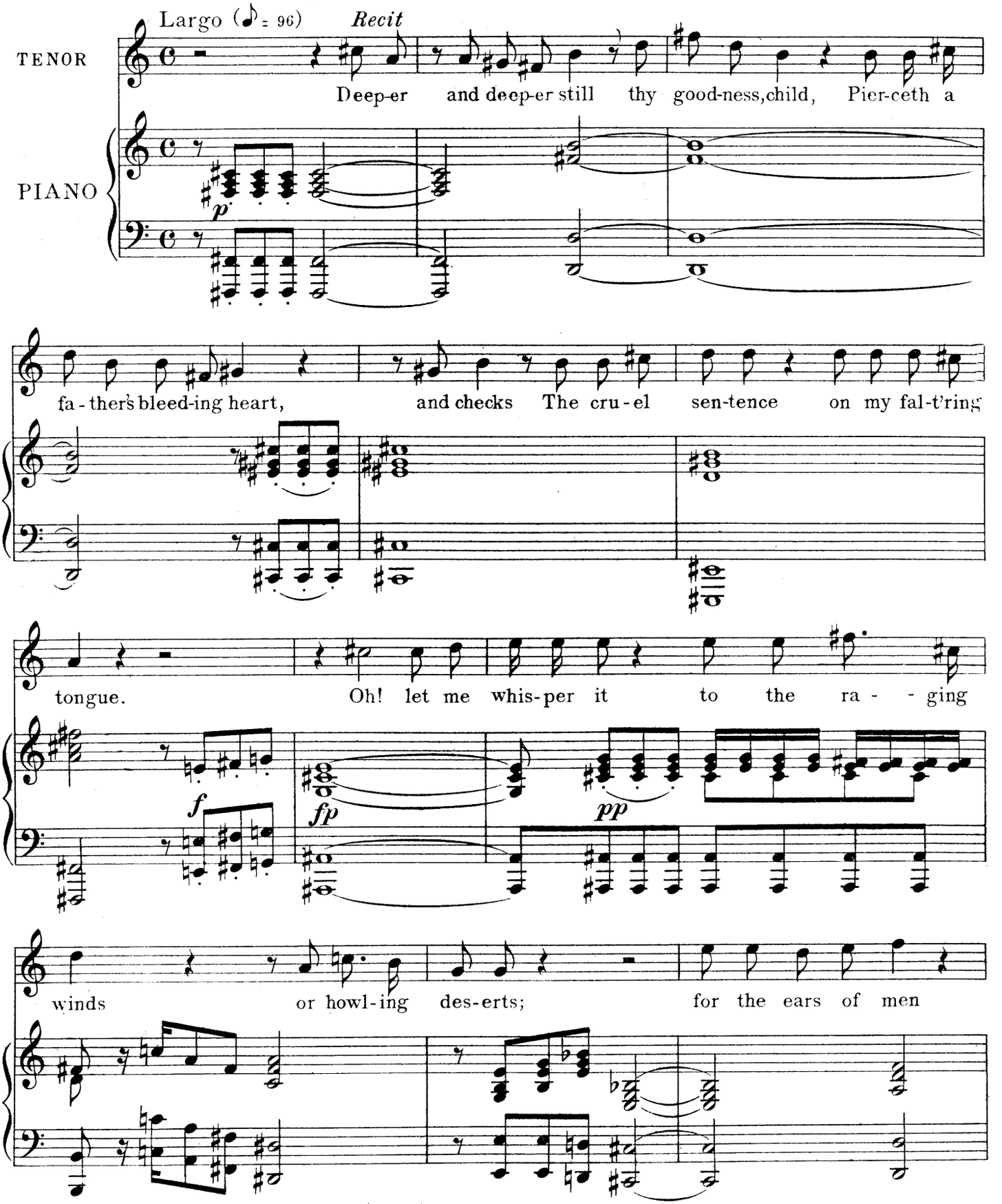
RECITATIVE_ DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL
AIR_ WAFT HER, ANGELS, TO THE SKIES

