

*A Kalmus Classic Edition*

George Frideric

# HANDEL

## DEBORAH

An Oratorio

for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra  
with English text

VOCAL SCORE

K 06871





# DEBORAH.

## CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

DEBORAH, *a Prophetess, and Judge of Israel.*  
BARAK, *Son of Abinoam, and Leader of the Army of Israel.*  
JAEEL, *Wife of Heber the Kenite.*  
ABINOAM, *Father of Barak.*  
ISRAELITISH WOMAN

SISERA, *Commander of the Army of Jabin, King of Canaan.*  
HERALD, *attached to the Canaanitish Army.*  
CHORUS—*Priests of Baal.*  
*Priests of the Israelites.*  
*People and Army of Israel.*

## Part the First.

### No. 1.—OVERTURE.

#### SCENE I.—*Mount Ephraim.*

DEBORAH, BARAK, ISRAELITISH PRIESTS, and  
*People.*

### No. 2.—DOUBLE CHORUS.

Immortal Lord of earth and skies,  
Whose wonders all around us rise,  
Whose anger, when it awful glows,  
To swift perdition dooms thy foes ;  
O grant a leader to our host,  
Whose name, with honour, we may boast,  
Whose conduct may our cause maintain,  
And break our proud oppressors' chain.

### No. 3.—RECIT.—*Deborah.*

O Barak, favour'd of the skies,  
O son of Abinoam, rise !  
Heav'n by thy arm his people saves,  
And dooms our tyrants for our slaves.

#### *Barak.*

O Deborah, with wise prediction blest,  
To whom futurity stands forth confest,  
Will Heav'n on me a gift so great bestow,  
And grace the meanest of his servants so ?

### No. 4.—DUET.

#### *Barak.*

Where do thy ardours raise me ?  
How shall I soar to fame ?  
Shall then my conduct praise me,  
And thus adorn my name ?

#### *Deborah.*

Trust in the God that fires thee,  
To vindicate his laws ;  
Act now as he inspires thee,  
Thou shalt revive our cause.

### No. 5.—CHORUS.

Forbear thy doubts ! to arms ! away !  
Thy God commands ; do thou obey.

### No. 6.—RECIT.—*Barak.*

Since Heav'n has thus his will express'd,  
Submission, now, becomes me best ;  
But ere we stand in arms array'd,  
O Prophetess, implore his aid ;  
And let uniting Judah join  
To supplicate the pow'r divine.

### No. 7.—SOLI & CHORUS

For ever to the voice of pray'r  
Jehovah lends a gracious ear.

### No. 8.—RECIT. ACCOMP.—*Deborah.*

By that adorable decree,  
That chaos cloth'd with symmetry ;  
By that resistless power that made  
Refulgent brightness start from shade,  
That still'd contending atoms' strife,  
And spake Creation into life ;  
O thou supreme, transcendent Lord,  
Thy succour to our cries afford !

### No. 9.—DOUBLE CHORUS.

O hear thy lowly servants' pray'r,  
And grant them thy propitious care.

### No. 10.—RECIT.—*Deborah.*

Ye sons of Israel, cease your tears,  
Jehovah your petition hears ;  
The impious Chief of Canaan's host,  
Who made our fall his daring boast,  
Shall perish on the crimson sand,  
Ignobly by a woman's hand.

### No. 11.—CHORUS.

O blast, with thy tremendous brow,  
The tyrants that insult us now.

### No. 12.—RECIT.—*Barak.*

To whomso'er his fate the tyrant owes,  
My trust no pangs of pining envy knows.  
Thy lovely sex, O Deborah, may claim  
Equal prerogative with man in fame ;  
And none, but savage breasts alone,  
Their charming merit can disown.

### No. 13.—AIR.—*Barak.*

How lovely is the blooming fair,  
Whose beauty virtue's laws refine,  
She well may claim our softest care,  
For sure she almost seems divine.

## SCENE II.—*Kedesh Naphthali.*

### No. 14.—RECIT.—*Jael.*

O Deborah ! where'er I turn my eyes,  
Grim scenes of war, in all their horrors, rise.  
O grant me in my green retreat,  
Where solitude has fix'd her seat,  
To live in peace, sequester'd far,  
From dire alarms and sanguine war.

*Deborah.*

Hear me then, Jael!—let no fear  
Of proud hostility thy peace impair;  
For Heav'n has made thee its peculiar care. }  
\*[Thy virtue, ere the close of day,  
Shall shine with such a bright display,  
That thou shalt be, by all, confess'd  
Thy sex's pride, divinely bless'd.]

