salem! Be-hold, thy King com-eth

unto thee, be-hold, thy King com-eth
unto thee, cometh unto thee.

p tranquillo

He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall speak peace unto the heathen, He shall speak peace,
peace, He shall speak peace un-to the hea-
then, He is the

right - eous Sav - iour, and He shall speak, He shall speak peace,

poco allarg. e cresc.
peace, He shall speak peace un-to the hea-

then.

Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice

greatly,
re - joice
greatly,
O daughter of Zion!

shout, O daughter of Jerusalem!

King cometh unto thee, rejoice,

and shout, shout, shout, shout, rejoice
greatly!

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, shout,

O daughter of Jerusalem! Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, behold, thy King cometh unto thee.
The Messiah.
Aria.

Romans X:15.

G. F. Händel.

Larghetto. (\( \text{\textit{d} = 108} \))

How beau-ti-ful are the feet of them that

preach the gos-pel of peace, how beau-ti-ful are the feet, how

beau-ti-ful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace,
beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings, and bring glad tidings, glad tidings of good things, and bring glad tidings, glad tidings of good things.
Larghetto. \( \text{\textit{d}=116.} \)

\textit{come unto Him, ye that labor, come unto Him, ye}

\textit{are heavy laden, and He will give you rest.}

\textit{come unto Him, ye that labor, come unto Him, ye}
that are heavy laden, and He will give you rest.

Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for

He is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest, and

ye shall find rest, unto your souls.
Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest, unto your souls.
The Messiah.

Job XIX.26, 28. — 1 Cor. XV. 20.

Aria.

Larghetto. \( \textit{\( \textit{d} = 69 \)} \)

G. F. HÄNDDEL.

p con calore

I know that my Re-deem-er

liv-eth,

and that He shall stand.
at the latter day upon the earth:

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, upon the earth; I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.
Up on the earth.

And tho' worms destroy this body,
yet in my flesh shall I see God.

I know that my Redeemer liveth:
and tho'
worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see

God, yet in my flesh shall I see God, shall I see

God, I know that my Redeemer liveth.

For now is Christ risen from the dead,

the first fruits of them that sleep,
of them that sleep, the first fruits of them that sleep.

For now is Christ risen, for now is Christ

risen from the dead, the first fruits.

Adagio.

Tempo I.

of them that sleep.
Alexander Balus.

Aria.

G. F. Händel.

Subtle Love, with fancy viewing Rapturous joys on joys en-
singing, Plays around my captive heart, my captive heart, subtle

---

18794
leggiero

Rapt'rous joys on joys ensuing, Plays around my captive heart.

Subtle Love, with fancy viewing Rapt'rous joys on joys ensuing, Plays around my captive
heart, plays around my captive heart, plays around my captive heart.

Subtle Love, with fancy viewing, plays around my captive heart, plays around my captive heart.

col canto

Caution, reason, fain would

Fine
ease me. But all efforts to release me. Only deeper fix the dart. The dart, the dart, the dart.

But all efforts to release me. Only deeper fix the dart.

Adagio.

dart, only deeper fix the dart.

p col canto

f Tempo I.

allarg.

Dal Segno al Fine.
Hercules.

Aria.

G. F. Händel.

Larghetto.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{con sentimento} \\
\text{My father! ah! methinks I see} \text{ The sword inflict the deadly wound; He bleeds, he falls in agony, Dying he bites the crimson}
\end{align*}
\]
ground, dying he bites the crimson ground, dying he bites the crimson

My father! ah! methinks I see the sword inflict the deadly

wound; he bleeds, he falls in agony, dying he bites the crimson ground.

Peaceful rest, peaceful rest, dear

cantabile
parent shade, dear parent shade,

sempre dolce ed espress.

Light the earth be on thee laid! In thy
daughter's pious mind All thy virtues, all thy
cresc.

virtues live enshrined,

In thy daughter's pious mind All thy virtues, all thy
poco cre\(\text{c}^\text{c}\).