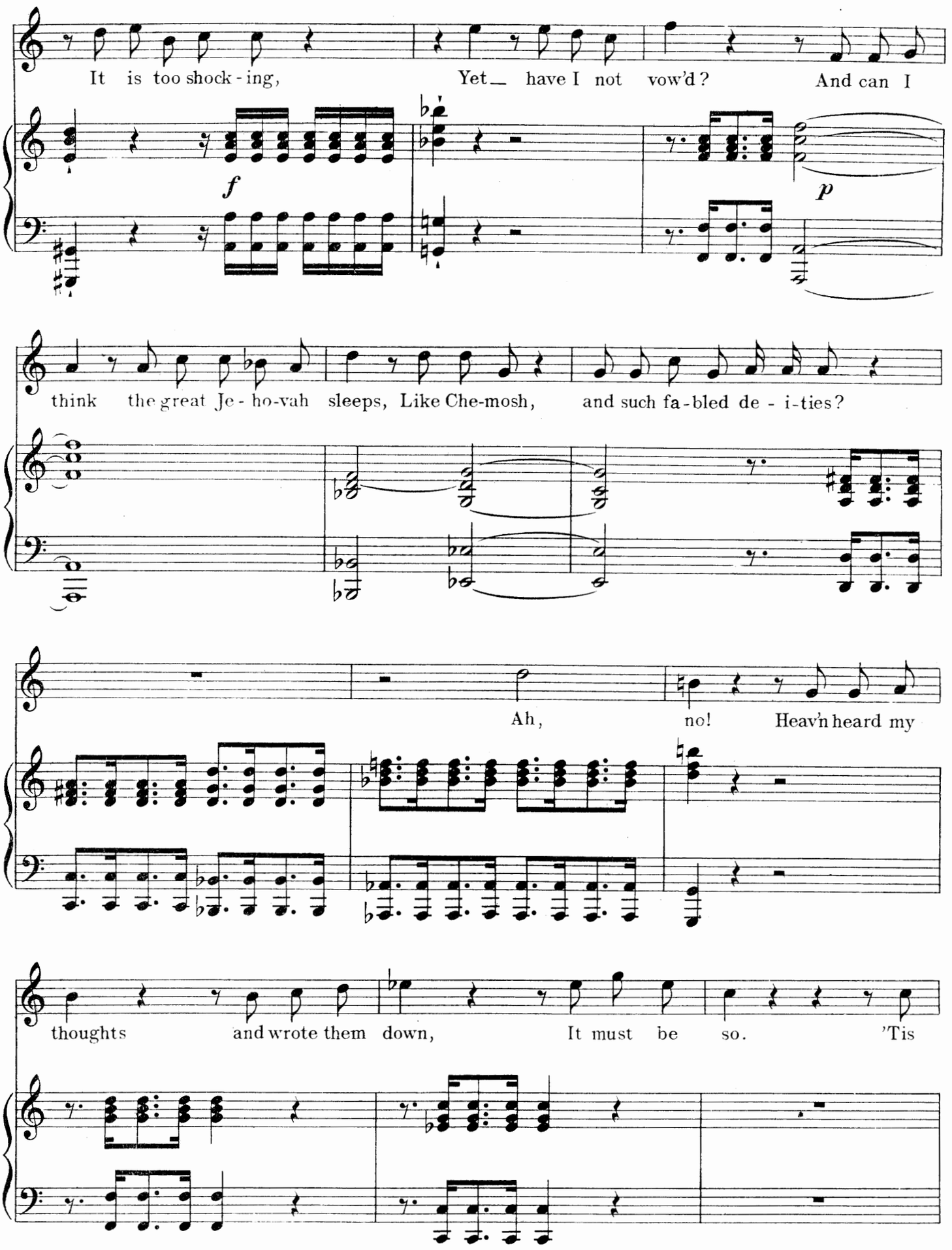
From "Jephtha" (1751)

