Judas Macchabæus

Oratorio,
in Score
As it was Originally Performed
Composed by
M. Handel
with
His Additional Alterations.

London Printed for William Randall, Successor to
the late Mr. F. Walsh in Catherine Street in the Strand.
of whom may be had the compleat Scores of Messiah, Samson,
Alexander's Feast, Acis and Galatea &c.

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OVERTURE.
The remains of Captive Judah mourn in solemn
mourn ye afflicted children, the remains of Captive Judah,
mourn, mourn, mourn ye afflicted children, the remains,
mourn, mourn, mourn ye afflicted children the remains of Captive
Strains of Captive Judah mourn in solemn Strains, mourn ye afflicted Children the Remains of Captive Judah mourn in solemn Strains your fanguine Hopes of Liberty give o'er your fanguine Hopes of Liberty give
o'er; your Hero, mourn, your Hero is no more; your Hero, Friend, and Father is no more; your Hero, Friend, and Father is no more.

your Friend and Father is no more. mourn ye afflicted Children, Father is no more. is no more. mourn in solemn

more your Friend and Father is no more. morn

is no more. your Hero is no more.
mourn in solemn Strains; your Father is no more, your fangaine hopes of

Liber-ty give o'er; mourn.

Liber-ty give o'er; your fangaine hopes give o'er your Hero, your Father,

your fangaine hopes of Libe-ty give o'er your Hero, your Father,
He is no more, 
mourn, 
mourn in fo—lemn Strains, 
mourn ye afflicted Children, mourn in fo—lemn Strains; mourn ye afflicted Children; 
mourn in fo—lemn Strains; your fainting Hopes of Liberty give 
mourn in fo—lemn Strains, 
mourn in fo—lemn Strains;
Father is no more.

your Father is no more.

mourn

Father is no more.

your Father is no more.

mourn

more.

mourn your Father is no more.

mourn

Pia

mourn

your Father is no more.

your Father is no more.

mourn

more.

mourn your Father is no more.

mourn

Pia

mourn

Father is no more.

your Father is no more.

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more.

mourn your Father is no more.

mourn

Pia

mourn

your Father is no more.

your Father is no more.
Israelitish Man

Well may your Sorrows Brethren flow, in all the expressive signs of Woe; your

Softer Garments tear, and Equal Sackclothwear your drooping Heads with Ashes

Israelitish Woman

flrew, and with the flowing Tear, your Cheeks be dew. Daughters let

your distress full Cries, and loud lament ascend the Skies; your tender Bosphors

beat, and tear, with hands remorseful your dishevel'd Hair. For pale and

breathless Mat-tha-thias lies; fad Emblem of his Country's Miseries!
Duet

No. 4. Strings only

Andante e Staccato

1 = 80

From this dread Scene these adverse Powers, Ah! whither shall we fly!
Scene these adverse Powers Ah'whither shall we fly! Ah'whither shall we fly! O Solyma From this dread

Thy boasted Towers in smoky Ruins Lie, in smoky Ruins Lie. From this dread

O Solyma Thy boasted Towers in smoky Ruins Lie.
Ah, whither shall we fly! Ah, whither shall we fly. O Solyma, O Solyma

Ruins Lie. O Solyma Thy boasted

Towers in Smoky Ruins Lie. Thy boasted Towers in Smoky Ruins Lie. in Smoky Ruins Lie. From this dread Scene these adverse Powers
Ah! whether shall we fly.

by Ruins Lie O Solyma

O Solyma Thy boasted Towers in smoky Ruins Lie.
No. 5. Strings, Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets, Bassoons & Horns

Larghetto e un Poco Piano

Viol. 1

Viol. 2

Viola

Hautbois

Bassoons

For Sion Lamentation make,

For Sion Lamentation make,
Tears that speak, with Words that weep, and Tears that speak,

Tears that speak, with Words that weep, and Tears that speak, for

Tears that speak, with Words that weep, and Tears that speak, for
23

Words that weep, with Words that weep, and Tears that weep, with Words that weep, and Tears that weep, with Words that weep, that weep, and Tears that weep, that weep, and Tears that weep.
Not vain is all this Storm of Grief, to vent our Sorrows gives relief,

wretched indeed! but let not Judah's Race, their Ruin with desponding Arms em-

brace, Diftractfull Doubt and Defpe ration, Ill become

the chozen Nation, chozen by the greet I AM, the Lord of

Hofts, who, still the fame, we trust, will give at ten tive Ear,

to the fince rity of Prayr.
Largo e Softenuto

Fious Orgies, pious Airs, decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs, will to the

Lord ascend, and move his Pity, his Pity, and regained his Love.
Sorrow, decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs, will to the Lord ascend, and move his Pity, his Pity.