\textit{vir\-tues live\_ en\-shrin\text{d},}

\textit{In thy\_ daugh\text{}ter\,'s}

\textit{pi\-ous mind}

\textit{All thy vir\-tues live en-}

\textit{shrin\text{d}; peaceful rest,}

\textit{dear parent shade,}

\textit{in thy}

\textit{daugh\text{}ter\,'s pi\-ous mind all thy vir\-tues live en\-shrin\text{d}.}
Jephtha.
Recitative and Aria.

Ye sacred Priests! whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd with human blood, Why are ye thus afraid to execute my Father's will?

The call of Heaven with humble resignation I obey.

Farewell! farewell, ye
limpid springs and floods, Farewell! farewell, ye limpid springs and floods,

flowery meads and mazy woods. Farewell! farewell, thou busy world, where

reign Short hours of joy and years, and years of pain. Farewell,

farewell, farewell, ye limpid springs and floods, Farewell! farewell, thou busy world, where reign Short hours of joy and
Andante largo.

Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love,
in the realms of peace and love,
Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love, in the realms of peace and love,
Brighter scenes I seek above, brighter scenes I seek above,
Seek a-bove, bright-er scenes I seek a-bove, In the realms of peace and love,

Bright-er scenes I seek a-bove, In the realms of peace and love.

Tempo I.
maestoso
Aria.

Joshua.

Allegro. ($f = 100$)

G. F. HÄNDEL.

Oh! had I Jubail's lyre, Or Miriam's tuneful voice, Oh!

had I Jubail's lyre, Or Miriam's tuneful voice, To sounds like his I

would aspire, to sounds like his I would aspire, in songs like hers, in
songs like hers rejoice.
in songs like hers rejoice.

poco allarg.

Oh! had I Jubal's lyre, Or

Miriama's tuneful voice, Oh! had I Jubal's lyre, Or Miriam's tuneful voice, To
sounds like his I would aspire. In songs like hers, in

songs like hers rejoice.

in songs like hers rejoice.

poco allarg.

in songs like hers rejoice.

col canto

My humble strains but
Judas Maccabaeus.

Largo e sostenuto. (2-78.)

Aria.

G. F. Händel.

Pi-ous or-gies, pi-ous airs,

De-cent sor-row, decent prayers. Will to the Lord ascend, and

move His pit-y, His pit-y and regain His love.

Pi-ous orgies, pi-ous airs, Decent sor-row, decent sor-row, de-cent prayers,

15794
Will to the Lord ascend, and move His pity,

His pity, and regain His love. Pious orgies, pious airs, Decent

sorrow, decent prayers, Will to the Lord ascend, and

move His pity, His pity, and regain His

love.
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

Aria.

G. F. Händel.

Andante. (\( \text{d} = 84 \))

mp cantabile

\[ \text{The soft complain} \]

dolce
-ing flute In dy-ing notes dis-cov-ers

The woes of hope-less

lov-ers, Whose dirge is whis-per'd,

whis-per'd, whis-per'd by the war-bling lute, by the
The soft complaining flute, the soft complaining flute

In dying notes discreetly
covers The woes of hopeless lovers, Whose dirge is whispered, is whispered, whispered, by the warbling lute, whose dirge is whispered by the warbling
Samson.

Aria.

G. F. HÄNDEL.

*Andante. (d = 76.)*

\[\text{Music notation}^1\]

*Let the bright Seraphim, in burning row,*

*Their loud uplifted con sordino ad lib....*

*Angel-trumpets blow.*

\[\text{Music notation}^2\]
Let the bright Seraphim, in burning row, in burning, burning row, Their loud uplifted Angel-trumpets blow, their loud uplifted Angel-trumpets blow,
their loud, their

loud up-lift-ed An-gel-trum-pets blow.

con ottava ad lib...

Let the bright Ser-a-phim, in

burn-ing row, in burn-ing, burn-

- ing row, Their loud up-lift-ed
Angel-trumpets blow, their loud uplifted Angel-trumpets blow,

| col canto |

Angel-trumpets blow:

| con ottava ad lib. |

Let the Cherubic host, in tuneful choirs, Touch
their immortal harps with golden wires, Let the Cherubim host, in

their immortal harps, touch their immortal harps.

tuneful choirs, Touch their immortal harps, touch their immortal harps.

with golden wires,

poco ralient. e cresc. touch their immortal harps with golden

col canto wires.

cresc.
Susanna.

