RECITATIVE—DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL
AIR—WAFT HER, ANGELS, TO THE SKIES

From "Jephtha" (1754)

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

Edited by Ebenezer Prout

TENOR

Recit

Largo (♩: 96)

Deeper and deeper still thy goodness, child, Pierceth a

father's bleeding heart, and checks The cruel sentence on my faltering

tongue. Oh! let me whisper it to the raging

winds or howling deserts; for the ears of men

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It is too shocking, Yet have I not vow'd? And can I

think the great Jehovah sleeps, Like Chemosh, and such fabulous deities?

Ah, no! Heaven heard my

thoughts and wrote them down, It must be so. 'Tis
Cocurato (d. 722)

this
that racks my brain
And pours into my breast
a thousand pangs
That

Largo (Tempo I)

lash me into madness.
Horrid

thought! Horrid thought!
My only
Daugh-ter! so dear a child,

Doom'd by a fa-th'er! Yes, the vow is past, And

Gil-e-ad hath tri-umph'd o'er his foes, Therefore, to-mor-row's dawn,

to-mor-row's dawn, I can no more!
Air
Andante Larghetto (♩ = 94)

Waft her, angels, through the skies,

Waft her, angels, through the skies, Far above your azure
plain.  Far a-bove yon a-zure plain,

An-gels,  wait her through the skies,  waft her through the-

skies,  Far a-bove yon a-zure plain,

b-ove yon a-zure plain.
Glorious there, like you, rise,
There, like you, for ever reign,
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign,
There, like you, for ever reign.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,

Waft her, angels, through the skies, Far above yon azure plain,

Far above yon azure plain;
Angels, waft her through the skies, waft her through the skies, Far above yon azure plain, Far above yon azure plain.