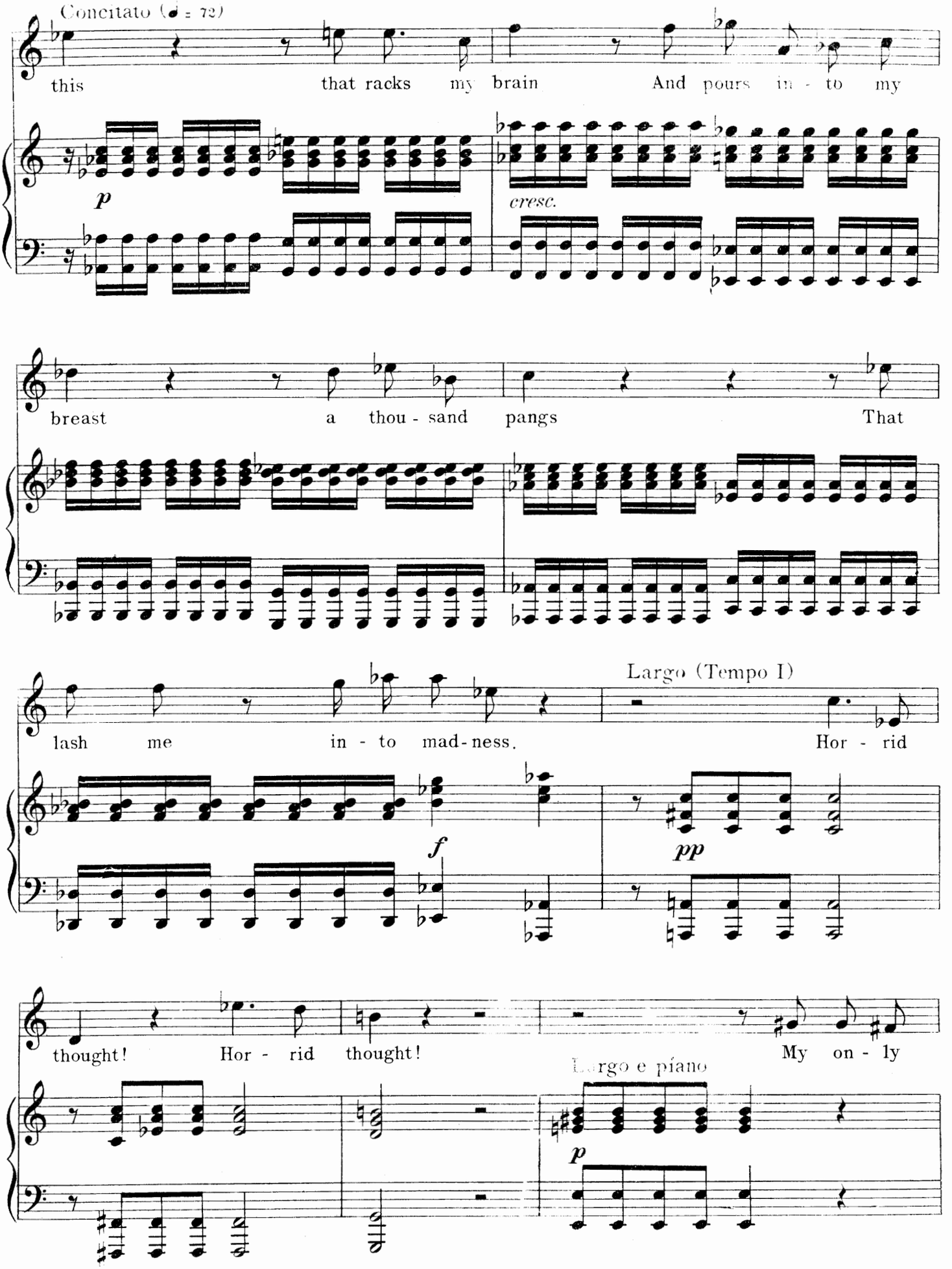
Edited by Ebenezer Prout

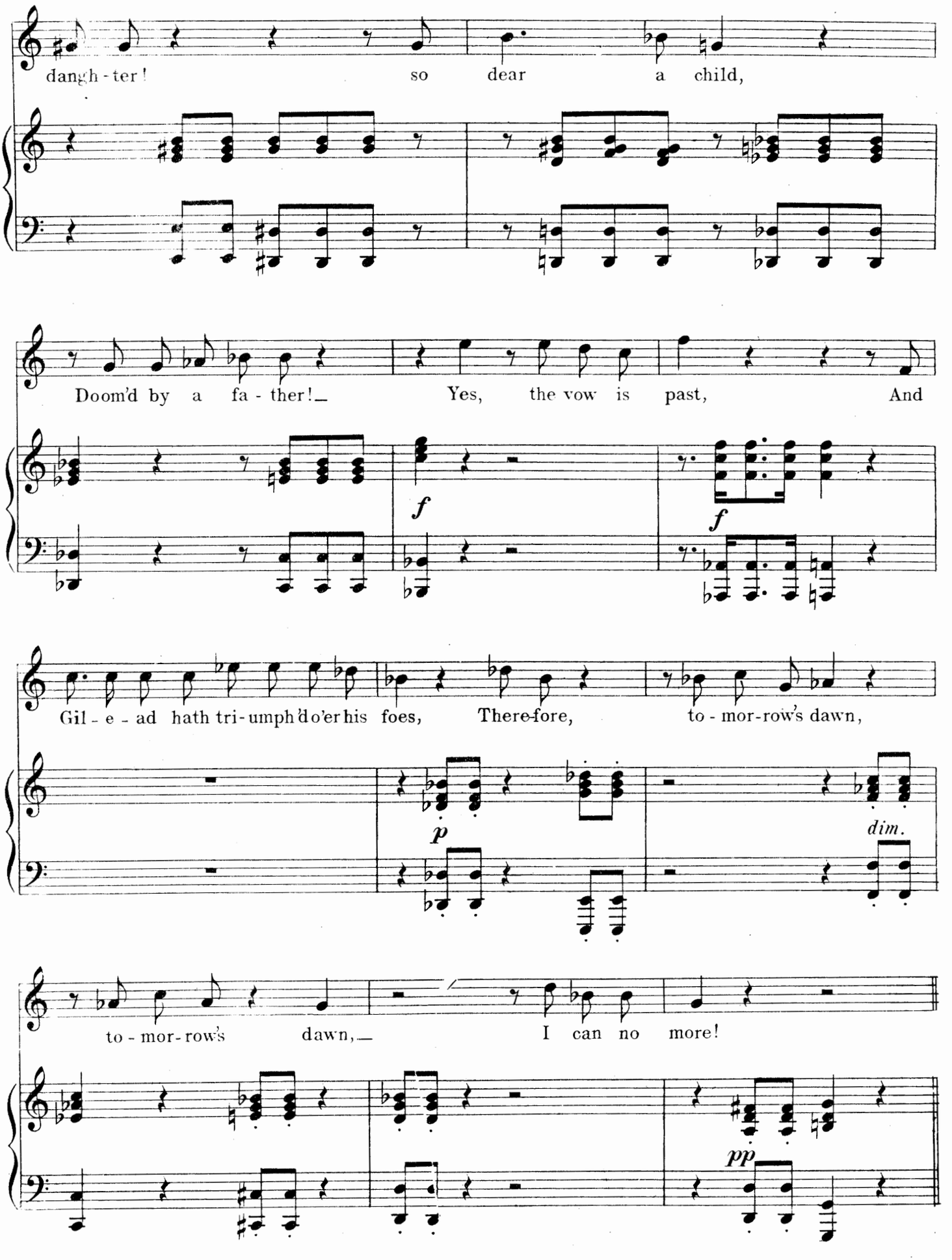
GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL



Copyright MCMV by Oliver Ditson Company


It is too shock - ing,
Yet_ have I not vow'd?
And can I
f
p
think the great Je - ho-vah sleeps, Like Che-mosh,
and such fa-bled de - i-ties?
Ah,
no!
Heav'n heard my
thoughts
and wrote them down,
It must be
so.
'Tis


Concitato (♩ = 72)
this that racks my brain And pours in - to my
p
cresc.
breast a thou - sand pangs That
lash me in - to mad-ness. Largo (Tempo I) Hor - rid
f
pp
thought! Hor - rid thought! My on - ly
Largo e piano
p


dangh-ter! so dear a child,
Doom'd by a fa-ther!_ Yes, the vow is past, And
f
f
Gil-e-ad hath tri-umph'd o'er his foes, There-fore, to-mor-row's dawn,
p
dim.
to-mor-row's dawn,_ I can no more!
pp