Recitative and Aria.

Recit.  \textit{mf}

I know the pangs that cleave the bleeding heart,

\textit{mf}

Still in my breast I feel the pointed dart.

An humble swain did all my pains create,

An humble swain best

\textit{con dolore}

suited with my state; But Death soon seiz'd him, an untimely prize!
Largo. (dō sol.) Alla Siciliana. dolce e tranquillo
And tore the youth forever from my eyes.

Beneath the cypress gloomy shade, Where silver lilies paint the glade, I saw the lovely shepherd laid, Whose loss I still deplore, whose loss I still deplore.
He was in truth the sweet-est swain, he

was in truth the sweet-est swain That ev - er trod the flow - ry plain, Or

wak'd in virgin's heart a pain, But is, a - las! no more! A - las! a - las! but

is, a - las! no more!
The Creation.
Recitative and Aria.

Recit.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth: and it was so.

Aria.

Andante, (♩= 92)

With

JOS. HAYDN.
Verdure clad the fields appear, delightful to the raviour's sense;
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight,

Enhanced is the charming sight,
Here fragrant herbs their odours shed, Here shoots the healing plant,

Here fragrant herbs their odours shed, Here shoots the healing plant,
here shoots the healing plant,

here shoots the healing plant.

With copious fruit the expanded boughs are hung;

In leafy arches twine the shady groves; Over
lofty hills majestic forests wave, majestic forests wave.

verdure clad the fields appear, delightful to the ravished sense;

By flowers sweet and gay enhanced is the charming sight, enhanc

hanced is the charming sight.
fragrant herbs their odors shed, Here shoots the healing plant,

here shoots the healing plant.

Here fragrant herbs their odors shed, Here shoots the

the healing plant, the healing plant,

here shoots the healing plant.
The Creation.

Recitative and Aria.

Recit.
Allegro.

And God said:

Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

Aria.

Moderato. (d = 104)
On mighty pens uplifted soars the eagle aloft, the eagle aloft, and cleaves the air in swiftest flight, in swiftest flight to the blazing sun, to the blazing sun.

His welcome bids to mourn the merry lark, his welcome bids to mourn the merry lark;
dolce

and coo-ing, and coo-ing

calls the tender dove his mate, calls the tender dove his mate,

and coo-ing, and coo-ing calls the tender

dove his mate, calls the tender dove his mate.

On mighty pens uplifted soars the eagle a-loft;
His welcome bids to morn the merry lark;
and cooing, and cooing
calls the tender dove his mate, calls the tender
dove his mate, and cooing, and cooing calls the tender dove his mate,
calls the tender dove his mate, the ten-
der dove his mate.

From ev-ry bush and
grove re-sound the night-ingale's de-light-ful notes;
grief affected yet her breast, Nor to a

mournful tale were tun'd Her soft,

her soft, enchanting lays, her

soft,
her soft, enchanting lays.

No grief affronted yet her breast,
Nor to a mournful tale were tundi. Her soft,
her soft, enchanting lays,

enchanting lays, her soft,
leggiero

enchanted lays, her soft, enchanting lays.
The Seasons.
Recitative and Aria.

Poco Adagio. (dotted)

Jos. Haydn.

Recit. p

O welcome now, ye groves and bow'rs!

Ye lofty pines, ye aged oaks! Whose branches lend a cooling shade;

And
sweetly to the listening ear

In murmurs whispering speak.

downy moss the purling brook
its liquid silver

rolls;

And heath the
shade, with soothing hum,
The sportive insects play.

The balm-y scent of fragrant herbs

On zephyr's wing is borne,

and from the evening bow'r is

heard

The shepherds' tuneful lay.
Aria.
Adagio. (d-86.)