## No. 15.—AIR.\*

Choir of Angels, all around thee,  
Lest oppression should confound thee,  
Watchful wait in radiant throngs;  
Judah's God, array'd in splendour,  
Deigns to be thy great defender  
From all meditated wrongs.

No. 16.—RECIT.\*—*Jael.*

My transports are too great to tell;  
On the dear theme I could for ever dwell.  
God does not only condescend  
My life from danger to defend,  
But keeps for me such joys in store  
Ambition could not ask for more.

## No. 17.—AIR.\*

To joy he brightens my despair,  
No rising pangs my peace control;  
He guards us with a father's care,  
And pours his mercy on my soul.

SCENE III.—*Kedesh.*

ABINOAM, BARAK, and ISRAELITES.

No. 18.—RECIT.—*Abinoam.*

Barak, my son, the joyful sound  
Of acclamations all around,  
Gives me to know the glorious weight of cares  
God for thy fortitude prepares.  
Swift may thy virtue Judah's hopes outrun,  
And make thy father boast of such a son!

## No. 19.—AIR.

Awake the ardour of thy breast,  
For victory, or death, prepare;  
Let all thy virtue shine confess'd,  
And leave the rest to Heaven's care.  
Should conquest crown thee in the field,  
Be humble; or if death's thy doom,  
Thy life with resignation yield,  
And crowds may envy thee thy tomb.

No. 20.—RECIT.—*Barak.*

I go where Heav'n and duty call,  
Prepar'd to conquer or to fall.

## No. 21.—AIR.

All danger disdaining,  
For battle I glow;  
Thy glory maintaining,  
I'll rush on the foe.

Though death all around me  
Stalks dreadfully pale,  
No fears shall confound me,  
My cause shall prevail.

## No. 22.—CHORUS.

Let thy deeds be glorious,  
And thy right hand victorious.

SCENE IV.—*Mount Tabor.*

DEBORAH, BARAK, and ISRAELITES.—*To them a  
HERALD from the Camp of SISERA.*

No. 23.—RECIT.—*Herald.*

My charge is to declare  
From Sisera, a name renown'd in war,  
That he with indignation knows  
How you presume to be his foes:  
Yet such compassion in his bosom reigns,  
That ere he galls you with redoubled chains,  
He condescends to offer these your chiefs  
An interview, that he may learn your griefs;  
And the sad waste of human blood to save,  
Will grant you all that slaves may dare to crave.

\* [*Barak.*

Proud infidel!—Go, let the boaster hear  
He breathes no wrath we condescend to fear.  
Tell him, besides, that Judah now prepares  
For interview, or battle, as he dares.]

*Deborah.*

Let him approach pacific or in rage,  
We in the cause of liberty engage.

*Barak.*

Whilst that bright motive in our bosom glows,  
We dread no menace, and we shun no foes.  
*Herald retires.]*

## No. 24.—CHORUS.

Despair all around them,  
Shall swiftly confound them.  
Whilst transports of joy  
Our praise shall employ.

## No. 25.—CHORUS.

ALLELUJAH!

## Part the Second.

SCENE.—*Mount Tabor.*

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINOAM, and ISRAELITES.

## No. 26.—CHORUS.

See the proud chief advances now,  
With sullen march and gloomy brow:  
Jacob, arise, assert thy God,  
And scorn oppression's iron rod.

SISERA approaches, attended by the PRIESTS and  
WORSHIPPERS of BAAL.

No. 27.—RECIT.—*Sisera.*

That here rebellious arms I see,  
Proud Deborah, proceeds from thee!  
But, wouldst thou yet thy vain ambition cease,  
Whilst our affronted mercy offers peace,  
Bow down submissive, ere th' impending blow  
Lays thee and all thy lost associates low.

## No. 28.—AIR.

At my feet extended low,  
Favour by thy tears engage;  
Or thou soon shalt, trembling, know  
Slighted mercy turns to rage.

No. 29.—RECIT.—*Deborah.*

Go frown, Barbarian, where thou art fear'd!  
None but our God is here rever'd;

\* The latter part of this Recitative is usually omitted, and also those pieces marked thus, \*.

Our breasts his inspiration warms,  
To vindicate our cause by arms ;  
And, to thy ruin, thou shalt know  
What 'tis to find that God thy foe.

No. 30.—AIR.

In Jehovah's awful sight  
Haughty tyrants are but dust ;  
Those who glory in their might,  
Place in vanity their trust.

No. 31.—RECIT.\*—*Sisera*.  
Yes, how your God in wonders can excel,  
Your low captivity demonstrates well.