Air

Andante Larghetto (♪ = 84)

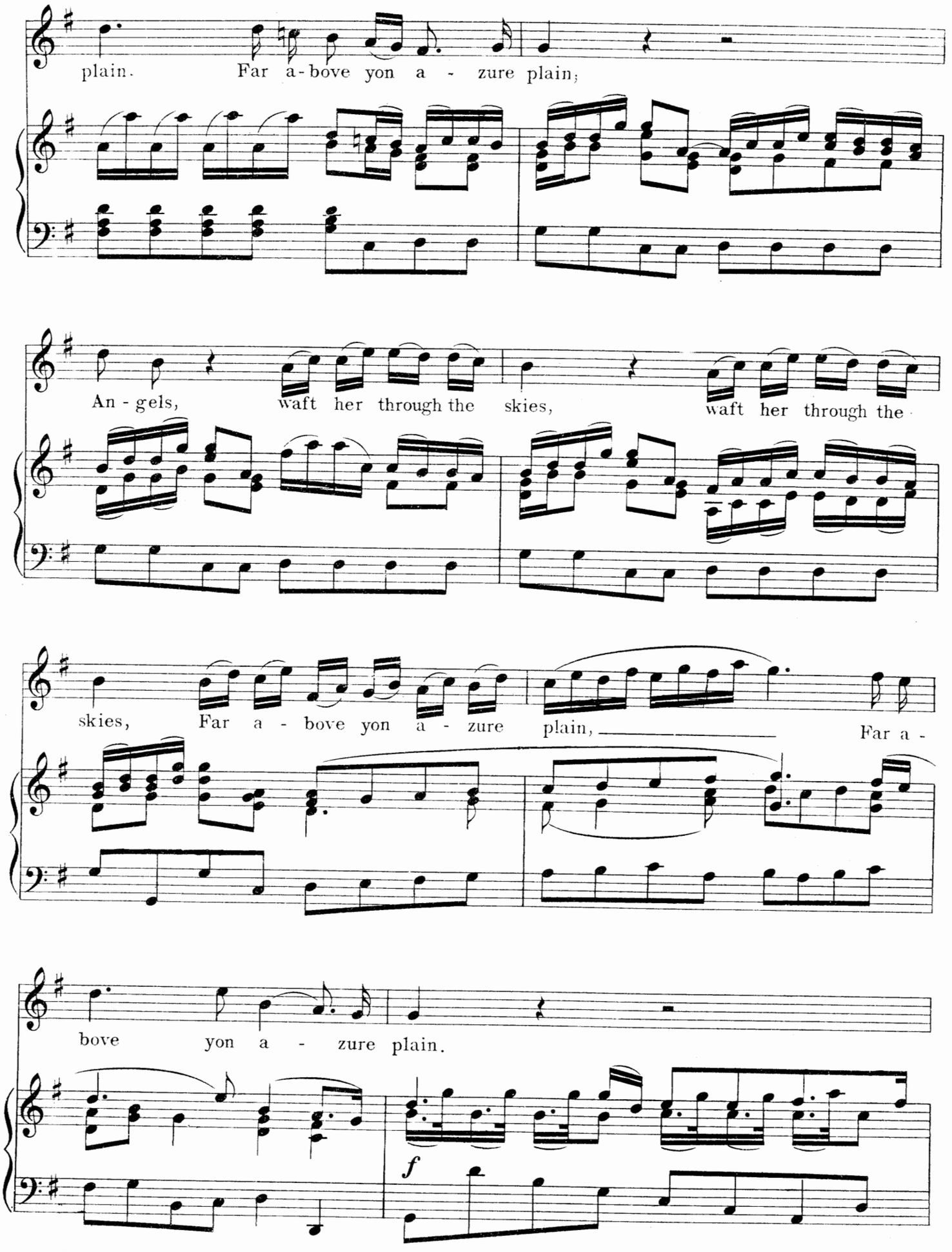
mf

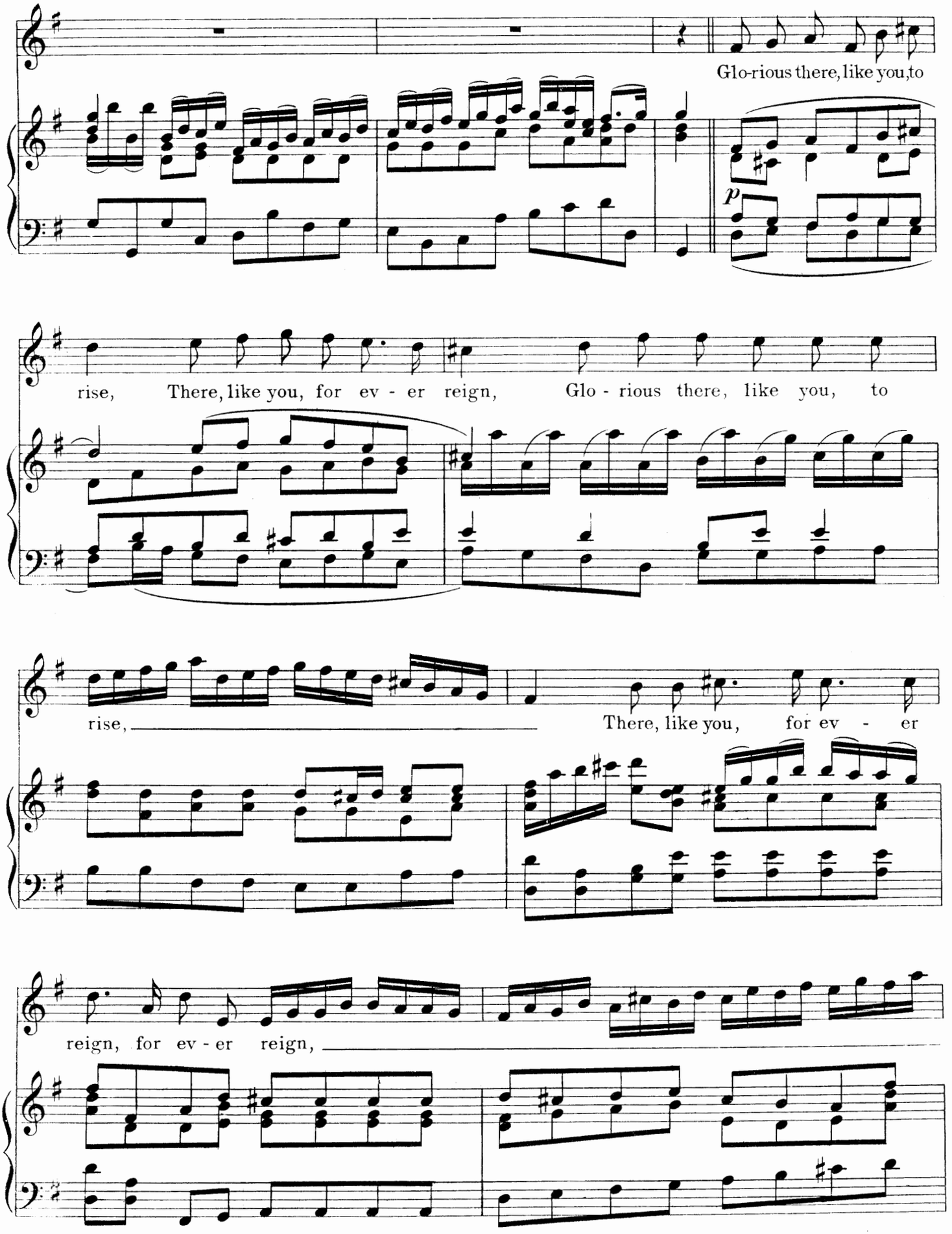
c 8ve

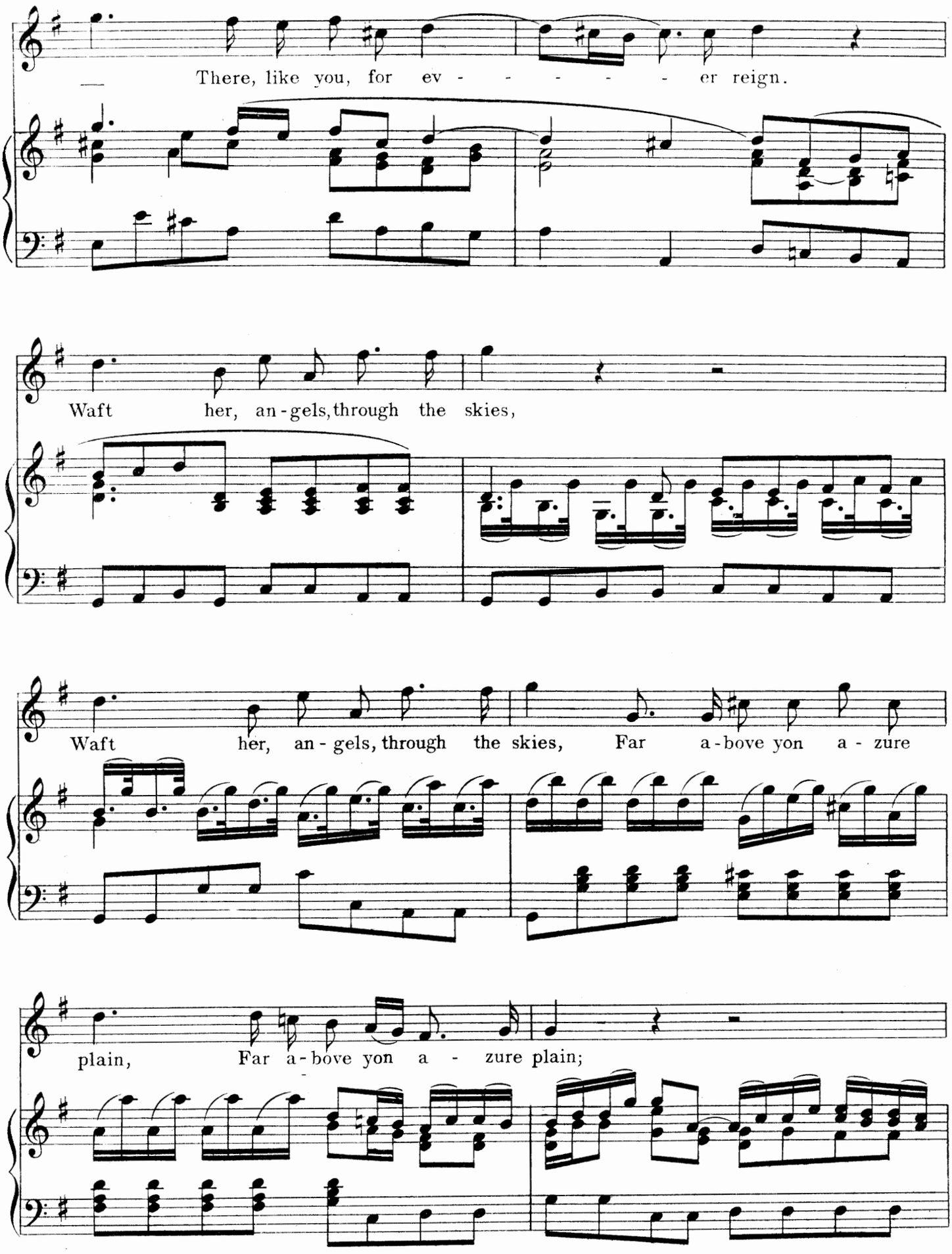
Waft her, an-gels, through the skies,

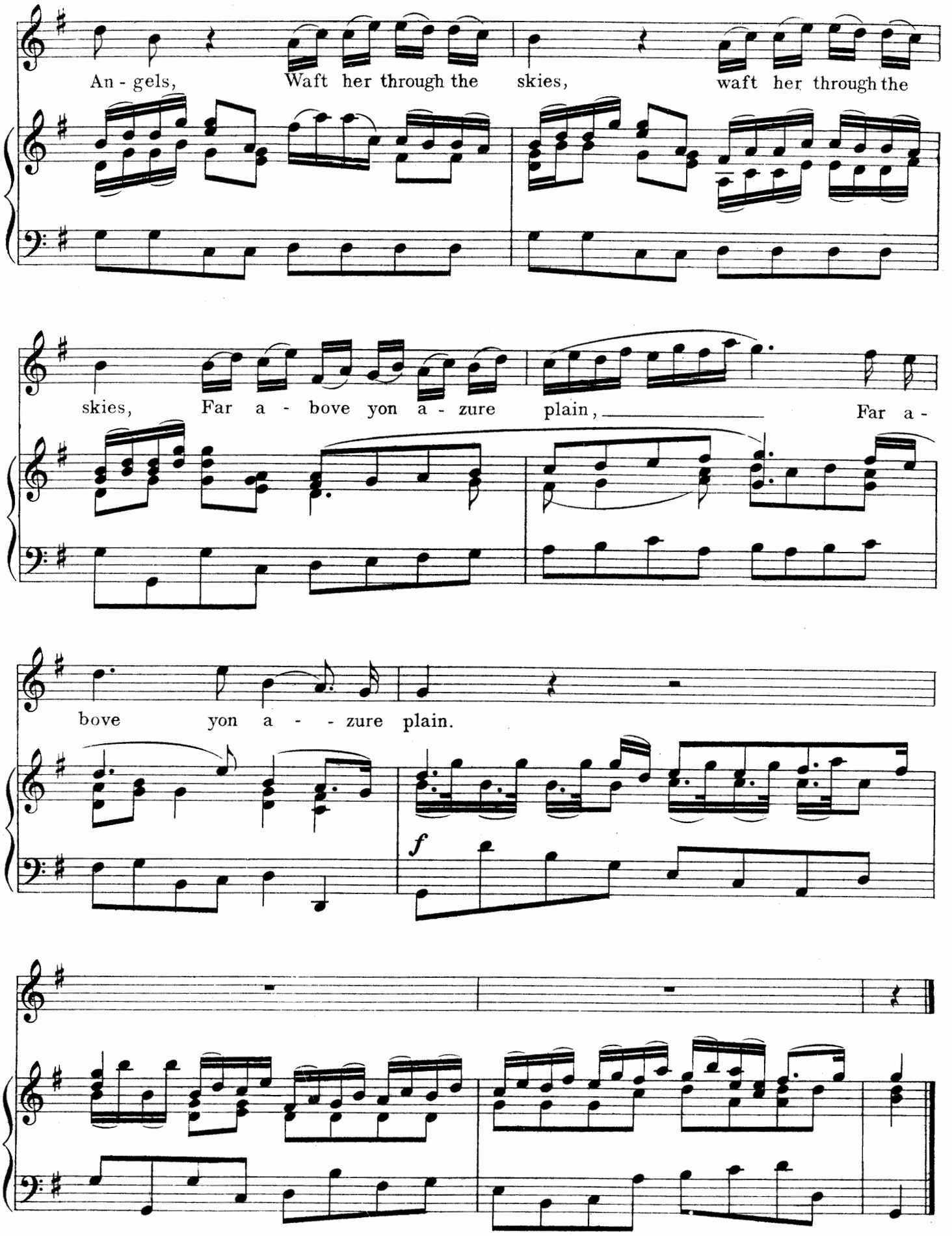
p

Waft her, an-gels, through the skies, Far a-bove yon a-zure


plain. Far a-bove yon a - zure plain;
An - gels, waft her through the skies, waft her through the
skies, Far a - bove yon a - zure plain, Far a -
bove yon a - zure plain.
f


Glo-rious there, like you, to
p
rise, There, like you, for ev - er reign, Glo - rious there, like you, to
rise, There, like you, for ev - er
reign, for ev - er reign,


There, like you, for ev - - - - - - er reign.
Waft her, an-gels, through the skies,
Waft her, an-gels, through the skies, Far a-bove yon a-zure
plain, Far a-bove yon a - zure plain;


An - gels, Waft her through the skies, waft her through the
skies, Far a - bove yon a - zure plain, Far a -
bove yon a - - zure plain.
f