and regain his Love. Pious Orgies, pious Airs, decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs, will to the Lord ascend, 

move his Pity, his Pity, and regain his Love.
Chorus

Father Almighty, whose almighty Power,

Choir: the Heavens and Earth, the Heavens and Earth, and Seas a-

Father Almighty, whose almighty Power,

Choir: the Heavens and Earth, the Heavens and Earth, and Seas a-

Father Almighty, whose almighty Power,

Choir: the Heavens and Earth, the Heavens and Earth, and Seas a-

Father Almighty, whose almighty Power,

Choir: the Heavens and Earth, the Heavens and Earth, and Seas a-
dore.
dore.
dore.
dore.

light, in one defensive Band unite.

light, in one defensive Band unite.

light, in one defensive Band unite.

light, in one defensive Band unite.
And grant a Leader bold and brave, if not to Conquer born to save, and grant a leader bold and brave, if not to Conquer born to save.
Conquer, born to fave, and grant a leader bold, and brave,

if not to Conquer, born to fave, and grant a leader bold, and brave,

if not to Conquer, born to fave, and grant a leader bold, and brave.

Conquer, born to fave, and grant a leader bold, and brave,

if not to Conquer, born to fave, and grant a leader bold, and brave,

if not to Conquer, born to fave, and grant a leader bold, and brave.
Conquer, if not to Conquer, and grant a leader bold and brave, if not to Conquer, if not to Conquer, and grant a leader bold and brave, if not to Conquer, if not to Conquer, and grant a leader bold and brave, if not to Conquer, if not to Conquer, and grant a leader bold and brave, if not to Conquer, born to fave, if not to Conquer born to fave.
I feel, I feel the Deity within, who the bright

Cherubim between, his radiant Glory erit displayed to Israel's distressful Pray'r, he

hath vouchsafed a gracious Ear, and points our Maccabees to their Aid. Judas shall

set the Captive free and lead us on to Victory.
Arm, Arm, Arm, ye brave, Arm, Arm, Arm, ye brave, a noble Cause, The
Cause of Heaven your Zeal demands, your Zeal, The Cause of Heaven your Zeal de-
then The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands. Arm Arm Arm. Army brave.

The cause of Heaven demands your zeal, a noble cause. Arm Army brave, Army brave.

We come, We come, We come, We come.

Chorus
come in bright array, we come in bright array, in bright array, in bright array,
come in bright array, we come in bright array, in bright array, in bright array,
come in bright array, we come in bright array, in bright array, in bright array,
come in bright array, we come in bright array, in bright array, in bright array,
Judas Maccabæus

'Tis well, my Friends, with Transport I behold, the Spirit of our

Fathers, fam'd of Old, for their Exploits in War; Oh may their

Fire, with active Courage you their Sons inspire: as when the

mighty Joshua fought, and those amazing Wonders wrought; stood

still Ob'diant to his Voice, the Sun, till Kings he had de-

stroy'd, and Kingdoms won.
Allegro

Call forth thy Powers my Soul and dare,

Call forth thy Powers my Soul and dare, the conflict, the conflict of unequal War.

Call forth thy Powers my Soul and dare — and dare, the conflict of unequal War.

Call forth thy Powers my Soul and dare, the conflict of unequal War.
Great is the Glory of the conquering Sword, of the conquering Sword, that triumphs in sweet Liberty restored, that triumphs in sweet Liberty restored, in sweet Liberty restored.

Call forth thy Powers my Soul and dare, Call forth thy Powers my Soul and dare.

Call forth thy Powers my Soul and dare, the conflict the conflict of unequal War.

...and dare the conflict of unequal War.
Recit: Haralith Woman

To Heaven Almighty King we kneel, for blessings on this exemplary zeal, Blest him Jehovah.

Blest him, and once more to thy own Israel, Liberty restore,

Largo

Violoncello Solo

O Liberty, thine choicest treasure, seat of virtue, source of pleasure, life without thee, knows no blessing, no endearment worth caring, no endearment worth caring, no endearment worth caring.
Pleasure, Oh, Oh—Liberty thou choicest Treasure, Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleasure, Life without thee knows no Blessing, no Endearment worth Carressing, no En--
48

Andante

Come, ever-

smiling Liberty, and with thee bring thy jocund Train.

Come, ever-smiling, smiling Liberty,

and with thee bring thy jocund Train.

thy jocund Train, and with thee bring thy jocund Train.
smiling Liberty. Come, ever smiling Liberty, and with thee bring thy jocund Train, thy
Come ever-smilimg Liberty, and with thee bring thy jocund Train,

Come ever-smilimg Liberty, and with thee bring thy jocund Train,

O Judas, may these Noble Views inspire, all Israel with thy true Heroic Fire!
"Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone, that gives fresh Beauty to the Sun, that gives fresh Beauty to the Sun.
Liberty, dear Liberty alone, dear Liberty alone, that bids all Nature look more gay, and lovely Life with Pleasure steal away, and lovely Life, and lovely Life with Pleasure steal away, and lovely Life with Pleasure steal away.
Duet

Come ever—smiling Liberty

Come ever—smiling Liberty and with thee bring thy jocund train for thee we pant.
pant and sigh for thee and sigh for thee with whom eternal pleasures reign come and sigh for thee for thee we pant and sigh for thee with whom eternal pleasures reign

ever smiling Liberty with whom eternal pleasures reign come ever smiling Liberty with whom eternal pleasures reign
Chorus

Lead on, lead on,
Lead on, lead on,
Jadah dinsains the galling load of hostile chains.