No. 32.—AIR.\*  
Whilst you boast the wondrous story  
Of your God's transcendent glory,  
Has he freed you from our chain ?  
Think, O think, to your confusion,  
All you trust in, is illusion ;  
All your flatt'ring hopes are vain.

No. 33.—AIR.\*—*Barak*.  
Impious mortal, cease to brave us ;  
Great Jehovah soon will save us,  
And his time we wait with pleasure ;  
All his people he'll defend,  
And on their oppressors send  
Plagues and vengeance without measure.

No. 34.—RECIT.—*Chief Priest of Baal*.  
Behold the nations all around,  
What God like Baal is renown'd ?  
To him your stubborn Tribes would bow,  
Did but the slaves their duty know.

No. 35.—CHORUS.—*Priests, &c., of Baal*.  
O Baal, Monarch of the skies !  
To whom unnumber'd temples rise ;  
From thee the Sun, immensely bright,  
Receiv'd his radiant robes of light :  
By thee with stars the Heavens glow,  
The ocean swells and rivers flow ;  
The vales with verdure are array'd,  
The flow'rs perfume the thicket's shade ;  
And 'tis by the event, confess'd  
Thy votaries alone are bless'd.

No. 36.—RECIT.—*Chief Priest of the Israelites*.  
No more, ye infidels, no more !  
False is the God whom ye adore ;  
A dull brute idol, whose detested shrine  
None but such wretches can believe divine.

No. 37.—DOUBLE CHORUS.—*Israelites*.  
Lord of Eternity, who hast in store  
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor ;  
Look down, look down from thy celestial throne,  
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known !

No. 38.—CHORUS.  
Plead thy just cause, thy awful power disclose,  
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes.

No. 39.—RECIT.  
*Deborah (to Sisera and his followers)*.  
By his great Name, and his alone,  
Whose Deity ye dare disown,

Whose kindled wrath ye soon shall know  
Will prove him a tremendous foe ;  
Fly, I conjure ye, from this place,  
Too sacred for a throng so base.

*Sisera*.

We go, but ye shall quickly mourn,  
In tears of blood, our dire return.

No. 40.—SOLI & DOUBLE CHORUS.

*Deborah*.

All your boast will end in woe.

*Sisera*.

Farewell, despicable foe.

*Baal's Priest*.

Mighty Baal's aid we crave.

*Barak*.

Baal has no power to save.

*Baal's Priests, &c.*

Baal's pow'r ye soon shall know.

*Israelites*.

Poor deluded mortals, go !

[*Sisera and his followers depart.*]

No. 41.—RECIT.—*Barak*.

Great Prophetess, my soul's on fire  
To execute the ardours you inspire ;  
O that the fight were now begun !  
My father should not blush to call me son.

No. 42.—AIR.

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

No. 43.—RECIT.\*—*Abinoam*.

Thy ardours warm the winter of my age,  
Its weakness strengthens and its pains assuage ;  
And well dost thou our impious foes deride,  
Justice is thine, and God is on thy side.

No. 44.—AIR.\*

Swift inundation of desolation,  
Pour on the nation of Judah's foes ;  
Can fame delight thee, can heav'n delight thee  
They now invite thee to end our woes.

No. 45.—RECIT.\*—*Israelitish Woman*.

O Judah, with what joy I see  
The blessings heav'n preserves for thee.

No. 46.—AIR.\*

No more disconsolate I'll mourn,  
No more sad sackcloth wear ;  
From chains to freedom we return,  
To transport from despair.

No. 47.—RECIT.\*—*Deborah*.

Now, Jael, to thy tent retire ;  
Our bosoms for the battle fire ;  
But know, thy solitude will thee supply  
With glory that shall never die.

No. 48.—AIR.\*—*Jael*.

O the pleasure my soul is possessing  
At the prospect of mercies so dear.  
May my bosom be ever expressing  
With what raptures my God I revere.

No. 49.—RECIT.\*—*Deborah*.

Barak, we now to battle go,  
And rush with ruin on the foe.

## No. 50.—DUET.\*

*Deborah.*

Smiling freedom, lovely guest,  
 Balmy source of softest joy,  
 Mortals by thy aid are blest  
 With such charms that never cloy.

*Barak.*

Thy dear presence to obtain,  
 Sweetly smoothing ev'ry care,  
 Who would dread the hostile plain,  
 Who each danger would not dare?

## No. 51.—CHORUS.

The great King of Kings will aid us to-day;  
 His praises let all with transport display.

