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4° Mus. M. 15/42227

In sweetest Harmony

from the Oratorio of

SAUL,

by

G. F. Handel,

Arranged by

T. GREATOREX.

Ent. Sta. Hall. Price 2/-

London, Printed for the Royal Harmonic Institution.
(Lower Saloon, Argyll Rooms.)

VOICE

PIANO FORTE

A TEMPO GIUSTO

In sweetest harmony

they liv'd, nor death, nor death their union could di - vide.

In sweetest harmony they liv'd, nor death, nor death their union could di.

- vide, nor death their union could di - vide. The pious Son ne'er

left his Father's side, but him defending but him defending, but him de=

p Cres:

=fending bravely, bravely, bravely died. The pious Son ne'er left his

p Cres:

f p f

Fathers side, but him defending, but him defending, but him defending bravely,

f

hr

bravely, bravely died, a loss too great, a loss too great to be sur=

p

hr

=viv'd. a loss too great, too great - - - - - to be sur- -viv'd.

f

p *pp* *hr*

For Saul ye Maids of Is_ _ _ _rael moan, to whose in_dul_gent

p

care you owe the scar_let, and the gold you wear, and

all the pomp in which your beauty long has shone, and all the pomp in

hr

CHORUS

which your beauty long has shone, O fa - tal day! how

f

SOLO

low the mighty lie! O - - - - - - - - Jonathan! O Jonathan! how

p

CHORUS

nobly didst thou die, for thy King and Country slain. O Jonathan how

f

hr

nobly didst thou die, for thy King and Country slain! For

thee my brother Jonathan how great is my distress, for thee O Jonathan how

great, how great is my dis- tress, for thee how great is my dis=

=tress. what language can my grief express? great

was the pleasure I enjoy'd in thee, and more than woman's love thy

wond'- rous love to me. O fatal day - - - - - - - - - ! how

CHORUS

Cres: f

low the mighty lie! where, Israel, is thy glory fled? spoil'd of thy

arms, and sunk in in-fa--my; how canst thou raise a-

-gain thy drooping head. how canst thou raise a--gain thy drooping

dim°

head. how canst thou raise a---gain thy droop--ing head.