Allegro
Jadah difsains, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains,

Lead on, lead on, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains, of hostile Chains, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains, Judah difsains the galling load of hostile Chains.
Chains, lead on, Judah disdains the galling load of hostile Chains, the load of Chains, lead on, Judah disdains the galling load of hostile Chains, the load of Chains, lead on, lead on, Judah disdains the galling load of Chains, lead on, lead on, Judah disdains the galling load of hostile Chains, lead on, lead on.
Judas Macchabeus.

So Will my Father, now at rest, in the eternal Mansions of the Blest:

Can ye behold said He, the Miseries, in which the long insulted Judah lies. Can ye behold their dire Diftrefs, and not at least
attempt Redrefs, then faintly with expiring Breath, Resolve my

Sons on Liberty or Death, We come, we come, Oh see,

thy Sons prepare, the rough Habiments of War, with Hearts intrepid,

and revengefull Hands, to execute o Sire, thy dread Command.
Viol.1
Allegro
Viol.2
Viola
Alto
Tenor
Bass

Taft Solo

Dif
Difdainfull of Danger, Wellruth onthe
For

that thy Pow'r o Je-hovah, all Nations may know, thy Pow'r o Je-

hovah all Nations may know.

Foe,

that thy Pow'r o Je-hovah, all Nations may know, thy Pow'r o Je-

Foe,

that thy Pow'r o Je-hovah, all Nations may know, thy Pow'r o Je-

Foe,

that thy Pow'r o Je-hovah, all Nations may know, thy Pow'r o Je-

Foe,

that thy Pow'r o Je-hovah, all Nations may know, thy Pow'r o Je-

Foe,
Foe, difdain_full of Danger, difdain_full of

Foe, difdain_full of Danger, difdain_full of
Danger Well rush on the Foe, disdainfull Well rush on the Foe,

Danger Well rush on the Foe, disdainfull Well rush on the Foe,

Danger Well rush on the Foe, disdainfull Well rush on the Foe,
Recit:

Judas Macchabaeus.

Ambition! if e'er Honour was thine Aim, Challenge it here: - The glorious Cause gives Sanction to thy Claim.

Vol. 24. Strings only.

Violini all

Col. Baffo

Allegro

Breasts shall inspire; no, nor lust of unbounded Pow'r, nor lust of unbounded Pow'r; nor

But Peace to obtain: Free

Peace let us gain, And Conquest shall ask no more, no more, no
more, and Conquest shall ask no more.

But Peace to obtain, free Peace let us gain, and Conquest shall ask no more.

Conquest shall ask no more, but Peace to obtain; free Peace let us gain, and

Conquest shall ask no more.

Recit:

Haste we, my Brethren, haste we to the field, Dependant on the Lord Our Strength and Shield.
Chorus

Hear us O Lord, O Lord, on Thee we call — —.

Hear us O Lord, O Lord, on Thee we call — —.

Hear, hear us O Lord, O Lord, on Thee we call — —.

Hear us O Lord, O Lord, on Thee we call — —.

Hear us O Lord, O Lord, on Thee we call — —.

Hear us O Lord, O Lord, on Thee we call — —.

Hear us O Lord, O Lord, on Thee we call — —.
Conquest, refolvd on Conquest or a glorious fall. hear us, hear us, on Thee we

Conquest, refolvd on Conquest or a glorious fall. hear us, hear us O

Conquest, refolvd, refolvd on Conquest, refolvd on Conquest, hear us, hear us, hear us,

Conquest, refolvd on Conquest, on Conquest, on Conquest or a glorious fall, hear us, Hear us,
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, O
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, hear us, O
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, O
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, O
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, O
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, O
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, O
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, O
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, O
Lord on Thee we call, hear us, O
or a glorious, glorious fall. hear us O Lord, on Thee O Lord on Thee we call,
or a glorious, glorious fall. hear us O Lord, on Thee O Lord on Thee we call,
or a glorious, glorious fall. hear us O Lord, on Thee O Lord on Thee we call,
or a glorious, glorious fall. hear us O Lord, on Thee O Lord on Thee we call,

Horns. Trumpets. 3 Trombones & Drums.

Chorus

Part the Second
Falln is the Foe, falln is the Foe, So fall thy Foes, So fall thy Foes O Lord,
Fall'n is the Foe,

Fall'n is the Foe,

So fall thy Foes,

Fall'n is the Foe, Fall'n is the Foe, So fall, So fall thy Foes,

Fall'n is the Foe,
Foes O Lord, Fall'n is the Foe, Fall'n is the Foe, So fall thy Foes O Lord.

Fall'n is the Foe, Fall'n is the Foe, So fall thy Foes, So fall thy Foes O Lord.