O how pleasing to the senses comes the sweet and cooling breeze!
Beams the eye with joy expanded, as the stream of life pervades the vigo-rat-ed frame, as the stream of life pervades.
vades—th'in-viso-ri-gated frame.

O how pleasing to the senses Comes the sweet and cooling breeze!

dolce

sempre legato Beams the eye with joy ex-

pectant,

As the stream of life,

stream of life pervades Th'in-viso-ri-gated, th'inv-

creased.
Allegro assai \textit{(}\textit{d} = 148\textit{)}

vigorous frame.

Delight uplifts the heart, And fancy's magic pow'r, and fancy's magic

O'er

nature bears the soul On sweet enchanted wing;
O'er nature beareth the soul, on sweet, on sweet, on sweet enchanted wing; O'er nature beareth the soul, on sweet, on sweet enchanted wing.
heart, And fancy's magic pow'r O'er nature
bears the soul On sweet enchanted wing,
on sweet enchanted wing, enchanted
en-chant ed, en-chant ed
wings.
Saul.

Recitative and Aria.

**English version by**

**Dr. Th. Baker.**

**Maestoso.**

**Recit.**

**FERD. HILLER.**

**Voice.**

Hail, David, our deliverer!

**Piano.**

Now prostrate, now prostrate lies the overweening foe!

The shepherd slain hath overthrown him quite!

Delivered, delivered is the land by his arm, the daring, youthful hero!
Andante mosso. ($d=80$)

fled, the gloomy powers, Like as a dream of night,

we went from Shiloh's towers Praising Jehovah's might, praising Jehovah's might.
The
mountain and the valley, The cedars and the palms, Rejoicing all did

rally
to echo, echo
don our psalms.

The mountain, the cedars and the palms, The mountain, and the valley, The cedars and the palms, Re-
joicing all did rally, rejoicing all did rally To

echo, echo on our psalms.

Animato. con spirito
We told of God, the praises, Now sing aloud his name Who
us from bondage raises, And doth up-lift, and doth up-lift from shame.

Allegro. (d=92.)

dolce, con anima

A round thy locks entwining I lay a garland fair, I lay a garland fair,

Bright as a royal diadem
It shines in radiance rare, it shines in radiance rare,
poco riten.

Bright it shines in radiance rare, bright it shines in radiance

A round thy locks 

twining I lay a garland fair, I lay a garland

Bright as a royal
diadem, bright, bright as a royal diadem

shines, it shines, it shines in radiance rare,

it shines in radiance rare, Bright as a royal diadem

it shines, it shines in radiance, in colla parte

radiance rare.
Moses.

Aria.

Andante.

Piano.

S. de LANGE.

How beau-ti-ful, how beau-ti-ful are Thy_dwell-ing_s, O_

Lord, how beau-ti-ful, how beau-ti-ful, O Lord of Su-baoth!

How beau-ti-ful, how beau-ti-ful!

Poco animato

My_soul doth long for the
courts of the Lord, the courts of the Lord, in a waste and
barren land.
My heart and my
flesh crieth out for Thee, the living God. Thy right
Tempo I.

molto espressivo
hand doth protect me and shield me, Thy right
hand doth protect me and shield me, O Lord,
Lord of Sabaoth! How beautiful, how beautiful are Thy dwellings!

Recit.
For one day, one day in Thy courts is better, O Lord,

better than a thousand elsewhere. I had rather be a
door-keeper in the house of my God, then to dwell, to dwell in the
How beautiful, how beautiful are Thy dwellings, O Lord!

How beautiful, how beautiful, O Lord of Sabaoth! My soul doth long for the courts of the Lord, the courts of the Lord, in a waste and barren land.
Thy right hand doth protect me, Thy right hand doth protect me and shield me, O Lord,

Lord of Sabaoth! How beautiful, how beautiful are Thy dwellings, O Lord,

Lord of Sabaoth!
Mary Magdalen.
Recitative and Aria.

J. MASSENET.

Lento. (d=52.)
Piano.

