



The Shenandoah Valley Choral Society
And Orchestra
Present

George Frederic Handel's
**JUDAS
MACCABEUS**

An Oratorio

Featuring

Kathryn Thomas Moyer, Soprano
Tracy Sonafelt, Soprano
Lawrence Evans, Baritone
Scott Williamson, Tenor
John Horst, Baritone and Dwight Miller, Baritone

Friday, April 30, 1999 8:00 p.m.
Bridgewater Church of the Brethren

JUDAS MACCABEUS

Part I

Overture

Mourn, ye afflicted children (*Chorus*)
Well may your sorrows (*Recit.*)
From this dead scene (*Duet*)
For Zion lamentation make (*Chorus*)
Not vain is all this storm of grief (*Recit.*)
Pious orgies (*Aria*)
O Father, whose almighty power (*Chorus*)
I feel the Deity within (*Recit.*)
Arm! arm! ye brave (*Aria*)
We come in bright array (*Chorus*)
'Tis well, my friends (*Recit.*)
Call forth thy powers (*Aria*)
To Heaven's Almighty King (*Recit.*)
O Liberty! (*Aria*)
Come, ever smiling Liberty! (*Duet*)
Lead on (*Chorus*)
Ambition (*Recit.*)
No unhallow'd desire (*Aria*)
Haste we, my brethren (*Recit.*)
Hear us, O Lord! (*Chorus*)

Part II

Fall'n is the foe (*Chorus*)
Well may we hope (*Recit.*)

Zion now her head shall raise (*Duet*)
Tune your harps (*Chorus*)
Hail, Judea! happy land (*Duet, Chorus*)

INTERMISSION

Ah! Wretched Israel (*Aria, Chorus*)
Be comforted (*Recit.*)
The Lord worketh wonders (*Aria*)
My arms! (*Recit.*)
Sound an alarm! (*Aria*)
We hear (*Chorus*)
Oh! never bow we down (*Duet*)
We never will bow down (*Chorus*)

Part III

Father of Heaven (*Aria*)
See, see yon flames (*Recit.*)
O grant it, Heaven (*Recit.*)
So shall the lute and harp (*Aria*)
From Capharsalma (*Recit.*)
See, the conquering hero comes (*Chorus*)
March (*Orchestra*)
Sing unto God (*Chorus*)
Peace to my countrymen (*Recit.*)
To our great God (*Chorus*)
Again to earth (*Recit.*)
O lovely Peace! (*Duet*)
Rejoice, O Judah! (*Aria*)
Hallelujah – Amen (*Chorus*)

Mourn, Ye Afflicted Children

Mourn, ye afflicted children, the remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains;
Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er; Your
Hero, friend and father is no more.

Well May Your Sorrows

Well may your sorrows, brethren, flow
In all th' expressive signs of woe:
Your softer garments tear
And squalid sackcloth wear,
Your drooping heads with ashes strew
And with the flowing tear
your cheeks bedew.

Daughters let your distressful cries
And loud lament ascend the skies;
Your tender bosoms beat and tear
With hands remorseless your
dishevell'd hair;
For pale and breathless Mattathias lies,
Sad emblem of his country's miseries!

From This Dread Scene

From this dread scene, these adverse Pow'rs,
Ah! Whither shall we fly?
O Solyma, Thy boasted tow'rs in smoky
Ruins lie.

For Sion Lamentation Make

For Sion lamentation make
With words that weep, and tears that speak.

Not Vain Is All This Storm of Grief

Not vain is all this storm of grief,
To vent our sorrows gives relief
Wretched indeed!
But let not Judah's race
Their ruin, with desponding arms Embrace;
Distractful doubt and desperation
Ill becomes the Chosen Nation.
Chosen by the great I AM! The Lord of
Hosts! Who will the same,
We trust, will give attentive ear to the
Sincerity of pray'r.

Pious Orgies

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrows, decent prayers
Will to the Lord ascend and move
His pity, and regain His love.

O Father, Whose Almighty Power

O Father, whose almighty power
The heavens and earth and seas adore!
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defensive band unite.
And grant a leader, bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

I Feel the Deity Within

I feel, I feel the Deity within
Who, the bright Cherubim between
His radiant glory erst displayed;
To Israel's distressful prayer
He hath vouchsafed a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabeus to their aid.
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

Arm, Arm, Ye Brave

Arm, arm, ye brave! a noble cause
The cause of Heaven, your zeal demands.
In defence of your nation, religion, and Laws,
Th'almighty Jehovah will strengthen your
Hands.

We Come, in Bright Array

We come, we come, in bright array,
Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

'Tis Well, My Friends

'Tis well, my friends;
With transport I behold the spirit of
our fathers,
Famed of old for their exploits in war.
Oh, may their fire with active courage you,
Their sons, inspire, as when the mighty Joshua
Fought and those amazing wonders wrought;
Stood still, obedient to his voice,

The sun,
'Till kings he had destroyed, and
kingdoms won.

To Heaven's Almighty King We Kneel
To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel,
For blessings on this exemplary zeal.
Bless him, Jehovah, bless him, and once more
To thy own Israel liberty restore.

O Liberty! Thou Choicest Treasure
O liberty! Thou choicest treasure;
Seat of virute, source of pleasure,
Llife without thee knows no blessing, no
Endearment worth caressing.