Fall'n is the Foe, Fall'n is the Foe, So fall thy Foes, So fall thy Foes O Lord.

Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword. Where warlike Judas

fall thy Foes O Lord.

fall thy Foes O Lord.
Fall'n is the Foe,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword.

Fall'n is the Foe,
Fall'n.

Fall'n is the Foe,
Fall'n.

Fall'n is the Foe,
Fall'n.

Pia 6 For 6
Falln, Falln is the Foe, Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword. Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword, his righteous
Fallen is the Foe, Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword.

Falln is the Foe, Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword.
Righ-teous Sword. Fallen is the Foe, Where warlike Judas wields, wields, wields his righteous Sword.

warlike Judas wields, wields, wields his righteous Sword.
Recit:

Israelitish Man

Victorious Hero! Fame shall tell with her last Breath, how Apollonius fell, and

all Samaria fled; by thee pursu’d, through Hills of Carnage, and a Sea of Blood. While

thy resistless Proweds dealt a round, with their own Leader’s Sword, the Deathful Wound. Thus

too the haughty Seron, Syria’s Boast, Before thee fell, with his unnumber’d Host.
Allegro

Courfe: is,
not numberles: Forces
withstand thy all

conquering Sword, thy all
conquering Sword, So
rapid thy Courfe is, not numberlefs Forces withftand thy all conquering Sword, so rapid, fo
numberless Forces withstand thy all-conquering Sword.

Tho' Nations surround thee, no Pow'r shall confound thee,

'till Freedom again be restor'd.
Recit:

Well may we hope our Freedom to receive, Such sweet transporting Joys the Actions give.

No. 31. Duet Strings

Viol: 1st & 2nd Unis

Viola

\[ d = 96 \]

Head shall raise, Tune your Harps, tune your Harps to Songs.
Tune your Harps
tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.
Tune your Harps, tune your Harps, Sion now her
Tune your Harps, tune your Harps, Sion now her
Tune your Harps, tune your Harps, Sion now her
Tune your Harps, tune your Harps, Sion now her
Tune your Harps, tune your Harps, Sion now her
Tune your Harps, tune your Harps, Sion now her
Tune your Harps, tune your Harps, Sion now her
Tune your Harps, tune your Harps to Songs of
Songs of Praise, tune your Harps to Songs of Praise, to Songs of Praise, to

Praise, to Songs of Praise, tune your Harps to Songs of Praise, to Songs of Praise, to

Praise, to Songs of Praise, of Praise, to Songs of Praise, of Praise, to

Praise, of Praise, of Praise, to Sion,

Songs of Praise, of Praise, of Sion,

Songs of Praise, of Praise, of Sion,

Songs of Praise, of Sion,

tune your Harps to Songs of Praise, to Sion,

tune your Harps to Songs of Praise, to Sion,
now her Head shall raise, shall raise—

Violin: Co.l Baffoon

Head shall raise, tune your Harps, now her Head shall raise,

raise, now her Head shall raise, tune your

raise, now her Head shall raise,
Harps, tune your Harps, tune your Harps to Songs, to Songs of Praise.

Praise your Harps, tune your Harps, to Songs of Praise.
Harps, tune your Harps, tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.

Sion now her Head shall raise, Sion now her Head shall raise.

Violonc: Col Baffo
Harp to Songs of Praise

tune your Harps, tune your Harps, tune your Harps,
now her Head, now her Head shall
Harps, Sion now her Head, now her Head shall
now her Head shall
Harps, Sion now her Head, now her Head shall raise, tune your Harps -
raise, tune your Harps to Songs of Praise
raise, tune your Harps to Songs of Praise
raise, tune your Harps to Songs, tune, tune, tune your Harps,
Harps to Songs of Praise, tune, tune, tune your Harps,
Harps to Songs of Praise.

Contra Basso
tune your Harps, tune your Harps to Songs, to Songs of Praise.
tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.

tune —— your Harps, tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.

tune your Harps, tune your Harps to Songs, to Songs of Praise.

tune —— your Harps, tune your Harps to Songs of

Violonc; Col Baffo

Praise.

Sion now her Head shall raise.

Harp to Songs of Praise.

now her Head shall raise.

Praise.
Head now her Head shall raise — — tune your Harps to Songs, to Songs of Praise — —

Head now her

— — tune your Harps to Songs — —

now her Head shall raise — — tune your Harps to Songs, to Songs of Praise — —

Harps, tune your Harps — —

tune your Harps to Songs, to Songs of Praise. tune your Harps to Songs, to Songs of Praise — —

— — tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.

 — —

— —

Harps, your Harps to Songs of Praise.

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Recit:

Israelitish Woman

O let eternal Honours crown his Name; Judas! first Worthy

in the Rolls of Fame. Say "He put on the Breast-plate as a Giant, And

girt his warlike Harnefs about him. In his Acts he was like a Lion; And

like a Lion's Whelp roaring for his Prey".
From mighty Kings, from mighty Kings, He took — the Spoil. And with His Acts made Judah Smile.
Acts made Judah Smile.
And with His Acts made Judah smile.

