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ORATORIO,

SAMSON,

(COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1742,)

IN VOCAL SCORE, WITH A SEPARATE ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE ORGAN OR PIANOFORTE,

ARRANGED BY

VINCENT NOVELLO.

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PREFACE.

At page 28 of this volume, a note refers to certain passages in various parts of *Samson*, which are distinguished by ☞ ☜, and which were omitted in the edition published by Walsh. The plates for Walsh's edition were corrected by Handel himself, so that the omissions must have been known to him, and were, doubtless, in conformity with his wishes, and it was, therefore, with some hesitation that the passages in question were admitted into the present edition; but as the Oratorio may be readily performed in conformity with Handel's wishes, by omitting all the passages enclosed between these marks, ☞ (which marks the beginning) and ☜ (which marks the end), showing what was originally left out, it was at length decided to insert the passages in the present volume, which might otherwise have been considered incomplete.

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It is not, perhaps, generally known that the original manuscript scores of Handel's Oratorios, in the hand-writing of the Composer, and also the copies made by his amanuensis, Mr. Smith, were purchased by His late Majesty King George III., and that they are now the property of Her Majesty the Queen, who has most graciously granted access to them for the purpose of a careful examination and comparison of the originals with the copy prepared for the present editions.

The words of the Oratorio of *Samson* are chiefly selected from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, and the compilation is supposed to have been made by Newburgh Hamilton, who added what was necessary to make a connected dramatic Oratorio. In Handel's original score there are long continuations of the words for recitatives, written between two staffs, to which Handel has not added music, and some few which have music, but which have been crossed through with the pen, and are not copied in the score made by Mr. Smith. A minute transcript of these recitatives was made with the intention of reprinting them in this place, but they would occupy much space without corresponding interest; some of them are foolish and trifling: thus, instead of the short

recitative, page 190, "Heaven, what noise," &c., there comes; "That cry from slaughter of one foe could not ascend! What shall we do?—stay here? or run and see?" &c. &c. Handel was apparently induced to adapt music to much more of these recitatives than he afterwards found effective for performance; and it is to be regretted that the zeal of after editors should have replaced what Handel so evidently rejected, especially as Dr. Clarke Whitfeld has done in his edition of Handel, where the recitatives are given without the slightest indication of where the omissions may be made, but the whole are printed without comment. The earliest copy of *Samson* in which the restorations occur, is in a reprint of the Full Score by William Randall (the successor to Walsh), where the recitatives in question are given in an appendix, and a notice, by way of preface, of which the following is a copy:—

TO THE PUBLICK.

Having been favoured with a Score of this Oratorio, wherein are many Recitatives, as they were originally Set, but never performed; It has Induced me to insert them here by way of appendix. It is natural to Suppose that upon tryal, Mr. Handel found the Recitatives too long, and Curtailed them as they stand in the text.

To the admirers of that Inimitable Genius, I hope they will not be unacceptable in this New Edition.

The Generous Encouragement I have received in the Publication of his Works, in a more Correct and Elegant manner than they have hitherto appeared in, will excite my emulation to continue my best Endeavours to Deserve the Continuance of the favour of the Publick and think my-self in Duty Bound to them, and in Justice to the Merit of Mr. Handel to Publish the Remainder of his Works in as compleat a manner as Possible, And am, with the most grateful Sence of the favours I have received from the Publick,

Their most Devoted

Humble Servant

Wm. RANDALL.

N.B.—Please to Observe that from this Mark [☞] to this [☜] in every Recitative is as it was Originally Set.

In Handel's MS. of *Samson* there occur pencil memoranda of the names of the singers to whom the various parts were assigned: as, Mrs. Clive, Sig^{a}. Avolio (to "Ye men of Gaza"), Miss Edwards and Boys, Mr. Low. The part of Micah was first sung by Miss Edwards, and afterwards slightly altered for Sig^{r}. Guadagni.

There are two dates on the MS., one at the end of 2nd part, "Oct. 11, 1741," and another "Finished Oct. 12, 1742." It seems to have been produced at Covent Garden the year following, viz., Lent, 1743, where it appears to have been remarkably well received, and to have been the turning point of Handel's return to success after some years of ill-fortune. It was the commencement of that series of Oratorios which he continued with uninterrupted success until

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the 6th April, 1759, eight days before his death. The Oratorio was a great favourite with the Composer, who is said to have considered it so nearly equal to *The Messiah* that he could not determine which should take precedence of the other. Dr. Burney relates, that Handel, in his latter years, after the calamity of blindness had befallen him, could never hear the air "Total Eclipse," without being moved to tears.

It may be considered appropriate and interesting to give here a chronological list of Handel's Oratorios, which was drawn up by Mr. Vincent Novello from the original manuscript scores in the possession of her Majesty Queen Victoria:—

No. 1. La Resurezzione (The Resurrection). An Italian Oratorio . . 1708.

[It is dated April 11th, with the following memorandum, in Handel's own writing:—"Roma, La Festa di Pasque, del Marchese Ruspoli," from which it appears that this very early specimen of Handel's Oratorio style, was composed "For the Festival of Easter," during his visit to Italy, and whilst he was residing at the Palace of the Marquis Ruspoli, at Rome.]

No. 2. Acis and Galatea.

[In Italian, but without any date attached to the manuscript. It was, however, most probably written during Handel's visit to Italy, about the same date as the preceding Oratorio. In its entire construction, it is quite a *different work* from the English Serenata, by Gay, which is published under the same title; and although decidedly inferior in poetical elevation of style to the English work, yet the Italian production contains several interesting specimens of the Handelian School of counterpoint; amongst the rest, a well written characteristic Trio, and a still finer Quartett.]

No. 3. Esther . . . 1720.

[There are two copies of this, which was the *first* English Oratorio written by Handel, and which was composed at "Canons," the magnificent and princely Estate of the Duke of Chandos. The *small* manuscript is without date, but the *large-size* score has the above year marked on it.]

No. 4. Deborah . . . 1733.

[This was said to have been given at the Haymarket about 1729 or 30.]

No. 5. Athalia . . . 1733.

[First performed at Oxford, 1733.]

No. 6. Acis and Galatea (Serenata) . 1735.

[This copy is entirely different from the Italian work described above as No. 2: it contains, in Handel's autograph at the end of the book, as a kind of appendix, a Chorus (in F, $\frac{3}{4}$ time), beginning "Smiling Venus, Queen of Love," which is *not to be found* in any of the *printed* copies that I have hitherto met with; although it is well worthy of preservation (by being engraved and published). The MS. is, in other respects, not quite perfect, a few Pieces having apparently been lost before the volume was bound for preservation in the Royal Library.]

No. 7. Alexander's Feast . . 1736.

[Produced at Covent Garden.]

No. 8. Ode for Cecilia's Day . . 1736.

No. 9. Israel in Egypt . . 1738.

[On this autograph of his most sublime Choral work the Composer has made a memorandum, stating that it was "*finished* on the 1st of Nov., 1738."]

No. 10. L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso . 1740.

No. 11. Saul . . . 1740.

No. 12. Messiah . . . 1741.

[This autograph copy has fortunately had great care taken of it, and is in an excellent state of preservation.]

No. 13. Samson . . . 1742.

No. 14. Belshazzar . . . 1743.

No. 15. Semele . . . 1743.

No. 16. Joseph . . . 1743.

[There is also a *large*-size score, dated 1746.]

No. 17. Hercules . . . 1744.

No. 18. Occasional Oratorio . . 1745.

[The *large*-size score is dated 1746.]

No. 19. Judas Maccabæus . . 1746.

No. 20. Joshua . . . 1747.

No. 21. Alexander Balus . . 1747.

No. 22. Susanna . . . 1748.

[On the *large*-size score it is marked 1749. In Handel's life, published 1760, the date given is 9th Aug., 1743.]

No. 23. Solomon . . . 1749.

[Idem, 13 June, 1748.]

No. 24. Theodora . . . 1749.

No. 25. Jephtha . . . 1751.

No. 29. Time and Truth . . 1757.

[A revival of "Il Trionfo del Tempo," a composition made at Rome many years before.]

Handel's death took place on Good-Friday, in the year 1759, when he had attained the age of 75. His memory will ever be held in the most profound respect and veneration by all sterling musicians.

VINCENT NOVELLO,
Craven Hill Cottage, Bayswater.

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SAMSON.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED

SAMSON.	HARAPHA, *a giant of Gath.*	VIRGINS, *attendant upon Dalila.*
MICAH, *his friend.*	ISRAELITISH MESSENGER.	ISRAELITES, *friends of Samson.*
MANOAH, *his father.*	ISRAELITISH WOMAN.	ISRAELITISH VIRGINS.
DALILA, *his wife.*	PRIESTS OF DAGON.	PHILISTINES.

ARGUMENT.

PART I.—Samson, blind and captive to the Philistines, being relieved from his toil by a Festival in honour of Dagon their god, comes forth into the open air.—The priests of Dagon sing in praise of their idol.—Samson bemoaning his condition, is visited by his friends and his father Manoah, who join in bewailing his degradation.—Samson acknowledging the justice of his punishment, predicts that Dagon will not be allowed to triumph over the God of Israel.—Micah and his friends express a hope that Samson's prediction may be verified.—Samson, however, declares his hopes to be gone, his nature declining, and his life drawing to a close.—Upon which, his friends recount to him the joy and peace that his spirit will realize in the eternal world.

PART II.—Micah and the Israelites call upon God to have pity on Samson.—Dalila, his wife, then appears, and pretending penitence and submission, entreats him to go home with her. He refuses to listen to her entreaties; a scene of mutual recrimination ensues, and they separate. His friends assert the ordained subjection of the wife to the husband.—Harapha, a giant of Gath, then approaches, attracted by the fame of Samson's prodigious might, and boasts how he would have overcome him had he encountered him before his captivity.—Samson dares him to a trial now, which he refuses, and is taunted by Samson with cowardice.—Micah proposes, as a test of who is the supreme God, that Harapha should call upon Dagon, to try his power over Samson.—The Israelites prostrate themselves before Jehovah, and supplicate His delivering aid.—Harapha calls upon Dagon, and the worshippers of that idol appeal to him for protection and succour; after which, the Israelites and Philistines jointly, but in opposition to each other, celebrate the majesty, power, and supremacy of their respective deities.

PART III.—Harapha is sent by the Philistine lords to bid Samson attend their festival, to exhibit his strength before them, which at first he refuses to do.—His friends, perplexed for his safety, call upon God for help.—Samson, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, yields to go along with Harapha, who comes again with great threatenings to fetch him.—Samson departs, invoking the aid of that Spirit with which he had formerly been inspired.—His friends cheer him on, and declare him to be fulfilling the call, and under the guidance of Heaven. Manoah returns to tell his friends his hopes of obtaining Samson's release. The Priests of Dagon are heard to celebrate the praises of their idol for subduing their foe.—Micah and Manoah hear the shouts of joy, and the latter again manifests his paternal solicitude for Samson.—An appalling, loud, and confused noise is heard, succeeded by wailings and cries for help.—An Israelitish messenger arrives in breathless haste, and relates to the relations and friends of Samson the fearful news of his having pulled down the Philistine temple, and buried his enemies and himself in its ruins.—Micah, and the Israelites, lament his fall.—A Dead March is heard, and his body approaches on its way to the tomb; and Manoah and Micah and the Israelites, perform the funeral rites.

Part the First.

OVERTURE.

SCENE.—*Before the Prison in Gaza.*

SAMSON, *blind and in chains. Attendant leading him.*

RECIT.—*Samson.*

This day, a solemn feast to Dagon held
Relieves me from my task of servile toil;
Unwillingly their superstition yields
This rest, to breathe heav'n's air, fresh blowing,
pure, and sweet.

Enter a troop of the PRIESTS *and* WORSHIPPERS *of* DAGON, *celebrating his festival.*

CHORUS.—*Priests, &c.*

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

AIR.—*Philistine Woman.*

Ye men of Gaza, hither bring
The merry pipe and pleasing string,
The solemn hymn, and cheerful song;
Be Dagon prais'd by every tongue.

CHORUS.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

AIR.*—*Priest.*

Loud as the thunder's awful voice,
In notes of triumph, notes of praise,
So high great Dagon's name we'll raise,
That heav'n and earth may hear how we rejoice.

CHORUS.*

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

Those Pieces marked thus * are usually omitted

AIR.*—*Philistine Woman.*

Then free from sorrow, free from thrall,
All blithe and gay.
With sports and play,
We'll celebrate his festival.

RECIT.—*Samson.*

Why by an Angel was my birth foretold?
As in a fiery column ascending
From off the altar in my parent's sight,
Why was my nurture order'd and prescrib'd,
As of a person separate to God,
If I must die betray'd, and captiv'd thus,
The scorn and gaze of foes? O cruel thought,
My griefs find no redress; they inward prey,
Like gangren'd wounds, immedicable grown.

AIR.*

Torments, alas! are not confin'd
To heart, or head, or breast;
But will a secret passage find
Into the very inmost mind,
With pains intense oppress'd,
That rob the soul itself of rest.

RECIT.*—*Micah.*

O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies with languish'd head unprop'd,
Abandon'd! past all hope! can this be he?
Heroic Samson? whom no strength of man,
Nor fury of the fiercest beast could quell?
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid!
Ran weaponless on armies clad in iron,
Useless the temper'd steel, or frock of mail.

AIR.*

O mirror of our fickle state,
In birth, in strength, in deeds, how great!
From highest glory fall'n so low,
Sunk in the deep abyss of woe.

RECIT.*—*Samson.*

Whom have I to complain of but myself,
Who heav'n's great trust could not in silence keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it?
O glorious strength, O impotence of mind!
But without wisdom, what does strength avail?
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall!
God, when he gave it, hung it in my hair,
To show how slight the gift.
But peace, my soul!
Strength was my bane, the source of all my woes:
Each told a part would ask a life to wail.

Micah.

Matchless in might! once Israel's glory, now her grief!
We come (thy friends well known) to visit thee.
If words have charms to 'suage thy troubled mind,
We'll pour their balm into its fester'd wounds.

Samson.

Welcome, my friends! Experience teaches now,
How counterfeit the coin of friendship is,
That's only in the superscription shown.
In the warm sunshine of our prosp'rous days,
Friends swarm: but in the winter of adversity,
Draw in their heads; tho' sought, not to be found.

Micah.

Which shall we first bewail, thy bondage or lost sight?

Samson.

O loss of sight! of thee I most complain.
O worse than beggary, old age, or chains!
My very soul in real darkness dwells!

AIR.

Total eclipse! no sun, no moon,
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus deprived Thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me.

RECIT.* *Accompanied.—Micah.*

Since light so necessary is to life,
That in the soul 'tis almost life itself,
Why to the tender eye is sight confin'd so obvious,
And so easy to be quench'd?
Why not as feeling,
Thro' all parts diffused,
That we may look at will thro' ev'ry pore?

CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

O first-created beam, and thou, great word,
Let there be light! and light was over all;
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball,
To Thy dark servant, life, by light afford.

RECIT.*—*Samson.*

Ye see, my friends, how woes enclose me round;
But had I sight, how could I heave my head
For shame? Thus for a word, or tear, divulge
To a false woman God's most secret gift,
And then be sung, or proverb'd for a fool.

Micah.

The wisest men have err'd, and been deceiv'd by female arts.
Deject not then thyself, who has of griefs a load;
Yet men will ask, why did not Samson rather wed at home?
In his own tribe are fairer, or as fair.

Samson.

O that I had! Alas! fond wish too late!
That specious monster, Dalilah, my snare! myself the cause,
Who, vanquish'd by her tears, gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

Enter MANOAH.

Micah.

Here comes thy rev'rend sire, Old Manoah,
With careful steps, and locks as white as down.

Samson.

Alas! another grief that name awakes.

Manoah.

Brethren, and men of Dan, say where's my son,
Samson, fond Israel's boast? Inform my age.

Micah.

As signal now in low dejected state,
As in the height of pow'r: see where he lies!

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RECIT. *Accompanied.—Manoah.*

O miserable change! is this the man
Renown'd afar, the dread of Israel's foes,
Who with an Angel's strength their armies [quell'd,
Himself an army; now unequal match
To guard his breast against the coward's spear?

AIR.*

God of our fathers, what is man?
So proud, so vain, so great in story,
His fame a blast, his life a span,
A bubble at the height of glory,
Oft he that is exalted high,
Unseemly falls in human eye.

RECIT. *Accompanied.—Manoah.*

The good we wish for often proves our bane;
I pray'd for children, and I gain'd a son,
And such a son, as all men hail'd me happy;
But who'd be now a father in my stead?
The blessing drew a scorpion's tail behind:
This plant (select and sacred, for awhile
The miracle of all), was in one hour
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
His foes' derision, captive, poor and blind.

AIR.

Thy glorious deeds inspir'd my tongue,
Whilst airs of joy from thence did flow;
To sorrows now I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of woe.

RECIT.—*Samson.*

Justly these evils have befall'n thy son.
Sole author I, sole cause;
Who have profan'd the mysteries of God,
By me betray'd to faithless parlies!
Feminine assaults!
To the false fair I yielded all my heart.
So far effeminacy held me yok'd her slave.
O foul indignity! O blot to honour and to arms!

Manoah.

Worse yet remains:
This day they celebrate with pomps and sports,
And sacrifice to Dagon, idol god!
Who gave thee bound and blind, into their hands:
Thus is he magnified,
The living God blasphem'd and scorn'd by that
idolatrous rout.

Samson.

This have I done: this pomp, this honour brought
to idol Dagon;
But to Israel shame, and our true God disgrace.

Accompanied.

My griefs for this forbid mine eyes to close, or
thoughts to rest:
But now the strife shall end; me overthrown,
Dagon presumes to enter lists with God;
Who thus provok'd will not connive, but rouse
His fury soon, and His great Name assert.
Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd
Of all those boasted trophies won on me.

AIR.

Why does the God of Israel sleep?
Arise with dreadful sound,
And clouds encompass'd round,
Then shall the heathen hear Thy thunder deep.
The tempest of Thy wrath now raise,
In whirlwinds them pursue,
Full fraught with vengeance due,
Till shame and trouble all thy foes shall seize.

RECIT.—*Micah.*

There lies our hope, true prophet may'st thou be,
That God may vindicate His glorious Name;
Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord or Dagon.

CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

Then shall they know that He, whose Name
Jehovah, is alone
O'er all the earth but One,
Was ever the Most High, and still the same.

RECIT.—*Manoah.*

For thee, my dearest son,—must thou mean-
while
Lie, thus neglected, in this loathsome plight?

Samson.

It should be so, to expiate my crime, if possible!
Shameful gratuity had I reveal'd the secret of a
Most heinous that: but impiously [friend;
To blast God's counsel! is a sin without a name.

Manoah.

Be for thy fate contrite; [due.
But, O my son, to high disposal leave the forfeit
God may relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Reject not then the offer'd means of life. [thee.
Already have I treated with some lords to ransom
Revenge is sacred now, to see thee thus, who
cannot harm them more.

Samson.

Why should I live?
Soon shall these orbs to double darkness yield.
My genial spirits droop, my hopes are fled;
Nature in me seems weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
Death, invocated oft, shall end my pains,
And lay me gently down with them that rest.

AIR.*—*Micah.*

Then long eternity shall greet your bliss;
No more of earthly joys, so false and vain.

AIR.*

Joys that are pure, sincerely good,
Shall then o'ertake you as a flood.
Where truth and peace do ever shine,
With love that's perfectly divine.

CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

Then round about the starry throne
Of Him who ever rules alone,
Your heavenly-guided soul shall climb;
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crown'd for ever sit,
And triumph over Death, and thee, O Time!

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Part the Second.

SCENE.—*The same.*

SAMSON, MICAH, *and* ISRAELITES.

RECIT.*—*Manoah.*

Despair not thus! you once were God's delight,
His destin'd from the womb, by him led on
To deeds above the nerve of mortal arm.
Under his eye abstemious you grew up,
Nor did the dancing ruby, sparkling, outpour'd,
Allure you from the cool crystalline stream.

Samson.

Where'er the liquid brook or fountain flow'd,
I drank, nor envied man the pleasing grape.
But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete,
Against another object more enticing?
I laid my strength in lust's lascivious lap.

Manoah.

Trust yet in God! thy father's timely care
Shall prosecute the means to free thee hence.
Meantime, all healing words from these thy friends admit.

AIR.*

Just are the ways of God to man,
Let none his secret actions scan;
For all is best, tho' oft we doubt,
Of what his wisdom brings about.
Still his unsearchable dispose,
Blesses the righteous in the close.

RECIT.—*Samson.*

My evils hopeless are, one pray'r remains,
A speedy death to close my miseries.

Micah.

Relieve Thy champion, image of thy strength,
And turn his labours to a peaceful end.

AIR.

Return, O God of hosts! behold
Thy servant in distress,
His mighty griefs redress,
Nor by the heathen be they told.

CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

To dust his glory they would tread,
And number him amongst the dead.

RECIT.—*Micah.*

But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately ship?
With all her streamers waving in the wind,
An odorous perfume her harbinger, a damsel
'Tis Dalila, thy wife? [train behind?

Samson.

My wife, my trait'ress! let her not come near me.

Enter DALILA, *attended by her* VIRGINS.

Micah.

She stands and eyes thee fix'd; with head declin'd
(Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew) she weeps;
Her words address'd to thee seem tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil.

Dalila.

With doubtful feet, and wav'ring resolution,
I come, O Samson, dreading thy displeasure;
But conjugal affection led me on,
Prevailing over fear and tim'rous doubt.
Glad if in aught my help or love could serve to expiate my rash, unthought misdeed.

Samson.

Out, thou hyena! 'twas malice brought thee here!
These are the arts of women false like thee,
To break all vows, repent, deceive, submit,
Then with instructed skill again transgress.
The wisest men have met such bosom snakes,
Beguil'd like me, to ages an example.

Dalila.

I would not lessen my offence, yet beg to weigh it by itself.
What is it then but curiosity?
A small female fault—greedy of secrets but to publish them.
Why would you trust a woman's frailty then,
And to her importunity your strength?
A mutual weakness mutual pardon claims.

Samson.

How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions to upbraid me mine!
I to myself was false ere thou to me.
Bitter reproach! but true.
The pardon, then, I to my folly give: take thou to thine.

AIR.*—*Dalila.*

With plaintive notes and am'rous moan,
Thus coos the turtle left alone.
Like me, averse to each delight,
She wears the tedious widow'd night.
But when her absent mate returns,
With doubled raptures then she burns.

RECIT.*

Alas! th' event was worse than I foresaw.
Fearless at home of partners in my love, 'twas jealousy
Did prompt to keep you there both day and night,
Love's pris'ner, wholly mine.

RECIT.*—*Samson.*

Did love constrain thee? No! 'Twas raging lust.
Love seeks for love: thy treason sought my hate!
In vain you strive to cover shame with shame.
Once join'd to me, tho' judg'd your country's foe,
Parents and all were in the husband lost.

AIR.*

Your charms to ruin led the way,
My sense depraved,
My strength enslaved:
As I did love, you did betray.
How great the curse, how hard my fate,
To pass life's sea with such a mate.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

RECIT.—*Dalila.*

Forgive what s done, nor think of what's past
cure;
Forth from this prison-house come home to me,
Where, with redoubled love, and nursing care
(Tō me glad office!), my virgins and myself
Shall tend about thee to extremest age

AIR.

My faith and truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear me, hear the voice of love;
With love no mortal can be cloy'd,
All happiness is love enjoy'd.

CHORUS.—*Virgins.*

Her faith and truth, O Samson prove;
But hear her, hear the voice of love.

AIR.*—*Dalila.*

To fleeting pleasures make your court,
No moment lose, for life is short;
The present now's our only time,
The missing that our only crime.

CHORUS.*—*Virgins.*

Her faith and truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear her, hear the voice of love.

AIR.*—*Dalila.*

How charming is domestic ease!
A thousand ways I'll strive to please;
Life is not lost, tho' lost your sight:
Let other senses taste delight.

CHORUS.*—*Virgins.*

Her faith and truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear her, hear the voice of love.

RECIT.—*Samson.*

Ne'er think of that, I know thy warbling charms,
Thy trains, thy wiles, and fair enchanted cup.
Their force is null'd. Where once I have been
caught,
I shun the snare. These chains, this prison-
house,
I count the house of liberty to thine.

Dalila.

Let me approach, at least, and touch thy hand.

Samson.

Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee limb from limb.
At distance I forgive:
Depart with that.
Now triumph in thy falsehood, so farewell.

Dalila.

Thou art more deaf to pray'rs than winds or seas.
Thy anger rages an eternal tempest;
Why should I humbly sue for peace,
Thus scorn'd, with infamy upon my name de-
nounc'd?
When in this land I ever shall be held
The first of womankind living or dead.
My praises shall be sung at solemn feasts,
Who sav'd my country from a fierce destroyer.

DUET.—*Dalila.*

Traitor to love, I'll sue no more
For pardon scorn'd, your threats give o'er.

Samson.

Trait'ress to love, I'll hear no more
The charmer's voice, your arts give o'er.

[*Exeunt Dalila and Virgins.*

RECIT.—*Micah.*

She's gone; a serpent manifest; her sting
Discover'd in the end.

Samson.

So let her go:
God sent her here to aggravate my folly.

AIR.*—*Micah.*

It is not virtue, valour, wit,
Or comeliness of grace,
That woman's love can truly hit,
Or in her heart claim place.
Still wav'ring where their choice to fix,
Too oft they choose the wrong;
So much self-love does rule the sex,
They nothing else love long.

RECIT.—*Samson.*

Favour'd of heaven is he who finds one true;
How rarely found!—his way to peace is smooth.

CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

To man God's universal law
Gave pow'r to keep his wife in awe;
Thus shall his life be ne'er dismay'd
By female usurpation sway'd.

RECIT.—*Micah.*

No words of peace, no voice enchanting fear,
A rougher tongue expect,—Here's Harapha,
I know him by his stride and haughty look.

Enter HARAPHA *and* PHILISTINES.

Harapha.

I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance;
I am of Gath, men call me Harapha:
Thou know'st me now; of thy prodigious might
Much have I heard, incredible to me!
Nor less displeased that never in the field
We met, to try each other's deeds of strength:
I'd see if thy appearance answers loud report.

Samson.

The way to know, were not to see, but taste.

Harapha.

Ha! dost thou then already single me?
I thought that labour and thy chains had tam'd
thee.
Had fortune brought me to that field of death,
Where thou wrought'st wonders with an ass's
jaw,
I'd left thy carcass where the ass lay dead.

Samson.

Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but
do.

Harapha.

The honour certain to have won from thee
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out;
To combat with a blind man, I disdain.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

AIR.

Honour and arms scorn such a foe,
Tho' I could end thee at a blow,
Poor victory, to conquer thee,
Or glory in thy overthrow:
Vanquish a slave that is half slain!
So mean a triumph I disdain.

RECIT.*—*Samson.*

Put on your arms,
Then take for spear your weighty weaver's beam,
And come within my reach.

AIR.*

My strength is from the living God,
By heav'n free-gifted at my birth,
To quell the mighty of the earth,
And prove the brutal tyrant's rod:
But to the righteous peace and rest,
With liberty to all opprest.

RECIT.*—*Harapha.*

With thee! a man condemned! a slave enrolled!
No worthy match to stain the warrior's sword.

Samson.

Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster? yet take heed;
My heels are fetter'd but my hands are free.
Thou bulk of spirit void, I once again,
Blind, and in chains, provoke thee to the fight.

Harapha.

O Dagon! can I hear this insolence,
To me unused, not rend'ring instant death!

DUET.—*Samson.*

Go, baffled coward, go,
Lest vengeance lay thee low;
In safety fly my wrath with speed.

Harapha.

Presume not on thy God,
Who under foot has trod
Thy strength and thee, at greatest need.

RECIT.—*Micah.*

Here lies the proof;—if Dagon be thy god,
With high devotion invocate his aid,
His glory is concern'd; let him dissolve
Those magic spells that gave our hero strength:
Then know whose god is God; Dagon of mortal make,
Or that Great One whom Abr'am's sons adore.

CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

Hear, Jacob's God, Jehovah, hear!
O save us, prostrate at Thy throne!
Israel depends on Thee alone;
Save us, and show that Thou art near.

RECIT.—*Harapha.*

Dagon, arise, attend thy sacred feast;
Thy honour calls, this day admits no rest.

AIR AND CHORUS.

To song and dance we give the day,
Which shows Thy universal sway.
Protect us by Thy mighty hand,
And sweep this race from out the land.

CHORUS.—*Israelites and Philistines.*

Fix'd in His everlasting seat,
Jehovah / Great Dagon } rules the world in state.
His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.
The stars, with deep amaze,
Remain in stedfast gaze;
Jehovah / Great Dagon } is of Gods the first and last.

Part the Third.

SCENE. *The same.*

SAMSON, MICAH, *and* ISRAELITES.

RECIT.—*Micah.*

More trouble is behind; for Harapha
Comes on amain, speed in his steps and look.

Samson.

I fear him not, nor all his giant brood.

Enter HARAPHA.

Harapha.

Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say:
"This day to Dagon we do sacrifice
With triumph, pomp, and games; we know thy strength
Surpasses human race; Come, then, and show
Some public proof, to grace this solemn feast."

Samson.