Call Forth Thy Powers
Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war.
Great is the glory of the conquering sword
That triumphs in sweet liberty restored

Come, Ever Smiling Liberty
Come, ever smiling liberty
And with thee bring thy jocund train,
For thee we pant and sigh, for thee
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

Lead On
Lead on, lead on! Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

Ambition
Ambition! If e'er honor was thine aim,
challenge it here.
The glorious cause gives sanction to
Thy claim.

No Unhallowed Desire
No unhallowed desire
Our breasts shall inspire.
Nor lust of unbounded power!
But peace to obtain,
Free peace let us gain,

And conquest shall ask no more.

Haste We, My Brethren
Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on the Lord, our strength
and shield.

Hear Us, O Lord!
Hear us, oh Lord, on Thee we call,
Resolved on conquest or a glorious fall.

PART II

Fall'n is the Foe
Fall'n is the foe, so fall Thy foes, oh Lord!
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous
sword.

Well May We Hope
Well may we hope our freedom to receive,
Such sweet transporting joys thy actions give.

Sion Now Her Head Shall Raise
Sion now her head shall raise
Turn your harps to songs of praise.

Tune Your Harps
Tune your harps, Sion now her head shall
raise.
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

Hail, Judea, Happy Land!
Hail, hail, Judea, happy land!
Salvation prospers in his hand.

O Judas! O My Brethren
O Judas, O my brethren!
New scenes of bloody war
In all their horrors rise.
Prepare, prepare,
Or soon we fall a sacrifice
To great Antiochus; from the
Egyptian coast,
Where Ptolemy hath Memphis and

Pelusium lost,
He sends valiant Gorgias and the valiant
Commands His proud, victorious bands
To root out Israel's strength, and to erase
Every memorial of the sacred place.

Ah! Wretched Israel

Ah! Wretched, wretched Israel!
Fall'n how low,
From joyous transport to desponding woe.

Be Comforted

Be comforted, nor think these plagues
Are sent for your destruction,
but for chastisement.
Heaven oft in mercy punisheth, that sin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin. Turn to God,
And draw a blessing from His iron rod.

The Lord Worketh Wonders

The Lord worketh wonders
His glory to raise;
And still as he thunders
Is fearful in praise.

My Arms!

My arms! – against this Gorgias will I go.
The Idumean governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

Sound an Alarm!

Sound an alarm! Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave around.
Who listeth follow; to the field again! Justice
With courage is a thousand men.

We Hear

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call,
And follow thee to conquest; if to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

Oh! Never Bow We Down

Oh! never, never bow we down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone,
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

We Never Will Bow Down

We never, never will bow down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone.
We worship God, and God alone.

Part III

Father of Heav'n

Father of Heav'n!
From Thy eternal throne, look with an eye of
Blessing down,
While we prepare with holy rites
To solemnize the Feast of Lights.
And thus our grateful hearts employ:
And in Thy praise
This altar raise,
With carols of triumphant joy.

See, See, Yon Flames

See, see yon flames that from the altar broke
In spiry streams pursue the trailing smoke.
The fragrant incense mounts the yielding air,
Sure presage that the Lord
Hath heard our prayer.

Oh Grant It, Heav'n

Oh grant it, Heaven, that our long woes
may cease,
And Judah's daughters taste the calm
of peace;
Sons, brothers, husbands to bewail no more,
Tortured at home, or havocked in the war.

So Shall the Lute and Harp Awake

So shall the lute and harp awake,
And sprightly voice sweet descant run,
Seraphic melody to make
In the pure strains of Jesse's son.

From Capharsalama

From Capharsalama on eagle wings I fly
With tidings of impetuous joy!

Come Lysias, with his host arrayed
In coat of mail; their messy shields
Of gold and brass, flashed lightning
o'er the fields.

While the huge tower-backed elephants
displayed

A horrid front; but Judas undismayed
Met, fought and vanquished all the
rageful train!

Yet more, Nicanor lies with thousands
slain;

The blasphemous Nicanor, who defied
The living God, and in his wanton pride
A public monument ordained
Of victories yet ungained.

But lo! the conqueror comes;
And on his spear, to dissipate all fear
He bears the vaunter's head and hand,
That threatened desolation to the land.

See the Conquering Hero Comes

See the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.
See the godlike youth advance!

Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

Sing Unto God

Sing unto God, and high affections raise
To crown this conquest with unmeasured
Praise.

Peace to My Countrymen

Peace to my countrymen; Peace! And liberty!
From the great senate of imperial Rome,
With a firm league of amity, I come.
Rome, whate'er nation dare insult us more

Will rouse in our defence her vet'ran pow'r;
And stretch her vengeful arm by land or sea,
"To curb the proud and set the injur'd free."

To Our Great God

To our great God be all the honour given
That grateful hearts can send from earth
to Heaven.

Again to Earth Let Gratitude Descend

Again to earth let gratitude descend.
Praiseworthy is our hero and our friend.
Come, then, my daughters,
Choicest art bestow, to weave a chaplet
For the victor's brow;
And in your songs forever be confess'd
The valour that preserv'd;
The power that bless'd,
blessed you with hours, that scatter
as they fly,
Soft quiet gentle Love and boundless Joy.

Oh Lovely Peace

Oh lovely peace, with plenty crowned,
Come, spread thy blessings all around.
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn.
Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound
But nature's songsters wake the cheerful morn.

Rejoice, O Judah!

Rejoice o Judah! and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim
harmonious join.

Hallelujah! Amen

Hallelujah! Amen.
O Judah, rejoice, and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim
harmonious join.