And with His Acts made Judah smile.

And with His Acts made Judah smile.
Allegro

And triumphs in her Hero's fame.

Judah rejoiceth in his Name.

Da Capo
Hail, hail Jude-a, happy land!

Hail, hail Jude-a, happy land! Jude-a, happy land! Fal-va

Hail, hail Jude-a, happy land! Jude-a, happy land! Fal-va

Hail, hail Jude-a, happy land! Jude-a, happy land! Fal-va
hail, hail Ju-de-a, happy land!

salvation prospers in his hand. hail, hail Ju-de-a, happy land!

hail, hail Ju-de-a, happy land!

hail, hail, hail Ju-de-a, happy land!
Hail, hail Judea, happy land!

Jehovah, Jehovah, happy land!

Salvation profet in his hand.
Judas Macchabæus

Thanks to my Brethren, but look up to Heav’n; to Heav’n let Glory and all Praise be
giv’n; to Heav’n give your Applause, nor add the second Cause, as once your Fathers did in
Midian, saying, the Sword of God and Gideon. It was the Lord, that for his Israel fought,
and this our wonderfull Salvation wrought.
How vain is man who boasts in fight.

The valour of Gigan-tic might. The valour of Gigan-

tic might.

How vain is man who boasts in fight, who boasts in fight, who

boasts in fight, The valour of Gigan-tic might. How vain is man who
boafts in fight, who boafts in fight, who boafts in fight, The valour of Gigan — — — tic might, The
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And dreams not that a hand unseen, Directs And guides this weak Machine.
Ifraelitifh Messenger

O Judas, O my Brethren! new scenes of bloody War in all their Horrors

raise: Prepare, prepare, Or soon we fall a Sacrifice to great Anti-o-chus;

from the Egyptian Coast, (Where Pto-lo-my hath Memphis and Pe-In-sium

loft,) He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands his proud victorious Bands to

root out Ifrael's Strength and to erase every Memorial of the sacred Place.
Largo

Ah! wretched, wretched Israel!

Fall'n how low, fall'n how low, Ah! wretched Israel! Ah! wretched Israel!

From joyous transport, From joyous transport to desponding Woe, wretched Israel!
Chorus

Ah! wretched, wretched
If — ra — el!

Ah! wretched, wretched
If — ra — el!

Ah! wretched, wretched
If — ra — el!

Chorus

Ah! wretched, wretched
If — ra — el!

Ah! wretched, wretched
If — ra — el!

Ah! wretched, wretched
If — ra — el!
From joyous transport to desponding Woe, wretched Israel!

wretched, wretched, fallen, fallen from joyous transport to desponding Woe, wretched Israel!
Joyous transport to despoothing woe —

Wretched Israel! Ah! wretched Israel!

Falln how low, Ah! wretched Israel!

Wretched Israel! wretched Israel! falln how

Falln how low, from joyous transport

Falln how low, from joyous transport

Falln how low, falln how low, from joyous transport

Falln how low, from joyous transport
From joyous transport to despairing, despairing, Woe.
From joyous transport to despairing, despairing, Woe.
From joyous transport to despairing, despairing, Woe.
From joyous transport to despairing, despairing, Woe.
Be comforted. Nor think these Plagues are sent for your Destruction, but for

Charitement. Heav'n oft in Mercy Punifheth; that Sin may feel its own De-

merits, from within, and urge not utter Ruin — Turn to God,

and draw a Blessing from his Iron Rod.
The Lord worketh wonders.

His glory to raise; His glory to raise.

For ever.

And still as he thinketh.
Judas

My Arms against this Gorgias will I go, the I-dumean Governor shall know How vain how ineffective his Design While Rage his Leader and Jehovah mine.

Allegro

Sound an Alarm, Sound an Alarm, Your Silver Trumpets Sound and call the Brave and only Brave and only Brave around. call the Brave, call the Brave, and only Brave around.

Sound an Alarm, Your Silver Trumpets found, Your Trumpets found, Your Trumpets found, and call the Brave, and only Brave, and call the Brave, and only Brave, and only Brave around, call the Brave, call the
Brave

only Brave around.

Who lifteth, follow: To the Field again. Justice with

Courage is a thousand Men, is a thousand Men, Justice with

Courage, Justice with Courage is a thousand Men, is a thousand

Men, is a thousand Men.
No. 45. 2nd Part. Strings. Flutes. Oboes. 2 Clarinets.

Sound an Alarm. Your Silver Trumpets Sound...
call the Brave and only Brave and only Brave round.

Sound an Alarm.
call the Brave, and only Brave, and only Brave a-round.

We hear, we hear, we hear, we hear, the pleasing dreadful
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall, we follow thee, we fall, we follow thee.

For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall, we follow thee, we fall, we follow thee.

For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall, we follow thee, we fall, we follow thee.