I am an Hebrew, and our law forbids
My presence at their vain religious rites.

Harapha.

This answer will offend; regard thyself.

Samson.

Myself! my conscience and internal peace!
Am I so broke with servitude, to yield
To such abrupt commands? to be their fool,
And play before their god?—I will not come.

Harapha.

My message, given with speed, brooks no delay

AIR.

Presuming slave! to move their wrath;
For mercy sue,
Or vengeance due
Dooms in one fatal word thy death:
Consider, ere it be too late
To ward th' unerring shaft of fate.

[*Exit.*

RECIT.—*Micah.*

Reflect, then, Samson, matters now are strain d
Up to the height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whose malice may inflame the lords.

Samson.

Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
By vaunting it in honour to their god,
And prostituting holy things to idols?

Micah.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reacn;
'Tis heav'n alone can save both us and thee.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

With thunder arm'd, great God, arise;
Help, Lord, or Israel's champion dies;
To Thy protection this Thy servant take,
And save, O save us, for Thy servant's sake.

RECIT.—*Samson.*

Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some secret impulse, which doth bid me go.

Micah.

In time thou hast resolved, again he comes.

Enter HARAPHA.

Harapha.

Samson, this second summons send our lords:
"Art thou our captive, slave, and public drudge,
Yet dare dispute thy coming when we send?
Haste thee at once, or we shall engines find
To move thee, though thou wert a solid rock."

Samson.

Vain were their art if tried; I yield to go,
Not through your streets be like a wild beast
trail'd.

Harapha.

You thus may win the lords to set you free.
[*Exit.*

Samson.

In nothing I'll comply that's scandalous
Or sinful by our laws!—Brethren, farewell.
Your kind attendance now, I pray forbear,
Lest it offend to see me girt with friends.
Expect of me you'll nothing hear impure,
Unworthy God, my nation, or myself.

Micah.

So may'st thou act as serves His glory best.

Samson.

Let but that Spirit (which first rushed on me
In the camp of Dan) inspire me at my need:
Then shall I make JEHOVAH'S glory known:
Their idol gods shall from His presence fly,
Scattered like sheep before the God of Hosts.

AIR.

Thus when the sun from watery bed,
All curtain'd with a cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The wand'ring shadows ghastly pale,
All troop to their infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his sev'ral grave.
[*Exit, led by his attendant.*

RECIT.—*Micah.*

With might endued above the sons of men,
Swift as the lightning glance His errand execute,
And spread His Name among the heathen round.

AIR AND CHORUS.—*Micah and Israelites.*

The Holy One of Israel be thy guide,
The Angel of thy birth stand by thy side:
To fame immortal go,
Heav'n bids thee strike the blow:
The Holy One of Israel is thy guide.

RECIT.—*Micah*

Old Manoah, with youthful steps, makes haste
To find his son, or bring us some glad news.

Enter MANAOH.

Manoah.

I come, my brethren, not to seek my son,
Who at the feast does play before the lords;
But give you part with me, what hopes I have
To work his liberty.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Great Dagon has subdued our foe,
And brought their boasted hero low:
Sound out his praise in notes divine,
Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

RECIT.—*Manoah.*

What noise of joy was that? it tore the sky.

Micah.

They shout and sing, to see their dreaded foe
Now captive, blind, delighting in his strength.

Manoah.

Could my inheritance but ransom him,
Without my patrimony, having him,
The richest of my tribe.

Micah.

Sons care to nurse
Their parents in old age; but you, your son.

AIR.—*Manoah.*

How willing my paternal love
The weight to share
Of filial care,
And part of sorrow's burden prove!
Tho' wand'ring in the shades of night,
Whilst I have eyes, he wants no light.

RECIT.—*Micah.*

Your hopes of his deliv'ry seem not vain,
In which all Israel's friends participate.

Manoah.

I know your friendly minds, and——
(*A symphony of horror and confusion.*)
Heav'n! what noise?
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHORUS.—*Philistines* (*at a little distance.*)

Hear us, our God! O hear our cry!
Death! ruin! fall'n! no help is nigh:
O mercy, heav'n, we sink, we die!

RECIT.—*Micah.*

Noise, call you this? An universal groan,
As if the world's inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, death, and ruin, at their utmost point.

Manoah.

Ruin, indeed! Oh! they have slain my son!

Micah.

Thy son is rather slaying them: that cry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.
But see, my friends,
One hither speeds, an Hebrew of our tribe.

Enter an ISRAELITISH MESSENGER.

Messenger.

Where shall I run, or which way fly the thoughts
Of this most horrid sight? O countrymen,
You're in this sad event too much concern'd.

Micah.

The accident was loud, we long to know from
whence.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Messenger.
Let me recover breath; it will burst forth.
Manoah.
Tell us the sum; the circumstance defer.
Messenger.
Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n.
Manoah.
Sad! not to us: but now relate by whom.
Messenger.
By Samson done.
Manoah.
The sorrow lessens still,
And nigh converts to joy.
Messenger.
Oh, Manoah,
In vain I would refrain: the evil tale
Too soon will rudely pierce thy aged ear.
Manoah.
Suspense in news is torture: speak it out.
Messenger.
Then take the worst in brief. Samson is dead.
Manoah.
The worst indeed! My hopes to free him hence
Are baffled all! but Death (who sets all free)
Hath paid his ransom now.
Micah.
Yet ere we give the reins to grief, say first
How died he? Death to life is crown or shame.
Messenger.
Unwounded of his enemies he fell,
At once he did destroy, and was destroyed.
The edifice (where all were met to see)
Upon their heads, and on his own he pulled.
Manoah.
O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge,
Glorious, yet dearly bought.
Micah.
In life and death thou hast fulfill'd thy work,
For which foretold.
And now thou ly'st victorious, tho' self-killed,
Triumphant o'er a heap of slaughtered foes,
More than thy life had slain. Let Israel now
The voice of lamentation raise, and sing
A parting requiem to thy honour'd soul.

AIR.—*Micah.*

Ye sons of Israel now lament:
Your spear is broke, your bow's unbent:
Your glory's fled;
Amongst the dead
Great Samson lies:
For ever, ever closed his eyes.

CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

Weep, Israel, weep a louder strain;
Samson, your strength, your hero's slain.

RECIT.—*Manoah.*

Proceed we hence to find his body soaked
In vile Philistine blood; with the pure stream,
And cleansing herbs, wash off the clodded gore;
Then solemnly attend him to my tomb,
With silent obsequies and fun'ral train.

A DEAD MARCH

RECIT.—*Micah.*

The body comes: we'll meet it on the way
With laurels, evergreen, and branching palm;
Then lay it in his monument, hung round
With all his trophies, and great acts enroll'd
In verse heroic, or sweet lyric song.
Manoah.
There shall all Israel's valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, whilst they sing his praise.

Enter ISRAELITES, *with the body of Samson.*

SOLI AND CHORUS.—*Manoah and Israelites.*

Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honour ever have;
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose.
Israelitish Woman.
The virgins, too, shall on their feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, and there bewail
His loss, unfortunate in nuptial choice.
Virgins.
Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.
Israelitish Woman.
May every hero fall like thee,
Thro' sorrow to felicity.
Virgins.
Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.
Israelites.
Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honour ever have;
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose.

RECIT.—*Manoah.*

Come, come: no time for lamentation now:
No cause for grief; Samson like Samson fell,
Both life and death heroic. To his foes
Ruin is left; to him eternal fame.
Micah.
Why should we weep or wail, dispraise or blame,
Where all is well, and fair to quiet us?
Praise we Jehovah then, who to the end,
Not parted from him, but assisted still,
Till desolation filled Philistia's land,
Honour and freedom giv'n to Jacob's seed.

AIR.—*Israelitish Woman.*

Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted Angel-trumpets blow:
Let the Cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires;

CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

Let their celestial concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his praise in endless blaze of light.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

12909
1/349
Zeneművészeti Főiskola Budapest
LISZT FERENC HAGYATÉKA

OVERTURE.

Accomp.

Pomposo. *f*

Met. 88=♩

8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

8va.

8ves. 8ves. 8ves.

3 3 3

8ves.

hr 3

8ves.

8ves.

8ves. 8ves. 8ves. 8ves.

8ves.

1st. 2nd. hr

Adagio. Segue Fugue.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Zenemüvészeti Főiskola Budapest

Allegro.

Met. 92 = ♩

f

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

8ves. 8ves. B

8ves.

8ves.

8ves.

8ves.

8ves.

8ves.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

p

Adagio.

8ves.

MENUET.

Met. 100=♩

8ves.

8ves.

8ves.

Fine.

8ves.

8ves.

D. C. al Segno.
Sino al Fine.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Scene before the Prison of Gaza SAMSON *blind and in chains*

No. 2. RECIT.—THIS DAY A SOLEMN FEAST.

RECIT.—SAMSON.

VOICE. This day, a so-lemn feast to Da-gon held, re-lieves me from my

ACCOMP. *p*

task of ser-vile toil: Un-wil-ling-ly their su-per-sti-tion yields this

rest! to breathe heavn's air, fresh blow-ing pure and sweet.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 3. CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON.

AWAKE THE TRUMPET'S LOFTY SOUND.

TREBLE. CHORUS.—*Allegro.*

ALTO. CHORUS.—*Allegro.* A-wake the trum-pet's lofty

TENOR (8ve. lower.) CHORUS.—*Allegro.* A-wake the trum-pet's lofty

BASS. CHORUS.—*Allegro.*

ACCOMP. *Allegro.*—Met. 144 *f*

A -

sound;

Awake the trumpet's lof-ty

sound;

Awake the trumpet's lof-ty

A -

Trumpets.

- wake, A-wake, A - wake the trumpet's lof-ty sound; The joy - ful

sound; A-wake, A - wake the trumpet's lof-ty sound; The joy - ful

sound; A-wake, A - wake the trumpet's lof-ty sound; The joy - ful

- wake, A - wake the trumpet's lof-ty sound; The joy - ful

sa - - cred fes - ti - val comes round, when Da - gon, king of all the

sa - - cred fes - ti - val comes round, when Da - gon, king of all the

sa - - cred fes - ti - val comes round, when Da - gon, king of all the

sa - - cred fes - ti - val comes round, when Da - gon, king of all the

sa - - cred fes - ti - val comes round, when Da - gon, king of all the

8ves.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

earth, of all the earth is crown'd.

earth, of all the earth is crown'd.

earth, of all the earth is crown'd.

earth, of all the earth is crown'd.

earth, of all the earth is crown'd.

A - wake, awake, a -

The sacred joy - - ful, joy - - - - ful fes - ti - val comes round,

The sa - cred joy - - ful fes - - - ti - val comes round.

The sa - cred joy - - ful, joy - ful sa-cred fes - ti - val comes round,

- wake, The sacred joy - - ful fes - - - ti - val comes round,

Awake, awake, The sa-cred joy - - ful fes - ti - val comes round,

Awake, awake, The sa-cred joy - ful fes - ti - val comes round,

Awake, awake, A-wake, a -

When Da-gon, king of all the earth, of all the earth is crown'd.

When Da-gon, king of all the earth, of all the earth is crown'd, When Dagon,

When Da-gon, king of all the earth, of all the earth is crown'd, When Dagon,

- wake, When Da-gon, king, When Dagon

Awake the trumpet's lof - ty sound.

king . . of all the earth is crown'd. A-wake the trumpet's lof-ty sound;

king of all the earth is crown'd. Awake the trumpet's lof-ty

king of all the earth is crown'd. Awake the

The joy - ful sa - cred fes - ti - val comes round,

The joy - ful, joy - - ful sa - cred fes - ti - val comes round,

sound; The joy - ful sa - cred fes - ti - val comes round,

trum-pet's lof - ty sound; The joy - ful sa - cred fes - ti - val comes round,

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

When Dagon, king of all the earth, of all the earth is crown'd; The sacred joy - ful

When Dagon, king of all the earth, of all the earth is crown'd; The sacred

When Dagon, king of all the earth, of all the earth is crown'd;

When Dagon, king of all the earth, of all the earth is crown'd; The sacred joy

8ves.

fes - - - tival comes round, The joy-ful fes - tival comes round, A -

joy - ful fes - - - - - - - - - ti-val comes round,

The sa - cred joy - ful, joy - ful fes - tival comes round,

- - ful, joy - ful sa - - cred, joy - ful fes - - tival comes round, A -

- wake, A-wake the trumpet's lof - ty

A-wake the trumpet's lof - ty sound, A - wake the trumpet's lof - ty

A-wake the trumpet's lof - ty sound, A - wake the trumpet's lof - ty

- wake, A - wake the trumpet's lof - ty

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

sound; The joy - ful sa - cred fes - ti - val comes round,

sound; The joy - ful sa - cred fes - ti - val comes round,

sound; The joy - ful sa - cred fes - ti - val comes round,

sound; The joy - ful sa - cred fes - ti - val comes round,

8ves.

When Da - gon, king of all the earth, of all the earth, is crown'd.

When Da - gon, king of all the earth, . . of all the earth, is crown'd.

When Da - gon, king of all the earth, of all the earth, is crown'd.

When Da - gon, king of all the earth, of all the earth, is crown'd.

8ves.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
ZENEMŰTEUM

No. 4. ARIA.—YE MEN OF GAZA.

ARIA.—PHILISTINE WOMAN.

TREBLE VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Met. 112=♩

Andante.

Andante.

hr

Violin.

mf

mf

Ye men of Ga - - za, hi - - ther bring

(Voice alone.)

p

The mer-ry, mer-ry pipe and pleas-ing string,

(Voice alone.)

p

The mer-ry, mer - ry pipe, . . . Ye

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

men of Ga - za, hi - ther bring The mer - ry pipe and pleas - ing string; Ye men of

Ga - za, hi - ther bring The merry pipe and pleas - ing string.

hr

mp

hr

Ye men of Ga - za, hi - ther bring The merry

p

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

pipe, The mer - ry, mer - ry pipe

mp

Ye men of Ga - za, hi - ther bring The merry pipe and pleas - ing string.

p

mf

The so - lemn hymn and

p

cheer - ful song; Be

mf *p*

8va.

Da - gon prais'd by ev' - ry tongue.

mf

Ye men of Ga - - za, hi - - ther bring

p *mp*

The mer-ry, merry pipe and pleasing string, The mer-ry, mer-ry

p

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

pipe And pleas - ing string, The merry, mer - ry pipe,

The merry pipe, The mer-ry, merry pipe and pleas - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing string.

The so - lemn hymn and cheer - ful song

Be Da - gon prais'd by ev' - ry tongue, Be Dagon prais'd by ev' - ry

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

tongue, Be Dagon prais'd by ev' - ry tongue, Be Da - gon prais'd, . .

mp *p*

(Voice alone.)

Adagio. *hr*

Be Da - gon prais'd by ev' - ry

mp (With Voice.) *Adagio.*

Tempo 1mo.

tongue.

Tempo 1mo. (Violin Solo.)

mf

f Tutti.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 5. CHORUS.—AWAKE THE TRUMPET'S LOFTY SOUND.

ZENEAKADÉMIA ZENETÖRTÉNETI MÚZEUM

LOUD AS THE THUNDER'S AWFUL VOICE.

ARIA,* PRIEST.

TENOR VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Met. 88=♩

Allegro.

Allegro.

f

Loud as the thun - - der's aw - ful voice, ...

p

mf

Loud as the thun - der's aw - ful voice, ...

In notes of tri-umph, In notes of triumph, notes of praise, ...

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Handel's "Samson."—Novello's Edition.

* This Aria is occasionally omitted.

Zenemüvészeti Főiskola * Budapest *

In notes of tri-umph, notes of praise,

So high great Da - - gon's name we'll raise, so high great Da - gon's name we'll

raise, That heav'n and earth may hear how we re - joice,

That heav'n and earth may

hear how we re-joice.

That

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

heav'n and earth may hear . how we re-joice.

f

Loud as the thun - der's aw - ful voice, ... In notes of tri-umph,

p

notes . of praise, In notes of tri-umph, notes of praise,

So high great Da-gon's name we'll raise, ...

that heav'n and earth may hear how we re - joice. . . . . .

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

That heav'n and earth may

hear how we re-joice, how we re-joice,

That heav'n . and earth may

hear how we re - joice.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 7. CHORUS.—AWAKE THE TRUMPET'S LOFTY SOUND.

TREBLE. CHORUS. *Allegro.*

ALTO. CHORUS. *Allegro.*

TENOR. (8ve. lower.) CHORUS. *Allegro.*

BASS. CHORUS. *Allegro.*

ACCOMP. CHORUS. *Allegro.* *f*

Met. 144 = 𝅗𝅥

Awake the trumpet's lof-ty sound, The joy-ful

Awake the trumpet's lof-ty sound, A-wake the trumpet's lof-ty sound; The joy-ful

Awake the trumpet's lof-ty sound, A-wake the trumpet's lof-ty sound; The joy-ful

A-wake the trumpet's lof-ty sound; The joy-ful

sa - cred fes-ti-val comes round, When Dagon king of all the earth, of all the earth is

sa - cred fes-ti-val comes round, When Da-gon king of all the earth, of all the earth is

sa - cred fes-ti-val comes round, When Da-gon king of all the earth, of all the earth is

sa - cred fes-ti-val comes round, When Da-gon king of all the earth, of all the earth is

8ves.

crown'd.

crown'd.

crown'd.

crown'd.

Pedals.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 8. ARIA.—THEN FREE FROM SORROW.

ARIA. (PHILISTINE WOMAN.)

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Met. 116=♪

ARIA. *Allegro Moderato.*

mf

Then free from sor - row, free from thrall, .

p

Then free from sor - row, free from thrall, . .

mp *pi*

All blythe and gay, . . With sports and play, . .

mp *p* *mp*

We'll ce-le-brate . . . . . his fes-ti-val.

p *mf*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Then free from sor-row,

free from thrall, All blythe and gay, . .

With sport and play, ... We'll ce - le - brate his

fes - ti - val. With sports and play, . .

. . . . . All blythe and gay, ... We'll ce - le - brate his

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

fes - ti - val. Then free . . from sor - row, free . . from thrall,

mf

We'll ce - le - brate his fes - ti - val; All blythe and . . gay, With sports and play, We'll

p *p*

ce - le - brate, ... We'll ce-le-brate his

fes-ti - val.

mf

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 9. RECIT.—WHY BY AN ANGEL.

RECIT.—SAMSON.

VOICE. Why by an an-gel was my birth fore-told? As in a fiery column as-

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

- cend-ing from off the al-tar in my parents' sight, Why was my nur-ture order'd and prescrib'd, As of a

per-son se-pa-rate to God, If I must die betray'd, and captiv'd thus, The scorn and gaze of

foes? O cru-el thought, My griefs find no re-dress, they in-ward

prey Like gan-green'd wounds, im-me-di-ca-ble grown.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

* The Passage commencing at this mark 𝄐, and ending at 𝄐, was omitted in Walsh's Score of "Samson," published in Handel's time, and was also left out in several subsequent editions: some later copies of "Samson" however contain it, and as Handel's original manuscript has the passage, it is here retained. Similar passages occur in other Recitatives, all of which are pointed out in the same manner, and should curtailment be thought advisable, the marks 𝄐 𝄐 will indicate a ready means. A few remarks on Handel's probable wishes will be found at the end of the work.

No. 10. ARIA.—TORMENTS, ALAS! ARE NOT CONFIN'D

ARIA.—SAMSON.

Largo.

VOICE.

Largo e staccato.

ACCOMP.

Met. 66=♩

mf *p*

Tor - - ments, a - las! are not . . con -

(Voice alone.)

- fin'd To heart, or head, or breast, To

mf *p*

heart, or head, or breast;

mf

Tor-ments, a - las! are not con - - fin'd To heart, or

p

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

head, or breast; But will a se - cret pas - sage find In -

- to the ve - ry in - most mind,

With pains in - tense op - prest, That rob the soul it - self of · rest,

That rob the soul it - self . .

. . of rest; That rob the soul it - self of rest.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

With pains in - tense op - prest, That rob the

soul it - self of rest. With pains in - tense op -

- prest, That rob the soul *Adagio.* it - self of rest. *Tempo 1mo.*

Adagio. *mp*
(With the voice.) *Tempo 1mo.*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 11. RECIT.—O CHANGE BEYOND REPORT.

RECIT.—MICAH.

VOICE. O change be-yond re - port, thought, or be - lief! See how he

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

lies with lan - guish'd head un-prop'd, A - ban-don'd! past all hope!

Can this be he? He-ro-ic Sam-son? whom no strength of man, Nor fu - ry of the

fiercest beast could quell? Who tore the li - on, as the li - on tears the kid! Ran weaponless on armies clad in

i - ron, Use-less the tem - per'd steel, or frock of mail.

ZENEAKADEMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

LISZT FERENC HAGYATÉKA

No. 12. AIR.—O MIRROR OF OUR FICKLE STATE.

AIR. MICAH.

Largo.

VOICE. O mir - ror of our . . fic - kle state, O

Largo.

ACCOMP. (Voice alone.) *p* *p*

Met. 66 = ♩

mir - ror of our . . fic - kle state, In birth, in strength, in deeds, how great! In birth, in

strength, in deeds, how great! O mir-ror of . . our

f *p*

fic - kle state, In birth, in strength, in deeds, how great!

f *p* *f*

In birth, in strength, ... in deeds, how great!

p *f*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

From high - est glo - ry fall'n so low,

Sunk in the deep abyss of woe, ... Sunk in the

deep . . . a - byss of woe, From highest glo - ry fall'n so

low, Sunk in the deep a-byss of woe, . . . Sunk in the deep a - byss of

woe, Sunk in the deep abyss of woe,

ZENEAKADÉMIA ZENETÖRTÉNETI MÚZEUM

Sunk in the deep a - byss of woe, ... From highest

glo - ry fall'n so low, . . . Sunk in the deep a-byss of woe, ...

. . . . . Sunk in the deep . . .

. . . . . a - byss of woe.

(with the Voice.)

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 13. RECIT.—WHOM HAVE I TO COMPLAIN

VOICE. RECIT. SAMSON.

Whom have I to complain of but myself, Who heav'n's great trust could not in silence

ACCOMP. RECIT.

keep, But weakly to a woman must reveal it? O glorious strength, O impotence of mind!

But with-out wis-dom, what does strength a-vail? Proudly se - cure, yet li - a - ble to

fall! God, when he gave it, hung it in my hair, To show how slight the gift. But peace, my

soul! Strength was my bane, the source of all my woes: Each told a part would ask a life to

MICAH.

wail. Matchless in might! once Israel's glo - ry, now her grief! We come (thy friends well known) to

mf *p*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

* See note, p. 27.

Zeneművészeti Főiskola Budapest

vi - sit thee. If words have charms to 'swage thy troubled mind, We'll pour their

SAMSON.

balm in - to its fes - ter'd wounds. Welcome, my friends! Experience teaches now, how counterfeit

mf *p*

the coin of friendship is, that's on-ly in the superscription shown. In the warm sunshine of our prosp'rous

days, friends swarm, But in the winter of ad - ver - si-ty, draw in their heads: tho' sought, not to be

MICAH. SAMSON

found. Which shall we first be-wail, thy bondage or lost sight? O loss of sight! of thee I most com -

mf *p*

- plain. O worse than beg-ga-ry, old age, or chains! My ve-ry soul in re - al darkness dwells!

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 14. AIR.—TOTAL ECLIPSE!

AIR.—SAMSON.
Larghetto e Staccato.

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Met. 72 =

Larghetto e Staccato.

To-tal e-clipse! no sun, no moon! All dark, . . All dark . . amidst the blaze of noon!

(Voice alone.)

O glo-rious light! no cheering ray To

glad my eyes with wel-come day: To-tal e-clipse! no sun, no moon! All

(Voice alone.)

dark . . . amidst the blaze of noon! Why thus depriv'd thy prime de-cree, Sun, moon, and stars are

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

dark to me. Sun, moon, and stars, Sun, moon, and stars, are dark to me. Sun, moon, and

stars, Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me.

No. 15. RECIT.—SINCE LIGHT SO NECESSARY IS.

ACCOMPANIED RECIT.—MICAH.

Largo.

VOICE.

Since light so ne-ces-sa-ry is to life, That in the soul 'tis almost life it -

Largo e Piano.

ACCOMP.

Met. 72 = ♩

- self, Why to the tender eye is sight confin'd so ob-vi-ous, And so ea-sy to be quench'd?

Adagio.

Why not as feel-ing, Thro' all parts diffus'd, That we might look at will thro' ev' - - - - - ry pore?

Adagio. (with the Voice.)

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 16 CHORUS.—O FIRST CREATED BEAM.

TREBLE. CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario.*

ALTO. CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario.*

O first cre - a - ted beam! And thou, great word, and thou, great

TENOR. (8ve. lower.) CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario.*

O first cre - a - ted beam! And thou, great word, and thou, great

BASS. CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario*

O first cre - a - ted beam! And thou, great word, and thou, great

ACCOMP. Met. 66 = ♩ CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario.*

8va.

Allegro.

and light was o - ver all, and light, and

Allegro.

word, "Let there be light!" and light was o - ver all, and light, and

Allegro.

word, "Let there be light!" and light was o - ver all, and light, and

Allegro.

word, "Let there be light!" and light was o - ver all, and light, and

Allegro. 80 = ♩

Pedals 8va.

Andante.

light was o - ver all! O first cre - a - ted beam! and thou, great

Andante.

light was o - ver all! O first cre - a - ted beam! and thou, great

Andante.

light was o - ver all! O first cre - a - ted beam! and thou, great

Andante.

light was o - ver all!

Andante. 66 = ♩

Andante.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

word, and thou, great word, Allegro. and light was o - ver

word, and thou, great word, Allegro. "Let there be light!" and light was o - ver

word, and thou, great word, Allegro. "Let there be light!" and light was o - ver

Allegro. "Let there be light!" and light was o - ver

Allegro. 80 = ♩

Allegro.

all, and light, and light was o - - ver all, and light, and

all, and light, and light was o - - ver all, and light, and

all, and light, and light was o - - ver all, and light, and

all, and light, and light was o - ver all, and light, and

light was o - ver all, o - ver all, and light was o - ver

light was o - ver all, o - ver all, and light was o - ver

light was o - ver all, o - ver all, and light was o - ver

light was o - ver all, o - ver all, and light was o - ver

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

all; One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball, shone

all; One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball, shone

all; One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball, shone

all; One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball, shone

all; One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball, shone

round this earthly ball. To thy dark ser - vant, To thy dark

round this earthly ball.

round this earthly ball. To thy dark ser - vant, To thy dark ser - vant

round this earthly ball.

ser-vant life by light af-ford,

To thy dark ser-vant, To thy dark ser - vant life by

life by light af - ford,

To thy dark ser-vant, To thy dark ser - vant life by light af -

8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

life by light af - ford, To thy dark ser-vant

light, by light af - ford. To thy dark ser - vant, life by

To thy dark ser - vant, To thy dark ser - vant

- ford, by light af - ford, To thy dark ser - vant, To thy dark

life by light af - - ford, ... by light af -

light af - ford, life by light af - ford, by light af - ford, by light af -

by light, . . by light af - ford, by light af - ford, by light af -

ser - vant life, life by light af - - ford, by light af - -

- ford, To thy dark ser-vant, To thy dark ser - - vant,

- ford, To thy dark ser-vant, To thy dark ser-vant life

- ford, To thy dark ser-vant, To thy dark ser-vant, by light

- ford, ... To thy dark ser-vant, To thy dark ser-vant life

8va.

life . . . . by light af - - ford, ...

. . by light af - ford, To thy dark ser - vant, To thy dark

life by light af - ford, To thy dark ser-vant life by light af -

. . by light af - ford, To thy dark ser - vant,

. . To thy dark ser-vant life by light, . . by light af - -

ser-vant life by light . . af - ford, ... by light af -

- ford,

To thy dark ser-vant, To thy dark ser-vant life by light, by light af - -

8va. 8va.

