RECITATIVE – REJOICE, MY COUNTRYMEN!
ARIOSO – THUS SAITH THE LORD TO CYRUS HIS ANOINTED

From "Belshazzar" (1744)

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Edited by Ebenezer Prout

CONTRALTO

PIANO

Re-joice, my coun-try-men, the time draws near,
The long-ex-pect-ed time here-in fore-told.
Seek now the Lord your God with all your heart,
And ye shall sure-ly find Him.

He shall turn your long cap-tiv-i-ty,
He shall gather you From all the na-tions

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whither you are driv-en,  
And to your na-tive land in peace re-

store you.  
For long a-go, Whole a-ges ere this Cy-rus

yet was born Or thought of, great Je-ho-vah by his Proph-et, In words of

com-fort to His cap-tive peo-ple, Fore-told and call’d by name the wondrous man.
Arioso
Largo e pomposo (d: 63)

Thus saith the

Lord to Cy-rus His a-noint-ed,
Whose right hand I have holden to sub-

due Na-tions be-fore him:
I will go be-fore thee To

loose the strong-knit loins of might-y kings,
Make straight the crook-ed
places, break in pieces The gates of solid brass, and cut in

sunder The bars of iron for My servant's

sake, Israel My chosen; though thou hast not known Me, I have sur

named thee: I have girded thee: That from the rising to the
setting sun The na-tions may con-fess, I am the Lord, There is none else; there is no God be-side Me. Thou shalt per-form My plea-sure to Je-ru-salem, Say-ing, Thou shalt be built! And to the Temple, Thy raz'd foun-da-tion shall a-gain be laid.