

25
J. Rameph Vincent

28th March 1887

Aylesbury.

THE PRAISE OF JEHOVAH,

(Jubilee Cantata)

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY

F. W. ROSEER,

Composed by

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

ENT. STA. HALL.

OP. 58.

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GIFT OF IRVING MORROW.

THE PRAISE OF JEHOVAH.

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY F. W. ROSIER.

THE MUSIC BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

No. 1.—CHORUS.

Let all on high their voices raise,
To sing with joy Jehovah's praise :
Loud let the rolling organ swell,
And joyful ring the pealing bell.
Let the glad sound on high
Float through the azure sky,
Jehovah's praise to sing,
Of earth and heaven the mighty king.

TRIO—S. T. AND B.—AND CHORUS.

Lowly we bend before Thy throne,
And bow with adoration down :
Lord, Thou alone dost comfort send,
Thou art our Father and our friend.
Thou keepest us with outstretch'd arm,
From danger free, and safe from harm.

No. 2.—RECITATIVE.—TENOR SOLO.

The blossoms round us sweetly blooming,
Though first conceal'd from sight,
Were by His pow'r brought to life and light.
The laden trees all glowing
With rip'ning fruits for man's delight,
That bend inviting to his gathering haud,
Created were by His divine command.
And, as in silv'ry current thro' the vale
The streamlet unremitting flows,
So never does His loving-kindness fail ;
His goodness no cessation knows.
Then praise the Lord who showers from
above
So bountiful, the treasures of His love.

AIR.—TENOR.

Oh ! bend before His heav'nly power,
Whose immutable decree
Brought to life the op'ning flower,
And the fruit upon the tree.

Who the sun to man has giv'n
And the moon with silv'ry light ;
Who high has rais'd the arch of Heav'n
Fashion'd by His wondrous might.

Then joyful let our praises ring
To Heav'n and Earth's Almighty King :
Let the joyful sound on high
Upward ascend to yonder sky.

No. 3.—RECITATIVE.—SOPRANO SOLO.

Of all Heav'n's gifts for man's possessing
Life is the first and chiefest blessing.
How few look back thro' years bygone,
When seeds of hope were early sown,
And find they blossom'd into light
Without some with'ring cank'ring blight !
Who does not in the time of need,
When dark misfortunes round him lower,
By trusting in God's helping power
Find balm for wounds that truly bleed ?
Call to mind the days of sorrow
And of sickness all have past,
When e'en life seemed ebbing fast,
And night seem'd to know no morrow.
When for mother,
Child, or brother,
Before God's altar prostrate falling,
With burning tears for mercy calling.

“ Gracious Lord of Earth and Heav'n,
Spare the life that thou hast giv'n ;
In Thy hand are life and death ;
Spare, oh ! spare our fleeting breath.”

And the All-Good hath hearken'd to our pray'r,
And straight from out His overflowing hand,
The cup of life has bade His angels bear,
And Death retreateth at His dread command.

AIR.—SOPRANO.

O praise the Lord for all His wonders done ;
Place all your hope—trust but in Him alone.
His people's love alone can Him requite,
His sceptre mercy, and His throne is right.

RECITATIVE.—TENOR SOLO.

But turn we now and look upon the face of
nature,
Where man is but at best a helpless worm ;
Behold God's hand supporting ev'ry creature,
In sunny calm or dark and raging storm !

No. 4.—CHORUS.

See ! murky clouds begin to lower !
'Tis the storm with rushing power.
Where shall we
For safety flee !
Now the sun his face concealing,
Scarce to us his light revealing.
Lightning flashing,
Thunder crashing,
See the corn in waving fields,
To the roaring tempest yields !

No. 5.—BASS SOLO.

And see, with downcast eyes and hearts of fear,
The peasants half distracted stand ;
And gaze, with bosoms torn by fell despair,
Upon the bleak and wasted land.

DUET SOPRANOS.

But soon devotion in their warm hearts
burning,
Their supplications to high heaven turning,
Their pious voices rise upon the air,
And to God's throne ascends their humble
prayer.

CHORUS.

“ Lord of power and of grace,
Turn not away from us Thy face.”

BASS SOLO AND CHORUS.

Send Thy angels down to guard us,
From Thy high eternal throne ;
Thou canst punish or reward us,
Still, O Lord, “ Thy will be done.”

No. 6.—RECITATIVE—BASS SOLO.

When least we dream of aid our help is nigh ;
The Lord has heard their cry
From out His holy dwelling-place on high.

At once the heav'nly rainbow swift began
With radiant hues the breaking clouds to
span.

Firm and immutable is His good will to man !
Let praises thro' the arch of heav'n resound,
And earth re-echo with the joyful sound
Of songs to Him whose mercy doth abound.

No. 7.—QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, who all sorrow and sadness
And all our affliction has taken away.
Come ye before Him with joy and with glad-
ness,
And voices uniting devout homage pay.
Loud let your voices the song of joy raise ;—
Loud let your harmony sound in His praise.
Jehovah's praise record,
Of Heav'n the mighty Lord.

No. 8.—RECITATIVE—TENOR SOLO.

Oh let the pious heart its gratitude
Express to Him, who makes the clouds His
throne :—
Him, who with plenteous hand has us endued.
Oh let us bend in holy fear
Before the Lord our Maker down ;
And all His bounty, all His care,
And all His goodness to us own.

RECITATIVE.—SOPRANO SOLO.

Lord, to Thee our hymns ascend ;
Thou art our Father and our Friend ;
In all our trouble, all our pain,
Thou dost our truest hope remain.
Hear, oh Lord, our fervent pray'r,
And grant us still a Father's care.

No. 9.—CHORUS.

Father, hear our supplication
Rising to Thy starry throne ;
Look from Thy exalted station
With an eye of pity down ;
Lord and king of all creation,
We acknowledge Thee alone.
Praise the Lord with heart and voice,
In His holy name rejoice.
Oh praise His great and mighty name,
Who was, shall be, and is the same.

AMEN.

THE PRAISE OF JEHOVAH.

C. M. VON WEBER.

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