- ford, To thy dark ser - vant life by light af - ford.
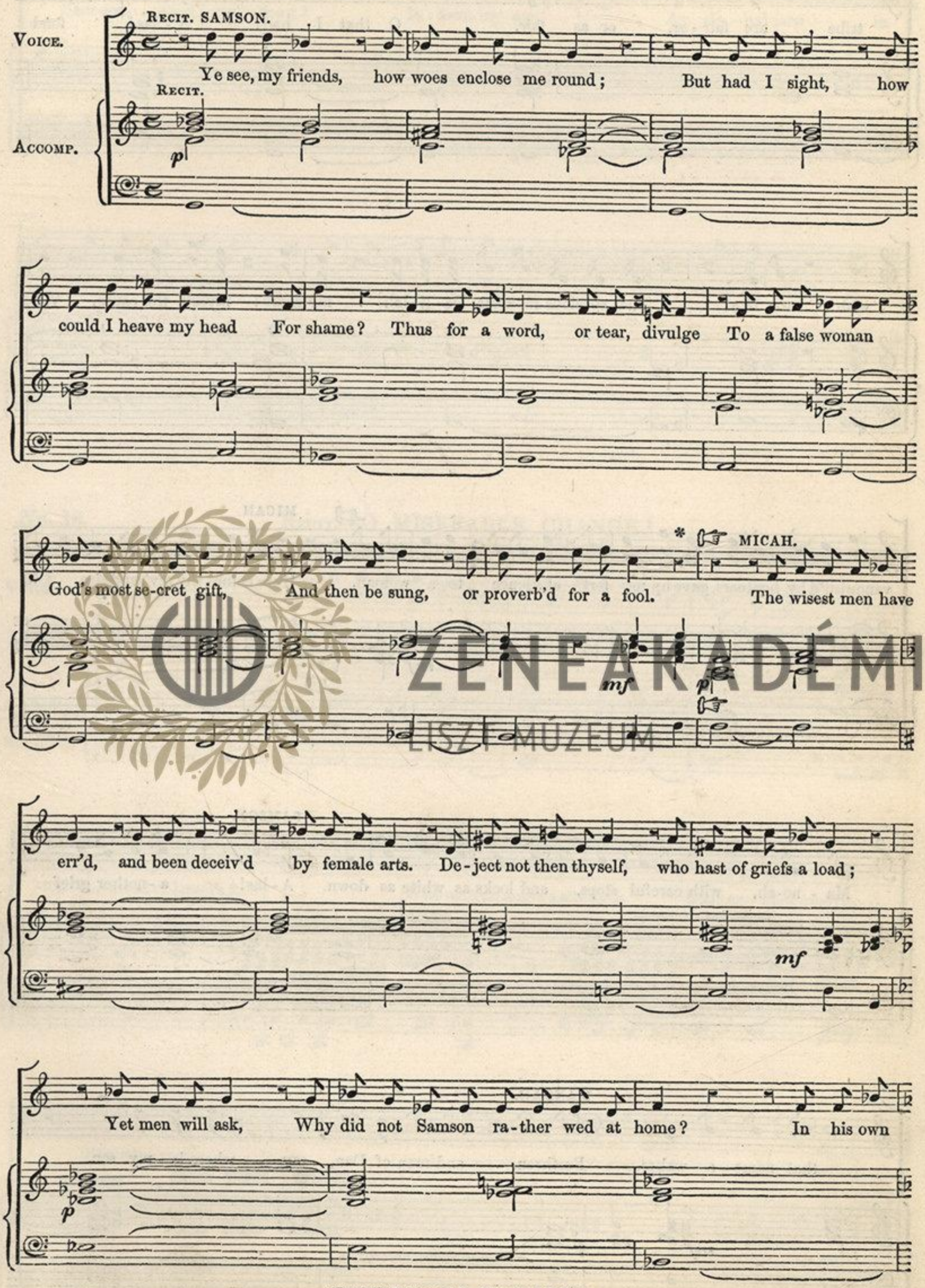
- ford, To thy dark ser-vant life, life by light af - ford.

To thy dark ser-vant life by light af - ford, life by light af - ford.

- ford, To thy dark ser - - vant life by light af - ford.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 17. RECIT.—YE SEE, MY FRIENDS.



ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

* See note, p. 27.

SAMSON.

tribe are fair - er, or as fair. O that I had! A - las! fond

wish too late! That specious monster Da - li - lah my snare! myself the cause, Who

MICAH.

vanquish'd by her tears, gave up my fort of silence to a woman. Here comes thy rev'rend sire, Old

mf p

SAMSON.

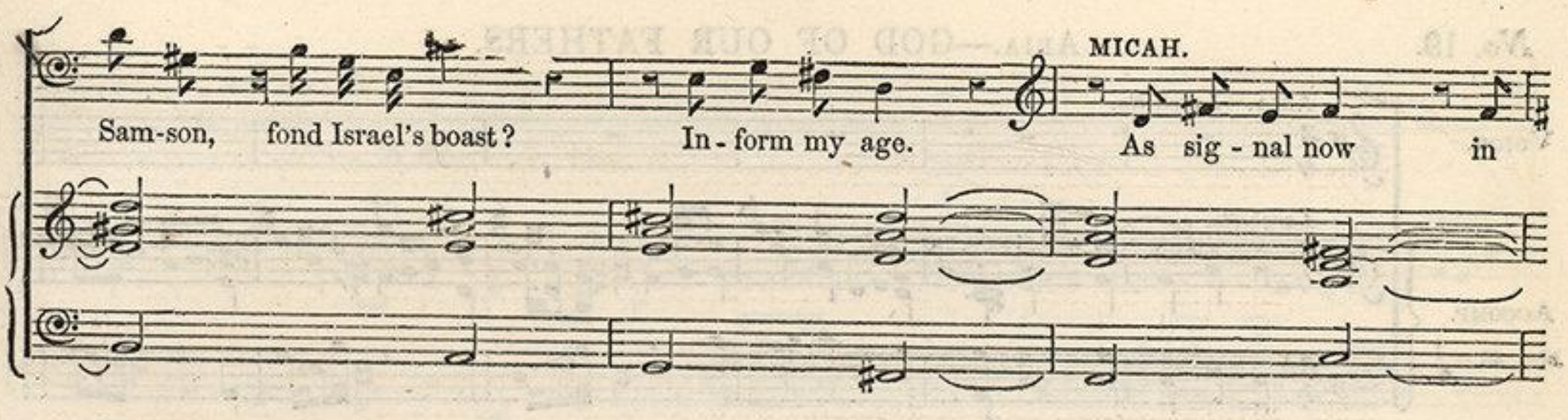
Ma - no-ah, with careful steps, and locks as white as down. A - las! a - nother grief

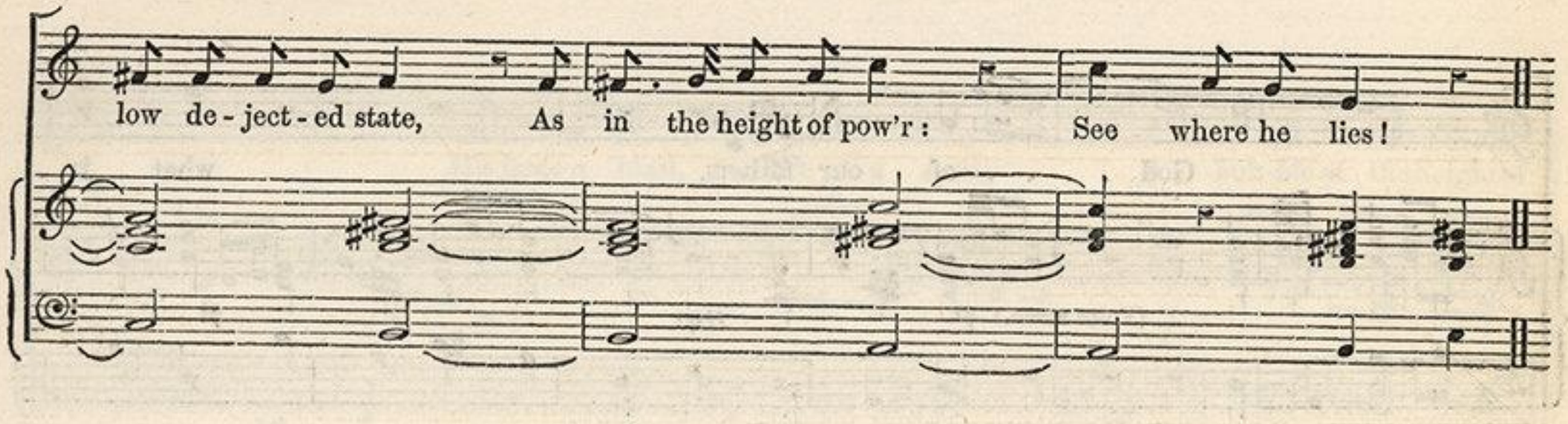
MANOAH.

that name a - wakes. Brethren, and men of Dan, say where is my son,
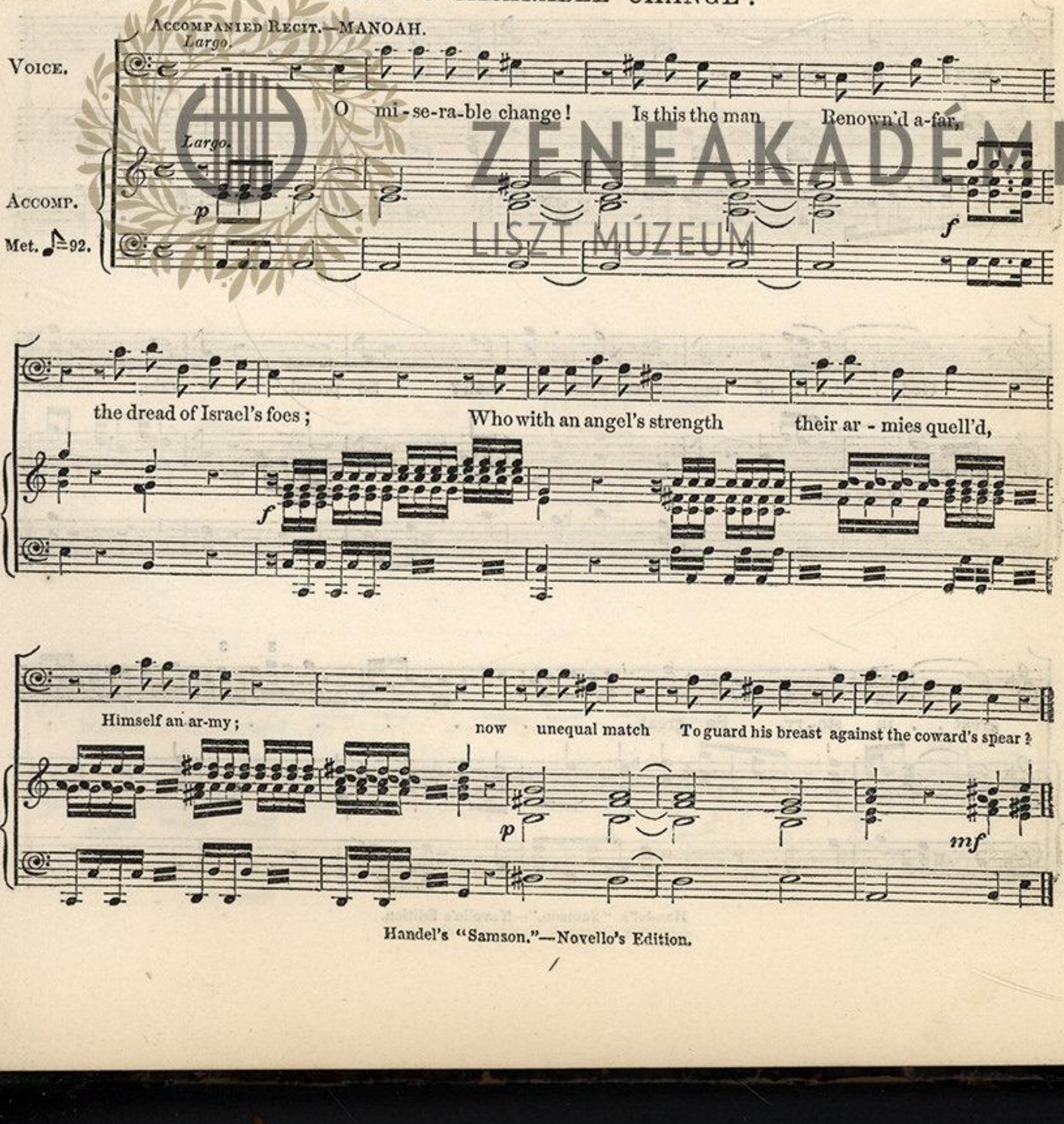
mf p

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM
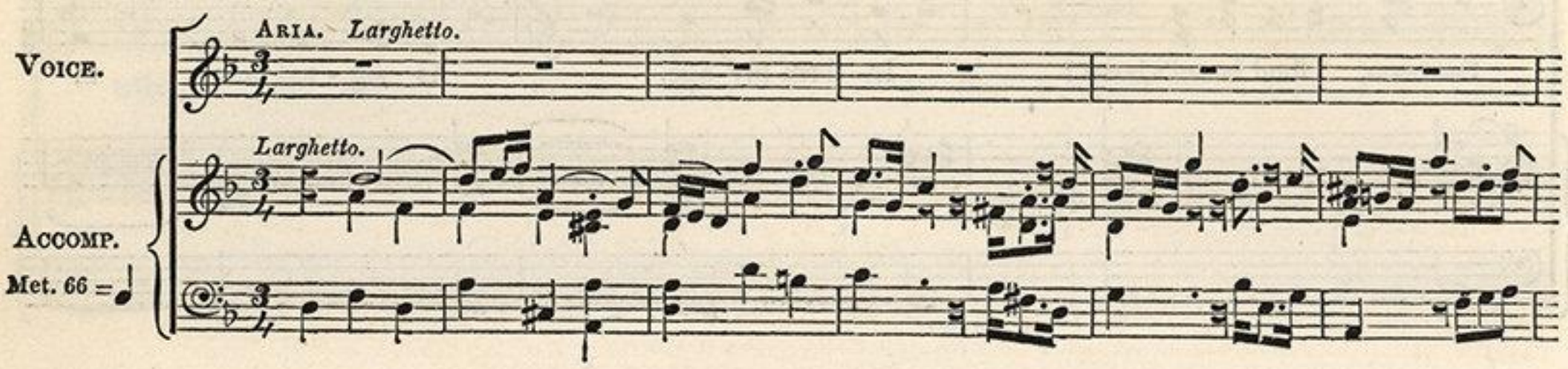




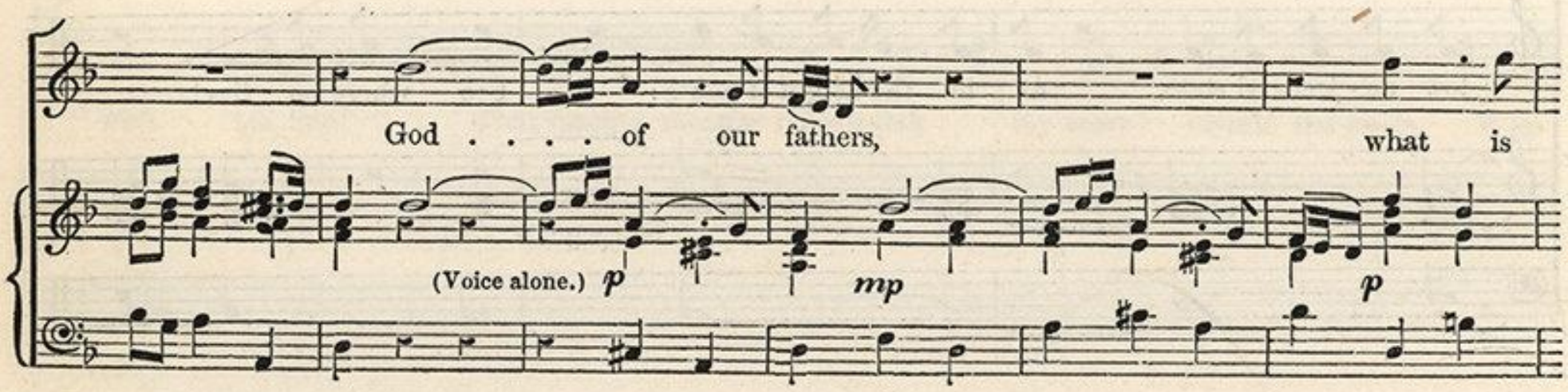
No. 18. RECIT.—O MISERABLE CHANGE!
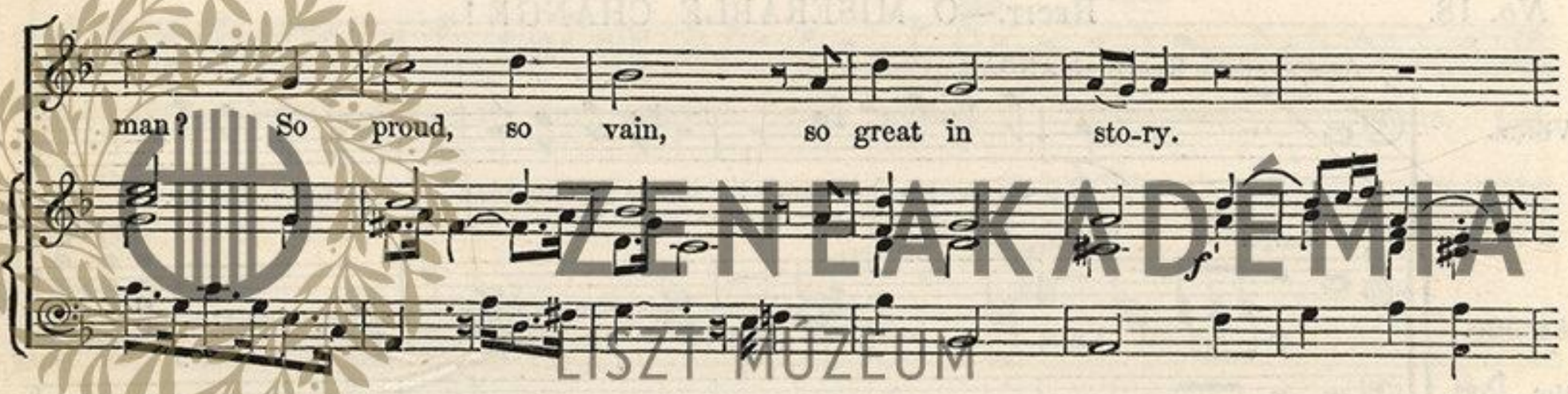


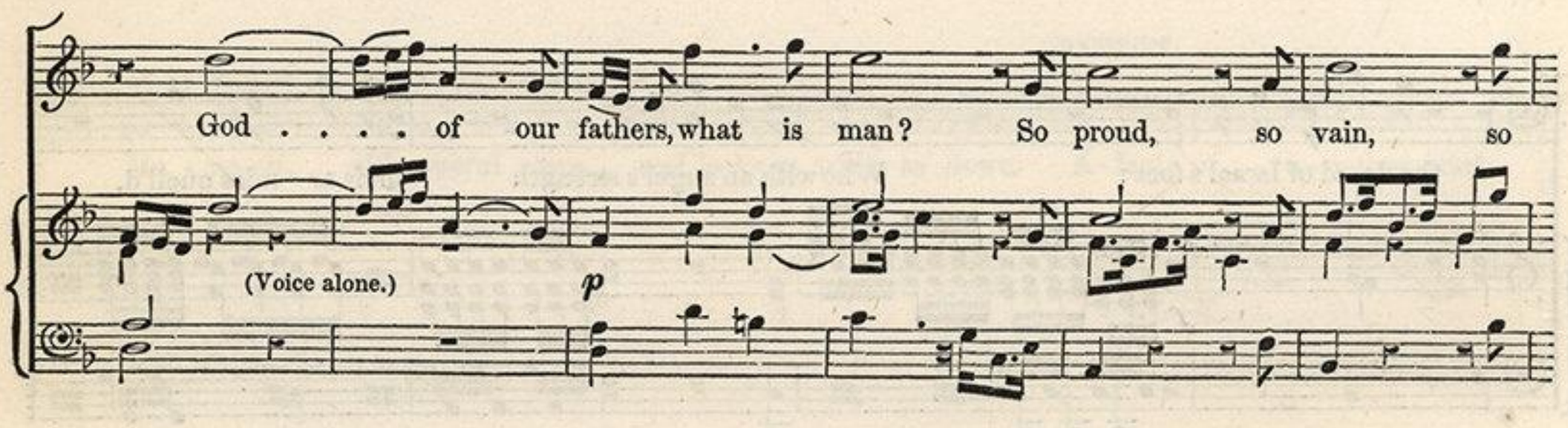
ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM
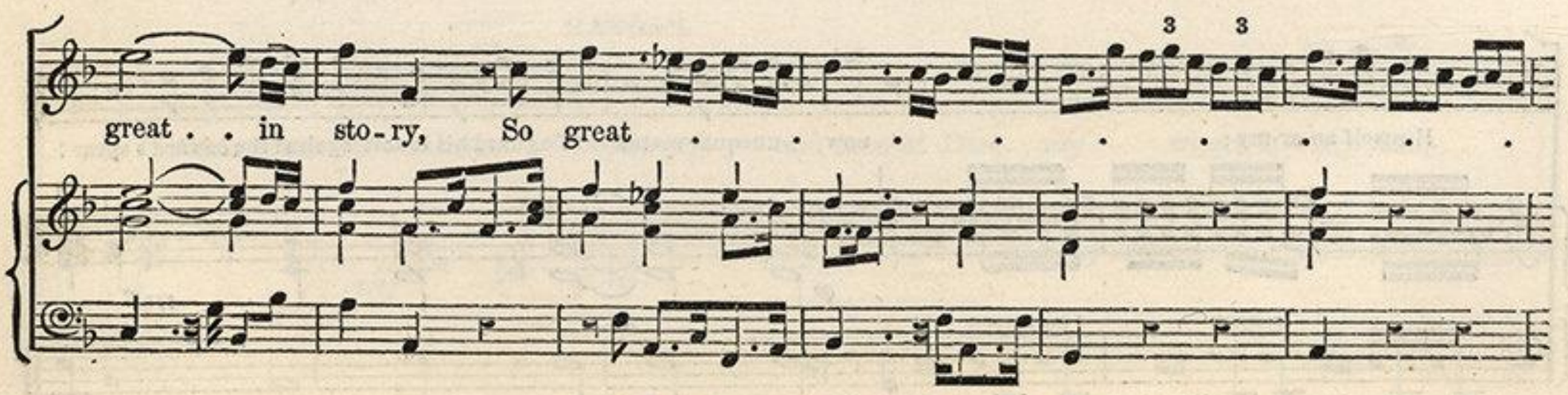
No. 19. ARIA.—GOD OF OUR FATHERS.











ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

hr hr

. . . . . in sto - - ry,

f

His fame a blast, his life a span, A bub-ble at the height of

hr

p

hr

glo - - - - - ry, at the height of glo - - ry,

f

His fame a blast, his life a span, A

p

bub-ble at the height of glo - - - - - - - ry,

f

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Oft he that is ex-alt - - ed high, Unseemly

falls in hu-man eye. Oft he that is ex - al-ted high, . . . Unseemly

falls, Unseemly falls in hu-man eye, Unseemly falls, ... Unseem-ly

falls in hu - man eye, Unseemly falls . . . . in hu - man eye.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 20. RECIT.—THE GOOD WE WISH FOR.

ACCOMPANIED RECIT.—MANOAH.

VOICE.

The good we wish for of-ten proves our bane. I pray'd for children,

ACCOMPANIED RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

and I gain'd a son; And such a son, as all men hail'd me happy. But who'd be now a

mf *p*

fa - ther in my stead? The bless-ing drew a scorpion's tail be-hind: This plant (select and

sa - cred, for a - while the Mi - ra - cle of all,) was in one hour ensnared, As -

f

8va.

- saulted, overcome, led bound, his foes' de-ri-sion, Captive, poor, and blind.

p

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 21. AIR.—THY GLORIOUS DEEDS INSPIR'D MY TONGUE.

AIR.—MANOAH.

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Met 100 = ♩

Thy glo - rious deeds in - spir'd my tongue, Whilst airs of joy from thence did flow, Whilst airs of joy from thence did flow, ...

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Whilst airs of joy . . . . . .

from thence did flow. . . . . .

Thy glo-rious deeds, Thy glo-rious deeds in - spir'd my tongue, Thy

glo-rious deeds in - spir'd my tongue, Whilst airs of joy from thence did flow, . . .

Whilst airs of joy . . . . . .

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

from

thence did flow,

Thy glo - rious deeds in - spir'd my tongue, Whilst

airs of joy from thence did flow.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Largo. Met. 80 = 𝅗𝅥

To sor - rows now I tune . . my song, And set my harp to notes of

Largo. Met. 80 = ♩

p

woe; To sor - rows now I tune my song, And set my harp

to notes of woe, to notes of woe, to notes

of woe; And set my harp to notes of woe; And set my harp

to notes of woe. . . . .

p

hr

Handel's "Samson."—Novello's Edition.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 22. RECIT.—JUSTLY THESE EVILS.

VOICE. ACCOMP.

RECIT. SAMSON.

Just-ly these e - vils have befall'n thy son. Sole author I, Sole

RECIT.

p

cause; who have profan'd the mys-te-ries of God, By me betray'd to faithless par - lies!

Fe-mi-nine assaults! To the false fair I yielded all my heart. So far ef - fe-minacy held me

MANOAH.

yok'd her slave. O foul in-dignity! O blot to ho-nor and to arms! Worse yet re -

- mains: this day they ce - le-brate with pomps and sports, and sa - cri - fice to Da-gon, i-dol god! who gave thee

bound and blind, in - to their hands: thus is he magnified, The living God blas -

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

* See note, p. 27.

SAMSON.

- phem'd and scorn'd by that i-dol-a-trous rout. This have I done, this pomp, this ho-nour

mf *p*

No. 23, Accompanied.

brought to i-dol Da-gon; But to Is-rael shame, and our true God disgrace. My griefs for this for-

mf *p*

- bid mine eyes to close, or thoughts to rest: But now the strife shall end;

f

me overthrown, Dagon presumes to en-ter lists with God; Who thus provok'd will not con-

- nive, but rouze His fu-ry soon, and his great name as-sert. Da-gon shall stoop,

e'er long be quite de-spoil'd Of all those boasted trophies won on me.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 24. AIR.—WHY DOES THE GOD OF ISRAEL SLEEP?

AIR. SAMSON.

Allegro.

VOICE.

Allegro.

ACCOMP.

Met. 84 = ♩

f

p

hr hr hr hr

f

Why does the God of Is-rael sleep?

(Voice alone.)

p

A - rise with dread - ful sound, A - rise a - rise, a -

f

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

- rise with dreadful sound, a - rise with dreadful sound, ... with dreadful sound, A -

- rise, a - rise with dreadful sound, with dread - ful sound, A - rise, a -

rise, A - rise with dreadful sound, with dreadful sound, And

clouds encompass'd round, . . . And clouds encompass'd round, ...

Then shall the heathen hear thy

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

thun - - - der, Then shall the hea - then hear thy thun - - - - -

der, . . thy thun - der deep.

The

tem-pest of thy wrath now raise, In whirlwinds them pur-sue, Full

fraught with vengeance due, In whirlwinds them pur - sue, ... In

whirl-winds them pur-sue, them pur - sue, them pur-sue, Full fraught with vengeance due, Full

fraught with ven - - - - - - - - - - geance due,

f

f

Till shame and trouble all . . . . .

p

. . . thy foes shall seize. Till shame, till shame and

f

trou-ble, Till shame and trou-ble all thy foes shall seize. Till shame and

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

trou - ble all thy foes shall seize, ... Till

shame and trouble all . . . . . thy foes .

. . . shall seize. Why

does the God of Is - rael sleep? A -

- rise with dread - ful sound, A - rise, a-rise, a - rise with dreadful sound, And

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clouds encompass'd round, ... encompass'd round, Then shall the heathen hear thy

thun - der deep; The tem - pest of thy wrath now raise, In whirl-winds them pur -

- sue, them pur-sue; Full fraught with ven - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - geance due, Till

shame and trou-ble, Till shame and

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

trou-ble, all . . . . . thy foes shall seize.

Till shame and trouble all thy foes shall seize.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 25. RECIT.—THERE LIES OUR HOPE.

RECIT. MICAH.

VOICE. There lies our hope. True pro - phet may'st thou be, That God may

RECIT.

ACCOMP.

vin - di-cate his glorious name, Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord, or Dagon.

No. 26. CHORUS.—THEN SHALL THEY KNOW.

TREBLE. CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*

ALTO. CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*

Then shall they know, that he whose name Je - ho - - vah is, a -

TENOR. (8ve. lower.) CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*

Then shall they know, that he whose

BASS. CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*

ACCOMP. Met. 88 = ♩ CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*

ORGAN.*

Then shall they know, that he whose

- lone, O'er all the earth . . . . . but one, O'er all the earth, O'er

name Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er all the earth but one, O'er all the

Then shall they know, that he whose name Je - ho - - vah is, a

8va.

name Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er all the earth but one, Then

all the earth but one, O'er all the earth but one,

earth but one, O'er all the earth but one,

- lone, O'er all the earth but one, Then shall they

Pedals.

* This is specially marked to be led off by the Organ, in Handel's score; and as the other parts are marked *tutti*, the full organ, (without reeds,) will be most appropriate

shall they know, that he whose name . . . . . Je -

Then shall they know, that he whose

Then shall they know, that he . . whose name, that he whose

know, that he whose name . . Je

8va.

- ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er all the earth . . but

name . . Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er all the earth but

name Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er all the earth but

- ho - vah is a - lone, O'er all . . . the earth but

8va.

one,

one, Was e - ver the most

one, Was e - ver the most high, and still the same, and still the same, . .

one,

8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Was e - ver the most high, and

high, . . and still the same, and still the same, ...

. . . . . and still the same, . . .

still the same, and still the same,

. . and still the same,

and still the same, and still the same, ... and still the same, . .

Was e - ver the most high, . . and still the same,

8va.

e - ver the most high, . . and still the same,

Was e - ver the most high, and still, and still the same, . .