Recit. p tranquillo

'Tis in vain that I seek a retreat still and lonely, Where my remorse might find me only, And my tears could unceasingly flow, Repentance alone can bestow, A calmness and a peace that the world cannot know.
Aria.

"Twas even here those words were spoken By him, whose gentle

a tempo dolce

accents could soothe my grief, And here this poor heart nearly bro-

espressivo con calore

ken, From that loved voice implores relief._ Have you not heard him, that

dolce

stranger holy, God-like, and yet meek and lowly? All that
flows from His lips has a kindness divine, All is divine in its
kindness. List, only list, for those hopes He gave,

Yes, the hopes that He gave me, Came from all my

sins to save me, And over my darkness to shine.
Ah, would He come once more to cheer me, My fears would be
still, my doubts would be o'er, Dark thoughts would ne'er a-

gain come near me, Joy and Faith would reign in my soul ev-
er-more.

Tempo I.
dolce

Have you not heard him, that stranger holy, God-like, and yet meek and

low-

-ly? All that flows from His lips has a kindness di-vine,
All is divine in its kindliness. List, only list, for those

più dolce

hopes He gave, Yes, the hopes that He gave me.

Came, from all my sins to save me, and over my darkness to

colla voce

shine.
Adagio. (§ = so.)

Hear ye, Isra-ell! hear what the Lord speaketh: "Oh, hadst thou heed-ed, heed-ed my commandments!" Hear ye, Isra-ell!

Hear what the Lord speaketh: "Oh hadst thou heed-ed, heed-ed my com-

mandments, Oh hadst thou heed-ed, heed-ed my commandments, Oh hadst thou
heeded my commandments!"  Who hath believed our report?  to whom is the arm, the arm of the Lord revealed?  to whom is the arm, the arm of the Lord revealed?  Hear ye, Israel, hear ye, Israel, hear ye, Israel! hear what the Lord speaketh: "Oh, hadst thou heed, heed, my commandments! Oh, hadst thou heed, heed,
Oh, hadst thou heeded my commandments?

Hear ye,

Isra-iel! Isra-iel! hear what the Lord speaketh!

Recitative.

Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Isra-iel, and his Holy One, to

him oppressed by Tyrants; Thus saith the Lord:

"I, I am He that com-fort-eth; Be not a-fraid, be not a-fraid, for I am thy God;"
I, I am He that comforteth, be not afraid, be not afraid; for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, for I, thy God, will strengthen thee. Say, who art thou? Say who art thou, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die;
poco piú tranquillo

and for-get-test the Lord, the Lord, thy Mak-er,

cresc. e piú agitato

who hath stretch-ed forth the heav-ens,

cresc.

and laid the earth's foun-da-tions, the earth's foun-

da-tions? Say, who art thou? I,

cresc.

I am He that com-fort-eth; Be not a-fraid, be not a-
fraid, for I, I am thy God; Be not a-

fraid, be not a-fraid, I

am thy God; Be not a-fraid, be not a-

fraid, for I, thy God,

will strengthen thee!
St. Paul.
Aria.

Adagio. (d = 84.)

F. MENDELSSOHN.
ston - est them which are sent un - to thee,

* ston - est them which are sent, are

sent un - to thee;

dolce

how of - ten would I have gather'd un-to Me thy

poco cresc.

chil - dren, and ye would not, and ye would

dim.
not!
Jerusalem!
Jerusalem!

Thou that kill-est the Pro-
phets, thou that

ston-est them which are sent unto thee!

Jer-

ru-

sal-

em!
Jerusalem!

Jer-

ru-

sal-

em!
The Seven last Words.

Aria.

Andante mosso, un poco agitato. ($d = 80.$)

S. MERCADANTE.

p expressivo con doloroso accento

Thousands of sins oppress me! Guilty I must confess me! And all, O Lord! Thou knowest, Yet on me grace be-
stow - est,  In thy all - boun - teous mer - cy, To
look to Thee a - bove, And humbly hope for par - don, In Thy nev - er - end - ing

a tempo  p cantabile

love, a tempo  Ah! when I pon - der On the words of Thy

prayer, I pause in wonder At the love that could

a tempo  pp  spare!  Then do I, then
do I, then do I feel and

I may be pardoned

I may be, may be pardoned, pardoned,
par-doned, I feel, I may be par-doned, I

may be par-doned too; I feel and know, I feel and

know that I may be par-doned too, I feel and

know, I feel and know that I may be par-doned too, ah!