## Part the Third.

SCENE.—*Kedesh.*

## A MILITARY SYMPHONY.

DEBORAH and BARAK with the victorious army of  
 the Israelites, returned from the pursuit of  
 the Canaanites, and attended by Israelitish  
 Priests and Women, and by Captives, amongst  
 whom are the Priests of Baal.

No. 52.—CHORUS.—*Israelites.*

Now the proud insulting foe  
 Prostrate in the dust lies low;  
 Broken chariots, hills of slain,  
 Load the wide extended plain.

No. 53.—RECIT.—*Israelitish Woman.*  
 The haughty foe whose pride to heav'n did soar,  
 Is fall'n, is fall'n, and Canaan is no more.

## No. 54.—AIR.

Now sweetly smiling peace descends,  
 And waves her downy wings;  
 Each blessing in her train attends,  
 Each joy around her springs.

No. 55.—RECIT.—*Abinoam.*  
 My pray'rs are heard, the blessings of this day  
 All my past cares and anguish will repay;  
 The soldiers to each other tell  
 My Barak has performed his duty well.

*Barak.*

My honour'd father!

*Abinoam.*

O my son, my son,  
 Well has thy youth the race of honour run.

## No. 56.—AIR.

Tears, such as tender fathers shed,  
 Warm from my aged eyes descend,  
 For joy to think, when I am dead,  
 My son shall have mankind his friend.

No. 57.—RECIT.—*Jael.*

O Deborah, my fears are o'er;  
 Proud Sisera is now no more.

No. 58.—CHORUS.—*Baal's Priests.*  
 Doleful tidings, how ye wound;  
 Despair and death are in that sound.

No. 59.—AIR.\*—*Israelitish Woman.*  
 Our fears are now for ever fled,  
 Our eyes no more shall flow;  
 Swift vengeance has laid low the head  
 Of our imperious foe.

No. 60.—RECIT.\*—*Barak.*

I saw the tyrant breathless in her tent,  
 Her arm his soul to endless darkness sent.  
 But see, the glad assembly wait to know  
 How thou didst rid them of so fierce a foe:  
 Already thou hast told it me;  
 But the relation will please more from thee.

*Jael.*

When from the battle that proud Captain fled,  
 Vengeance divine to my pavilion led  
 The trembling fugitive; who, pale with care,  
 Besought me, panting, to conceal him there;  
 With flaming thirst, and anguish in his look,  
 He ask'd for water from the limpid brook;  
 But milk I gave him in a copious bowl;  
 With ecstasy he quaff'd, and cool'd his soul,  
 And then, with his laborious flight oppress'd,  
 In some few moments he sank down to rest.  
 Then was I conscious, Heav'n, that happy hour  
 Had placed the foe of Judah in my pow'r:  
 The workman's hammer and a nail I seiz'd,  
 And whilst his limbs in deep repose he eas'd,  
 I through his bursting temples forc'd the wound,  
 And rivetted the tyrant to the ground.

## No. 61.—AIR.\*

Tyrant, now no more we dread thee,  
 All thy insolence is o'er;  
 Justice to thy ruin led thee;  
 Thou art fall'n to rise no more.

No. 62.—RECIT.\*—*Deborah.*

If, Jael, I aright divine,  
 When men hereafter would proclaim  
 All that is noble by one name,  
 O Jael, they will mention thine.

## No. 63.—AIR.\*

The glorious sun shall cease to shed  
 His beamy treasures from the skies;  
 And merit shall be virtue's dread  
 Whene'er thy bless'd memorial dies.

No. 64.—RECIT.\*—*Barak.*

May Heav'n, with kind profusion, shed  
 Its chosen joys on Jael's head.

## No. 65.—AIR.\*

Low at her feet he bow'd, he fell,  
 And laid in dust his haughty head;  
 And late posterity shall tell  
 That where he bow'd, he fell down dead.

No. 66.—RECIT. (ACCOMP.)—*Deborah.*

O great Jehovah! may thy foes  
 Thus perish, who thy laws oppose.  
 But O let all who love thy praise,  
 And dedicate to thee their days,  
 Shine like the sun, divinely bright,  
 When forth he marches in his might,  
 To run his radiant race of light.

## No. 67.—DOUBLE CHORUS.

Let our songs to heav'n ascend,  
 For Judah's God is Judah's friend.

## CHORUS.

O celebrate his sacred name;  
 With gratitude his praise proclaim.

ALLELUIAH!

No. 1.

OVERTURE.

ALLEGRO.  
Met. ♩ = 132.

GRAVE.  
Met. ♩ = 66.