. . and still the same, and . . still, and still the same, . .

and still the same, ... and still the same, Was

Ped. 8va.

and still the same, ... and still the same; Then shall they know, that

. . Was e - ver the most high, and still the same; Then shall they know, that

. . Was e - ver the most high, and still the same; Then shall they know, that

e - ver the most high, and still the same; . . Then shall they know, that

8va.

he whose name Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er all the earth but

he whose name Je-ho - - vah is, a - lone, O'er all the earth but

he whose name Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er all the earth but

he whose name Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er all the earth but

one, Was e - ver the most high, . . Was e - ver the most

one, and still the same, Was e - ver the most high, . . and still the same,

one, and still the same, . . and still the same, Was e-ver the most

one, and still the same, . . and still the same,

high, . . and still the same; Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er

and still the same, and still the same; Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er

high, . . . and still the same; Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er

. . . . . and still the same; Je - ho - vah is, a - lone, O'er

8va.

all the earth but one, and still the same, ... and still

all the earth but one, Was e - ver the most high, and still, and

all the earth but one, Was e - ver the most high, . . and

all the earth but one, Was e - ver the most high, . . and

8va.

. . the same, was e - ver the most high, and still the same.

still the same, was e - ver the most high, and still the same.

still the same, was e - ver the most high, and still the same.

still the same, was e - ver the most high, and still the same.

F

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 27. RECIT.—FOR THEE, MY DEAREST SON.

RECIT.—MANOAH.

VOICE.

For thee, my dear-est son, must thou mean-while lie thus neg-lect-ed,

ACCOMP. *p*

SAMSON. *

in this loathsome plight? It should be so, to ex-pi-ate my crime, if pos-si-ble! Shameful gra -

- tu-i-ty had I re-veal'd the se-cret of a friend; Most heinous that: but im-pious-ly

MANOAH.

To blast God's counsel! is a sin . without a name! Be for thy fate contrite;

mf *p*

but, O my son, to high dis-po-sal leave the forfeit due. God may re - lent, and quit thee all his

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

* See Note, page 27.

debt; Reject not then the offer'd means of life. Al-rea-dy have I treated with some lords to

ran-som thee. Re-venge is sa-cred now, to see thee thus, who cannot harm them more.

SAMSON.

Why should I live? Soon shall these orbs to dou - ble dark-ness yield.

No. 28. RECIT.—MY GENIAL SPIRITS DROOP.

RECIT.—SAMSON.

VOICE.

My genial spi-rits droop, my hopes are fled, Nature in me seems

RECIT., Accompanied.
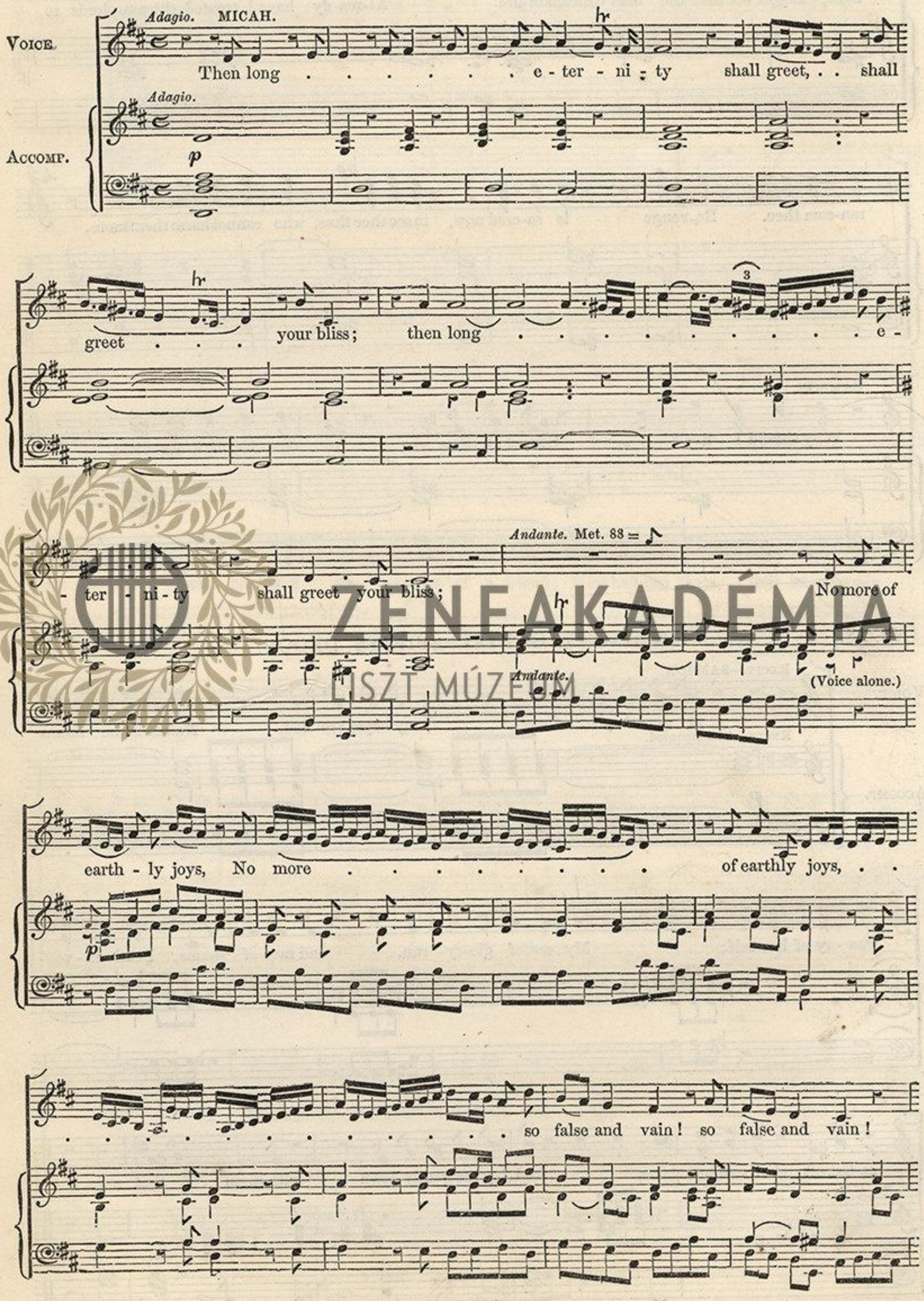
ACCOMP. *p*

wea - ry of her-self; My race, of glo-ry run. and race of shame, Death in - vo -

- ca-ted oft shall end my pains, And lay me gently down with them . . that rest.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 29. AIR.—THEN LONG ETERNITY.



ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No more of earthly joys, ... so false . . . . . and vain, No more, No more of earth - ly joys, so false . . and vain.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 30. AIR.—JOYS THAT ARE PURE.

AIR. MICAH.
Larghetto.

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Larghetto.

mp

Met. 84 = ♪

Joys that are pure, sin - cere - ly good, shall then o'er - take, ...

p

Shall then o'er-take . .

you as a flood.

Joys that are pure, Sin-cere-ly good, Shall then o'er-take . . . . .

Voice alone.

you as a flood.

mf

Where truth and peace do e-ver . . shine, With love that's

p

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

per - fect - ly di - - vine, . With love that's per - fect - ly di - - vine, ...

. . . . Where truth and peace do e - - - ver shine, With love that's

per - - fect - ly di - - - vine, . . With love . . that's per - - - - - fect - ly di -

- vine, . . . With love that's per - - fect - ly di - vine, ...

Where truth and peace do e-ver shine,

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

With love that's per - fect - ly di - - vine, With love that's per-fect-ly, per -

Adagio.

fect-ly di - vine.

Adagio.

mf

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 31. Chorus.*—THEN ROUND ABOUT THE STARRY THRONE.

CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario.*

Treble. *mf* Then round a - bout the star - ry throne, . .

CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario.*

Alto. *mf* Then round a - bout the star - ry throne, . . .

CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario.*

Tenor. (Sve. lower.) *mf* Then round a - bout the star - ry throne, . . .

CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario.*

Bass. *mf* Then round a - bout the star - ry throne, . . .

CHORUS. *A tempo ordinario.*

Accomp. Met. 69 = ♩ *mf*

8va.

* This is usually first performed as a *Quartett* by the principal singers, and afterwards repeated in *Chorus*.

Of him who e - ver rules a - lone, Your

Of him who e - ver rules a - lone, Your heav'n - ly

Of him who e - ver rules a - lone, Your heav'n -

Of him who e - ver rules a - lone,

heav'n - ly guid-ed soul shall climb, Your heav'n - ly guid-ed soul shall

guid - - - - ed soul, . . Your heav'n - ly guid - - - - ed

- - ly guid - - - ed soul, . . Your heav'n - ly guid - - - - -

Your heav'n - ly guid - ed soul, . . Your heav'nly guid - -

climb, Your heav'nly guid - ed soul shall climb; Of

soul, . . Your heav'nly guided soul shall climb; Of

- - - - - - ed oul shall climb; Of

- - - - - - - ed soul shall climb; Of

all this earth - ly gross - - ness quit, With

all this earth - ly gross - - ness quit, With

all this earth - ly gross - ness quit,

all this earth - ly gross - - ness quit,

glo - ry crown'd . . . . . for e - ver sit,

glo - ry crown'd . . . . . for e - ver sit,

With glo - - - - ry crown'd for e - ver, for e - ver sit, And

With glo - ry crown'd . for e - ver sit,

And triumph over death, and thee, O time! and

triumph o-ver death, and thee, O time! And tri - - - umph o-ver death, and thee, O time! . . .

And

8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

And triumph o-ver death and thee, O time!

thee, . . O time! . . . . and thee, O time! and thee, . . O time! With glo - ry crown'd, . .

. . . . and thee, O time! and thee, O time! With glo - ry crown'd, . .

triumph o-ver death and thee, O time! and thee, O time! With glo - ry crown'd, . .

8va.

With glo - ry crown'd . . . . . for e - - - - ver, for

. . . . . With glo - ry crown'd, ... With glo - ry crown'd for

. . . . . With glo - ry crown'd, ... With glo - ry crown'd for

. . . . . With glo - ry crown'd . . . . . for

8va.

e - ver sit, And triumph over death, . . . And

e - ver sit, And triumph over death and

e - ver sit, And triumph over death and thee, O time! And triumph over

e - ver sit, for e - - - - - - - ver sit, And tri - - - - umph

Pedals.

triumph o - ver death and thee, O time! And triumph o - ver death and
thee, O time! and thee, O time! With glo - ry crown'd and
death, o - ver death and thee, O time! And triumph o - ver death,
o - - ver death and thee, O time! With glo - ry crown'd, . .
Ped.

thee, O time! With glo - ry crown'd, for
tri-umph o - ver death and thee, O time! and thee, O time! and
And tri-umph o - ver death, and triumph o - ver death and
for e - - ver sit, And triumph o - ver death and
8va.

e - ver sit, and tri - umph o - ver death and thee, *Adagio.* and thee, O time!
thee, O time! and tri - umph o - ver death and thee, *Adagio.* and thee, O time!
thee, O time! and tri - umph o - ver death and thee, *Adagio.* and thee, O time!
thee, O time! and tri - umph o - ver death and thee, *Adagio.* and thee, O time!

PART THE SECOND.

SAMSON, MICAH, *and Chorus of Israelites.*

No. 32. RECIT.—DESPAIR NOT THUS.

RECIT.—MANOAH.

VOICE. Despair not thus! You once were God's delight, His des-tin'd from the womb,

ACCOMP. *p*

by him led on To deeds above the nerve of mortal arm. Un - der his eye abstemious you grew

SAMSON.

up, Nor did the dancing ru-by, sparkling, out-pour'd, Allure you from the cool crystaline stream. Where -

- e'er the liquid brook or fountain flow'd, I drank, nor envied man the pleasing grape. But

what a-vail'd this temp'rance, not complete, A-gainst an - o - ther ob - ject more en - ti - cing?

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

MANOAH.

I laid my strength in lust's las-ci-vious lap. Trust yet in God! Thy father's timely care Shall

prosecute the means to free thee hence. Meantime, all healing words from these thy friends admit.

No. 33. AIR.—JUST ARE THE WAYS OF GOD TO MAN.

AIR. MANOAH.
Allegro.

VOICE.

Allegro.

ACCOMP.

Met. 88 = ♩

Just are the ways of God to man, Let none his

p *mf* *p*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

se - cret ac - tions scan, Let none his se - cret ac - tions scan; Just are the

mf *p*

ways of God to man, Let none his se - - cret ac - - tions scan, Let none his se-cret

ac - - - - - - - - - tions scan:

mf

For all is best, tho' oft we doubt, Of what his

p *mf* *p*

wisdom brings a - bout, For all is best, tho' oft we doubt, Of what his wis-dom, what his

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

wis - dom brings a-bout.

mf

Still his un - search - a - ble dis-pose, Bless-es the righ - teous in the close.

p

Bless-es the righteous, Bless-es the righteous, Bless - es the

righ-teous in the close, Still his un - search - - - - a - ble . dis -

- - pose. Bless-es the righ-teous Bless - - - - - - - - -

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

es the righ - teous in the close.

mf

No. 34.

Recit.—MY EVILS HOPELESS ARE.

Recit. SAMSON.

Voice.

My evils hopeless are! One pray'r remains, A speedy death to close my mi-se-ries.

Recit.

Accomp.

p

Recit.—RELIEVE THY CHAMPION.

Recit. MICAH.

Voice.

Relieve thy champion, image of thy strength, And turn his labours to a peaceful end!

Accomp.

p

p

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 35. AIR.—RETURN, O GOD OF HOSTS.

Largo.

VOICE. 𝄞 *Largo.* AIR. MICAH.

ACCOMP. Met. 60 = ♩

mp *hr* *p*

pp *p*

Re - turn, Re-turn, O

God . . of Hosts! O God, Re - turn, O God of Hosts! Be -

- hold, be-hold Thy ser - vant in dis - tress, . . . be - hold Thy

servant in dis - tress! Return, O God! be - hold . . . Thy ser -

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Zeneművészeti Főiskola Budapest

- - - vant in dis-tress, Re-turn, O God! Re - turn, O God of Hosts!

be - hold, be - hold, be - hold, be-hold thy ser-vant, Thy ser - vant in dis - tress,

behold, behold Thy servant, Thy servant in dis-tress, ... Return, Re-turn, O

God! Return, O God of Hosts! be-hold, be - hold, Thy ser - vant in . . dis-tress.

Fine.

His migh - - ty griefs, his migh-ty griefs re-dress; His migh-ty

griefs, his mighty griefs, ... his mighty griefs re-dress;

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

His migh-ty griefs . . . . . re - dress, Nor by the

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

Dal Segno.

* This second part of the Air is usually omitted.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 36. Solo and Chorus.—TO DUST HIS GLORY THEY WOULD TREAD.

CHORUS. *Largo.*

TREBLE. *mf* To dust his glo-ry they would tread, And number him amongst the dead,

SOLO. MICAH. SOLO. MICAH.

CHORUS. *Largo.*

ALTO. *mf* To dust his glo-ry they would tread, And number him amongst the dead, And

CHORUS. *Largo.*

TENOR. (8ve. lower.) *mf* To dust his glo-ry they would tread, And number him amongst the dead,

CHORUS. *Largo.*

BASS. *mf* To dust his glo-ry they would tread, And number him amongst the dead,

CHORUS. *Largo.*

ACCOMP. Met. 72 = ♩ *mf* *mf* 8va.

amongst the dead, . . a - mongst the dead, *p* And

num-ber him amongst the dead, . . And number him amongst the dead, *p* And

And number him, And number him amongst the dead, *p* And

And number him amongst the dead, *p* And

p

pp number him amongst the dead.

Solo.

Re-turn, re-turn, O God of Hosts! Behold, behold Thy

pp number him amongst the dead.

pp number him amongst the dead.

pp number him amongst the dead.

pp Solo.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

To dust his glo-ry they would tread, And number him a - mongst the

ser - vant in distress, Be - hold, . . . be-hold, O God of Hosts, ...

To dust his glo-ry they would tread, And number him amongst the

To dust his glo-ry they would tread, And number him a-mongst the

To dust his glo-ry they would tread, And number him a-mongst the

Chorus. Solo.

(Voice alone.)

dead, And number him amongst the dead.

Solo.

Behold thy servant, thy servant in distress! O God, behold! To dust his glo - ry they would

dead, And nnmber him amongst the dead.

dead, And number him amongst the dead.

dead, And number him amongst the dead,

Solo. Solo.

8va.

Chorus.

To dust his glo-ry they would

tread, To dust his glo-ry they would tread, And num - ber him a-mongst the dead,

To dust his glo-ry they would

To dust his glo-ry they would

To dust his glo-ry they would

Chorus.

(With the Voice.)

8va.

tread, And nnm - ber him a-mongst the dead, And num-ber him amongst the

tread, And num - ber him a-mongst the dead, And number him amongst the

tread, And num - ber him a-mongst the dead, And num-ber him amongst the

tread, And num - ber him a-mongst the dead, And num-ber him amongst the

dim.

dead, *pp* And num - ber him a - mongst the dead.

dim.

dead, *pp* And num - ber him a - mongst the dead.

dim.

dead, *pp* And num - ber him a - mongst the dead.

dim.

dead, *pp* And num - ber him a - mongst the dead.

pp

p *dim.* *mf*

hr

pp

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

RECIT.—BUT WHO IS THIS.

RECIT. MICAH.

VOICE. But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay, Comes this way sailing

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

like a state-ly ship, With all her streamers waving in the wind, An o - dor-ous perfume her

SAMSON.

harbinger, a damsel train be-hind? 'Tis Da-li-la, thy wife. My wife? My traitress! Let her not come

mf *p*

MICAH.

near me. She stands, and eyes thee fix'd, with head declin'd, (Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with

dew.) She weeps! Her words address'd to thee seem tears dissolv'd, Wet - ting the borders

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Handel's "Samson."—Novello's Edition.

See note, p. 28.

DALILA.

of her silken veil. With doubtful feet, and wav'ring re - so - lu-tion I come, O Samson!

mf *p*

dreading thy displeasure. But conjugal af-fection led me on, Prevailing o-ver fear and tim'rous doubt,

* Glad if in ought my help or love could serve to ex - pi-ate my rash, unthought misdeed.

mf

SAMSON.

Out, thou hy-æ-na! 'Twas malice brought thee here! These are the arts of woman, false like thee,

To break all vows, re-pent, deceive, submit; Then with instructed skill again transgress. The

DALILA.

wisest men have met such bosom snakes, Beguil'd like me, to a - ges an ex - am-ple. I would not

mf *p*

* See note, p. 28.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

les-sen my of-fence, yet beg to weigh it by it - self. What is it then but cu - ri -

- o-si-ty? A small female fault — gree-dy of secrets but to publish them. Why would you trust a

mf *p*

woman's frail - ty then, And to her im - por - tu-ni-ty your strength? A mu - tual

SAMSON.

weakness mu - tual par - don claims. How cunningly the sor-ceress displays Her own trans -

mf *p*

- gressions to upbraid me mine! I to myself was false ere thou to me. Bit - ter re -

- proach! but true. The pardon, then, I to my fol-ly give: take thou to thine.

mf

✪ See note p. 28.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 38. AIR.—WITH PLAINTIVE NOTES

Larghetto.
AIR. DALILA.

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Met. 72 = ♩

Larghetto. *mp*

With plain-tive notes and am-'rous moan, Thus coos the tur--tle left a-lone;

(Voice alone.) *p*

With plain-tive notes, and am-'rous moan, With plain-tive notes, And

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

am - 'rous moan, Thus coos, thus coos . . . the

tur-tle left a-lone, Thus coos, Thus coos the tur-tle left a-lone, ... Thus

coos, . . . Thus coos . . . the tur-tle left a-lone,

With plain - tive notes and

am - 'rous moan, Thus coos . the tur-tle, Thus coos, Thus coos the

tur-tle left alone; Thus, Thus, Thus coos . . . the tur - - tle, Thus

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

coos, Thus coos the tur-tle, the tur-tle left a-lone,

(Voice alone.)

Thus

p *mp*

Adagio.

coos, Thus coos the tur-tle left a-lone.

tem. 1mo.

(With the Voice.) *mf*

Adagio.

Like me, a-verse to each de-light, She

p

wears the te - - dious wi - - dow'd night, She wears the te - - dious

wi - - dow'd night; Like me a - verse To each . . . de-light, She

wears the te - dious wi - dow'd night. But

mf *p*

when her ab - - - sent mate re-turns, With dou - - bled rap - - tures

then she burns, she burns, . . . With dou - - - bled rap - - - -

- - - - - tures then . , she burns.

mf

But when her ab - - sent mate re - turns, With

p

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

doubled rap - - - - - - - - tures, With dou - bled raptures

then . . she burns, then . . she burns; With dou - bled raptures, With

dou - bled rap - - - - - - - - - - - - tures,

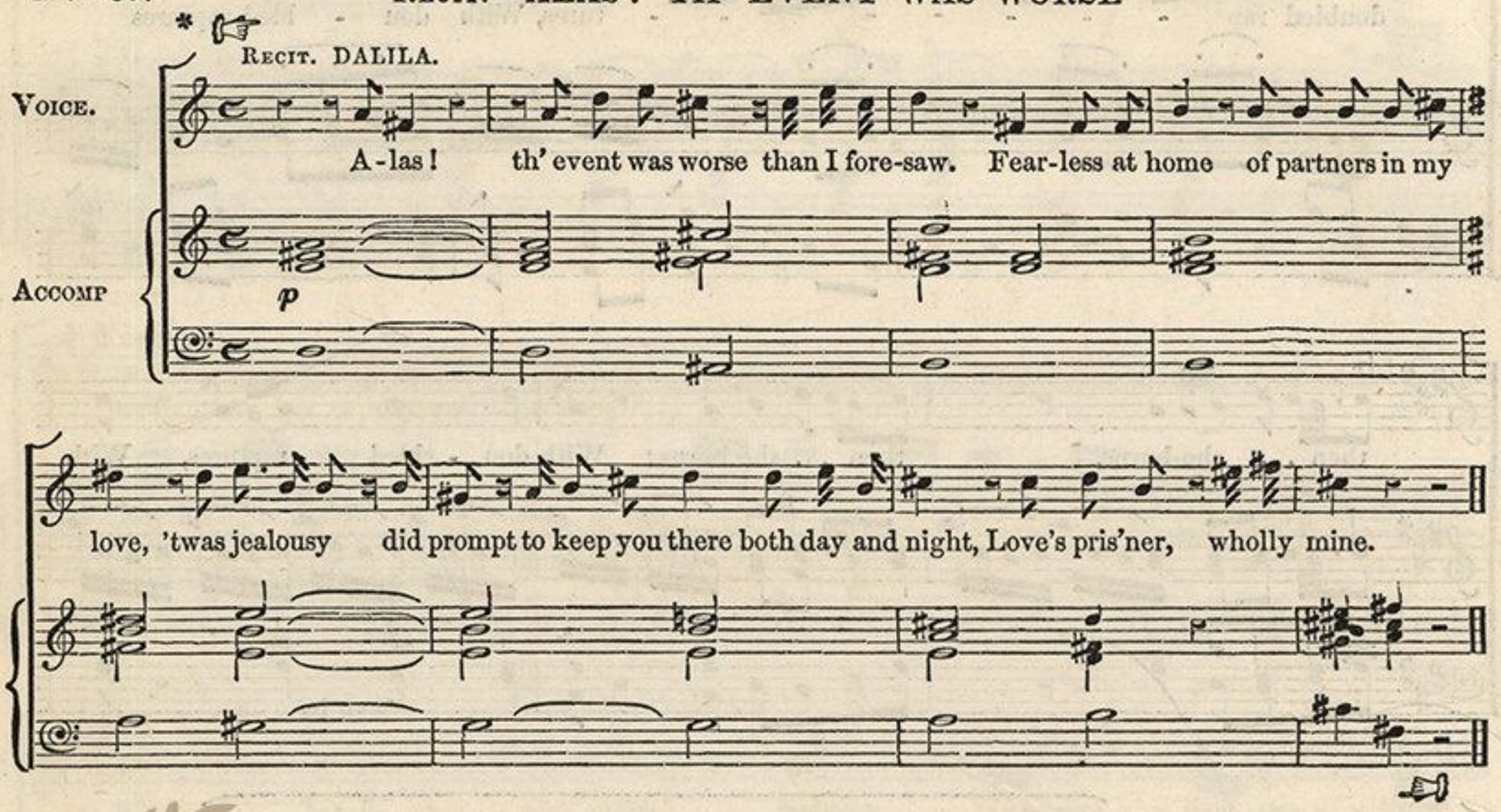
With doubled rap - tures then she burns.

(With the Voice.)

mf

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 39. RECIT.—ALAS! TH' EVENT WAS WORSE



No. 40. RECIT.—DID, LOVE CONSTRAIN THEE?

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Handel's "Samson."—Novello's Edition.

See note, p. 28.

LISZT FERENCZ HAGYATÉKA

No. 41. AIR.—YOUR CHARMS TO RUIN LED THE WAY.

AIR. SAMSON.

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Met. 100 = ♪

Larghotto.

mp

Your charms to ru - in led the way,

p *mp*

My sense depraved, My strength enslaved: As I did love, you did be - tray, you did be -

p

- tray, As I did love, you did be - tray; Your charms to ru - in led the

mf *p*

way, My sense de-praved, My strength en-slaved: As I did love, you did be -

(Voice alone.) *p*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

- tray. How great the curse, How hard my fate,

To pass life's sea with such a mate! How great the curse, how hard my

mf *p*

fate, To pass life's sea with such a mate, with such a mate! To pass life's

mf *p*

sea with such a mate! How great the curse, how hard my fate, How great the curse, how hard my

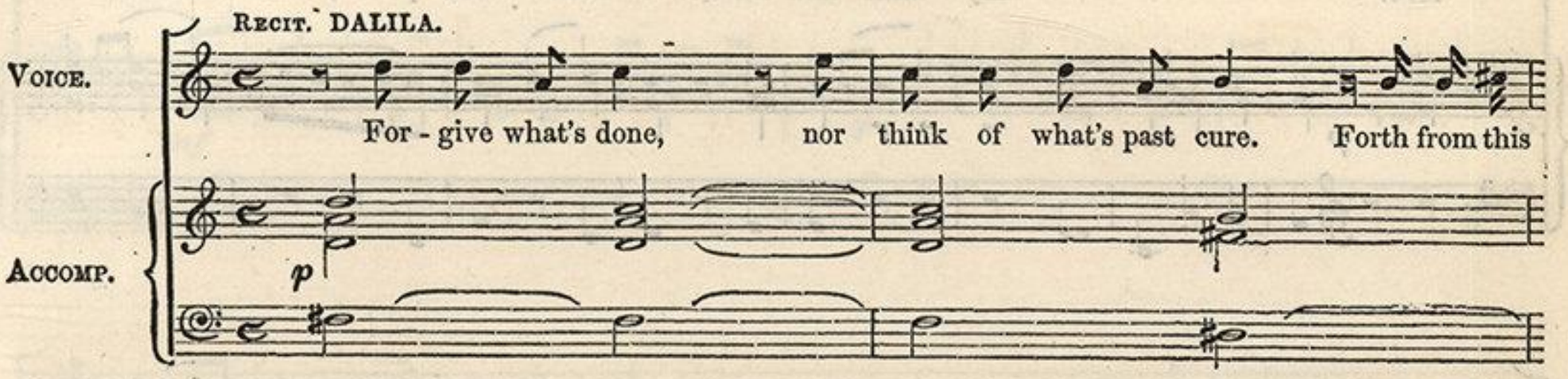
fate, To pass life's sea with such . . a mate!

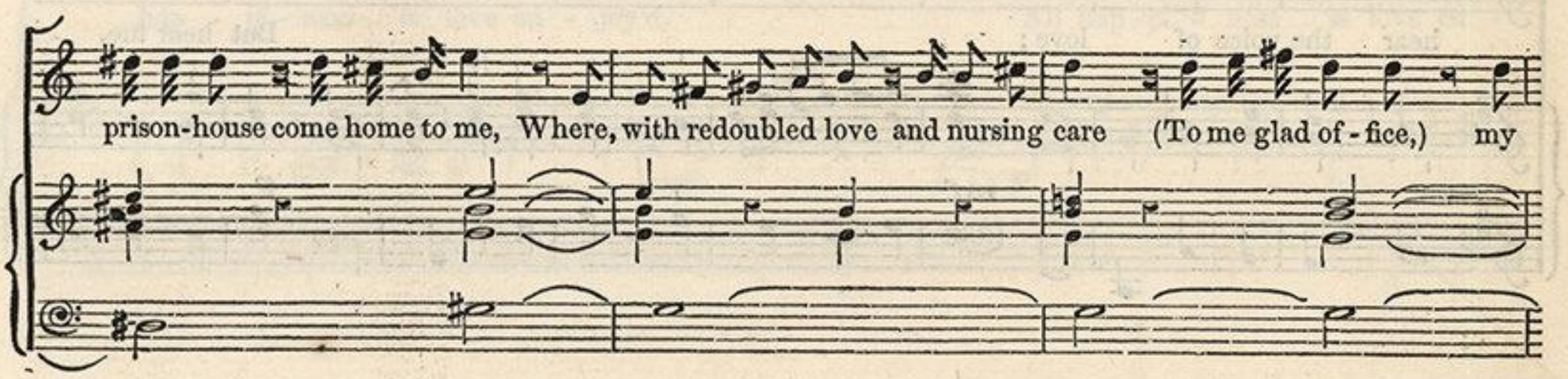
(With the Voice.)