I may be par-doned, I may be pardoned too.
Abraham.
Aria.

Allegretto. \( \text{(}\!\! \text{mf} \!\! \text{)} \text{mf energico} \)

I will exalt Thee, my God, O King, and I will praise Thy name forevermore. I will exalt Thee, my God, O King, and I will praise Thy name forevermore.

dolce e più tranquillo

Thy mercy, O Lord, is great above the heavens, and
truth reacheth unto the clouds, Thy mercy, O Lord, is great above the heavens, and Thy truth reacheth unto the clouds, Thy truth, Thy

truth reacheth unto the clouds. Thou openest Thine

hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Thou openest Thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living
thing.

I will ex-tol_Thee, my God, O

King, and I will bless Thy name for ev-er—more. I will ex-

al_Thee, my God, O King, I will ex-

largamente

King, and I will praise Thy Name for ev-er—more.

col canto

Allegro moderato. (dotted)

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed,
He is gracious, and full of compassion,

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,

He is gracious, and full of compassion, and

full of compassion, He is nigh unto all
them, He is nigh unto all them

that call upon Him, that call upon Him,

and to them that walk in His ways, and to all

them that call upon Him.

But the wick-ed shall He cut off from the earth, and the trans-
gressors shall be root-ed out of it, but the wick-ed shall He cut
off from the earth, and the transgressors shall be root-ed out of
it, the trans-gress-ors shall be root-ed out of it.
Great is the
Lord, great is the Lord and greatly to be prais-ed,
He is gracious, full of compassion, let all

flesh bless His holy Name, let all flesh,

let all flesh bless His holy Name.
I will sing unto the
Lord a new song.
Lord, Thou art glorious, Wonderful in strength, Thou art clothed with majesty and honor:
Let all creatures serve Thee:
Thou spakest, and they were made:
Thou didst send forth Thy Spirit, and created them:
There is none that can resist Thy
voice.
The mountains shall be moved from their foun-
dations in the waters, The rocks shall melt like wax at Thy presence, The foundations of the earth shall shake, they shall reel to and
fro like a drunkard, when the Lord is come to execute judgment.

Yet is He merciful to them that seek Him; And they that trust in Him shall be even as Mount Zion, which may not be removed, but

---

157
Animandosi

standeth fast for ever.

Poco più mosso

Animandosi

For e'en as the mountains stand about Jerusalem, so

mfcresc.

standeth the Lord about His people from this time forth

cresc.

f

s con spiriti

— for ever more.

Break forth, break
forth into singing, break forth into

con brio

singing, for the Lord

Allegrò molto. (d=132)

hath delivered His people Israel.

rit. col canto

allarg.
The Resurrection of Lazarus.

Recitative and Aria.

RAOUL PUGNO.

Moderato.

Recit.

Yea, mystery supreme by the tomb is concealed,

And the grave is the threshold of a blest reward! They who

dying trust in the Lord, Shall find joys eternal revealed.

Recit.  a tempo

But if thro' death, O Lord,

18754
Recit.

*a tempo*

molto riten.

alone we joy may know,

What sorrows are for

molto rit.

them remaining here below!

a tempo

col canto

stretto

dolceiss. e lento

What sorrows are for them remaining here below!

col canto

Aria.
Andantino.

i.h.

p sostenuto
p dolce con anima

Thou, to whom Galilee kneel-eth in adoration, Who re-stor-est the soul, in hope-less des-o-la-tion,

p subito

All calm and pure de-light, joys never-more to wane! Al-might-y Prophet

Thou, the Ho-ly Ghost in-spires Thee! Mas-ter and lov-ing

animato molto cresc.
Friend, my heart alone desires Thee! My sighing and my prayers, shall they all be in vain?