For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall, we follow thee, we fall, we follow thee, we fall, we follow thee.
Recit:

Simon

Enough. To Heaven we leave the rest; Such generous Ardour firing ev'ry Breast, We may divide our Cares. The Field be thine, O Judas; and the Sanctuary mine. For Sion, holy Sion, Seat of God, in ruinous Heaps is by the Hea - then trod; Such Proclamation calls for swift redress, If her in Battle Israel hopes Succe -
With pious Hearts, and brave as pious, O SION, we thy call attend.

and brave as pious, O SION, we thy call attend.

nor dread the Nations that defy us, nor dread the Nations.
that defy us, God our defender, God our Friend.

nor dread the Nations that defy us, God our defender.

God our defender, God our Friend, nor dread the Nations that defy us, God our defender, God our defender, God our Friend.
Recit:

Israelitish Man

Ye Worshippers of God! Down with the polluted Altars, down;

hurl Jupiter Olympus from his Throne, nor reverence Bacchus with his Ivy Crown, and

Ivy-wreathed Rod. Our Fathers never knew him, or his heastly Crew, or

Israelitish Woman

knowing scorn'd such Idol Vanities. No more in Sion, let the Virgins

Throng wild with De-lusion pay their nightly Song, to Ath-toreth, eclips'd the Queen of Heav'n:

Hence to Phænicia be the Goddess driv'n; Or be she with her Priests, and Pageants, hurld to the re-

motest Corner of the World; never to delude us more with pious Lies.
Vain mysterious Art, with their vain mysterious Art.

Wife men flattering may deceive you, with their
Magic charms can ne'er relieve you, nor can heal the wounded heart. No magic...
not can heal the wounded heart cannot heal the wounded heart.
But true wisdom can relieve you. Godlike wisdom from above, Godlike wisdom
from above, this alone can ne'er deceive you, this alone can ne'er deceive you, this alone all
Duet

Andante

Oh! never, never bow we down, Oh! never, never bow we down, to the rude Stock, or sculptur’d Stone.

never, never bow we down, Oh! never, never bow we down, to the rude Stock, or sculptur’d Stone.
Oh! never, never bow we down, Oh! never, never bow we down, to the rude Stock, or sculptur'd Stone.

never, never bow we down, Oh! never, never bow we down, to the rude Stock, or sculptur'd Stone.

never never bow we down, Oh! never, never bow we down, to the rude Stock, or sculptur'd Stone.
never bow we down, never bow we down, never bow we down, oh never, never
never bow we down, never bow we down, no no,
never bow we down, to the rude Stock, to the Stock, or sculptur'd Stone.
never, never bow we down, to the Stock, or sculptur'd Stone.

But ever worship Israel's God, ever obedient to his awfull God, ever obedient to
Oh! never, never bow we down, to the rude Stock,
never, never bow we down, no, no,
ever, never bow we down, to the rude Stock,
Chorus

We never will bow down

We never will bow down

We never will bow down

We never will bow down to the rude

stock or sculpture Stone.

stock or sculpture Stone. We never will bow

stock or sculpture Stone. We never will bow
down We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptured Stone, to the rude
down We never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptured Stone, to the rude
down We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptured Stone, to the rude

Stock or sculptured Stone. We never, never will bow down We never, never will bow down to the rude

Stock or sculptured Stone.

Stock or sculptured Stone.
We never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone.
Stone. We never, never will bow down
Stone. We never, never will bow down
We never, never will bow down
We never, never will bow down
We never, never will bow down
We never, never will bow down
We never, never will bow down
We never, never will bow down
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock.
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock.
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock.
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock.
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock.
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock.
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock.
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock.
We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock.
down we never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone, to the rude

We never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone, to the rude

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone, to the rude

down we never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone, to the rude

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone, to the rude

We never, never will bow down to the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone, to the rude
We worship God, We worship God and God a– lone and God a– lone.

We worship God, We worship God and God a– lone.

We worship God, We worship God and God a– lone.

We worship God, and God a– lone, and God a– lone.
We worship God and God alone.
We worship God and God alone.

We worship God and God alone.
We worship God and God alone.

We worship God and God alone.
We worship God and God alone.

We worship God and God alone.
We worship God and God alone.

We worship God and God alone.
We worship God and God alone.
God, we worship God, and

God a - lone
We worship God, we worship God, and God alone. We worship God, and God alone.

God alone, and God alone. We worship God, and God alone.

God alone, and God alone. We worship God, and God alone.

God alone, and God alone. We worship God, and God alone.

God alone, and God alone. We worship God, and God alone.

God alone, and God alone. We worship God, and God alone.
Lone. We worship God. We worship God, and God alone.

We worship God. We worship God, and God alone.

End of the 2nd Part.
Part the Third

Andante Larghetto

Father of Heaven, from thy eternal Throne, from thy eternal Throne.
Look with an Eye of
Blessing down, while we prepare with holy Rites to solemnize

the Feast of Lights.