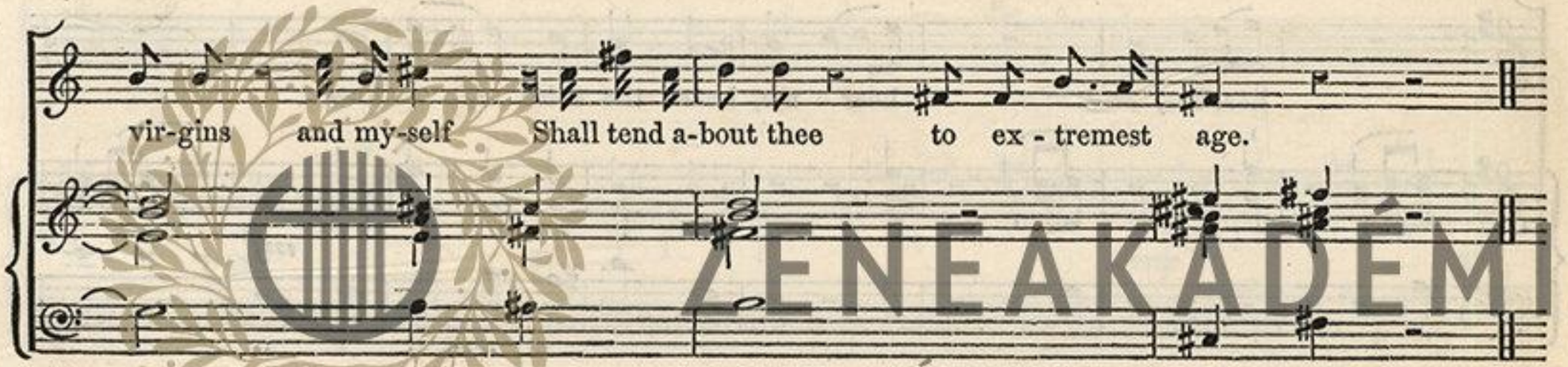
p

mf

No. 42. RECIT.—FORGIVE WHAT'S DONE.
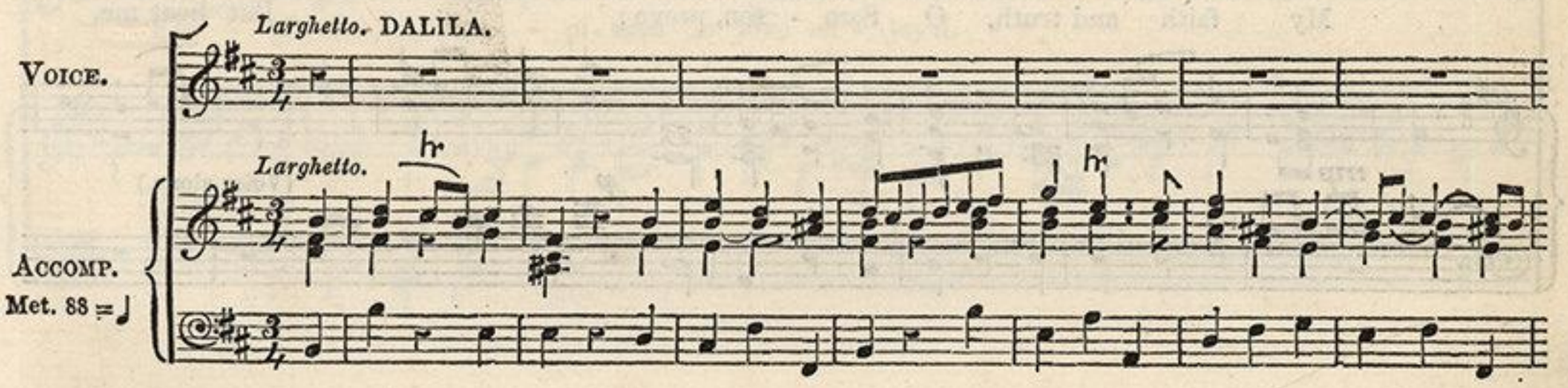


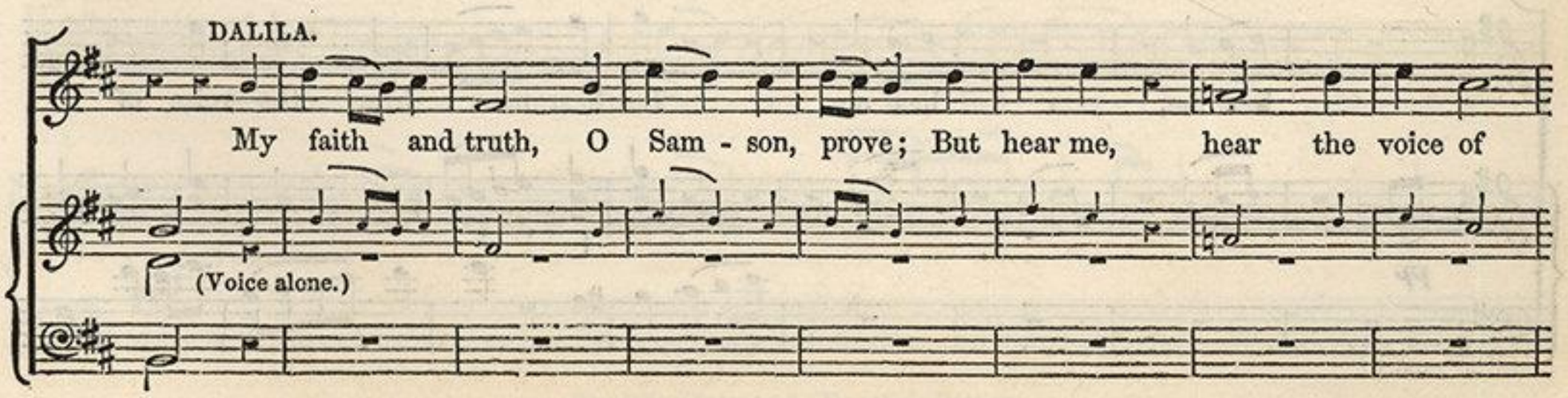




ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 43. MY FAITH AND TRUTH, O SAMSON, PROVE.





love. My faith and truth, O Sam - son, prove; But hear me,

p

hear the voice of love; But hear me,

hr

mf *p*

hear me, hear me, hear the voice of . . love.

mf

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

My faith and truth, O Sam - son, prove; But hear me,

mp *p*

(Voice alone.)

hear me, hear me. But hear me. . . hear the voice of

pp

love. With love no mor - tal can be cloy'd; All

mf *p*

hap - pi - ness is love en - joy'd, All hap - pi - ness is love en -

mp *p*

joy'd. With love no mor - tal can be cloy'd; All

mp *p* *mp* *p*

hap - pi - ness, All hap - pi - ness is love en - joy'd.

My faith . . and truth, O Sam - son, prove; But hear . . me, hear the voice of

(Voice alone.)

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MŰZEUM

No. 44. CHORUS OF VIRGINS.*

Her faith and truth, O Sam - son, prove; But hear her, hear the voice of love.

love.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

mp

(Voices alone.)

mf

hear her, hear her,

But hear me, hear me,

p

hear her, hear the voice of . . love.

hear me, hear the voice of . . love.

My

(Voice alone.)

p

Her faith and . . truth, O Sam - son, prove;

faith and . . truth, O Sam - son, prove;

But

(Voices alone.)

p

* In Walsh's score, this Chorus is left entirely *without accompaniment* throughout; and it should always be so performed where the choral voices do not require the support of an instrument. It will then better contrast with the following Chorus of Virgins (*No.* 45.) which *is* accompanied by the Orchestra.—V. N.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

But hear . . . her, hear . . . the

hear . . me, hear . . . the voice of love;

(Voice alone.) *p* (Voice alone.)

voice of love; But hear . . . the voice of love. *ad lib.*

But hear . . . the voice of . . love, But *ad lib.*

mp (Voice alone.)

Tempo.

hear her: Her faith and truth, O . . Sam-son, prove; But

hear me, My faith and truth, O . . Sam-son, prove; But

Tempo.

(Voice alone.) *mp*

hear her, hear . . the voice of love.

hear me, hear . . the voice of love.

f

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

HER FAITH AND TRUTH.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

CHORAL VOICES.

ACCOMP.

Larghetto.

Her faith and truth, O Sam - son prove; But hear . her, hear the voice of love.

Her faith . and truth, O Sam - son, prove; But hear . her, hear the voice of love.

But hear her, hear her, hear her, hear her, hear the voice of . . love.

Her faith and truth, O Sam - son, prove;

But hear her, . hear the voice of love.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 46. TO FLEETING PLEASURES MAKE YOUR COURT.

AIR.—DALILA.

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Larghetto.

mf

Met. 72 = ♩

To fleet-ing plea-sures make your court, No

p

pp

mo-ment lose, for life . . is short; To fleet-ing plea-sures make your court, No

mo-ment lose, No mo-ment lose, for life is short, No . mo-ment lose, No

f

mo-ment lose, . . for life . . is short; The

mf

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

pre - sent now's our on - ly time, The miss-ing that our on - ly crime, The pre-sent now's our

p

on - ly time, our on - - ly time, our on - - ly time, The miss - ing that our on - ly

crime, our on - ly crime. The miss - ing that our on - ly crime, our on - ly crime, The

f

mf

miss - ing that our on - ly crime.

f

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 47.*☞ HER FAITH AND TRUTH. ☜

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.
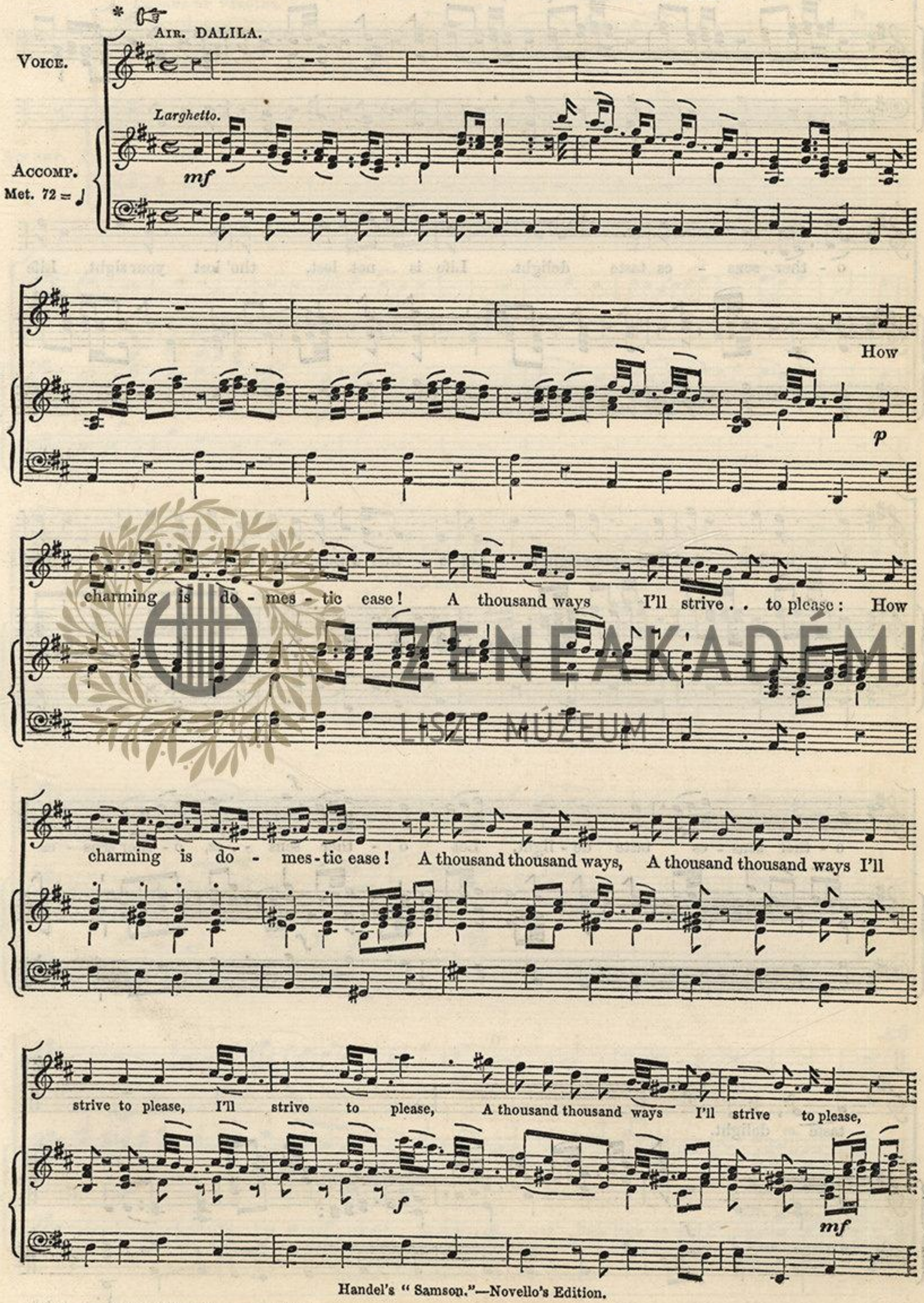
Her faith and truth, O Sam - son, prove; But hear her, hear the voice of love.

mf

Handel's "Samson"—Novello's Edition.

* See Note, Page 28.

No. 48. AIR.—HOW CHARMING IS DOMESTIC EASE!



Handel's "Samson."—Novello's Edition.

* See note, p. 28.

Life is not lost tho' lost your sight; Let

o - ther sens - es taste delight. Life is not lost, tho' lost your sight, Life

is not lost, tho' lost your sight: Let o - ther senses, other senses taste delight, Let

o - ther sens - es taste de - light, Let o - ther sens - es, o - ther sens - es

taste delight.

Handel's "Samson."—Novello's Edition.

No. 49. HER FAITH AND TRUTH.

* CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

VOICE. ACCOMP.

Her faith and truth, O Sam - son, prove; But hear her, hear the voice of love.

Her faith and truth, O Sam - son, prove; But hear her, hear the voice of love,

But hear her, hear her, hear her, hear her,

hear the voice of . . love. Her faith and truth, O Sam - son, prove;

But hear her, hear the voice of love.

Handel's "Samson."—Novello's Edition.

* See note, p. 28.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 50. RECIT.—NE'ER THINK OF THAT.

RECIT. SAMSON.

VOICE

Ne'er think of that. I know thy warbling charms, Thy trains, thy wiles, and

RECIT.

ACCOMP.

fair en-chanted cup: Their force is null'd. Where once I have been caught, I shun the

snare. These chains, this prison-house I count the house of li - ber - ty to thine.

p

DALILA. SAMSON.

Let me approach, at least, and touch thy hand. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake My sudden

rage to tear thee limb from limb. At distance I forgive: Depart with that. Now

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

DALILA.

tri-umph in thy falsehood, so fare-well. Thou art more deaf to pray'rs than winds or

mf *p*

seas. Thy an-ger ra-ges an e-ter-nal tem-pest; Why should I hum-bly sue for peace, thus

scorn'd, with in-fa-my up-on my name denounc'd. When in this land I e-ver shall be held

The first of wo-man-kind li-ving, or dead. My prais-es shall be sung at so-lemn

feasts, Who sav'd my coun-try from a fierce de-stroy-er.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

* See Note, Page 28.

No. 51.

TRAITOR TO LOVE.

DUETT.—*Allegro.*

Violin.

ACCOMP.

Met. 156=♩

f

mp

Cello.

f

DALILA.

Trai - tor to love, I'll sue no more

Cello.

p

For par-don scorn'd, your threats give o'er, I'll sue no more, . your

pp

threats give o'er,

Trai-tress to love, I'll hear no more, The charmer's voice,

Violin.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Trai-tor to love,

your arts give o'er, The charmer's voice, . . your arts give o'er.

Trai-tor to love, I'll sue no more, I'll sue no more for pardon

Traitress to love, Traitress to love, I'll hear no more, The charmer's voice,

scorn'd! your threats give o'er, your threats give

your arts give o'er, give o-ver your arts,

o'er; I'll sue no more, I'll sue . . no more, I'll sue no more;

I'll hear no more, no more, I'll hear . . no more, I'll hear no

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

your threats give o'er ; Trai - tor to love, Trai - tor to love, I'll

more, I'll hear no more, Trai - tress to love, Trai - tress to

sue no . . more For par - don scorn'd, I'll sue . . no more, no

love, I'll hear no . . more, The charm - er's voice, The charm - - -

more, no more ; your threats give o'er, your

er's voice,

threats give o'er ; I'll sue no more, I'll sue no more.

your arts give o'er, your arts give o'er ; I'll hear no more, I'll hear no more.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Zeneművészeti Főiskola Budapest

No. 52. RECIT.—SHE'S GONE, A SERPENT MANIFEST.

RECIT. MICAH.

VOICE.

She's gone, a serpent ma-ni-fest; her sting Dis-co-ver'd in the end.

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

SAMSON.

So let her go: God sent her here to ag-gravate my fol-ly.

No. 53. AIR.—IT IS NOT VIRTUE, VALOUR, WIT.

AIR. MICAH.

Andante Allegro.

ACCOMP. *mf*

Met. 144 = ♪

p

It is not vir-tue, valour, wit, Or come-li-ness of

grace, It is not virtue, valour, wit, Or comeliness of grace, That woman's love can tru-ly

hit, Or in . . her heart claim place. It is not virtue, valour, wit, Or

f *p*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

come-li-ness of grace, That woman's love can tru-ly hit, Or in her heart claim place, . .

mf *p*

Or in her heart claim place.

It is not virtue, valour, wit, Or comeliness of grace, It is not vir-tue,

valour, wit, Or comeliness of grace, Or comeliness of grace, That woman's love can tru-ly hit, Or

Adagio. *Tem. 1mo.*

in her heart claim place, Or in her heart claim place.

(With the Voice.) *Adagio.* *mf*

Tem. 1mo.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Still wav' - ring where their choice to fix, Still wav' - ring where their

choice to fix, Too oft . . they choose . the wrong; So

much self - love does rule the sex, They nothing else love long, They

nothing else love long; So much self-love does rule the sex, They no - thing else love

long, They nothing else love long, So much self - love does rule the

sex, they no - thing else love long, ... They no-thing else . . love long.

Da Capo.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 54. FAVOUR'D OF HEAV'N IS HE.

RECIT. SAMSON.

VOICE. Favour'd of heav'n is he who finds one true; How rare-ly found! his way to peace is smooth.

ACCOMP. *p*

No. 55. TO MAN GOD'S UNIVERSAL LAW.

TREBLE. CHORUS. *Grave.* *mf* To man God's u - ni - ver - sal

ALTO. CHORUS. *Grave.* *mf* To man God's u - ni - ver - sal law, To man, to man God's u - ni - ver - sal

TENOR. 8ve. lower. CHORUS. *Grave.* *mf* To man God's u - ni - ver-sal law, to man God's u - ni - ver - sal

BASS. CHORUS. *Grave.* *mf* To man God's u - ni - ver - sal, u - ni - ver - sal

ACCOMP. Met. 66 = ♩ CHORUS. *Grave.* *mf* 8va.

law, Gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe, gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe.

law, Gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe.

law, Gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe, gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe.

law, Gave pow'r, gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe.

8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Allegro Moderato. Met. 120 = ♩

Allegro Moderato.

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-may'd, By female u-surpation sway'd, ...

Allegro Moderato.

Allegro Moderato.

Thus shall his life be ne'er dismay'd, By female u-surpation

Allegro Moderato. Met. 120 = ♩

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-may'd, By female u-surpation

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-may'd, By female u-surpation sway'd, . . .

sway'd, . . .

8va.

sway'd, ... By fe-male u-surp-

By female u-surp-a-tion sway'd, ...

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-

(Left hand.)

- a - - - - - - - - - - tion sway'd, sway'd,

By fe-male u-surp-a-tion sway'd, sway'd,

- may'd, By fe-male u - - surp - a - tion sway'd,

- may'd, By fe-male u - surp-a - tion sway'd,

8va.

sway'd,

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis - may'd,

By female u-surp-a - - - - - tion sway'd,

Thus shall his life

By female u-surp-a - tion sway'd,

By female u-surp-a-tion,

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis -

By female u-surp - a - - - - - tion sway'd, By female u-surp -

. . be ne'er dis-may'd, . . By female u-surp - a - - - tion

By female usurp - a - - - - - tion sway'd, ...

- may'd, By female u-surp - a - - tion sway'd, ...

- - a - - tion sway'd, Thus shall his life . . be ne'er dis - may'd, ... dis -

sway'd, Thus shall his life . . be ne'er dis - may'd, By fe - male u-surp -

8va.

By fe-male u-surp - a - - - - tion sway'd, sway'd,

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-may'd, By

- - may'd, . . . By fe-male u - surp - a - - tion sway'd, ...

- - a - - - - - - - - tion sway'd, . . .

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis - may'd,

fe - male u - surp - a - - tion sway'd, ...

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis - may'd, dis-may'd, . .

ZENEAKADÉMIA
ISZT MÚZEUM

sway'd, By female u - surp - a - - - - - tion sway'd, . .

By female u - surp - a - tion sway'd, ... sway'd, . . By

. . By female u - surp - a - - - - tion sway'd, ...

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis - may'd, By fe - - male u - - surp - a - - -

Pedals. 8va.

By female u-surp-a-tion, By female u - surp - a - tion sway'd,

female u - surp - a - tion sway'd, By female u-surp-a-tion sway'd, sway'd,

By female u surp-a - tion, By female u-surp - a - tion sway'd, . .

- - - tion sway'd, . . By female u - surp - a - tion sway'd,

8va.

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-may'd, By female u-surp - a - - tion sway'd.

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-may'd, By female u-surp - a - tion sway'd.

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-may'd, By female u-surp - a - - tion sway'd.

Thus shall his life be ne'er dis-may'd, By female u-surp - a - - tion sway'd.

Ped.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT-MÚZEUM

No. 56. RECIT.—NO WORDS OF PEACE.

RECIT. MICAH.

VOICE. ACCOMP.

No words of peace, no voice en-chant-ing fear; A rougher tongue ex-pect: Here's

Ha - ra-pha: I know him by his stride and haughty look.

HARAPHA.

I come not, Samson, to con-dole thy chance. I am of Gath:

men call me Ha - ra-pha; Thou know'st me now. Of thy prodigious might Much have I

heard in-cre-di-ble to me! nor less displeased That ne-ver in the field We met, to

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

SAMSON.

try each other's deeds of strength. I'd see if thy ap-pearance answers loud report. The way to

mf *p*

HARAPHA.

know were not to see, but taste. Ha! dost thou then al-rea-dy sin-gle me?

I thought that la-bour and thy chains had tam'd thee. Had fortune brought me to that field of

SAMSON.

death, Where thou wrought'st wonders with an ass's jaw, I'd left thy carcase where the ass lay dead. Boast not of

HARAPHA.

what thou wouldst have done, but do. The honour cer-tain to have won from thee I lose, Pre-

- vent-ed by thy eyes put out. To com-bat with a blind man I dis-dain.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 57. AIR.—HONOUR AND ARMS.

AIR. HARAPHA.
Allegro.

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Allegro.

Met. 100 = ♩

f

mez.

Honour and arms . . . scorn

such a foe, scorn such a foe,

Tho' I could end thee at a blow,

Tho' I could end thee at a blow, Tho' I could end thee at a blow;

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Poor vic - to - ry To con - quer thee, Or glo - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - ry in . . thy o-ver-throw;

f

8va.

Honour and arms . . . scorn

8va.

p

such a foe, scorn such a foe, - Tho' I could end thee at a blow, Tho' I could

end thee at a blow; Poor vic - to - ry To con - quer thee, Poor victory To con-quer

thee, Or glo - - - - - - - - ry, Or glo - - - - - - - - -

- - ry in thy o - ver throw, Or glo - ry, Or glo - ry, Or glo - - - -

f *p*

- - - - - - - - - ry in thy o - - - ver - throw.

(With the Voice.)

Fine.

Fine.

Van - quish a slave that is half slain! So mean a tri - umph I disdain, So

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

mean a tri - umph I dis-dain, ... I disdain! Vanquish a slave that

is half slain! So mean a tri - - - - - umph I dis - dain, . .

. . . . . I dis-dain, I disdain, So mean a triumph,

(Voice alone.)

So mean a tri - umph I dis-dain, So mean a tri - umph

mez.

(With the Voice.)

Tem. 1mo.

I disdain!

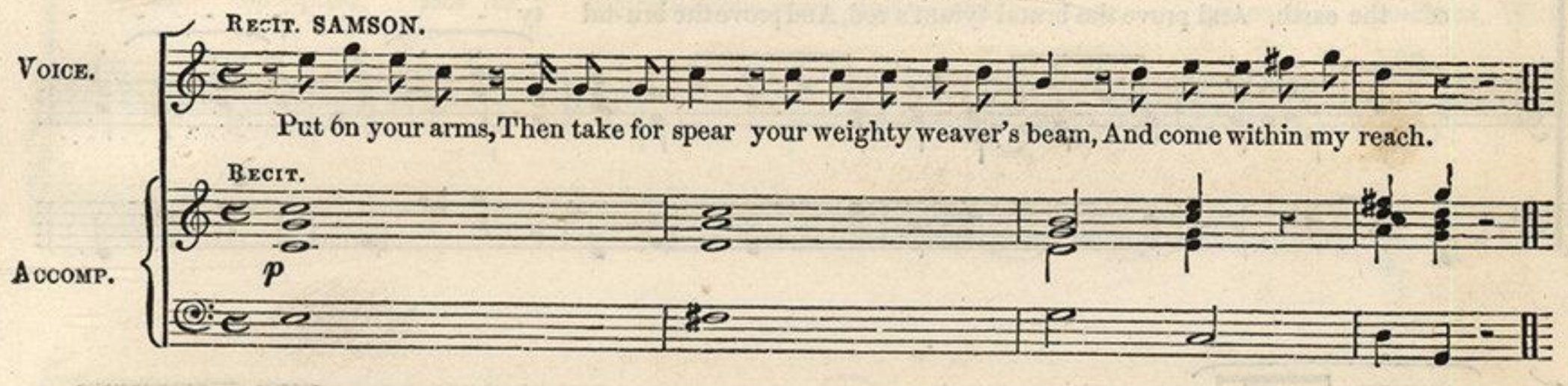
Tem. 1mo.

f
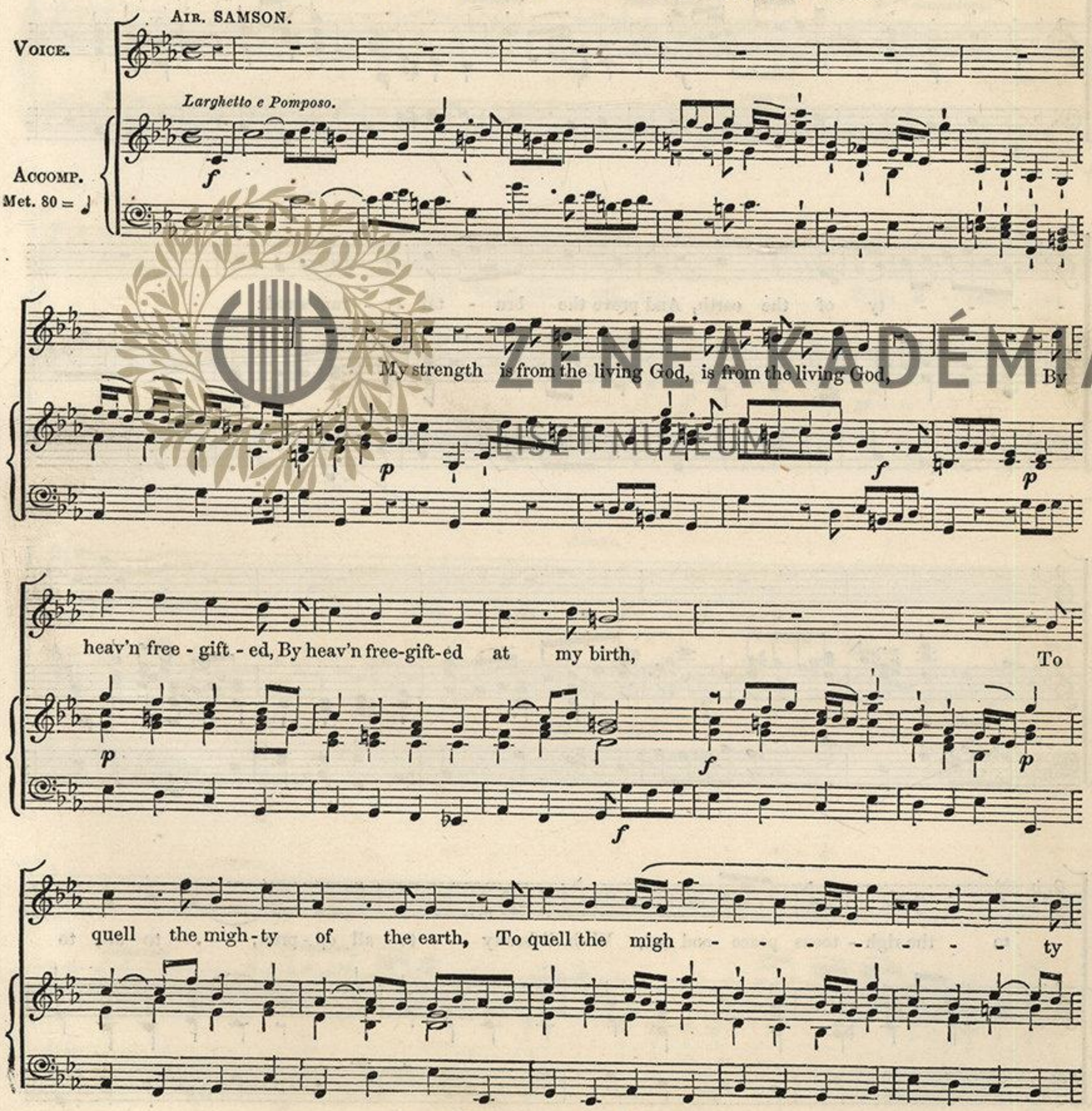
Dal Segno.
Sino a' Fine.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 58. RECIT.—PUT ON YOUR ARMS.