largemente col canto

molto ritenuto
Un-\text{-}count-\text{-}ed \ mir-\text{a}-\text{cles} \ Thou \ hast \ wrought \ for \ our \ won-\text{-}der,

Thou \ a\text{-}fore\text{-}time \ did\text{st} \ part \ the \ o\text{-}cean\text{-}waves \ a\text{-}sun-\text{der}, \ Their \ stormy,

war\text{-}ring \ tide \ Thy \ word \ a\text{-}\text{lon}-\text{e} \ might \ tame! \ Prais\text{-}ing \ Thy \ lo\text{-}ving

kind\text{-}ness \ all \ the \ na\text{-}tions \ are \ bend\text{-}ing! \ For \ Thy \ di\text{-}\text{vine} \ com-
passion, O Christ! is never-ending! Ah! now forsake them not, who believe on Thy name! Ah! now forsake them not, who believe on Thy name! Almighty Prophet

Thou! Almighty Prophet Thou!
Jephtha and his Daughter.
Aria.

C. REINTHALER.

Andante quasi Adagio.

Why art thou cast down,

O—my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Why art thou cast down, O—my soul? and why art thou,

thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God, hope thou, for I yet shall praise

Him, who is the health, who is the health, who is the health, the

health of my countenance, the health of my countenance.

Hope thou in God! Hope thou in God!
walk in the valley of the shadow of death,
walk in the valley of the shadow of death,
the valley of the shadow of death,
Yet will I fear no evil, for Thou art with
me, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they

dim. dolce
comfort me; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy

staff, they comfort me, they comfort

con abbandono


Why art thou cast down,

0—my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God, hope thou in God, who is the health, who is the health, the health of my countenance, the health of my countenance. Hope thou in God! Hope thou in God!
Paradise Lost.

Aria.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

English version by
Dr. Th. Baker.

Andante con moto. ($= 69$)

Tho' all triumphant, the heav'nly powers,
As they shall e'er the victory gain,

Tho' all triumphant, the heav'nly powers,
As they shall e'er the victory gain,
Yet what is lost unto man forever
The faithful

Shepherd views with pain, Yet what is lost unto

cantabile

man for ever The faithful Shepherd views with

p espress.

pain. cantabile

Tho' all triumphant, tri-
umphant the heav'nly pow'rs,
As they shall
e'er, e'er
the vic'try

Yet what is lost, yet
what is lost un-to man for ev-er
The faithful Shepherd, the faithful Shepherd
views with pain.

Tho' all triumphant
the heavenly

powers,
As they shall e'er, as they shall

e'er, e'er the victory gain,
Tempo I.

Yet what is lost to man for ever. The faithful Shepherd views with pain,
yet what is lost, yet what is lost he views with pain.
Calvary.
Recitative and Aria.

LOUIS SPOHR.

Recit.

Hast Thou for me a look, a thought? In bitter torment is Thy love un-

shaken? I live again! Our love o'er death itself shall triumph. My

soul, henceforth this sinful world forgetting, to heaven aspire, where pain is known no

more, nor sin, nor death, but every murmur dies; where all Thy chosen saints, at Thy right

hand, in endless joy shall dwell with Thee for ever.
Aria.
Larghetto. (\( \text{\textgreek{d}} \text{\textgreek{f}} = 100. \))

When this scene of trouble closes,
Lord, in Thee my trust reposes:
Love divine shall be my stay.

In that hour Thou wilt protect me,

And Thy mercy will direct me, While un

murm'ring I o

bey, while un-murm'ring
Vainly shall the grave close o'er him,

Death is powerless before him, To Thee,

Father, he ascends:

*dolce e tranquillo*

There where sorrows cease to grieve us,
He will to himself receive us, One in Three, our Father,

Friend! One in Three, our Father,

p cantabile

Friend!

When this scene of trouble

closes,

Lord, in Thee my trust repose,
Love divine shall be my stay:
In that hour Thou wilt protect me,
And Thy mercy will direct me, While un
murm'ring

bey, while unmurm'ring, while un
The Golden Legend.