Father of Heaven, from thy Eternal Throne,

Look with an Eye of Blessing down, while we prepare...
with holy Rites to solemnize the Feast of Lights, while we prepare with holy Rites to solemnize the Feast of Lights. And thus our
grateful Hearts employ, and in thy Praife, this Altar raise, with Carols

of triumphant Joy, this Altar raise, with Carols of triumphant Joy

with Carols of triumphant Joy. Father of Heav’n, from thy eternal
Throne, from the Eternal Throne,
Look with an Eye of Blessing down, while we prepare,
with holy Rites to solemnize — the Feast of Lights,

to solemnize — the Feast of Lights.
Recit:

Ifrael: Man,

See, see your Flames that from the Altar broke, in fiery Streams per-

the the trailing Smoke, the fragrant Incense mounts the yielding Air;

Sure Preface that the Lord hath heard our Prayer.

Ifrael: Woman

O grant it, Heaven, that our long Woes may cease, and Judah's Daughters taste the Calm of Peace;

Sons, Brothers, Husbands to bewail no more, tortured at Home, or havock'd in the War.
No. 56. Strings. Clarinetto. Bassoons & Horns

Allegro

So shall the Lute and Harp awake, and sprightly Voice sweet

Defant run,
So shall the Lute awake, So shall the Harp awake, So
shall the Lute and Harp awake, and sprightly Voice sweet Defcant run, and sprightly Voice sweet
Defcbant run, and sprightly Voice sweet Defcant run, and sprightly Voice sweet
Se...rahphic Melo...
Phic Me-lo-dy to make, in the pure Strains...
Recit:

Israelith Meffenger

*From Caphar-fu-la-ma, on Eagle Wings I fly, with Tidings of impetuous Joy. Came Ly-sias, with his Hoft, array'd in Coat of Mail; their maffy Shields of Gold, and

Brats, flatter'd; Lightning o'er the Fields, while the huge Towrbackd Elephants display'd a horrid Front; but

Judas; undismay'd, met, fought, and vanquith'd all the ragefull Train. Yet more;

Ni-canor lies with Thousands slain the blasphemous Ni-canor, who defied the living God, and

in his wanton Pride, a public Monument ordain'd of Victories yet ungain'd.

But lo! the Conqueror comes, and on his Spear to dissipate all Fear, he bears the

Vauter's Head and Hand, that threaten Defo-lation to the Land.*
Chorus of Youths

See, the conqu’ring Hero comes, found the Trumpet, beat the Drums:

Sports prepare, the Laurel bring, Songs of Triumph to him sing.

Horns

Solo

See, the conqu’ring Hero comes, found the Trumpet, beat the Drums:

Sports prepare, the Laurel bring, Songs of Triumph to him sing.
Chorus of Virgins

See the Godlike Youth advance, breathe the Flutes, and lead the Dance:

Myrtle Wreaths and Roses twine, to deck the Hero's Brow divine.
See, the Conquering Hero comes, Sound the Trumpet,

See, the Conquering Hero comes, Sound the Trumpet,

See, the Conquering Hero comes, Sound the Trumpet,

See, the Conquering Hero comes, Sound the Trumpet,
Songs of Triumph to him Sing. See, the Conquering Hero comes, Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drums.
March

Horns. Trumpets. 3 Trombones & Drums

178 Chorus

Tromb. C

1st & 2nd Allegro

Tromb. 3rd

Tymp.

Viol.

Haul.

Viola

Sing unto God, and high Affections raise, to crown his Conquest with
Sing un-to God, and
with un-measur’d Praise.
Sing un-to God, and
Sing un-to God, and

high Affections raise, to crown this Conquest with unmeasur’d Praise.

Sing un-to God, and
with un-measur’d Praise.
Sing un-to God, and
Sing un-to God, and

high Affections raise, to crown this Conquest with unmeasur’d Praise.

Sing un-to God, and
with un-measur’d Praise.
Sing un-to God, and
Sing un-to God, and

high Affections raise, to crown this Conquest with unmeasur’d Praise.
Sing unto God and crown this Conquest with unmeasured Praise.

to crown, to crown this Conquest, this Conquest, to Crown.
Sing unto God, and high Affections rise, to crown this Conquest, to crown this Conquest, to
to crown this Conquest with unmeasured Praise.

unmeasured Praise to crown, to crown, to crown this Conquest, this Conquest,

measured Praise to crown, to crown, to crown this Conquest, this Conquest,

with unmeasured Praise.

to crown, to crown — this Conquest, this Conquest,

with unmeasured Praise, to crown, to crown, to crown this Conquest, this Conquest,

7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 6 6

...
A page from a musical score, showing a section of sheet music with the text "this Conquest with unmeasur'd Praise."
Recit:
Judas Maccabeus

Sweet flow the Strains, that strike my feast ed Ear. Angels might troop from Ravin, to

hear, the comely Songs ye sing, to Israel's Lord and King. But

pause awhile due Obsequies prepare, to those who bravely fell in

War. To Eleazar special Tribute pay. Through slaughter'd

Troops he cut his Way To the distinguisht Elephant, and,whelmd be-

neath the stabbed Monster, triumph'd in a glorious Death.
Honour let desert be Crown'd with Honour let de-

fert be Crown'd the Trumpet ne'er in vain Hall loud the Trumpet ne'er in vain Hall loud