No. 59. AIR.—MY STRENGTH IS FROM THE LIVING GOD.



ZENEAKADÉMIA ZENETÖRTÉNETI MÚZEUM

of the earth, And prove the brutal tyrant's rod, And prove the bru-tal ty - - - - - - -

- - - - - - rant's rod;

f

To quell the migh - - -

p

- - - - ty of the earth, And prove the bru - tal ty - rant's rod:

f

But

p

to the righ - teous peace and rest, With li-ber-ty to all op - prest, . . to all, to

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

all op - prest, But to the righ-teous peace and rest, . . peace . . and rest, With

li - berty to all op-prest, To all, . . to all op-prest, With li - ber-ty to all opprest,

But to the righ - teous peace and rest, With li - berty to

f *p*

Adagio.

all opprest, With li - berty to all, to all op - prest.

Tempo primo.

f *p*

Adagio.
(With the Voice.)

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 60. RECIT.—WITH THEE! A MAN CONDEMN'D!

RECIT. HARAPHA.

VOICE. With thee! a man condemn'd! a slave enroll'd! No wor-thy match to

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

SAMSON.

stain the warrior's sword. Cam'st thou for this, vain boast-er? yet take heed! My heels are

mf *p*

fet-ter'd, but my hands are free. Thou bulk of spi - rit void, I once a -

HARAPHA.
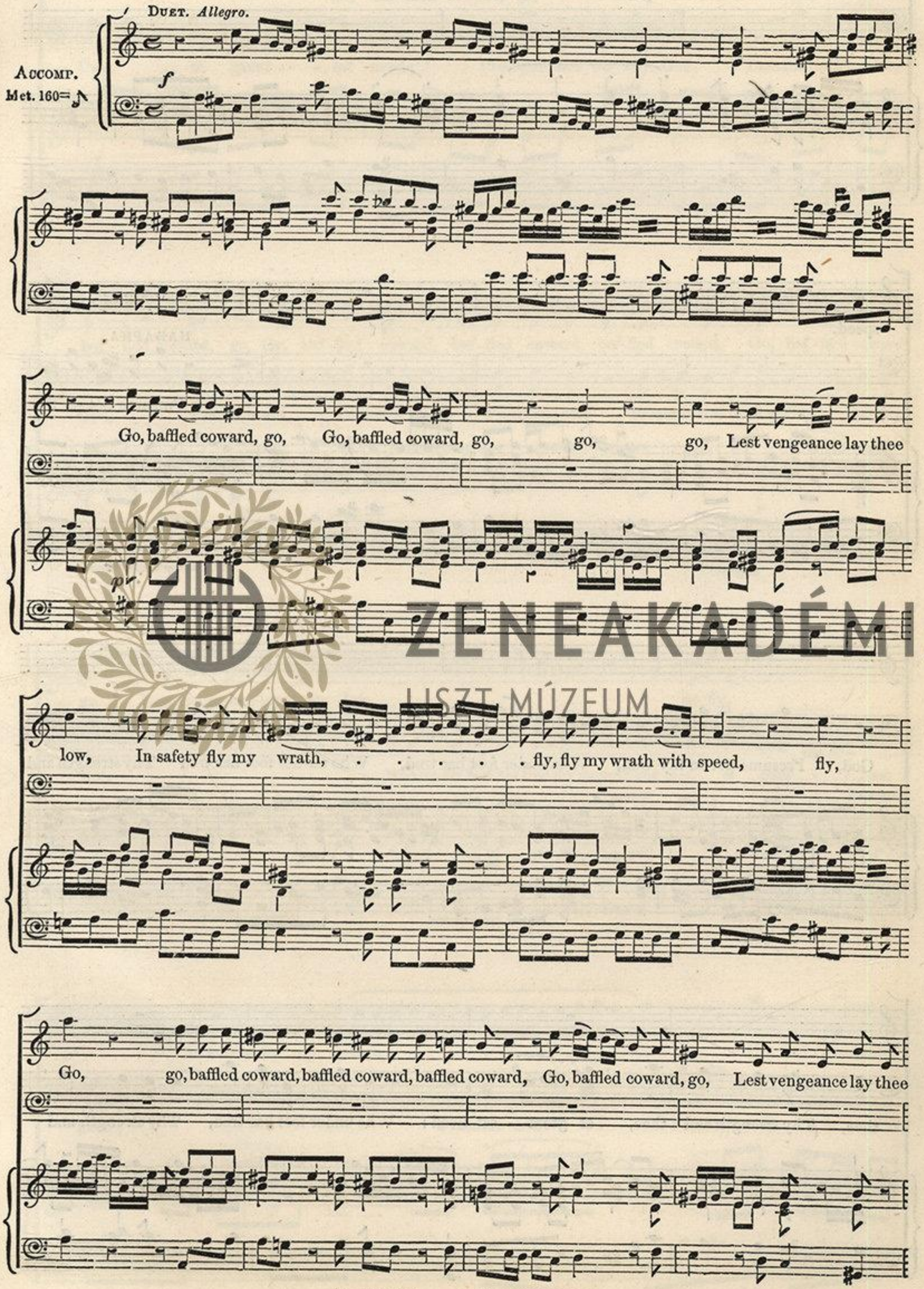
- gain, Blind, and in chains, provoke thee to the fight. O Da-gon! can I

mf *p*

hear this in-so-lence, to me un-us'd, not rend'ring in - stant death?

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 61. DUET.—GO, BAFFLED COWARD, GO.



ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

low, In safety fly my wrath, ... fly, fly my wrath with

speed.

HARAPHA.

f Presume not on thy *p*

God, Presume not on thy God, Who under foot has trod, Who un-der foot has trod Thy strength and

thee, Thy strength and thee, at great - est need; Who under foot has trod, Thy strength and

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Go, baf - fled coward, go, Go, baf-fled coward, go, Go,

thee at great - - est need; Pre-sume not on thy God, Presume not on thy

baf - fled coward, go, Go, baf-fled coward, baf-fled coward, baf-fled coward, Go, baf - fled coward,

God, Presume not, Presume not, Presume not, Presume not on thy God, on thy

go, Lest vengeance lay thee low, go, fly,

God, Who un-der foot has trod thy strength and thee, at great - - est

In safety fly my wrath, ... Go, baf - fled coward

need; Presume not, Presume not, Pre -

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

go, Go, baf-fled coward, baf-fled coward, baf-fled coward, go, In safe -

- sume not on thy God, Pre-sume not. Pre-sume not, Presume not on thy God, who

- - ty fly my wrath, ... go, fly my wrath with

under foot has trod Thy strength and thee, at greatest, greatest need,

speed; go, fly, Go, baf-fled coward, baf-fled coward, In

at greatest, great - - - - est need.

safe - ty fly my wrath with speed.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Zeneművészeti Főiskola Budapest
LISZT FERENC • KÖNYVTÁRA •

No. 62. RECIT.—HERE LIES THE PROOF.

RECIT. MICAH.

VOICE. Here lies the proof: If Dagon be thy God, With high devotion in-vo-cate his aid. His

ACCOMP. *p*

glo-ry is concern'd. Let him dissolve Those ma-gic spells that gave our he-ro strength: Then know

whose God is God; Dagon, of mortal make, Or that Great One whom Abram's sons a - dore.

No. 63. CHORUS.—HEAR, JACOB'S GOD.

CHORUS. *Grave.*

1st TREBLE. Hear, Ja - cob's God! Je - ho - vah, hear, Je - ho - vah, hear! O

2nd TREBLE. Hear, Ja - cob's God! Je - ho - vah, hear, Je - ho - vah, hear! O

ALTO. Hear, Ja - cob's God! Je - ho - vah, hear, Je - ho - vah, hear! O

1st TENOR (8ve lower.) Hear, Ja-cob's God! Je - ho - vah, hear! O

2d TENOR. (8ve lower.) Hear, Ja-cob's God! Je - ho - vah, hear! O

BASS. Hear, Ja-cob's God! Je - ho - vah, hear! O

ACCOMP. *mf*

Met. 66 = ♩

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

save us, prostrate at thy throne, Save us, save

save us, prostrate at thy throne, Save us, save us,

save us, prostrate at thy throne, Save us, save us, Save

save us, prostrate at thy throne, Save us,

save us, prostrate at thy throne,

save us, prostrate at thy throne! Is-rael depends on thee a-lone; Save

8va.

us, Is-rael depends on thee a-lone, . . on thee a-lone;

Is-rael depends on thee a-lone, . . on thee a-lone;

. . . . . us, Is-rael depends on thee a-lone; Save

Save . . . . us, and shew that thou art near, that thou art near, . .

Save us, Save . . . us,

. . . . us, and shew that thou art near, that thou art near, that

8va.

Israel depends on thee alone, Save us, and shew.

Save . . us, and shew that thou art near, Save us, and shew..

. . . . . us, and shew that thou art near, Save us, Save us, and

Israel depends on thee a-lone, on thee! Save us, Save us, and

Israel depends on thee a-lone, on thee! Save us, and shew that

thou . . art near, and shew that thou art near, Save us, and

8va

. . that thou art near; O Ja - cob's God, Je - ho - vah, hear!

. . that thou art near; O . . . Ja - cob's God, Je - ho - vah, hear!

shew that thou art near; O Ja - cob's God, Je - ho - vah, hear!

shew that thou art near; O . . Ja - cob's God, Je - ho - vah, hear!

thou art near; O Ja - cob's God, Je - ho - vah, hear!

shew that thou art near, O Ja - cob's God, Je - ho - vah, hear!

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

O save us, pros - trate at thy throne, Is - rael de-pends on thee a -

O save us, pros - trate at thy throne, Is - rael de-pends on thee a -

O save us, pros - trate at thy throne, Is - rael de-pends on thee a -

O save us, pros - trate at thy throne, Is - rael de-pends on thee a -

O save us, pros - trate at thy throne, Is - rael de-pends on thee a -

O save us, pros - trate at thy throne, Is - rael de-pends on thee a -

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

- lone, Save . . us, Save . . us, Is - rael depends on

- lone, Save . . us, Save . . . . . .

- lone, Save us, Save . . us,

- lone, Save us, Save . . us, Save . . . us, and

- lone, Save us, Save us,

- lone, Save us, Save us, Save us, and shew that thou art near, that thou art

8va.

thee a-lone. Save . us, Save . us, Save . us, Save

. . . us, Save . us, Save . . us, and

Is-rael depends on thee a-lone, on thee, on thee a-lone. Save . . us and

shew that thou art near. Is-rael depends on thee. Save . . us and

Is-rael depends on thee a-lone.

near. Save . . us, Save us. . . and shew that thou art

. . . us, and shew that thou art near, that thou . . art near.

shew that thou art near, that thou art near, that thou . art near.

shew that thou art near, that thou art near, that thou . art near.

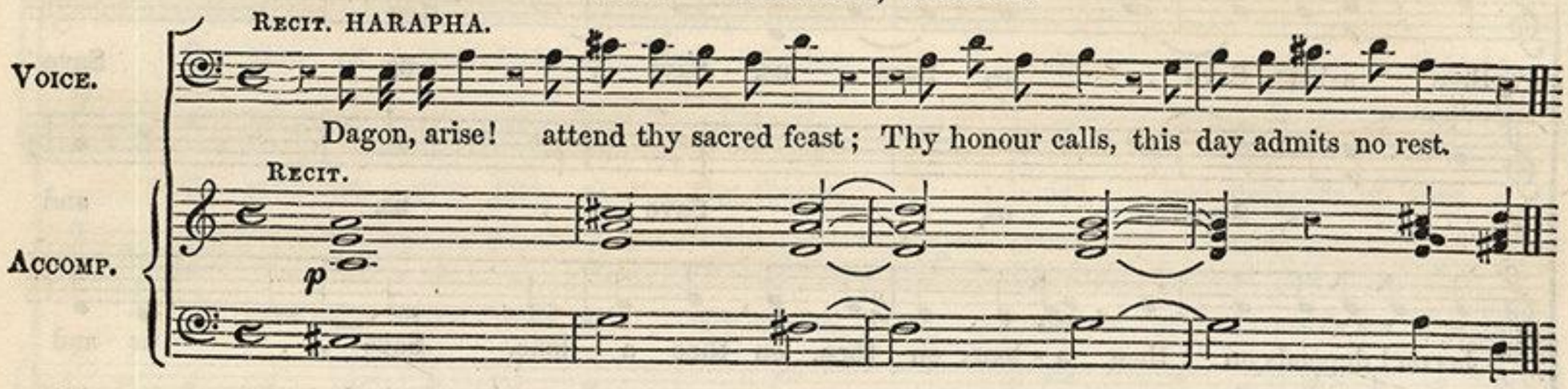
shew that thou art near, that thou art near, that thou . . art near.

Save us, and shew that thou art near, that thou . . art near.
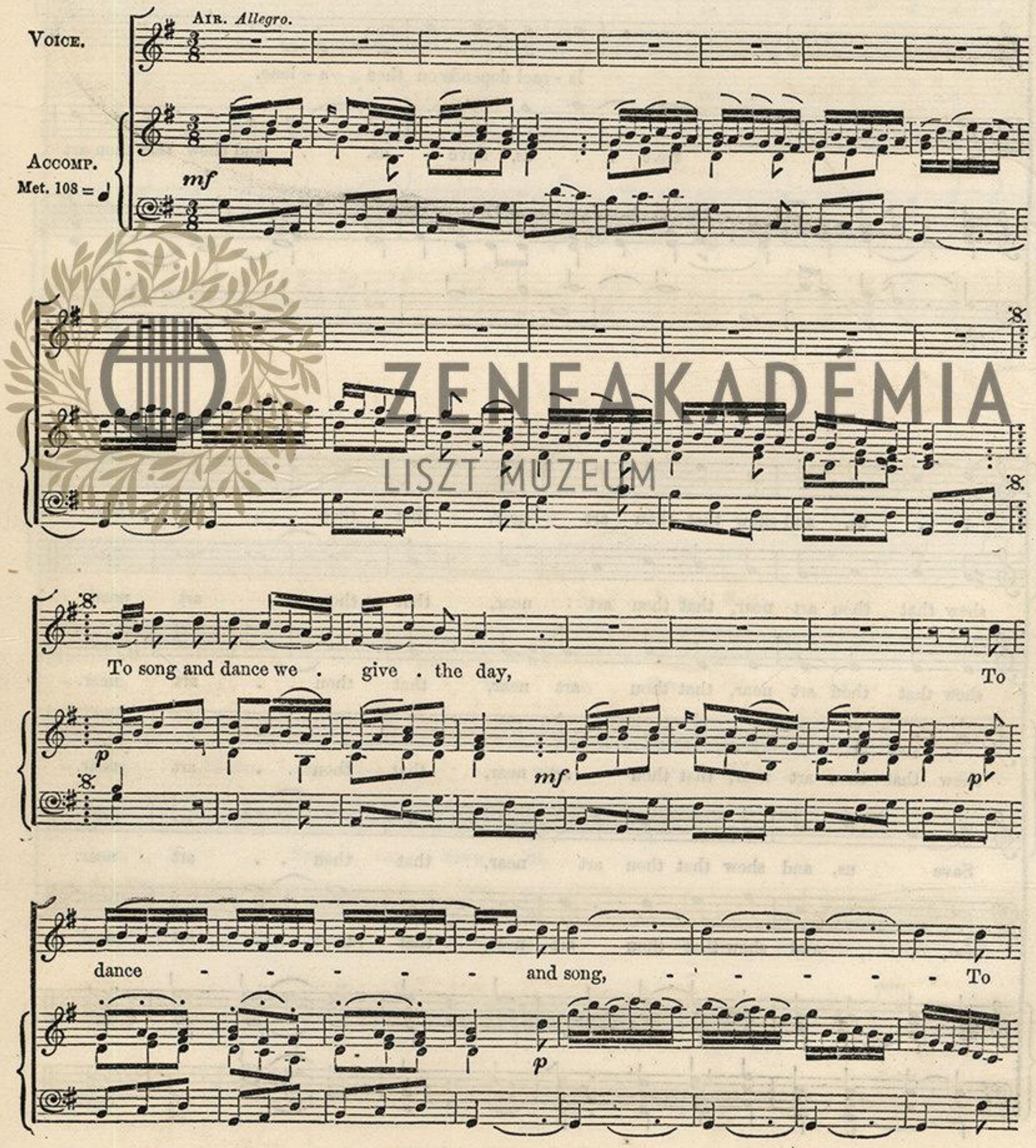
near, and shew that thou art near, that thou . . art near.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 64. RECIT—DAGON, ARISE!



No. 65. AIR.—TO SONG AND DANCE WE GIVE THE DAY.



ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

dance and song we give the day, Which shews . .

mf *p*

thy u - ni - ver - - - - - - - - - sal sway,

mf

Which shews thy u - ni - ver - sal sway,

p *mf* *mf*

To song and dance we give the day, To dance and song

p

we give the day, Which shews thy u - ni - ver - sal sway, ...

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Which shews thy u - ni - ver - sal sway.

mf

To dance and song

we

mf *p*

give the day,

Which shews thy u - ni-ver - sal sway, . .

f *p*

Which shews thy u - ni - ver - sal

f *p*

sway,

f

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Pro - tect us by thy migh - ty hand, And sweep this race . . . . . from out the land.

Pro - tect us by thy migh - ty hand,

And sweep this race, ... And sweep this race

from out the land.

Da Capo al Seg.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Chorus of the Priests of Dagon.

No. 66. TO SONG AND DANCE.

TREBLE. CHORUS. *Allegro.*

ALTO. CHORUS. *Allegro.*

TENOR, (8ve lower.) CHORUS. *Allegro.*

BASS. CHORUS. *Allegro.*

ACCOMP. CHORUS. *Allegro.* *f*

Met. ♩=132.

To song and dance, ... To song and dance, ... To song and dance we give the

To song and dance we give the

To song and dance, ... To song and dance we give the

To song and dance we give the

8ves.

day, To song and dance we give the day, ... we give the

day, To song and dance we give the day, we give the

day, To song and dance we give the day, we give the

day, To song and dance we give the day, we give the

8ves.

LISZT FERENCZ HAGYATÉKA

day, Which shews thy u - ni - ver-sal sway, Thy u-ni - ver - - - - -

day, Which shews thy u - ni-ver-sal sway, Thy u - ni-ver-sal

day, Which shews thy u - ni-ver-sal sway, Thy u - ni-ver-sal

day, Which shews thy u - ni-ver-sal sway, Thy u - ni-ver-sal

8ves. 8ves.

- - - - - - - sal sway, Which shews . . . . Thy u-ni - ver-sal

sway, Which shews thy u-ni-ver-sal sway; Which shews . . . . . .

sway, Which shews thy u - ni-ver-sal sway: thy u - ni-ver-sal sway, Thy u-ni - ver-sal

sway, Which shews . . . . . Thy u-ni-ver-sal

8ves. 8ves.

sway, Which shews, Which shews, Thy u-ni-ver-sal sway,

. . . . . Thy u - ni-ver sal sway,

sway, Which shews, Which shews Thy u-ni-ver-sal sway, To song and dance . . .

sway, Which shews, Which shews Thy u-ni-ver-sal sway,

8ves.

To song and dance, . . . and song,

To song and dance, . . . and song, To dance and

. . To dance and song,

To dance and song,

To dance and song . . . we give the day, To dance and

song . . . . . we give . . the day, To song and dance

To dance and

To dance and song . . . .

8va.

song . . . we give the day Which shews thy u - ni - ver - sal

To song and dance we give the day Which shews thy u - ni - ver - sal

song . . . we give the day Which shews thy u - ni - ver - sal

. . . . . we give the day Which shews thy u - ni - ver - sal

8va. 8va.

sway, Pro - tect us by thy migh - ty

sway, Pro - tect us by thy migh - ty

sway, Pro - tect us by thy migh - ty

sway, Pro - tect us by thy migh - ty

8va.

hand, Pro - tect us, Pro-tect us, Pro -

hand, Pro - tect us, Pro-tect us, Pro -

hand, Pro-tect us, Pro-tect us, Pro -

hand, Pro-tect us, Pro-tect us, Pro -

8va.

- tect us, Protect us by thy migh - ty hand, And sweep this race

- tect us, Protect us by thy migh - ty hand, And sweep this

- tect us, Protect us by thy migh - ty hand,

- tect us, Protect us by thy migh - ty hand,

8va. 8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

. . from out . . the land, And sweep this race, this race from out the

race, . . . from out the land, And sweep this race, this race from out the

And sweep this race, ... this race from out the

And sweep this race . . . from out the

8va. 8va.

land, And sweep this race from out the land.

land, And sweep this race from out the land.

land, And sweep this race from out the land.

land And sweep this race from out the land.

8va. 8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 67 DOUBLE CHORUS.—FIX'D IN HIS EVERLASTING SEAT.

TREBLE 1*mo* e 2*do*.
DALILA & her VIRGINS.

ALTO.—ISRAELITES.

TENOR 1*mo* e 2*do*.
(8ve. lower.)
SAMSON & ISRAELITES.

BASS.
MANOAH & HARAPHA
by turns, & ISRAELITES.

ACCOMPANIMENT.
Met. 112 ♩

Allegro Moderato.

f

8va.

Fix'd in his e - ver-last-ing seat,

Fix'd in his e - ver-last-ing seat, Je-ho - vah

Fix'd in his e - ver-last-ing seat, Je-ho - vah

Fix'd in his e - ver-last-ing seat, Je-ho - vah

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Great Da - gon, Great Da - gon rules the world, ...

Je - ho - vah

Je - ho - vah

Great Da - gon, Je - ho - vah, Great Da - gon

8va. 8va. 8va.

. . . . . rules the world, rules the world in state.

rules the world, . . rules the world in state. Je - ho - vah,

rules the world, rules the world in state. Je - ho - vah,

rules the world in state. Je - ho - vah,

8ves.

Great Da - gon, Great Da - gon rules the world in state.

Je - ho - vah rules the world in state.

Je - ho - vah rules the world in state.

Great Da - gon, Je - ho - vah, Great Da - gon, rules the world in state.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Great Da - gon,
Great Da - gon
Je - ho - vah,
Je - ho - vah rules the world in state,
Je - ho - vah,
Je - ho - vah rules the world in state,
Je - ho - vah, Great Da - gon, Je - ho - vah rules the world in state, Great Da - gon
rules the world in state;
His thun-der roars, heav'n
Je - ho - vah rules the world in state;
His thun-der roars, heav'n
Je - ho - vah rules the world in state;
His thun-der roars, heav'n
rules, Je - ho - vah rules the world in state;
His thun-der roars, heav'n
8va.
shakes, His thunder roars, . . roars, . . heav'n shakes,
shakes, His thunder roars, roars, ... heav'n shakes,
shakes, His thunder roars, roars, . . roars, . . heav'n shakes,
sh. kes, His thunder roars, ... heav'n shakes,
8va.
8va.

ff

and earth's a-ghast, His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and

ff

and earth's a-ghast, His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and

ff

and earth's a-ghast, His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and

ff

and earth's a-ghast, His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and

ff

8ves. 8ves. *sempre.*

earth is a - ghast, and earth is a - ghast; The stars with

earth is a - ghast, and earth is a - ghast; The stars with

earth is a - ghast, and earth is a - ghast; The stars with

earth is a - ghast, and earth is a - ghast; The stars with

deep a - - maze, Re - main in sted - - fast

deep a - - maze, Re - main in sted - - fast

deep a - - maze, Re - main in sted - - fast

deep a - - maze, Re - main in sted - - fast

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

gaze, in sted - fast gaze. Great Da - gon is of gods the

gaze, in sted - fast gaze. Je - ho - vah, Je - ho - vah is of gods the

gaze, in sted - fast gaze. Je - ho - vah, Je - ho - vah is of gods the

HARAPHA. MANOAH.

gaze, in sted - fast gaze. Je - ho - vah, Great Da - gon is, Je - ho - vah is of gods the

first and last,

first and last, is of gods . . . . . the first and last, of gods

first and last, is of gods . . . . . .

first and last, is of

8ves.

is of gods . . . . . the first,

the first and last, is of gods the first and last, the first, the first

the first and last, . . . the first and last, the first, the first,

gods . . . . . the first and last, the first, the first,

ZENEAKADÉMIA

and last, the first and last of gods, the first

and last, the first and last of gods, the first

and last, the first and last of gods, the first

and last, the first and last of gods, the first

and last, the first and last of gods, the first

and last, Great Da - gon is of gods . . . .

and last, Je - ho - vah, Je - ho - vah is of gods . . . .

and last, Je - ho - vah, Je - ho - vah is of gods . . . .

MAN. HAR. MAN.

and last, Je - ho - vah, Great Da - gon is, Je - ho - vah is of gods . . . .

the first and last.

the first and last.

the first and last.

the first and last.

8ves.

END OF SECOND PART.

PART THE THIRD.

No. 68. RECIT.—MORE TROUBLE IS BEHIND.

RECIT. MICAH.

VOICE. ACCOMP.

More trouble is be - hind, for Ha - ra-pha Comes on a-main,

SAMSON. HARAPHA.

speed in his steps and look. I fear him not, nor all his gi-ant brood. Sam-son, to thee our

Lords thus bid me say — "This day to Dagon we do sacrifice With triumph, pomp, and games; we

SAMSON.

know thy strength Surpass-es human race; Come, then, and shew Some pub-lic proof, to grace this solemn feast. I am an

HARAPHA.

Hebrew, and our law for-bids my presence at their vain religious rites. This answer will of-fend;

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

SAMSON.

regard thyself. My - self, my conscience, and e-ter-nal peace. Am I so broke with

ser - vi-tude, to yield to such ab - rupt commands? To be their fool, And play be-fore their

HARAPHA.

God? I will not come. My message, giv'n with speed, brooks no de - lay.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 69.

AIR.—PRESUMING SLAVE.

AIR. HARAPHA.

VOICE.

Pre - sum - ing slave! Pre - sum - ing slave, to move their

Pomposo.

ACCOMP.

(Voice alone.)

f *p*

Met. 120 = ♪

wrath! For mer-cy sue, Or vengeance due, Dooms in one fa - -

- tal word thy death; Pre - sum - ing slave, For mer - cy sue,

Or vengeance due, Dooms in one fa - tal word thy death, Dooms in one fa - -

- - - - - tal word thy death; Pre -

- sum - ing slave! Pre - sum - ing slave! Con - si - der ere it be too late

To ward th'un - err - ing shaft of fate, To ward th'un-err - ing shaft of fate;

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Con-si-der ere it be too late To ward th'un-err - ing shaft of fate, To ward th'un -

- err - - - ing shaft . . . . of fate; Con - si - der ere it

be . too late, Con - si-der, pre - sum-ing slave! To ward th'un-

(Voice alone.)

- - err-ing shaft of fate, to ward th'un - err - ing shaft of fate.

f

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 70. RECIT.—REFLECT, THEN, SAMSON.

RECIT. MICAH.

VOICE. Reflect, then, Samson, matters now are strain'd Up to the height, whether to hold or

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

SAMSON.

break. He's gone, whose ma - lice may in-flame the lords. Shall I a-buse this

con - se-crat-ed gift Of strength, again re-turn-ing with my hair, by vaunting it In

MICAH.

honour to their God, And prosti - tut-ing ho - ly things to i - dols? How thou wilt here come

off Surmounts my reach; 'Tis heav'n a-lone can save both us and thee.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 71. CHORUS.—WITH THUNDER ARM'D.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Vivace.

TREBLE. CHORUS. *Vivace.* With thun-der arm'd, With thun-der

ALTO. CHORUS. *Vivace.* With thun-der arm'd, With thun-der

TENOR. 8ve. lower. CHORUS. *Vivace.* With thun-der arm'd, With thun-der

BASS. CHORUS. *Vivace.* With thun-der arm'd, With thun-der

ACCOMP. Met. 138 = ♪ CHORUS. *Vivace.* *f* 8va.

arm'd, great God a - rise, a - rise, a -

arm'd, great God a - rise, a - rise, a -

arm'd, great God a - rise, a - rise, a -

arm'd, great God a - rise, a - rise, a -

- rise great God, a - rise; With thun-der arm'd, With thun - der arm'd, great God a -

- rise great God, a - rise; With thun-der

- rise great God, a - rise; With thun-der arm'd, With thun - der arm'd, great God a -

- rise great God, a - rise; With thun-der

8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

- rise, With thun - der arm'd, great God a - rise, a - rise; Help,

arm'd, With thun - der arm'd, great God a - rise, a - rise; Help, Lord,

- rise, With thun - der arm'd, great God a - rise, a - rise;

arm'd, . . . great God a - rise, a - rise;

8va.