Aria.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante. (d – 72.)

My Re-

dolce

deem - er and my Lord, I be - seech Thee, I' en - treat Thee,

Guide me in each act and word, That here - af - ter I may meet Thee,

Watching, waiting, hop - ing, yearning, With my lamp well trimm'd and burn - ing.
If my fee - ble prayer can reach Thee,

O, my Sav - iour, I beseech Thee, Let me fol - low where Thou lead - est,

Let me, bleeding as Thou bleed - est, Die, if dy - ing I may give

Life to one who asks to live; And more nearly, dy - ing thus, re -

sem - ble Thee,

O, my Sav - iour,
Let me die, if dying I may give life to one who asks to live, and dying thus, more nearly resemble Thee:

saviour, my redeemer and my Lord.
The Light of the World.

Recitative and Aria.

Andante moderato. \( \text{d} \ 69. \)  

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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Recit.

Where have they laid Him? who will roll away the stone?

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I shall go to Him, but He shall not re-
turn to me. Woe is me, woe is me, for the Lord hath added grief to my sorrow. I fainted in my sighing, And I find no rest!

Aria
Moderato. (d = so.)

Lord, why hidest Thou Thy face? Lord,

why hidest Thou Thy face? why hidest Thou Thy face?
Lover and friend hast Thou put away from me,

and hid my acquaintance out of my sight; Lover and

friend hast Thou put away from me, and hid my ac-

quaintance out of my sight.
I am in misery and at the point to die. Lord, why sleepest Thou?

why sleepest Thou? Lord, a-

Appassionato.

wake, awake! and be not colla voce

Tempo I.

absent from us for ev-

Lord,
why hid-est Thou Thy face?  Lord, why hid-est Thou Thy face?

motto cresc.

why hid-est Thou Thy face?  Lover and friend hast Thou

cresc.

put a-way from me, and hid my ac-quain-tance

con dolore

out of my sight;  I am in mis-er-y and at the

poco cresce.

point to die.  Lord, why sleepest
Allegro vivace. (\( \dot{q} = 200 \))

Thou? why sleep - est Thou?

f marcato

\( f \) con energiā

A - wake! Thou that sleep - est, a - wake! Thou that sleep - est! and a - rise from the dead!
Harvest Cantata.
Recitative and Aria.

Allegro. ($=100$)

Yet not alone of labor comes our plenty.

How blest is he that trusts in God, Who giveth all things we enjoy.

The earth is clothed in all her summer beauty and autumn wealth, by God's own hand. Through Him in all our works we prosper.
He keeps us safe from every foe. Though pain and danger may as

sail us, God sends a message of protection, and by His word a happy issue

Aria.
Con moto. \( \text{d} = \text{se} \)

comes.

Then does memory turn to days now passed a-

way, when all our life seemed by sorrow over-whelm'd. Oh, what
sorrow, oh, what anguish seiz'd us, poor ones,
dolce con

while before the mercy-seat of God we laid us, mingling

prayer's with bitter weeping, with bitter weeping.

dolor

Andantino ($= 60$)  

Guard us, Lord, for sake us

never; May Thy grace be ours for ever; Make us
trust Thy mighty hand, make us trust Thy mighty hand,

hand, make us trust Thy mighty hand; Lord, we pray Thee,

Lord, we pray Thee, From misfortune keep our land.

Allegro. \( \text{d} = 138 \) p Recit.

The gracious

tranquillo

Father hears us when we call; For us He stretches forth His saving
Aria. Allegro vivace. ($d = 132$)

Arm, And we, that low before His footstool fall,

Take of mercy, and escape from harm.

Once more we see, once more we see the good by God expressed;

He cared for us, we in His care confided,
He car'd for us, we___ in His care, con-fid-ed.

children

The hearts of children are a father's own,

p poco a poco cresce.

If he for kindness, if he for kindness,

and for truth, for truth is known, and for truth, for truth__ is
known, is known.

What we have sown, what we have sown, at length is ripe for harvest.

harvest, is ripe for harvest, while peace has o'er us shined.

The hearts of children