

## RECITATIVE.

MICAH.—With might endued above the sons of men, swift as the lightning glance his errand execute, and spread his name among the heathen round.

## AIR AND CHORUS.

MICAH AND ISRAELITES.—The Holy One of Israel be thy guide, the angel of thy birth stand by thy side ; to fame immortal go, Heaven bids thee strike the blow : the Holy one of Israel is thy guide.

## RECITATIVE.

MICAH.—Old Manoaah, with youthful steps, makes haste to find his son, or bring us some glad news.

[ENTER MANOAH.]

MANOAH.—I come, my brethren, not to seek my son, who at the feast doth play before the lords ; but give you part with me, what hopes I have to work his liberty.

## AIR AND CHORUS

PHILISTINES.—Great Dagon has subdued our foe, and brought their boasted hero low ; sound out his power in notes divine, praise him with mirth, high cheer and wine.

## RECITATIVE.

MANOAH.—What noise of joy was that, it tore the sky.

MICAH.—They shout and sing to see their dreaded foe, now captive, blind, delighting with his strength.

MANOAH.—Could my inheritance but ransom him, without my patrimony, having him, the richest of my tribe.

MICAH.—Sons care to nurse their parents in old age ; but you, your son.

## AIR.

MANOAH.—How willing my paternal love the weight to share of filial care, and part of sorrow's burden prove ! Tho' wandering in the shades of night, whilst I have eyes, he wants no light.

## RECITATIVE.

MICAH.—Your hopes of his delivery seem not vain, in which all Israel's friends participate.

MANOAH.—I know your friendly minds, and—

[A SYMPHONY OF HORROR AND CONFUSION.]

Heaven, what noise ! Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

## CHORUS.

PHILISTINES (*at a little distance*).—Hear us, our God ! O hear our cry ! Death ! ruin ! fallen ! no help is nigh ! O mercy, heav'n, we sink, we die !

[ENTER AN ISKAELITISH MESSENGER.]

MESSENGER.—Where shall I run, or which way fly the thoughts of this most horrid sight ? O countrymen, you're in this sad event too much concerned.