Lord, *cres.* Or Israel's champion dies;

cres.

Or Israel's champion dies,

Help, Lord, *cres.* Or Israel's champion

Help, Lord, Or Israel's champion dies,

With thunder arm'd, With thunder arm'd, great God a - rise, With thun-der arm'd, With thunder

With thunder arm'd, With thunder arm'd, great God a - rise, With thun-der arm'd, With thunder

dies; With thunder arm'd, great God a - rise, With thun-der arm'd, With thunder

With thunder arm'd, With thunder arm'd, great God a - rise, With thun-der arm'd, With thunder

ff

arm'd, great God a - - rise; Help, ...

arm'd, great God a - rise; Help,

arm'd, great God a - rise; Help, Lord, or Israel's champion

arm'd, great God a - rise; Help, Lord, or Israel's champion

arm'd, great God a - rise; Help, Lord, or Israel's champion

Cres.

Cres. Dim.

. . Lord, or Is - - - - rael's cham - pion dies.

Dim.

Lord, or Is-rael's champion dies, or Is - rael's cham - pion dies.

Dim.

dies, or Is-rael's champion dies, or Is - rael's cham - pion dies.

Dim.

dies, or Is - rael's cham - pion dies.

Dim.

Fine.

To thy pro-tec-tion, this, thy ser - vant take,

Fine

To thy pro-tec-tion, this, thy ser - vant take, And

Fine.

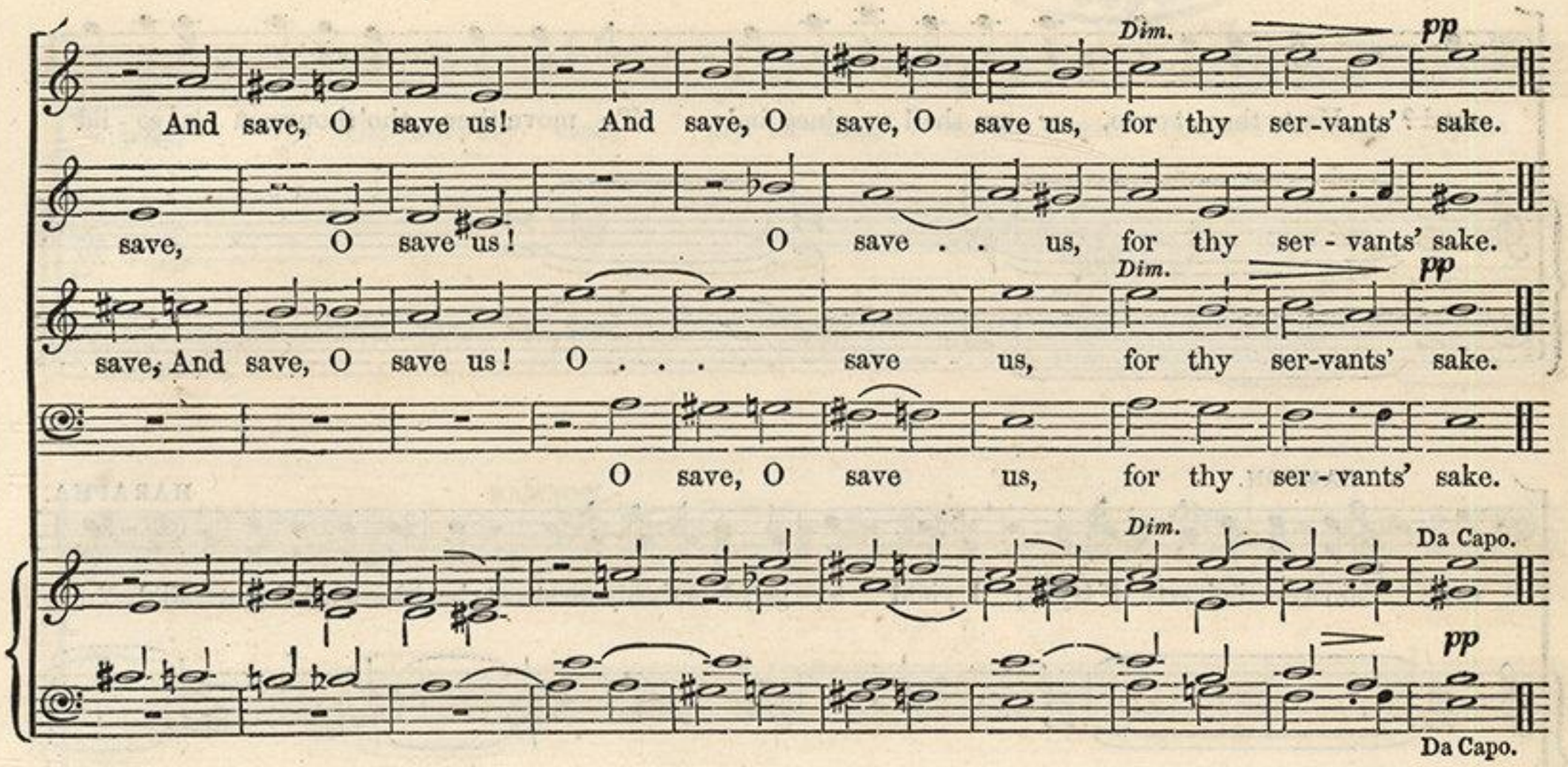
To thy pro-tec-tion, this, thy ser - vant take, And

Fine.
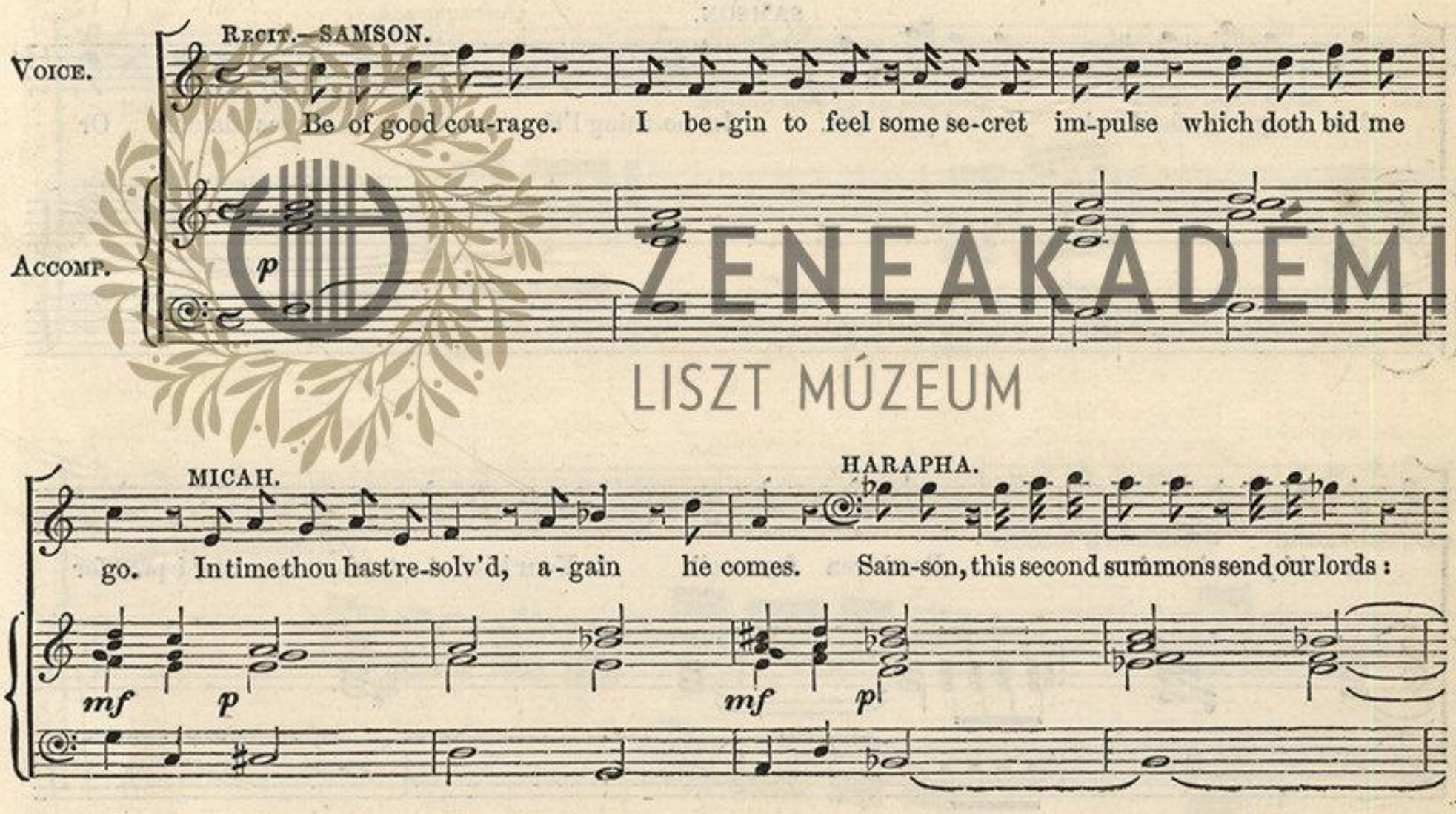
To thy pro-tec - - tion, this, thy ser - vant take,

Fine.

8ves.



No. 72 * BE OF GOOD COURAGE.



ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Handel's "Samson"—Novello's Edition.

* This Recitative differs from that in Walsh's Score.

send? Haste thee at once, or we shall en-gines find To move thee, tho' thou wert a so - lid

SAMSON.

HARAPHA.

rock. Vain were their art if try'd; I yield to go; Not thro' your streets be like a wild beast trail'd. You

SAMSON.

thus may win the Lords To set you free. In no-thing I'll com - ply that's scandalous, Or

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

sin-ful by our laws! Breth-ren fare-well. Your kind at - tend-ance now I pray for

- bear, Lest it of - fend to see me girt with friends. Ex-pect of me you'll nothing hear im -

Zeneművészeti Főiskola Budapest

MICAH.

- pure, Un-wor-thy God, my na-tion, or my-self. So mays't thou act as

mf *p*

SAMSON.

serves his glo-ry best. Let but that spi-rit which first rush'd on me In the camp of Dan, in-spire me at my

Accompanied.

need, Then shall I make Je-hovah's glory known, Their i-dol gods shall

Accompanied.

f

8ves. 8ves.

from his presence fly, Scatter'd like sheep before the god of

Hosts!

ff

8ves.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

AIR.—THUS WHEN THE SUN.

AIR.—SAMSON.

Andante.

ACCOMP.

Met 116 = ♪

Thus when the sun from's wa - try bed, All cur - tain'd with a clou - dy red, Pil - lows his chin up-on an o-rient wave; . . . . . Pillows his chin upon an o - rient wave . . upon an o - rient wave; The wand'ring sha-dows

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

ghast-ly pale. All troop to their in - fer - nal jail, Each fet-ter'd ghost slips to his sev'-ral

(Voice alone.)

grave, ... slips to his sev' - ral grave.

Each fet-ter'd ghost slips to his sev'-ral grave. The wand'-ring sha-dows

ghast-ly pale, All troop to their in - fer - nal jail, Each fet - - - - - ter'd ghost slips

to his sev'ral grave. Each fet - ter'd ghost slips to his sev' - ral grave.

Adagio.

Adagio.

Tempo 1mo.

No. 74. RECIT.—WITH MIGHT ENDUED.

Met. 132 = ♪

MICAH.

With might endu'd a - bove the sons of men,

ff

Swift as the lightning's glance his errand ex - e - cute,

And

spread his name

amongst the hea-then round.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 75. AIR.—THE HOLY ONE OF ISRAEL BE THY GUIDE.

Met. 168 = ♪

f

Allegro.

The Ho - ly One of Israel be thy guide, The an - gel of thy birth stand by thy

p *p*

side! To fame im-mor - tal go, To fame im - mor - - - -

- - - - - tal go, Heav'n bids thee strike the blow: To

fame im - mor - tal go, To fame . . . . . im-mor -

- - - - - tal go, Heav'n bids thee strike the blow; Heav'n

bids thee strike the blow, The Ho - ly One of Is - rael be thy

guide! The Ho - - - - - - ly One of Is - rael be thy

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 76. CHORUS.—TO FAME IMMORTAL GO.

TREBLE. CHORUS. *Allegro.* To fame To fame im - mor - tal

ALTO. CHORUS. *Allegro.* guide. To fame, To fame im - mor - tal

TENOR. (8ve. lower.) CHORUS. *Allegro.* To fame, To fame im - mor - tal

BASS. CHORUS. *Allegro.* To fame, To fame im - mor - tal

ACCOMP. CHORUS. *Allegro.* *hr.* *f* 8va.

go, To fame im - mor - tal go; Heav'n bids thee strike the blow; go,

go, To fame im - mor - tal go; Heav'n bids thee strike the blow; go,

go, To fame im - mor - tal go; Heav'n bids thee strike the blow; go,

go, To fame im - mor - tal go; Heav'n bids thee strike the blow; go,

8va.

go, The

go, The

go, The Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide;

go, The Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide;

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide; Heav'n bids thee strike the

Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide; Heav'n bids thee strike the

Heav'n bids thee strike the

Heav'n bids thee strike the

blow; The Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide; The

blow; The Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide; The

blow; The Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide; The

blow; The Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide; The

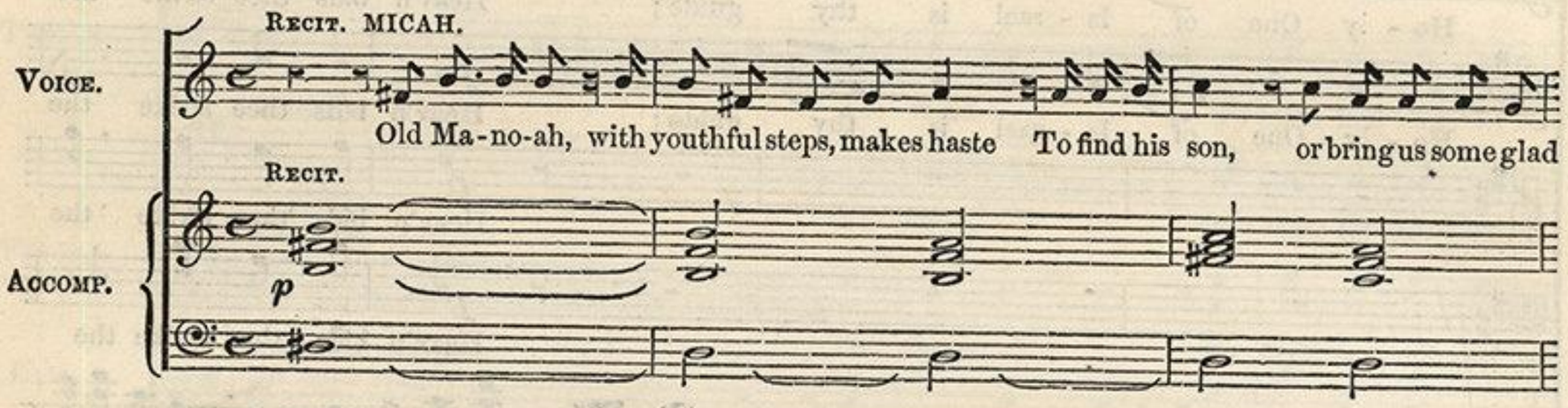
Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide.

Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide.

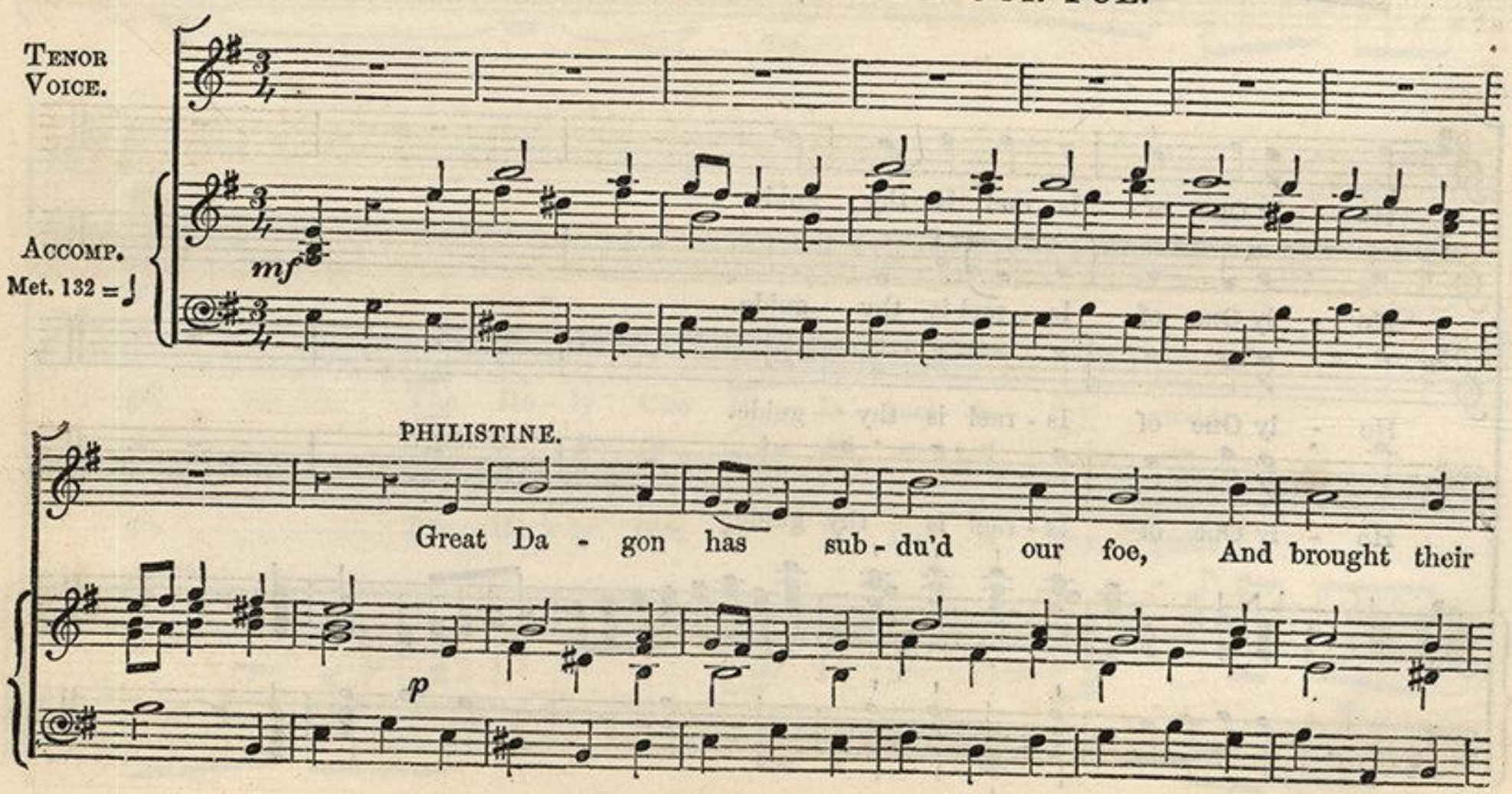
Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide.

Ho - ly One of Is - rael is thy guide.

No. 77. RECIT.—OLD MANOAH, WITH YOUTHFUL STEPS.



No. 78. GREAT DAGON HAS SUBDU'D OUR FOE.



boast - ed he - ro low; Great Da - gon

has . . sub - du'd our foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro low:

Sound out his praise . . . . . in notes di - vine, ...

. . Praise him with mirth, . . high cheer, and wine; Praise him with mirth, . .

high cheer, and wine. Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Sound out his

pow'r in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, . . high cheer, and wine. Great

Da - gon has sub - du'd our foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro

low:

Sound out his pow'r

in notes di - vine, Sound out his pow'r in notes di - vine, Praise him with

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

mirth, high cheer, and wine, ...

(Voice.)

Praise him with mirth, . . high cheer, and wine.

f

Sound out his pow'r in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high

p

cheer, and wine, ... Praise him with

mirth, high cheer, and wine.

f

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 79. GREAT DAGON HAS SUBDU'D OUR FOE.

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES.

TREBLE. *mf* Great Da - gon has sub - du'd our foe, And brought their

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

ALTO.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

TENOR. 8ve. lower.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

BASS.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

ACCOMP. Met. 132 = ♩ *mf*

boast - ed he - ro low;

mf Great Da - gon has sub - du'd our foe, And

Sound out his pow'r . . . .

brought their boast - ed he - ro low;

Sound out his

Sound out his · pow'r . .

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

Sound out his pow'r . . . . . in notes di -

Sound out his pow'r, Sound out his pow'r . . . in notes di -

pow'r, ... Sound out his pow'r . . .

. . . . . Sound out his pow'r

Left.

- vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine,

- vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and

Praise him with mirth, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

Praise him with mirth, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

wine, Praise him, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

wine, Praise him, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

Sound out his pow'r

Sound out his pow'r

Sound out his pow'r

Sound out his pow'r

ff

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine! Great Da - gon

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine! Great Da - gon

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine! Great Da - gon

8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

has sub - du'd our foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro low;

has sub - du'd our foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro low;

has sub - du'd our foe, And brought their boast-ed he - ro low;

has sub - du'd our foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro low;

8va. 8va.

Sound out his pow'r . . . . . .

Sound out his pow'r, his pow'r, . . .

Sound out his pow'r, ... Sound out his

Sound out his pow'r, ... Sound out his pow'r,

Sound out his pow'r, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound out his

Sound out his pow'r, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound out his

pow'r, Sound out his pow'r, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound out his

Sound out his pow'r, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound out his

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

pow'r . . in notes di - - vine, Praise him with mirth, . . high cheer, and

pow'r in notes di - - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and

pow'r in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, . . high cheer, and

pow'r in notes di - - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and

wine, ... Sound out his pow'r . .

wine, ... Sound out his pow'r . .

wine, ... Sound out his pow'r . .

wine, ... Sound out his pow'r . .

wine, ... Sound out his pow'r

8va.

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine, . . Praise him with

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine, . . Praise him with

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine, . . Praise him with

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine, . . Praise him with

in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine, . . Praise him with

8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

mirth, high cheer, and wine.

mirth, high cheer, and wine.

mirth, high cheer, and wine.

mirth, high cheer, and wine.

No. 80. RECIT.—WHAT NOISE OF JOY WAS THAT?

RECIT. MANOAH. MICAH.

VOICE. What noise of joy was that? It tore the sky. They shout and

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

MANOAH.

sing, to see their dreaded foe, Now captive, blind, delighting in his strength. Could my in -

- he - ritance but ran-som him, Without my pa - tri - mo - ny, hav - ing him, The rich - est of my

MICAH.

tribe. Sons care to nurse Their pa-rents in old age; but you, your son.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 81. AIR.—HOW WILLING MY PATERNAL LOVE.

MANOAH.

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Met. 63 = ♩

mf

hr *hr*

p

How

wil - ling my pa - ter - nal love, the weight to share of fi - - lial care,

mp *p* *mp*

And part . . of Sorrow's burden prove, And part . .

p *mp* *p*

And part . . of Sor - row's bur - den prove. Tho'

mf *p*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

wan - d'ring in the shades of night, Whilst I have eyes he wants no light; Tho'

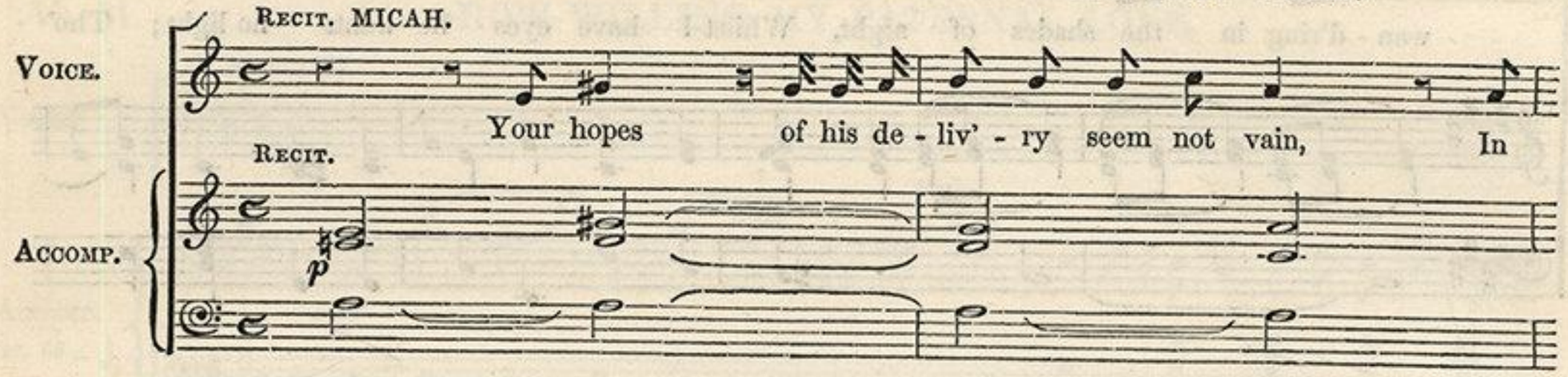
wand'ring in the shades of night, . . Whilst I have eyes . . he
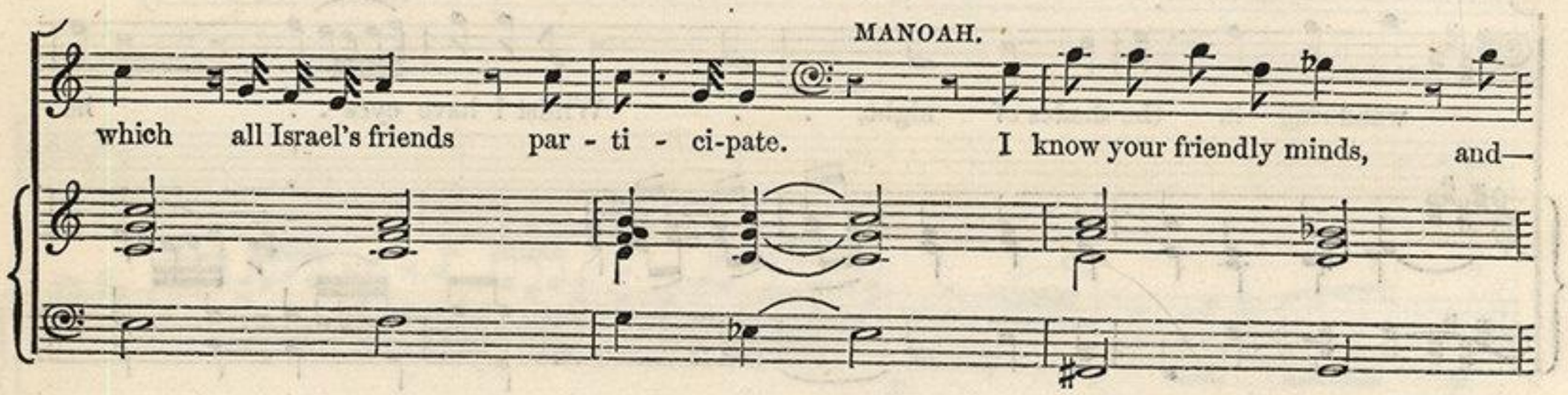
wants no light. Whilst I have eyes, . . he wants no light. Whilst

I have eyes he wants no light.