Tree Hautb.

but all attentive to alarms but all
tentive to arms the willing nations fly to Arms to Arms to Arms and Conquering or

H. 1 and 2 Col Violini

Conqu'rd and Conquering or Conqu'rd Claim the prize and Conquering or

H. e V. 1 Col Tromba

Conqu'rd Claim the prize

H. e V. 2

Sia happy Earth or far more happy Skies
and Conquering or Conquered Claim and Claim the prize of hap - py Earth or far more happy Skies
Recit: Eupolemus

Peace to my Countrymen; Peace, and Liberty From the great Senate of Imperial Rome, with a firm League of Amity, I come. Rome, whatever Nation dare insult us more, willrouze, in our Defence her Veteran Power, And stretch her vengeful Arm, by Land, or Sea, To curb the Proud, and set the Injured free.

Chorus

To our great God be all the Honour given, all the Honour given, To our great God be all the Honour given, To our great God be all the Honour given, To our great God be all the Honour given,
To our great God, be all, be all the Honour giv'n, To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n, To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n, To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n,

Col Viol: 1°

all the Honour giv'n, To our great God, be all the Honour all the Honour giv'n, To our great God, be all the Honour, all the Honour all the Honour giv'n, To our great God, be all the Honour, all the Honour giv'n, To our great God,
To our great God be all the Honour, all the Honour given,
To our great God be all the Honour given, be all the Honour given,
To our great God be all the Honour given, To our great God be all the Honour given,
Col. Viol. 1°:

that grateful Hearts can fend from Earth to Heaven.

that grateful Hearts can fend from Earth to Heaven.

that grateful Hearts can fend from Earth to Heaven.
Heav'n, from Earth to Heav'n, that grateful Hearts can fend from Earth to
Heav'n, That grateful Hearts can fend from Earth to
Heav'n, that grateful Hearts can fend from Earth to
Heav'n, that grateful Hearts can fend from Earth to
Heav'n. To our great God, be Honour
To our great God, be all—be all the Honour given, that grateful Hearts can send from Earth to Heav'n.
Recit:

Israelitish Woman.

Again to Earth let Gratitude descend. Praise worthy is our Hero and our Friend. Come, then my Daughters, choiceft Art be flow, To weave a Chaplet for the Victor's Brow; And in your Songs for ever, be confessed, The Valour that preserved, the Power that blefs'd, Blessed you with Hours, that scatter, as they fly, Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundless Joy.
Duet

Viol: e
Trav: f
Viol: e
Trav: g
Viola

Allegro

Trav: Solo

O lovely Peace, with Plenty crowid, O lovely, lovely Peace, come, spread thy Blessings, thy Blessings all around.

O lovely Peace, O lovely Peace, O lovely, lovely Peace,
thy Blessings, thy Blessings all around. O

O lovely, lovely Peace, O lovely Peace, O lovely, lovely Peace,
Let fleecy flocks the Hills adorn. And Vallies smile with wa-vy Corn.

Let fleecy flocks the Hills adorn. And Vallies smile with wa-vy Corn.

Let fleecy flocks the Hills adorn. And Vallies smile with wa-vy Corn.

Let fleecy flocks the Hills adorn. And Vallies smile

Let fleecy flocks the Hills adorn.

And Vallies smile with wa-vy Corn. And Vallies smile

And Vallies smile with wa-vy Corn. And Vallies smile

And Vallies smile with wa-vy Corn.

And Vallies smile with wa-vy Corn. And Vallies smile

And Vallies smile with wa-vy Corn.

And Vallies smile with wa-vy Corn.
let the thrill Trumpet cease, nor other found, But Nature's Song-sters

-wake the cheerful Morn, nor other found, nor other found, wake the

But Nature's Song-sters wake the cheerful Morn, the

But Nature's Song-sters wake the cheerful Morn, nor

nor other found, But Nature's Song

o-ther found, But Nature's Song

Nor other found, But Nature's Song

But Nature's Song

n

-aters, Nature's Song-sters wake the cheerful Morn. But Nature's Song-sters wake the

-aters, Nature's Song-sters wake the cheerful Morn. But Nature's Song-sters wake the

cheer-ful, wake the cheerful Morn. Sy Da Capo

Song-sters wake the cheerful, wake the cheerful Morn. Da Capo
No. 64. String, Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets, Bassoons, Horns.
Trumpets & Trombones & Drums.

Rejoice, Judah, and in songs divine With Seraphim and Cherubim joy

Andante Allegro
Rejoice, Judah, and in songs divine
With Cherubim and Seraphim;
Harmonious join and in songs divine
Rejoice, Judah, rejoice.
harmonious join in songs divine

with Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious harmonious join.
Chorus

Tr: e H:
Tre: H:
Tromb:
Tym:
Viol: 1°
Viol: 2°
Viola


Tasto Solo