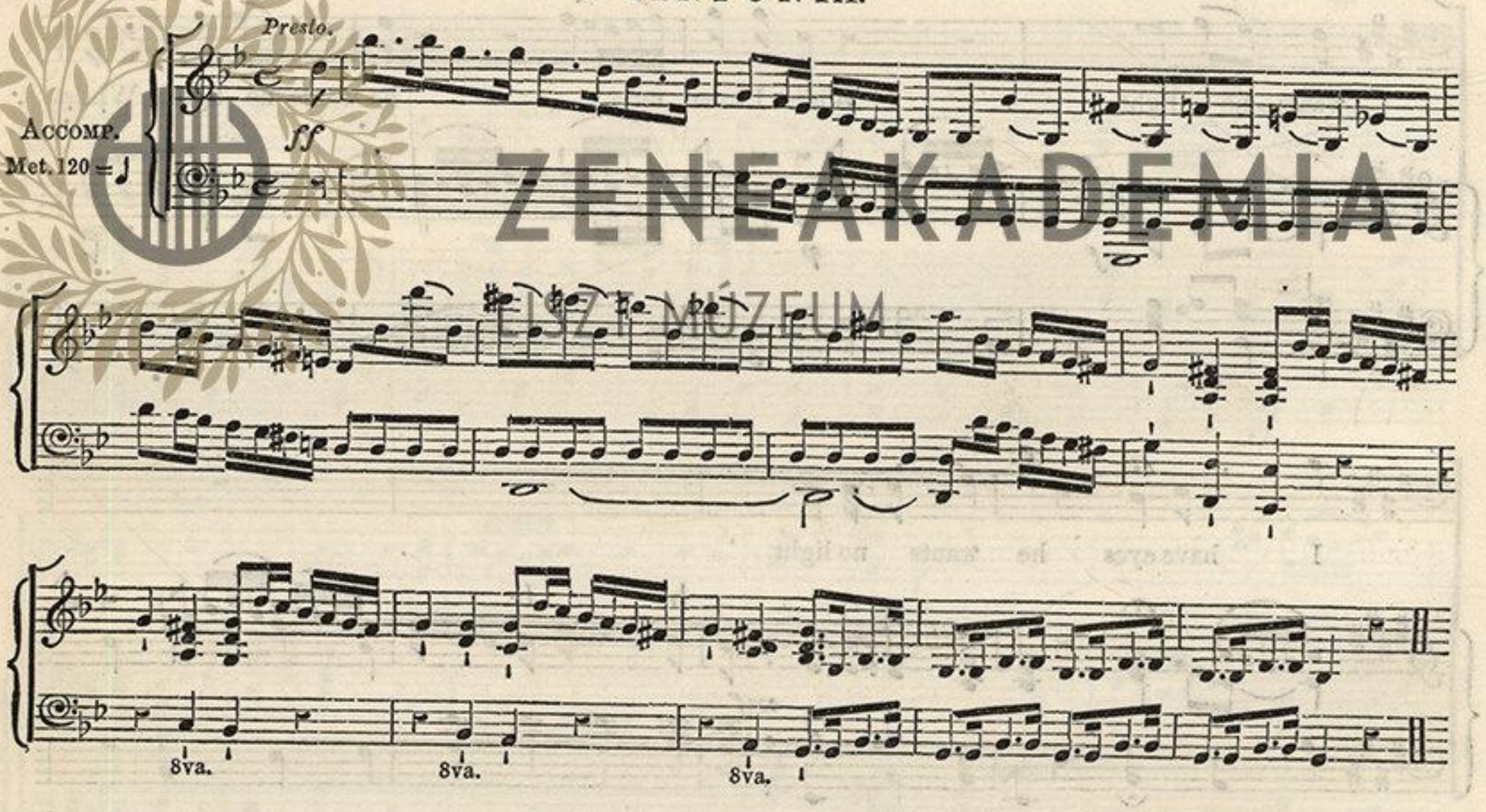
ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 82. RECIT.—YOUR HOPES OF HIS DELIV'RY SEEM NOT VAIN.

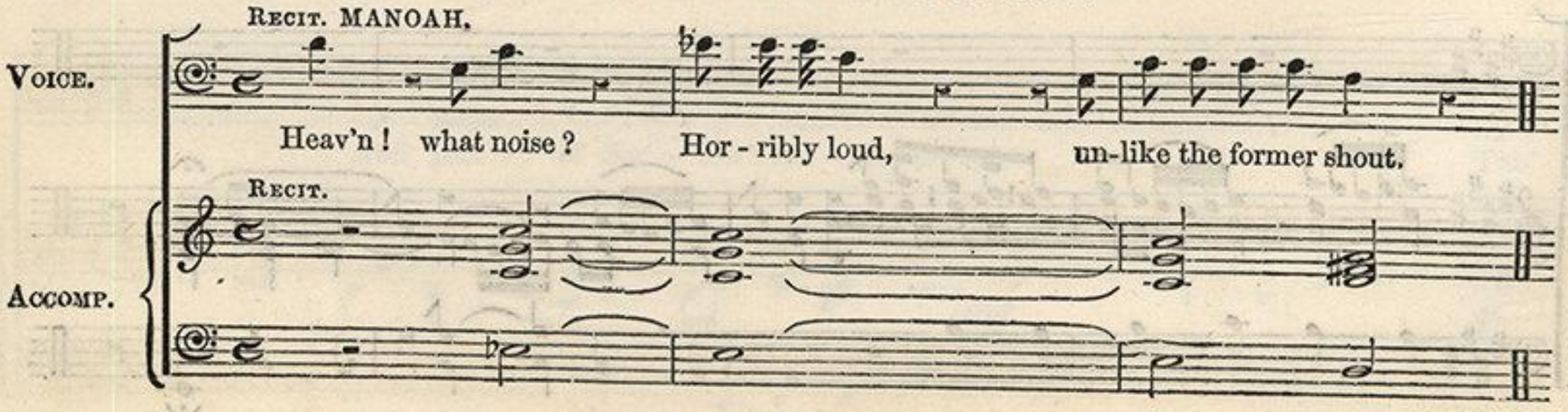




No. 83. SINFONIA.



No. 84. RECIT.—HEAV'N! WHAT NOISE!



No. 85. CHORUS.—HEAR US, OUR GOD!

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES AT A DISTANCE.

TREBLE. ALTO. TENOR. (8ve lower.) BASS.

Hear us, our

ACCOMP. Mct. 120 = ♩

O hear us, our God!

O hear us, our God!

Hear us, our God! hear us!

God!

Hear us, O hear our cry, . .

O hear our cry! death! ru - in! Fall'n!

O hear our cry! death! ru - in! Fall'n!

O hear our cry! death! ru - in!

. . . hear our cry! death, ru - in!

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

no help is nigh: O mer - cy, heav'n!

Fall'n: no help is nigh: no help. O . . mer-cy,

Fall'n: no help is nigh! O mer-cy, heav'n!

Fall'n: no help is nigh: O mer-cy, heav'n!

we sink, we

heav'n! we sink! we die!

we sink, we die:

O mer - cy! we sink! we die!

die! O! O mer - cy, heav'n! O . .

O mer - cy, heav'n! O . .

O mer - cy! O mer - cy!

O mer - cy! O mer - cy!

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

. . mer-cy, heav'n! no help is nigh: we

. . mer-cy, heav'n! no help is nigh:

O mercy, heav'n: no help is nigh:

O mer-cy, heav'n: no help is nigh:

sink! O mer-cy, heav'n! we sink! we die!

O mer-cy, heav'n! we die! we sink! we die!

we sink! we die! we sink! we die!

we sink! we die! we sink! we die!

p

O, we die!

p

O, we die!

p

O, we die!

pp dim.

8va. 8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 86. RECIT.—NOISE, CALL YOU THIS?

RECIT. MICAH.

VOICE. Noise, call you this? An u - ni - ver - sal groan, As if the world's in-ha-bi-tation perish'd!

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

MANOAH.

Blood, death, and ru - in, at their ut-most point! Ru - in, in -

MICAH.

- deed! Oh! they have slain my son! Thy son is ra-ther slay-ing them: that

cry From slaughter of one foe could not as-cend. But see, my

mf *p*

MESSENGER.

friends, One hither speeds, an Hebrew of our tribe. Where shall I run, or

mf *p*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

which way fly the thoughts · Of this most hor-rid sight? · O countrymen! You're

MICAH.

in this sad e - vent too much con-cern'd. The ac - cident was loud, we long to know from

MESSENGER.

whence. Let me re-co - ver breath; it will burst forth.

MANOAH.

Tell us the sum; the cir-cumstance de -

MESSENGER.

- fer. Ga-za yet stands. but

MANOAH.

all her sons are fall'n. Sad? not to us: but

MESSENGER.

now re - late by whom.

MANOAH.

By Sam-son done. The sor - row les - sens still, And

MESSENGER.

nigh converts to joy. Oh, Ma-no-ah, in vain I would re - frain;

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

MANOAH.

the e - vil tale Too soon will rude - ly pierce thy a - ged ear. Suspense in news is

MESSENGER.

MANOAH.

torture : speak it out. Take then the worst in brief. Sam-son is dead. The worst in

- deed! My hopes to free him hence Are baffled all; But Death, (who sets all free), Hath

MICAH.

paid his ran - som now. Yet, ere we give the reins to grief, say first How

mf *p*

MESSENGER.

died he? Death to life is crown or shame. Unwounded of his enemies he fell, At

p

once he did destroy and was destroy'd. The edi-fice (where all were met to see) Upon their

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

MANOAH

heads, and on his own he pull'd. O last-ly o-ver-strong against thy-self! A

dread-ful way thou took'st to thy re-venge: Glo-rious, yet dear-ly

* MICAH.

bought! In life and death thou hast ful-fill'd thy work,

For which foretold. And now thou ly'st vic-to-rious, tho' self-kill'd, Triumphant o'er a

heap of slaughter'd foes, More than thy life had slain. Let Is-rael now The voice of la-ment-a-tion

raise, and sing a part-ing re-quiem to thy honour'd soul

* See note, p. 28.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 87. YE SONS OF ISRAEL, NOW LAMENT.

MICAH.

Largo assai.

VOICE.

ACCOMP.

Largo assai.

mf

Ye sons of Is - rael now la -

p

- ment: Your spear is broke, your bow's un-bent, Your glo-ry's fled!

Amongst the dead great Samson lies, For e-ver, for e-ver, for e - ver, e - ver,

mp *p*

clos'd his eyes. Your glo - ry's fled; Amongst the dead great Samson lies. For e-ver, for

e - ver, e - - ver, clos'd his eyes, For e - ver, for e - ver clos'd . . .

. . . . . his eyes, for e - ver, for e - - - - ver,

ZENEAKADÉMIA ZENEMŰVÉSZETI MÚZEUM

No. 88. CHORUS.—WEEP, ISRAEL, WEEP.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

TREBLE. Weep, Is - rael, weep, weep, weep,

ALTO. CHORUS. clos'd his eyes. CHORUS. Weep, Is - rael, weep, weep,

TENOR. (8ve. lower.) CHORUS. Weep, Is-rael, weep, weep a louder

BASS. CHORUS. Weep, Is-rael, weep, weep,

ACCOMP. CHORUS. *dim.* *p* *cres.* 8va.

cres.

weep, weep a loud-er strain, a loud - er strain, weep a loud - er

cres.

weep a loud-er strain, weep, weep a loud-er strain, weep a loud - er

strain, a loud - er strain, a loud - er strain, weep a loud - er

cres.

weep, weep, weep a loud-er, loud - er strain, weep a loud - er

strain; Sam - - son, your strength, your

strain; Sam - - son, your strength, your

strain; Sam - - son, your strength, Sam - son, your

strain; Sam - son, your strength, Sam - - son, your

8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

strength, your he - ro is slain.

strength, your he - ro is slain.

strength, your he - ro is slain.

strength, your he - ro is slain.

No. 89. * ☞ RECIT.—PROCEED WE HENCE.

RECIT. MANOAH.

VOICE. Pro-ceed we hence to find his bo-dy, soak'd In vile Philistine blood;

RECIT.

ACCOMP.

with the pure stream, And cleansing herbs, Wash off the clodded gore; Then solemnly at -

- tend him to my tomb. With si-lent ob - sequies and fun'ral train.

* See note, p. 28.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 90.

DEAD MARCH.

Trombones.

Grave.
Met. 60 = ♩

f

Flutes.

p Soft.
Organ.

8 8 8 8

Trombones.

f

8va.

8va. 8va. 8va.

Flutes.
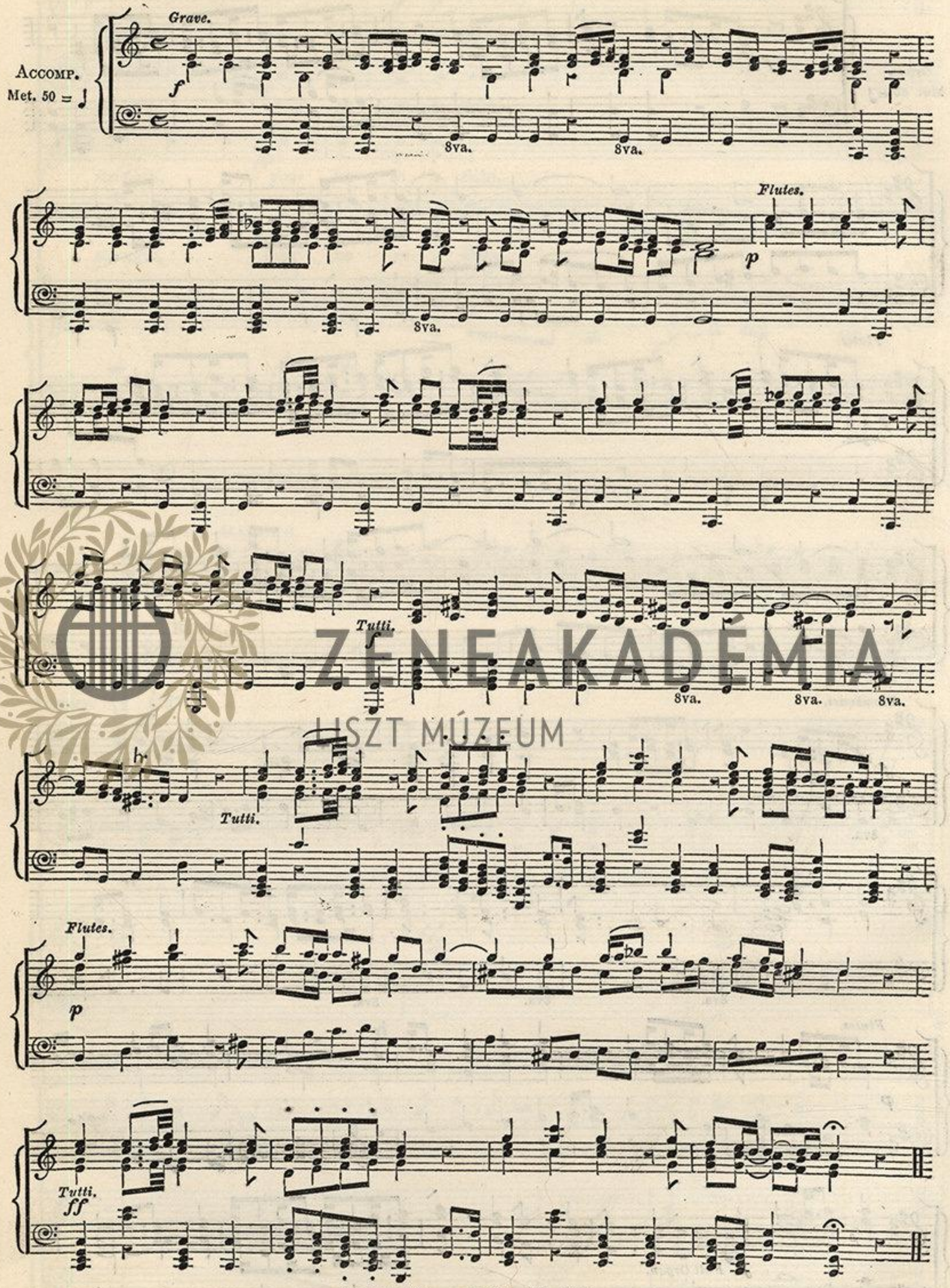
p

f Full Organ.

8va. 8va. 8va.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 91. DEAD MARCH.*



Handel's "Samson."—Novello's Edition.

* This march in C does not appear in Walsh's score; but, being still more solemn and impressive, is now substituted for the preceding march (No. 90) in D.—V. N.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 92. RECIT.—THE BODY COMES.

RECIT. MICAH.

VOICE.

The bo-dy comes: we'll meet it on the way With laurels, e-ver green and branching

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

palm; Then lay it in his monument, hung round With all his tro-phies, and great acts en -

MANOAH.

- roll'd In verse he-ro-ic, or sweet lyric song. There shall all Israel's valiant youth re-sort, And from his

me-mo-ry inflame their breasts To matchless va - lour, whilst they sing his praise.

No. 93. CHORUS.—GLORIOUS HERO, MAY THY GRAVE.

CHORUS. *Larghetto.*

TREBLE.

CHORUS. *Larghetto.*

ALTO.

CHORUS. *Larghetto.*

TENOR. 8ve. lower.

CHORUS. *Larghetto.* SOLO. MANOAH.

BASS.

Glorious he - ro, may thy grave, Peace and honour e - ver

CHORUS. *Larghetto.*

ACCOMP. Met. 76 = ♪ *mf* *p*

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

mf

Glorious he-ro, may thy grave, Peace and

Glorious he-ro, may thy grave, Peace and

have; Af-ter all thy pains and woes, Rest eternal, rest e - ternal, sweet re-pose,

mf

RECIT. ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

The virgins, too, shall on their feastful days Vi-sit his tomb with flow'rs, and there bewail

Honour ever have;

Honour ever have;

RECIT.

p

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Tempo primo.

His loss, unfortunate in nuptial choice. Bring the laurels, bring the bays, Strew his hearse, and strew the

mf

Bring the laurels, bring the bays, Strew his hearse, and strew the

CHORUS. Met. 76 = ♪

Tempo primo.

mf

Larghetto.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

ways, Bring the lau-rels, bring the bays, Strew his hearse, strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

ways, Bring the lau-rels, bring the bays, Strew his hearse, strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

VOICE.

May ev'-ry he-ro fall like thee, Thro' sor-row to fe-li-ci-ty, Thro'

Adagio.

ACCOMP.

Met. 76 = ♩

sorrow to fe-li-ci-ty, May ev'ry he-ro fall like thee, Thro' sor-row to fe-li-ci-ty.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

CANTO 1mo.

mf

Bring the lau-rels, bring the bays, Strew his hearse, and strew the

CANTO 2do.

mf

Bring the lau-rels, bring the bays, Strew his hearse, and strew the

CHORUS. *Larghetto.*

ACCOMP.

Tempo 1mo.

Met 76 = ♩

mf

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

ways, Bring the laurels, bring the bays, Strew his hearse, Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

ways, Bring the laurels, bring the bays, Strew his hearse, Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

Tutti.

mf

Glo - rious he - ro, may thy grave, Peace and honour e - ver have! Af - ter all thy pains and

mf

Glo - rious he - ro, may thy grave, Peace and honour e - ver have! Af - ter all thy pains and

mf

Glo - rious he - ro, may thy grave, Peace and honour e - ver have! Af - ter all thy pains and

mf

Glo - rious he - ro, may thy grave, Peace and honour e-ver have! Af - ter all thy pains and

Tutti.

mf

woes, Rest e-ter-nal, sweet re - pose, . . Rest e-ternal, sweet re - pose, Rest e -

woes, Rest e-ter-nal, sweet re - pose, . . Rest e-ternal, sweet re - pose, Rest e -

woes, Rest e - ter - nal, sweet re - pose, Rest e-ternal, sweet re - pose Rest e -

woes, Rest e - ter - nal, sweet re - pose, ... Rest e -

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MUZEUM

- ter - nal, sweet re - pose, Rest e - ter-nal, Af-ter all thy pains and

- ter - nal, sweet re - pose, sweet re-pose, Rest e - ter - nal, Af-ter all thy

- ter - nal, sweet re - pose, Rest e - ter - nal, Rest e - ter - - nal, Af - ter

- ter - nal, sweet re - pose, . . . sweet re - pose, Rest e - ter - - - - -

woes, . . Af-ter all thy pains and woes, Rest e - ter - - nal, sweet re -

pains . . . . and woes, Rest e - ter - nal, Rest e -

all . . thy pains and woes, Rest e - ter - nal, Rest e -

- - nal, Af-ter all thy pains and woes, Rest e - ter - nal. Rest e -

8va.

- ter - nal, sweet re - pose.

- ter - nal, sweet re - pose.

- ter - nal, sweet re - pose.

- ter - nal, sweet re - pose.

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 94. RECIT.—COME, COME, NO TIME FOR LAMENTATION NOW

RECIT. MANOAH.

VOICE. Come, come, no time for lament-a-tion now, No cause for grief; Samson, like

ACCOMP. *p*

Sam-son fell, Both life and death he - ro - ic, to his foes Ru - in is left, to

MICAH.

him e - ter-nal fame. Why should we weep or wail, dispraise or blame, Where all is well, and
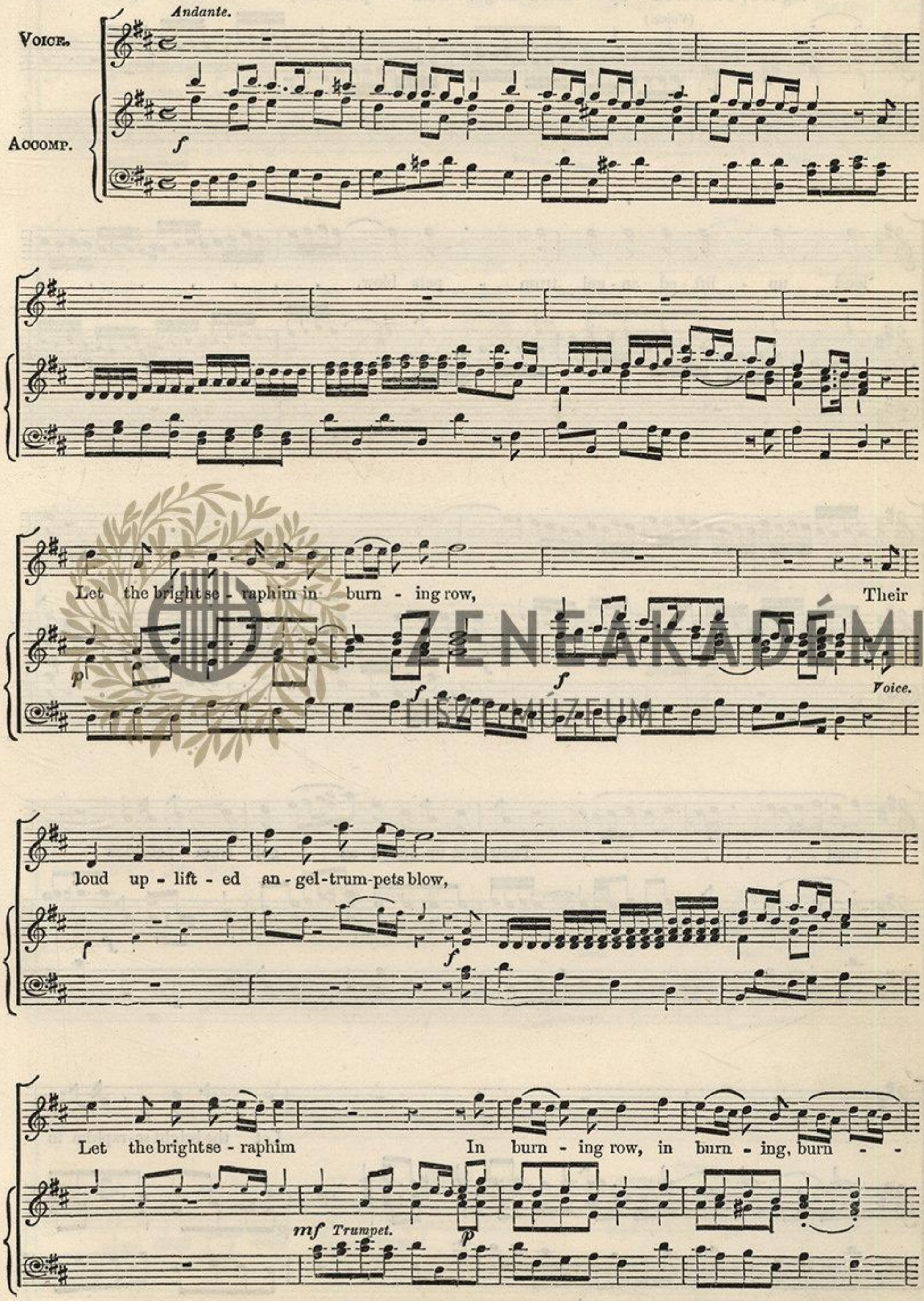
fair to qui-et us? Praise we Je-ho-vah then, who to the end, Not part-ed from him, but as-sist-ed

still, Till de-so - la - tion fill'd Phi-lis-tia's land, Ho-nour and free-dom giv'n to Jacob's seed.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

* See note page 28

Aria.—LET THE BRIGHT SERAPHIM.



ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

- - ing row, Their loud up - lift-ed an-gel trum - pets blow, ... their

(Voice.)

loud up - lift - ed an - gel trum - pets blow, ...

- - - - - - - - - - Their

f p

loud . . . . . Their loud up-lift-ed an - gel trum - pets blow:

Solo Trumpet.

f

Let the bright se-raphim in

p

Zeneművészeti Főiskola Budapest

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

f *p* Voice.

loud, up - lift - ed an-gel trumpets blow ; Their loud . . up - lift - - ed

Solo Trumpet.

angel-trumpets blow . . . . . Their loud . . up-lifted angel -

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

trum - pets blow.

hr hr

f

Let the cheru - bic host, in tune - ful choirs, Touch their im-mor-tal harps, . . with

gold - en wires. Let the cheru - bic host, in . . tune - ful choirs, Touch

their im-mor-tal harps, Touch their im-mor-tal harps,

. . with gold - en wires, ... Touch their immortal

harps, with gold - en wires.

Da Capo.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

No. 96. CHORUS.—LET THEIR CELESTIAL CONCERTS ALL UNITE.

CHORUS. *Andante.*

TREBLE. Let their ce-les-tial concerts all u-nite, Let their ce-les-tial con-certs

ALTO. Let their ce-les-tial con-certs

TENOR. 8vo. lower. Let their ce-les-tial con-certs

BASS. Let their ce-les-tial con-certs

CHORUS. *Andante.*

ACCOMP. Met. 92 = ♩ *f* *f* Pedals.

all u-nite,

all u-nite, E-ver to sound his

all u-nite,

all u-nite,

all u-nite, E-ver to sound his praise, . . . to sound his praise, . . .

8va.

praise . . . in end-less blaze of light. . . . . .

To sound his praise . .

. . . . in end-less blaze of light, ...

8va.

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To sound his praise; . . . . . Let their ce - les - tial concerts

Let their ce - les - tial concerts

. . . . . in endless blaze of light; Let their ce - les - tial concerts

Let their ce - les - tial concerts

Ped. 8va.

all u - nite, Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,

all u - nite, Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,

all u - nite, Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,

all u - nite, Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite, To sound his

E - ver, e - ver, e - ver to sound his praise, in end-less blaze of light, to sound his

E - ver, e - ver, e ver to sound his praise, in end-less blaze of light,

E - ver, e - ver, e - ver to sound his praise, in end-less blaze of light,

praise, ... in end - less blaze of light,

8va.

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praise, - - - - - - - - to sound his praise in end-less

E - ver, e - ver, e - ver to sound, to sound his praise in end-less

E - ver, e - ver, e - ver to sound, to sound his praise in end-less

E - ver, e - ver, e - ver to sound, to sound . his praise in end-less

8va.

blaze, . . in end - less, end - less blaze of light. Let their ce-les-tial concerts

blaze, . . in endless, end - less blaze of light. Let their ce-les-tial concerts

blaze, of light, in endless, end - less blaze of light. Let their ce-lestial concerts

blaze, . . in end - less, end-less blaze of light. Let their ce-les-tial concerts

Ped.

all u - nite, let their ce - les-tial concerts all u - nite e - -

all u - - nite,

all u-nite to sound his praise, ...

all u - nite,

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- - - ver to sound, to sound his praise, ... to

Let their ce - les - tial concerts all u-nite, to sound his praise,

. . . . . in end - - less

Let their ce - les - tial concerts

8va.

sound his praise, E - ver, e - ver to sound his praise, in

to sound his praise . . . . . in end - - -

blaze of light. To sound his praise . . . . .

all u - nite, e - ver to sound his

8va.

end - - - less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con - certs

- - - - - - - less blaze of light, Let their ce - les - tial con - certs

. . . . . in end-less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con - certs

praise . . in end-less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con certs

Ped.

ZENEAKADÉMIA LISZT MÚZEUM

all u - nite, Let their ce-les-tial concerts all u - nite,

all u - nite, Let their ce-les-tial concerts all u - nite,

all u - nite, Let their ce-les-tial concerts all u - nite, E - - - -

all u - nite, Let their ce-les-tial concerts all u - nite, E - ver, e - ver,

8va.

E - ver, e - ver to sound, ...

E - ver to sound . . . his praise, in endless

- - - - ver to sound, to sound his praise . . . in end - - less

e - ver, e - ver to sound his praise, . . . in end - less

Ped. Org.

. . his praise, E - ver to sound, to sound his praise in

blaze of light, E - ver to sound, to sound his praise in

blaze of light, E - ver to sound, to sound his praise in

blaze of light, in endless blaze, ... in

ZENEAKADÉMIA ZENEMÚZEUM

end - less blaze . . . of light, . . in end - less blaze of light;

end - less blaze . . . of light, . . in end - less blaze of light;

end - less blaze . . . of light, . . in end - less blaze of light;

end - less blaze . . . of light, . . in end - less blaze of light;

mf

Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,

mf

Let their ce - les - tial con-certs all u - nite,

mf

Trumpets Soli.

f

E - ver to sound, to sound his praise, in end - less blaze . . of light, . .

f

E - ver to sound, to sound his praise, in end - less blaze . . of light, . .

f

E - ver to sound, to sound his praise, in end - less blaze . . of light, . .

f

E - ver to sound . . his praise . . . in end - less blaze . . of light . .

ZENEAKADÉMIA
LISZT MÚZEUM

- - in end - less blaze of light.

- - in end - less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con - certs

- - in end - less blaze of light. Let their ce - les - tial con - certs

- - in end - less blaze of light.

mf

Ped.

f

E - ver to sound

all u - nite,

f

E - ver, e - ver to

all u - nite,

f

E - ver, e - ver to

f

E - ver, e - ver to

Trumpets Soli.

ff *Tutti.*

Pedals.

- - his praise, In end - less blaze of light.

sound his praise, In end - less blaze of light.

sound his praise, In end - less blaze of light.

sound his praise, In end - less blaze of light.

Ped.

END.

4319

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NOVELLO'S EDITION.

Zeneművészeti Főiskola Budapest

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